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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.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND
Life Assurance Company.
No. 26, Coruhill, London.
BRANCH OFFICES:
No. 71 Wall street New York.
10 Merchant's Exchange, Boston.
22 South street, Baltimore.

CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING, OR $2,500,000.

THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages to the community, with aespect to Life Assurrance and defesred annuities, the assured having on all occasions the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture or the policy, two-thirds of the amount of premiums paid.

Assurances for terms of years or for life made at the lowest possible rates, viz:

Premiums—for the assurance of $100 *on a single Life.*

Age nex Birth day	FOR LIFE. Annual Premium	on year on nly
15	$1 48	$0 78
16	1 52	0 80
17	1 56	0 82
18	1 60	0 84
19	1 64	0 85
20	1 68	0 87
21	1 73	0 89
22	1 78	0 91
23	1 83	0 93
24	1 88	0 96
25	1 93	0 99
26	1 98	1 02
27	2 04	1 05
28	2 10	1 10
29	2 16	1 16
30	2 22	1 21
31	2 28	1 26
32	2 35	1 31
33	2 41	1 35
34	2 48	1 41
35	2 55	1 46
36	2 62	1 51
37	2 70	1 55
38	2 77	1 58
39	2 85	1 59
40	2 94	1 61
41	3 03	1 63
42	3 13	1 65
43	3 24	1 67
44	3 35	1 70
45	3 47	1 72
46	3 60	1 76
47	3 73	1 80
48	3 88	1 85
49	4 04	1 89
50	4 21	1 95
51	4 40	2 00
52	4 60	2 08
53	4 81	2 17
54	5 04	2 30
55	5 28	2 54
56	5 53	2 78
57	5 79	3 01
58	6 07	3 20
59	6 37	3 58
60	6 68	3 74

The subscriber haveing been appointed Agent by the above Company for this County, is prepared to recieve applications for Life Insuranse, and will furnish the requisite forms, and any other information that may be required in reference to said company.

A. W. SPARKS.

Chester Town. Md. }
Nov. 3, 1849.—tf }

Taxes.

THE undersigned will continue to meet for the collection of the **TAXES** on the following days, at his office, in Chester Town, on Tuesdays; Hales's Corner Thursdays; Millington, Saturdays, and a George Town X Roads Mondays; until the close of the present year, when he will only attend at Chester Town as heretofore. All accounts thereafter remaining unpaid must be attended to without delay as it is absolutely necessary that the Collector should be in the receipt of funds to meet the demands which will then be made most of which will be due to individuals who cannot afford to wait without serious inconvenience; it is therefore earnestly hoped that all who may be in arrears will avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered to settle their respective accounts before that time.

DANIEL JONES,
Collector.

Dec'r 1, 1849. tf

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!!
VERY CHEAP.

FASHIONABLE square and long Shawls just received and for sale below the usual prices, by

T. W. ELIASON.

Nov. 24, '49.

Plough Shares.

MINOR HORTON & CO. Plough Shares Just received from NEW YORK and for sale by

T. W. ELIASON.

Sept. 1, '49.

THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JANUARY 12, 1850. NO. 36.

POETRY.

EARLY WOO'D AND WON

BY MRS. ABDY

O! sigh not for the fair young bride,
Gone in her opening bloom,
Far from her kindred, loved and tried,
To glad another home;
Already are the gay brief days
Of girlish triumph done,
And tranquil happiness repays,
The early woo'd and won.

Fear shall invade her peace no more,
Nor sorrow wound the breast;
Her passing rivalries are o'er,
Her passing doubts at rest;
The glittering haunts of wordly state,
Love whispers her to shun,
Since scenes of purer bliss await
The early woo'd and won.

Here is a young and guileless heart,
Confiding, fond and warm;
Unsullied by the world's vain mart,
Unscathed by passion's storm;
In "hope deferred" she had not pined
Till hope's sweet course was run;
No chains of sad remembrance bind
The early woo'd and won.

Her smiles and songs have ceased to grace
The hall of festive mirth,
But woman's safest dwelling place,
Is by the true one's hearth,
Her hours of duty, joy, and love,
In brightness have begun,
Peace be her portion from above,
The early woo'd and won.

Short Patent Sermon,

BY DOW JR.

I shall discourse this morning upon the following:—

How calm, how mild, how beautiful
Are the Indian summer days!

MY HEARERS.—The smoky fortnight is over; the Indian summer has departed, to visit us not again for twelve month; but the recolection of it is accompanied with the pleasantest, the softest and the most soothing of sensations. What can be more calming to the troubled spirit than those still mild days that wedge themselves in between autumn and winter? They spread peace and quietness over the face of the earth, and say, 'Peace, be still, to every turbulent wave that ruffle the waters of the human soul.

My friends—why this little blue patch upon the trowsers legs of the year is called the Indian summer, is more than I can tell. I suppose, however, it is because it is not cold enough to be called winter, and too warm to be classed with the days of autumn, the same as the Indian is not sufficiently dark to be denominated a negro, nor pale enough to be termed a white man. A most lovery notch is it in the year, nevertheless—the still sweet Sabbath of the seasons. The wind scarcely dare whisper among the dying foliage—the squirrel thinks it wicked to chipper, and shell his nuts with as little noise as possible, and Nature herself appears to have nothing to do but to sit down and smoke her pipe in peace. How pleasing is the quietness that reigns around! Every lake, pond, river and rill is as calm as the concious of a good christian, and the heavens above are beautiful with a perpetual smile. Then look at the woods!—don't they seem as if they were powdered with the dust of a thousand pulverised rainbows? How they turn all sorts of colors at the th ught of being stripped of their raiment, and standing naked through a long cold, and dreary winter! They blush like Autumn when she first turns out of bed to meet the gaze of an admiring world.

But, my friends, the Indian summer is past for 1849, and old winter will soon be down upon us with two bushels of wrath and frozen turnips. Yet we shall be occasionally favored with a decent & agreeable day between now and the advent of spring—but should we happen to find none with a polish equal to those just departed, we mus'nt complain, but consider that is a contrast which gives effect and beauty to the pictures in the book of Time. who would have it all sunny, mild, and pleasant weather? Why its very pleasantness would tire you more appreciate it than a man who is never sick knows the value in dollars and cents of the health he is permitted to enjoy. For my part, I think the way the year is made up in a most admirable contrivance. When it is winter, we look forward with cheering anticipations to spring; in spring we behold ahead the glorious prime of summer arrives we think of the cool, peaceful days of autumn, and wish that we were in the midst of them; and even winter has attractions that show in the distance, much brighter than they really are, like a sunset tinging with crimson the summit of a snow-caped mountain

My hearers—now, as the gentle Indian summer has left, put yourself in readines to grapple with old Boreas. He is a rough customer to handle; but, if you make proper preparations to receive him, you may ward off a blow that he might otherwise inflict upon you. And so in the autumn of life, prepare for the dreary winter that must shortly arive; and there is no danger but you will weather it pretty comfortably till an eternal spring shall dawn on the night of the grave.' So mote it be!

TAKING THE CENSUS IN "DUTCH."

A friend of ours relates a number of comical adventures which he met with a few months ago, while engaged in raking the census. The following might serve as a caution to future census takers among the down town population. The scene was a little one story brick house, consisting of two rooms one of which was used as a parlor, kitchen and dining room, the other as a workshop, dog kennel and hen roost. Entering the first with hat and book under his arm, our friend repeated the bow that he had made to a score of other families that morning, and accompanying it with the usual exclamation and enquiry, 'I am taking the census; will you be kind enough to tell me the number of tenants there are in your house.' Nearly the whole family were at the time in the room. A small wrinkled up man sat by the fire, mending a set of harness, a large ruddy-faced *frau*, at the table in the farther end of the apartment, was working dough, and using a beer bottle as a roller, and five or six curly headed urchins, *en chemise*, were running and tumbling about the floor. At the appearance of a stranger, there was a general suspension of operations, and to this question the only response was a long stare from every number of the family.

'Will you, sir, said the gentleman after a short silence, addressing himself particularly to the man who sat near the fire, 'will you tell me the number who lodge in this house?"

'*Ich han nitch English sprecken*,' the man muttered, and then commenced sewing on the harness, just as if he had given the questioner the amplest gratification.

'Won't you, madam, be so kind as—

'*Nein, nein*,' exclaimed the woman, interrupting him, as she seized the bottle and commenced a furious course of rolling over the dough, '*Ich han nitch English sprechen*.'

In a calm fit of desperation our friend closed the book placed it under his arm, and with an internal vision of a long and disagreeable walk in search of an interpreter, he laid his hand upon the latch; one of the little brats pulled him back by the coat tail.

'John spretch English,' said the urchin, inspired no doubt by the wisdom of the family—'John spretch English.'

Here was a means of overcoming the obstacles, and our friend turned back with brightened hopes.

'John speaks English—well, where is John? Go and call him. What, can none of you understand me?—*go and cii and shon*?' And by a great many pantomimic gesticulations, with rather a lame dash on the German, he managed to make himself understood. The boy ran out by the back door, and soon came back, leading in a stout, good natured lad of about fourteen, all smiles and dirt. The conversation was carried on from this time in a rather summary manner.

'Can you speak English? asked the gentleman.

'Ya,' answered the boy.

'Ask your father how many there are live in his house.'

After a translation of the question to the harness man, and after being instructed in his answer the boy resumed:

'Mine farder says vot for?'

Here the gentlemen went on to give a long explanation of census taking, its cause, its object, and the profitable benefits arising from it, which set them on a long and very animated discussion. At last the boy received his orders, and answered—

'Mine fader says tere ish eight and *eil halbein* in ter family.'

'What in the deuce do you mean by *eil halbein*?'

There was a broad grin on the harness man's countenance, as he seized his awl and commenced operations on the harness with redoubled energy.—The stout lady seized her bottle, and started a fresh series of strong rollings, whilst the interpreter with a very knowing smile continued—

'You see, zur, tere ish six in ter family now, in two or tree weeks mine farder tinks dere will be seven!'

This was counting the chickens.—With a silent apostrophe to the enlightenment of the age, the gentleman opened his book and wrote:

'Peter Brecknoss, and Minnie his wife have seven children—three boys, three, girls and one doubtful'

CONSOLATION.—A correspondent of Holden's Magezine tells us an anecdote of an old woman, who, when her pastor said to her, "God has not deserted you in your old age," replied, "No, sir, I have a very good appetite still."

Penitentiary Statistics.

From the report of Edward P. Roberts recording Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Penitentiary, which we find appended to the report of the estimable and efficient Warden, Isaac M. Denson, Esq. we extract the following interesting facts:

There were confied in the Penitentiary Nov. 30th, 1848,		258
Discharged, their terms of service having expired	75	
Pardoned,	11	
Died,	21	
		107
Old prisoners remaining,		151
Received this year,		78
Confined in the Penitentiary, Nov. 30th, 1849,		229

Pardons.—Of the 11 prisoners pardoned during the past year, 10 were by Gov. Thomas, and by the late President Polk.

BIRTH PLACES OF PRISONERS.—*Americans.*—Maryland, 155; Pennsylvania, 10 Massachusetts, 4; Kentucky, 1; New York 4; Indiana, 1; Virginia, 7; New Jersey, 1; Louisiana, 2; Rhode Island, 1; South Carolina, 1; Ohio, 1; Delawaze, 2 Mississippi 1; Washington, D. C., 1;—Total 192.

Foreigners.—Germany, 24; Ireland, 8; Scotland, 2; England, 1; Wales, 1; West Indies, 1—Total 37.—Whole total, 229.

PLACES CONVICTED IN.—Baltimore city, 129; Baltimore county, 8; P. George's, 9, Anne Arundel county, 7; Dorchester county, 7; Washington county, 5; Talbot county, 4; Howard District, A. A. county, 4; Calvert county, 5; Frederick county, 5; Harford county, 4; Cecil county, 4; Charles county, 4; Somerset county, 7; Kent county, 8; Montgomery county, 3; U. S. Circuit Court of Maryland, 3; Allegany county, 5, Queen Anne's county, 5; Caroline county, 2; St. Mary's county, 1; Worcester county, 1—Total, 230.

OCCUPATION PRIOR TO IMPRISONMENT.

Laborers,	33	Dancing Master,	1
No occupation,	12	Soap Maker,	1
Weavers,	6	Hod Carriers,	4
Carpenters,	11	Carpenter and Farmer	1
Shoemakers,	5	Merchants,	8
Bakers,	5	Painter,	1
Coopers,	4	Musician,	1
Machinists,	3	Boatmen,	4
Equestrian,	1	Wagoner,	1
Butchers,	3	Tinner,	1
Baker and Butcher,	1	Bricklayers,	2
Farmers,	7	Steamboat Firemen,	2
Barber,	1	Florist,	1
Drovers,	2	Tailors,	2
Sailors,	8	Plasterer,	1
Tanner and Currier,	1	Paper hanger & Stainer,	1
Waiters,	10	Housekeeper,	1
Hotel Keepers,	3	Farm apprentice,	1
Clerks,	5	Barkeeer,	1
Stevedore,	1	Washerwoman,	1
Carters,	4	Cook,	1
Basket Maker,	1	Furniture Polisher,	4
Farm Laborers,	30	Iron Pudler,	1
Draymen,	2	Carriage maker,	1
Housework,	18	Rope Maker,	1
Umbrella Maker,		Wool Carder,	1
Blacksmiths,		Tompstress,	1
Tobacconists and Cigar Makers,		Calico Printer,	1
Chambermads,			
Paper Maker,		Total,	229

EDUCATION OF PRISONERS.—Of all the prisoners admitted since December 4, 1840, when the record commenced, it appears that 252 could not read or write; 92 could read only; 67 received a good English education; 251 can read and write; 6 received Classical educations, and 252 attended Sunday Schools.

CONDITION AND HABITS OF PRISONERS.—Of all the prisoners admitted since December 4th, 1840, when the record commences, 250 were left orphans at various ages, from infancy upwards; 269 were never bound out; 62 were bound out, and left their masters; 133 were bound out and served till 21 years of age; 362 were unmarried; 175 were married; 54 were widows and widowers; 97 were not drunkards, but drunk when committing the offences of which they were found guilty; 160 intemperates, and 371 who reported themselves of sober habits.

PUNISHMENTS.—The following statement shows the number and nature of the *punishments* inflicted upon the prisoners,—from the year 1841 to 1849,—both years inclusive.

Years	No. of criminals	No. of stp's inflicted	No. d'ys in cells
1841	306	6437	405
1842	282	7615	203
1843	290	9527	463
1844	289	6194	373
1845	280	3300	226
1846	290	2482	497
1847	281	3159	320
1848	258	1812	158
1849	229	600	232

Recommitments.—Of the 229 prisoners confined in the Penitentiary November 30, 1849, there have been committed:

For the second term,	15
" " third term,	6
" " fifth term,	1
" " sixth term,	1
Total,	23

The prisoner who is in for the sixth time is but 38 years of age.

ABSTRACT OF PRISONERS.

White—Males 110, females 5—total white 115
Colored—Males 94, females 20—total col'd 114
Grand total, 229—

being 29 less than the proceeding year, and 175 less than in 1835.

The average of prisoners for the year was a fraction over 251.—*Sun.*

A DARK SUBJECT.—A blind darkey with an extinguished candle in a dark cellar, looking for a black cat that wasn't there.

CONSOLATION FOR POVERTY.

The Home Journal gives utterance to some true philosophy, when speaking of riches, it says:

"Aggrandize as we may, the limits of our senses check miserably at every moment? You call yourself proprietor?—House and pictures outlive you, and after taking your will of them for a short time you are carried out of your own door, feet foremost, never again to enter it Proprietor you were, perhaps, of farms and castles, estates and mountains—but now you own nothing but a hole in the ground, six feet by two.

"The artist who visits your gallery while you live and own it, enjoys it more than you. You are rich enough to dine twenty-four times a day but you must eat sparingly to enjoy even eating one. Your cellar is full of exquisite wines, but you can only drink one bottle yourself, and, to help you use your store, you are obliged to call around your friends, relatives, parasites—instead of gratitude, are likelier to make you a return in envy. You have thirty horses in your stable, you can mount but one—ride after two or four.

"To be truly rich one should have stomachs in proportion to the number of dinners he could afford; senses excluded, according to stock in the bank; sextuple vigor, and sensibility to concentrate and return all the love he could propitiate with gifts. At the close of his life, the rich man has hardly spent more upon his own enjoyment than the poor man. He has eaten twice a day, slept in bed alone, or with one wife, and the poor man can do as much, and the proprietor scarcely more? We say there is some philosophy in these remarks of the Home Journal. Riches and Poverty have both their peculiar trials.—The most desirable state is no doubt that in which a man is obliged to labor, and at the same time receives for his labor an adequate reward; 'Give me neither poverty nor riches," is a prayer the wisdom of which is sustained by the testimony of human experience, as well as Divine Relation.

THE ITALIAN BISHOP.—An Italian bishop who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and been much opposed without ever manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied, "It consists in a single thing, and that is making a right use of my eyes." His friend in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatsoever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business on earth is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad on the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself, And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever have to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit is to be always happy."

A PUZZLE.—Two boys went to market with thirty eggs each; the first sold his, three for a cent, bringing ten cents; the second sold his, two for a cent, bringing fifteen cents, making twenty-five cents for the sixty eggs The next day, only one boy went, but carried sixty eggs, and sold them at the same rates, viz: five eggs for two cents—and only got twenty four cents.—It is required to tell why he did not get as much as the two boys, the first day as he sold them at precisely the same rates.

A youth who, it is charitably presumed, had never 'seen the elephant,' recently found himself in company with three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them.

'You will rob yourself,' exclaimed one of the damsels.

'Not at all,' replied our innocent, 'I have three or four more in my pocket.'

☞A stammering blacksmith attending as a witness at a court in a money dispute between two of his men was asked by a judge why he did not advise them to arrange the matter. The answer was, I to-o-ld the fo-o-ls to s-e-ttle, for I said the clerk would take their co-s-ts, the lawyers their sh-i rts and if they got into your hon-o'rs clutches you'd sk i-nem.

A HARD HIT.—The Albany Dutchman perpetrates the following hard hit at tobacco chewers:

"A chemist in New York has just invented a substitute for tobacco, It is made of guano, and will doubtless supercede the weed, as it is just as nasty, and a good deal cheaper."

VERY GOOD.—The following curious sentiment was drunk at one of the celebrations on 4th of July:

"WOMAN.—Gentle, patient, self-denying, without her man would be a savage and the earth a desert."

"Without her," we guess, "man would be a scarce article, even to make a savage of.—[Brandford Post.

Very good, indeed, but you undoubtedly mistake the sense of the toast. You havn't got the true reading. The "sentiment" clearly is (and don't it say so) that "Woman, without her man, would be a savage, &c." No doubt of it. Accordingly let her marry. Every woman should have her man.—[Boston Post.

From the Delaware State Journal.

Wire Fence.

As the Delaware Journal of the 12th instant contained an indirect invitation for Farmers to contribute something to its columns touching Agriculture, the undersigned for one will give an experiment on WIRE FENCE MAKING.

Distance made was 420 feet, equal to 42 pannels of common fence; the end Posts were secured to trees, but if they were well secured otherwise, it would be better on account of the wind shaking the trees. Nine common fence posts were set in the intervening distance, 42 feet apart, and between each of them was set a piece of 3 by 4 hemlock scantling; but posts like the others would be better; the posts were board through at 12, 11 and 10 inches apart with a 3-8 auger, using 4 wires, equal to a three rail fence; the bottom wire is 18 and the top one 51 inches from the ground; they were stretched tight with a screwjack and were held so while making fast by driving a pin in the hole; the top wire was No. 9, and the other No. 10. 75 pounds of wire were used at 10 cents per pound. No. 8 and 9 wire would be much better for it could be had at less price, and fewer posts would do, with a greater degree of strength. Horses and cattle appear to be afraid of it. Farmers can, from the above make their own calculations. In making wire fence with angels the posts at the angel must be as well secured as the end ones. Wire for fencing must be annealed, and it should be unwound or it will some off with s twist and kinks. The experiment is so far satisfactory, and it is contemplated to make more in the spring, with the improvements hinted at above.

S. M. STAPLER.

Brandywine Hundred.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN AGRICULTURE.

An extraordinary fact was mentioned the other day at the sitting of the Academy of Sciences. One of the members stated that the agricultural society of Brest had, upon the proposition of a member of the committee, sown some wheat upon land without any preparation of ploughing or digging, and in one of the worst soils possible; and after having merely walked over the ground to press the grain on the surface, had it covered with fresh straw to the thickness of two inches. The product was it is asserted, more abundant and much superior in quality to wheat raised from the same seed in the ordinary way. Some ears of corn, the seed of which had been placed upon windowglass covered with straw, were also exhibited.

BEST RECEIPT FOR MAKING MINCE PIES.

As the season is at hand when everybody will be making mince pies; or attempting to make them—for how rarely do we find the real "Simon Pure"—I thought I would send you the following receipt, brought by a friend from Germany—that land of pies, and cakes, and holidays—which I regard as the *very best* that I have yet tried, and confidently recommend to all and singular of my cotemporaries in the housekeeping art, who desire, like myself to have the best of everything:

RECEIPT FOR MAKING MINCE PIES.

8 pounds of beef	2 oz. of allspice
1 lb. of suet	1 oz. of nutmeg.
½ peck of apples	½ oz. of mace
2 lbs of currants	8 lbs. of sugar
2 lbs of raisins	2 qts. of cider
1 lb. of citron	1 qt. of brandy
¾ lb ground cinnamon	1 qt. of wine.
2 oz. of ground cloves	

Of course the beef, suet and apples, will be *minced*—not merely chopped up—the raisins seeded, and the currants purified.—The materials must all be of the best, if you expect the best results—every good housekeeper knows *that*.

The mixture will be the better by letting it stand three or four days before using. *Germantown Telegraph.*

CURE FOR HEADACHES.

A work has recently been published in Paris, by an eminent physician, in which he describes a new remedy for headaches. He uses a mixture of ice and salt, in proportion of one half as a cold mixture, and this he applies by means of a little purse of silk gauze, with a rim of gutta percha, to limited spots on the forehead, or other parts of the scalp where rheumatic headaches are felt. It gives instaneous relief. The skin is subjected to the process from half a minute to one and a half minute and is rendered hard and white. It is good in erysipelas and diseases of the skin.—*Scientific American.*

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A good character to a young man is what a firm foundation is to the artist, who proposes to erect a building on it; he can build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity, a helping hand will never be wanted—but let a single part of this be defective, and you go on a hazard, amid doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character, poverty is a curse—with it, it is scarcely an evil.

At a church where there was a call for a minister, two candidates appeared, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached an elegant discourse from the text: "Adam, where art thou?"

In the afternoon Adam preached from these words, "Lo! here am I."

USE OF CORN-COBS FOR CATTLE FEED.—It is stated that if corn-cobs be soaked in water, that cattle will eat them readily and thrive on them as part of their food.—Half-a-peck to an ox every morning, is about the quantity.