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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD., FEBRUARY 23, 1850. NO. 42.

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.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the undersigned commissioners appointed by Kent county Court to open a new road from the main road leading from Chestertown to Urieville. Beginning at the mouth of the lane leading to the Mill, formerly Murphy's Mill, now Riley's Mill, and running from thence in a south easterly direction, through the lands of said Riley and Mrs. Biddle, to Morgan's Creek then down said creek to a suitable place for a landing, will meet on the line of said road on

Friday Morning,

the 8th of March, at nine o'clock, A. M. next, and continue to meet from day to day until the duties required of them to be performed by said commission is completed.

DANIEL JONES,
EMORY SUDLER.
WM. H. F. WORRELL.
Feb. 2, '50—tdm

To Physicians, Druggists and *COUNTRY MERCHANTS.*

DR. J. N. Keeler and Bro. most respectfully solicits attention to their fresh stock of English, French, German and American Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Glass ware, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, &c. Having opened a new store No. 294 Market st. with a supply of Fresh Drugs and Medicines, we respectfully solicit country dealers to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, promising one and all who may feel disposed to extend to us their patronage, to sell them genuine Drugs and Medicines, on as liberal terms as any other house in the city, and to faithfully execute all orders entrusted to us promptly and with dispatch.

One of the proprietors being a regular physician, affords ample guarantee of the genuine quality of all articles sold at their establishment.

We especially invite druggists and country merchants, who may wish to become agents for Dr. Keeler's celebrated Family Medicines, (standard and popular remedies) to forward their address.

Soliciting the patronage of dealers, we respectfully remain.

J. N. KEELER & BRO.,
Wholesale Druggists,
No. 294, Market st., Philadelphia.
Sept. 15. 1849.

FARM FOR Sale.

THE subscriber, in consequence of ill health, proceeding from Typhoid fever: offers for sale his farm, in Kent county, Md. 7 miles W. of Chester Town, and 2 miles from a public landing on Fairlee Creek and convenient to school, mills, churches, &c. containing

335 Acres,

a large proportion in

Timber,

consisting of black and white Oak, Hickory and more Chesnut than would be required to complete the fencing of the whole.

The arable land is divided into six fields—the greater portion under good Chesnut fencing, and an unfailing stream of water runs through the farm.

The improvements are a frame dwelling, 3 rooms on each floor; a Kitchen adjoining; a pump of excellent water; Meat-house, Granary, Stables, Poultry house, &c. and a variety of excellent Apples, Peach, Apricot, Cherry, and fruits.

For terms &c. apply to
JOHN R. STROUD.
Jan. 5, 1850.

☞The Blue Hen's Chicken will copy the above for three weeks and send bill to this office.

Book, Paper, and Stationary Store.

J. W. BOND & CO.
PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS,
No. 41, Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

KEEP constantly on hand, a large and well selected stock of School and Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Paper, Commercial and Law Books Stationary, &c. All of which they are prepared to sell, wholesale and retail, at the very lowest prices, on the most accommodating terms.

School Books and School Requisites.—A large stock of the most approved Works constantly on hand, at the very lowest prices.

Books Suitable for Premiums.—Colleges, Seminaries, &c. will find their stock of books, in this line well worthy their attention, as they are selected with care, as regards contents, as well as style and prices.

Miscellaneous Books.—Comprising a well selected stock of historical and other standard works, kept constantly on hand and sold at very moderate prices.

English, French and German Books.—Comprising a good assortment.

☞Orders from any part of the United States or Canadas will meet with prompt and strict attention.

☞The Lowest prices and most liberal terms may be relied on in all cases.
March 3, 1849. 6m

FOR SALE.

THE Farm in Quaker Neck on which the subscriber resides, containing

140 Acres,

formerly the property of Mr. John Curry and adjoining the farm of Mr. Thomas Lusby. This Farm lies on navigable water, on Chester River, about nine miles below C. Town. There is a sufficiency of

SHELL AND MOULD,

to cover the Farm. There is a small dwelling in addition to the main Dwelling house. The terms will be made accommodating. Apply to the subscriber on the premises, or by letter addressed to him at Chester Town.

CHAS. DICKERSON.
Jan. 26. '50—3w

Orphans' Court of Kent county, 29th January, 1850.

ORDERED, that the sale of that portion of the land and real estate of the late George W. Thomas, deceased, made on the third day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty nine, by John B. Eccleston and Geo. S. Hollyday, as executors and trustees under the last will and testament of the said George W. Thomas, deceased, and which the said executors and trustees have reported to this Court, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shewn, on or before the twelfth day of March next; *Provided*, a copy of this order be inserted once a week for three successive weeks, prior to the second day of March next, in some newspaper published on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

The report states the amount of the sale to be $2500 00.

WILLIAM B. WILMER.
DAVID C. BLACKISTON.
True copy, Test,
EBEN. WELCH,
Reg. of Wills.
Feb'y 2, 1850—3w

In Chancery,
30th January, 1850.

ORDERED, that the sale of the property in the cause of Thomas Benton and others against Mary Webb and others, made and reported by the Trustee, George Vickers, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shewn on or before the 30th day of March next; *provided*, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 14th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $125

True copy, Test,
LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Reg Cur. Can.
Feb'y 9, 1850—3w

In Chancery,
JANUARY 10th, 1850

ORDERED that the report of James B. Ricaud trustee for the sale of the Real Estate of John Harrington, late of Kent county, deceased, for the payment of his debts, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shewn before the 11th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be published, and a week for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, before the 23d day of February next.—The Report states the amount of sales to be $1,357 8 100.

True Copy; *Test*,
LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Reg. Cur. Can.
Jan'y 19. 1850.

NELSON & HENRY, MERCHANT TAILORS.

No 68, *Exchange Place, near South St.,*
BALTIMORE.

ARE prepared at *all times* to supply their friends and the public generally with all articles in their line of business; they have just received a lot of superior Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, which they will make up at the shortest notice, and on the most pleasing TERMS.

THEY have also on hand Mr. A WHEELER's popular report of fashions, which they are prepared to furnish to TAILORS at *ONE DOLLAR per copy.*—tf
Sept. 15, 1849.

OREM & HOPKINS
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Cloths, Cassimeres, and Tailors' Trimmings, No. 230, Baltimore N. W. cor. of Charles, Baltimore.

A large assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, of superior quality.

☞*ONE PRICE ONLY.*☜

Cloth rooms up stairs—Entrance, south end of the Store on Charles street
March 31, '49—1y

POETRY.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

BY MARY DENISON.

Shall we grow old together?
And will thy gentle hand
Guide me adown the steeps of life
Into the silent land?

Will love bend o'er our foreheads
When time hath reveled there,
And laid his soiling fingers
On each rich tress of hair?

Shall we yet cling together,
When age hath marked us well,
When memory's silver lute lies hushed
And broken in its cell?

Will our *hearts* see each other
With faces young and fair,
The while our dimming eye's can trace
No lines of beauty there?

Shall we lie down together,
When life hath spent its tide,
And becomes a heavy garment
That we long to lay aside?

When the cold king is fairer
Than terror sketched in youth,
When the grave seems beautiful in rest,
And death a pleasant truth?

Shall we both sleep together
On earth's ambitious breast,
When the pale shade of memory,
Will hover o'er our rest?

Where the cold moon will linger
Upon our mutual grave,
Till time shall whelm our ashes
In his oblivious wave?

Shall we go up together,
Before the throne of God,
When the great triumph of judgment
Upheaves the teeming sod?

There shall we reign together
With Christ, our sacrifice,
And share the never-fading fruit,
That grows in paradise?

SONG OF THE HUNGARIAN HUSSAR IN THE REVOLUTION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

The trumpet sounds, the drum is beat,
The Russians are not far;
Along old Buda's stormy street,
Speeds on the brave Hussar.
The maiden at his side to-day,
With heart so high and warm,
To-night her wedding head may lay
Upon his lifeless form.
Like children to the school of death—
Like lambs to slaughter all,
They come amid the battle's breath—
They come at Kossuth's call;
He fights for freedom and for man,
For woman, babe, and youth—
For all who share the sacred pain
Of life, for God and truth.
Along the paths of love and fame
The joyful maiden goes,
To whisper oft in prayer his name,
And soothe his heavy woes:
At length have ceased the dreadful sounds,
Those thunders of the field;
With tears she bathes his cloody wounds—
Her faith his sword and shield.
To sweet delights returned—from pain
To peace, and love and wine:
She curls her raven locks again,
Like tendrils of the vine.
Within her heart there is a throne
And he its king shall be—
The only one that she would own
Lord of its destiny!

☞The following communication appeared in the Annapolis Republican, and is decidedly a good hit:

MR. CAUSHEEN'S LAW.

GENTLEMENS:—I was very much blessed when I did first read dat law of Mi. Causheen's about lettin the married men divorshe themselves, as I thought it would frighten womens and make dem petter wives; put exberance has convinced me it is one tam bad law. Mine wife is very bretty, and that I loves her tearly, put she some times provokes me—Todder day I goes home to mine dinners, and behold she had not put it in the pot, so I takes her aside and I dells her it vas my wish to "*tisolve te marriage tie*," just as Mr. Causheen's law tirects: though it vas all one pig lies in mine. I thought it vould scare her almost dead, put instead of dat, she prightened up, and sain "Well House, I am glad of dat, for Mr. Husenbros has often told me he wish I was single, so dat he could marry me," Donner and blixen! didn't I feel kurious? So I told her it vas only one biece of fun of mine, and sekretly vished de Stade had been at the Debil pefore it had made such a law.

Now gentlemen's I vaunt you to bublish dis to let de Legislatur knows how de law acts, dat it may preak de tam ting up off handt and forever.

Your's all the times, &c.
HONSE.

POPULAR TALES

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

NINE CHEERS for OLD ZIM,

OR

BREAKING DOWN THE SYSTEM.

IN a remote county of Pennsylvania the scene is laid. The time was the year 1842, when party spirit arose to 102 degrees in the shade, in every hamlet the length and bredth of Uncle Sam's glorious domain. The respective political parties met in convention at Bugsburg (the county seat) and made their nominations for county officers. As there were many aspirants for the few nominations, it follows as a matter of course that there were some bitter disappointment—to none more than to "old Zim," who was confident of getting a nomination for Sheriff.

Zimmerman, or "old Zim." as he was amiliarly called, was a miserly old codgfer, who was well to do in the world, yet he had an almighty thirst for office, and he was up at every convention for a nomination for something, from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" He was reputed wealthy—that is, he owned a farm, and had money, but he never showed the color of it, except he unfortunately got on a spree, then he would sow it broadcast—but that was only a biennial occurrence.

A few evenings after the nominations above mentioned, a lot of the dissatisfied and disaffected were congregated at the Black Horse Tavern, discussing the merits and demerits of the unfortunate nominees.

"Gentlemen," said old Zim, "merit and long service to the party is no recommendation in this county. The wire workers and schemers have it their own way."

"Aye," responded one of the bar room loafers, "they does the pickin, and they expects us to do the wotin'."

"But, gentlemen," continued Zim, "they will fetch up against a snag or a sawyer one of these days. Yes, gentlemen, by the eternal I'll upset their applecart and spill their peaches. I'll see whether it's the people, or a set of broken down political banks as makes the county nominations. By Judas, I'll break down the system—I'll run as a volunteer candidate for Sheriff, and if I don't lay 'em out, then my name ain't Zimmerman, that's all."

This determination was received with favor by the crowd, and Zim sealed it by spending a half for red-eye.

Full soon he was in the field, announced through a card in both papers to his fellow citizens, pledging himself to discharge the duties of the office with impartiality—in case he was elected.

Right lustily did old Zim go to work, and things appeared to go on swimmingly. He convassed the county, and the people were profuse in their promises of doing their best for him. In one of his peregrinations he met Wattles the nominee of Zim's party, who was also on an electioneering tour.

"Hallo Wattles," said he, "my fine fellow, I'm sorry to see you allow yourself to be the tool of the unholy and corrupt cabal—I say I am sorry to see you sacrificed, but you're bound to be beat. I'll show them that the freemen of this county will not bear dictation; so my friend if you save yourself from the disgrace of a defeat, you had better resign in my favor."

Wattles expressed his conviction that he should feel very much used up in such an event, but at the same time he had made up his mind to stand the hazard of the die.

Election day at length came, and my worthy friend, armed with a hat full of tickets, stationed himself on the ground of his own precinct, and commenced dealing out his tickets, and urging his claims in the strongest kind of a way, miser as he was, he made his friends swim in Monongahela long before the polls were closed.

The election over, evening came on apace, and the eager expectants gathered in the bar-room to awaft the counting of the votes, and the returns to come in from the different townships. Old Zim was flourishing about treating the crowd, expressing his full confidence in the people and the success of his effort to break down the system.

Seated in a remote corner were a number of wags, in a low but earnest conversation, and any one who might have chanced to see them would at once have concluded that something was to follow. The consultation soon broke up, and the plot began in about fifteen minutes to develope itself. The clatter of a horse's hoofs were heard on the frozen ground—a solitary horseman rode up to the door, and flinging the reins over a post, rushed into the bar room, where he was soon raised on a table, and silence commanded.

"Here," said he, drawing a strip of paper from his pocket, "are the returns from Lower Buffalo township—Wattles 50, Macgregor 40, Zimmerman, 110!"

"Nine cheers for old Zim!"

"Huzza! huzza! huzza!"

"Gentlemen," said old Zim, taking off his hat, "I'm obliged to you for this expression of your—that is to say, let us take a horn all 'round."

Of course the crowd acquiesced in this proposition, and the welkin rang with loud huzzas. But hark!—scarcely had the eager crowd imbibed before another horseman came galloping up to the inn.

"Begun township, one hundred majority for Zimmerman."

"Nine cheers for old Zim!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Again did old Zim attempt to speak, but his feelings overcame him—and he ended by inviting the entire company to just call for whatever they wanted. Again the glasses jingled as the excited multitude wedged themselves towards the bar, and again was heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs.

"Dublin township one hundred and thirty majority for Zimmerman!"

"Nine cheers for old Zim!"

"Hip, hip, hurah!"

The excited candidate was wild with joy and excitement, and he again invited the party up to drink.

Annother horseman came!—another, and still another!—each one bringing an overwhelming majority for old Zim from township he represented. Alas! that it should be the same horse, who performed the feat of a quarter race every hour that night and that it should be the mad way under various disguises that brought old Zim the glorious news. The column, as footed up, gave Zim a cool thousand majority. Didn't he rave and pitch? Well he did! Didn't he spend a cool thirty?—the landlord's till groaned under the weight of old Zims deposits.

"Gentlemen," said old Zim, "my heart is full (his head wasn't anything else,) and I can only say that the glory of this contest belongs to you but I feel a (brick in your hat, said a wag,) pride that I have been the humble instrument of breaking down the system.—(Nine cheers.)

Thus matters progressed until those who were completely "sowed up" were laid out, and the remainder found their way home—some charitable friends of the Sheriff elect totting him on a shutter to his domocile.

Early in the morning, the village wags, with throbbing temples, met at the tavern to take "a hair from the dog that bit them," as well as to laugh over the "saw" played on ole Zim; but scarcely had they commenced worship before in stalks the old gentlemen, still under the delusion that he had carried the day—nay, more, he insisted on spending a V by way of morning whet. The wags were determined to keep it up as long as possible, and again drank and congratulated him on his success. In the midst of the "noise and confusion," in bounded an inky printer's devil, who deposited an extra on the table, containing the returns. Eagerly did old Zim seize it, and hover over it but a minute. The conclusion of it is all suficient for the reader. It read as follows:—

"By the above it will be seen that Democracy has gained triumphed, as Wattles' (Dem.,) majority over Tibbets (Whig) is one hundred and fifty. Zimmerman, volunteer, had three votes in Pegun, two in Dublin, one in lower Buffalo, and one in this borough, (supposed to be cast by *himself*,) making a total of sevan votes.'

The extra droped from Zim's hand; he raised up his hands, moved towards the door, then looking arround full at the gapping crowd, he said leisurely—

"Gentlemen, you may all go to *h—l*!" and rushing from the bar room he was never again heard of in Bugsburg.

AN ELOQUENT EFFUSION.

The following thrilling and soul inspiring effusion of liberty and glory, is said to have been delivered by the commandant of a bare foot company in Hoosier State, shortly after receiving the false report that Mexico had declared war against the United States. The report may not be exactly verbatim, though it is evident the spirit is there.

"Men of blood and friends of Washington and that old hoss General Jackson! I want your attention. Lightnin' has bust upon us, and Jupiter has poured the ile of his wrath down the greasy shanks of the Mexicans. Thunder has broke loose and slipped its cable, and the mighty valley of the Mississippi rever berates the thousand tongued hissing of Santa Anna and the smallest *ignorant fatius* that resolves around that benighted and wooden legged pop gun of the Montezumas.

Citizens and sires on the bloody ground on which our fathers catawampously poured out their clarrit, free as ile, to enrich the soil over which we now hover, and watch with hyena eyes, let the catamount of the inner varmint loose, and prepare the chessy cat of vengence for the long looked for day has ariv! The crockodile of the Mississip has gone into his hole, and the sun that lit King David and his host across the atlantic Ocean looks down upon the scenes and drops a tear to its memory. Hosses I am with you. And while the stars of Uncle Sam and the stripes of his country triumphantly wave in the breeze—whar—whar is the craven, low lived, chicken bread, toad hoppin' red mouthed, mother's son of ye who will not raise the beacon light of triumph—smouse the citadel of the aggressor, and press onward to liberty and glory!—Whoop! H-u-r-a-h! Whar's the *innemy*?"

☞It is better to pass by an offence, than to invite its repetion by resentment.

☞Without a conflict there is no conquest, and without a conquest no crown

[From the Cincinnati Gazette, Jan. 23d.]

A CARD,

For the sake of preventing any misapprehensions or unintentional misrepresentations, I wish to say to the public, that the movement which I have just commenced, as a matter of duty, has but one object:—the promotion of Christianity. For the furtherance of this object, under God, I seek christian union and co-operation in good works. I wish the approbation of my brethren in the Ministry, of all denominations; and of the churches over which they preside, I wish, if practicable, in an humble way, and by the Divine blessing, to render a service to them all; which, in the 2nd, they may kindly acknowledge.—I look for more immediate co-operation, to three classes of persons: 1. To unconverted persons—trusting that some of them will be pursuaded to become deciples of Christ, by the simple preaching of the Gospel. 2. To such persons, already converted as are not in Church fellowship—if there be such—because of sincere objections to Denominational peculiarities. 3. To such members of the various churches, as are liberal enough to encourage an honest experiment to advance Christian interests, apart from denominational peculiarities—believing that whether it succeed or fail, the experiment must do good—as an example of warning, in the latter case; as an example of "a more excellent way," in the former. Persons of this third class may unite in the effort, without leaving the church to which they now belong; just as they become members of the Bible Society, for instances, without touching their other relations. I return my own membership, and ministerial standing in the Methodist Protestant Church; having only resigned my superintendency of a station, for the purpose of trying, in this way, to become more useful.

Again: That the *means* employed in this work may be understood perfectly—I resort to the PRESS. Those who know me, know that my health is delicate, and that I have to be careful of it. I preach at present, only once on the Sabbath; and think that, under the circumstances, enough. The the address, or sermon, for that occasion, I write, and design, if sustained, regularly to print and sell—Persons who are interested can read for themselves, and judge for themselves—making such allowances, of course, as would be due to any christian brother, in a similar position. I am afraid to undertake a periodical; but propose a series of pamphlets, each complete in itself, and to be sold by itself.—They will have the common title, as far as they go, of—the Bible, Alliance; or, the Pen, the Pulpit, and the Press. The first may be had in a few days, of Mr. Anderson, bookseller, on Fourth street, between Main and Walnut

T. H. STOCKTON.
Cincinnati, Jan. 21, 1850.

A MAN THAT WAS LAZY.

During the summer of 1846, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being pressed for bread, having worn thread-bare the hospitality of his generous neighbors by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of charity to bury him. Accordingly, he was carried towards the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens, the following conversation took place:

'Hallo! what have you here?'

'Poor old Mr. S.'

'What are you going to do with him?'

'Bury him.'

'What! is he dead? I hadn't heard of his death.'

'No, he is not dead; but he might as well be, he has no corn, and is to lazy to work for any.'

'That is too cruel for civilized people; I'll give him two bushels of corn myself rather than see him buried alive.'

'Mr. S. raised the cover, and asked in his usual dragging tone—Is it s-h-e-l-l ced?'

'No, but you can soon shell it.'

'D-r-i-v-e on b-o-y-s.'

NEVER TASTED WATER.

The following really good one is told by a western New York pager. It is capital:

At one of our first hotels, a stout, red faced fellow, in a white beaver, blue coat, and buff vest, offered to wager a "ten spot" that he would close his eyes, and, simply by taste name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of winning or losing commenced at once. "This is genuine Otard," said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wineglass.—"And this—is whiskey," and so on through the hotel's "manifest," of hardware. A wag then poured a few drops of pure Cochituate into the glass, and handed it to the connoisseur. "This is—ah—ah—that is—(tasting again)—by thunder!—gentlemen, I lose the bet. *I never tasted this liquor before!*

It seems that the only liquid, the taste of which he was entirely ignorant of, was water.

☞A Dutchman married a Yankee wife, who turned out to be an intolerable vixen.

One day, when irritated beyond all endurance by her tongue, the poor fellow began to rail a little in turn. He tried, indeed, to call the woman in that very offensive but expressive epithet which signifies the female of the canine species, but, shocked at the thought of using so unbecoming a phrase to a lady, he gave vent to his wrath in an ingenius circumlocution, by swearing that she was "*te wife of a tam tog!*"

☞Many men loose much by being too communicative in their matters of business. The great laconic philosopher, Shirika, says: "Keep shady—and if you see a quarter on the ground put your foot on it."