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THE KENT NEWS.

FRUSTRA, LABORAT, QUI OMNIBUS, PLACERE STUDET—"HE LABORS VAINLY, WHO ENDEAVORS TO PLEASE EVERY ONE."

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THE KENT NEWS
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
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POETRY.

EDUCATION.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

If thou hast plucked a flower
Of richest, rarest ray,
And borne it from its garden bower
Thou knowest 't will fade away:
If thou hast gathered gold,
Unrust'ed and refined,
That glittering board of worth unto'd
Thou knowest the thief may find.

There is a plant that fears
No adverse season's strife,
But with an inborn fragrance cheers
The wintry age of life;
There is a wealth that foils
The robber's roving eye,
The guardon of the mind that toils
For immortality:

O ye, whose brows are bright,
Whose bosoms feel no thorn,
Seek knowledge, by the rosy light
Of youth's unfolding morn:
With ardor uncontrolled
Seek wisdom's lore sublime,
And win the garland and the gold
That cannot change the time.

CHOICE TALES.

A SKETCH OF LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

THE YANKEE PEDLAR.

Col. Johnson, in a late number of Howitt's Journal, furnishes an amusing account of the adventure of a Yankee in the Old Dominion, which nothing but its extreme length prevents us from publishing it in entire. It is a little overdrawn in some respects—a fault more readily perceived in this country than abroad—but it is exceedingly graphic and life-like.

Ralph Brown, the youngest of six children of a poor widow in Boston, is the heroe of this sketch. As a child he was naturally shrewd, sprightly, and handsome as dark eyes, red cheeks, and brown curley hair could make him; and at the age of fourteen he had more useful knowledge than many of our young aristocrats when leaving college with a diploma in their pocket. Having reaped the advantage of public schools, he went thence to a wholesale dry goods store as a clark, where in the course of time he emerged as an itinerant pedlar. He was soon distinguished even among his own class, as being more shrewd, more silver-tongued, and more handsome than Yankee pedlars generally, and seven or eight years sharp practice in his calling made him positively rich. He first exchanged his knapsack for a horse, and then for a wagon and horse; and very few country dames, gentle or simple, old or young, married or unmarried, could resist his very tempting display of brilliant goods as set off and eulogised by his persuasive eloquence.

Ralph Brown was twenty-five years of age when he first set foot in the drawing-room of Major Carrol, the head of one of the "fist families in Virginia," who lived sixty miles from Richmond, upon his estate containing 10 250 acrss of land and 800 negroes. Major Carrol, was educated for the bar; but like many of the partricians of Virginia, thought it dabling in dirty water to practice at court, and to touch a brief with a foe he deemed pollution to his fingers. He was, however, an active sporteman, and hospitable to an extent unusual in that section of the country, and as his mansion was at least two mile from the main road, and seven from any town, whenever he found among any of his guests a genius, or original or drol fellow, he always contrived to detain hils a week, and even months, to supply the place of more *elite* company.

As we have said, Ralph Brown was twenty-five years of age when he first set foot on Major Carroll's drawing-room; by a tempting display of his wares—consisting of every variety of dry and fancy goods, perfumery, jewelry, &c. &c., and by a liberal use of his tongue, he found little difficulty in disposing of some six hundred dollars worth to Madame Carroll and her only daughter, a young lady of nineteen. This Major, however, notwithstanding his immense fortune, was frequently rather short of ready cash and as such was the case then, Ralph readily accepted "I. O. U." in retnrn for his goods, together with an invitation to pass the night.

And now commenced an exhibition of Ralph's wonderful acquirements, the detail of which are given with much humor and exactness by Col. Johnson. The young lady's piano was dreadfully out of repair. This he at once pulled to pieces, and having "regulated the bowels of the thing," put it together again; and then seating himself at the instrument, he played an sang with such "inspiration" "Laura was overwhelmed to tears, while the fixed and astonished gaze of the Major and his lady, testified their delight!"

He next undertook to "doctor the entrails" of the Major's gold repeater, in which he succeded to a charm, and in the course of the night was called up to visit the blacks' overseer of the estate, who was suddenly and violently attacked with the cholera, and whom he cured with a tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, and twenty drops of laudnum.

Being persuaded to prolong his visit, in course of the next few days Ralph cured several negroes who were stricken down the same dreadful disease; and shortly after Madame Carroll was also seized with the terrible malady. The Major thought that although "the blacks might be turned over to the pedlar, it would not do to try his nostrums on the family;" so the nearest doctor was sent for, and despite calomel, opium and camphor, the patient was in a state of collapse before morning. The pedlar, however, bore no malice for his lack of faith in his skill, and as the dying lady desired prayers and spiritual consolation in the trying hour, and as there was no clergyman within seven miles, Ralph, who was at home a leader in the Sunday School, and an elderly of the Congregational Church, put up a solemn petition at her bedside.

Miss Laura was the next shining mark aimed at by the king of terrors; but at the urgent solicitation of Ralph, her cure was confided to his hands and accomplished with the same medicine administered to poor Sambo; and his kind and considerate attentions had their due effect upon the sensitive and sincere heart of Miss Carroll, of course.

All this occurred in 1834; and while the scourge was sweeping over the plantations in its fury, the pedlar remained and performed miracles with his salt and pepper. But the time at length arrived when Ralph Brown would stay no longer—whereat Laura's cheeks were suffused and her long eyelashes wet with tears; and when she reached out her pale, slim hand, all tremulous from a heart in emotion, to bid farewell, Ralph felt the gentle tremor like electricity through his frame!

As he jumped upon his wagon however, in the goodness of his heart, he pressed into the hand of the Major—in anticipation of the possible failure of the tobacco crop, and the consequent necessities of the planter's wants—a check upon the Richmond Bank for $2,000, and then drove down the avenue.

But the following year Ralph Brown again made his appearance at the Major's mansion, and was warmly welcomed by father and daughter. The annual races were to come off the following day at Charlotteville, which the two gentlemen were to attend in company; as the cream of the story is contained in what follows, we give it in Col. Johnson's own words:

The next morning the host and guest were on their way to the races, mounted upon two fleet steeds taken fresh from the Major's stable—when about half way the Major turned around, surveying the road they had come, and exclaimed—

"What in heaven's name is that behind us? Is it an ass or a young camel? A queerer spirit in the shape of a horse, I never saw wrapped up in a skin!"

"Gracious Major," answered Ralph, "you're jokin. That's my wagon boy—slept with your niggers last night. He is on my Narragansett mare, that trailed the wagon to your door."

The spotsman soon stopped at an inn to breathe their horses. As the boy and mare came up,

"Well," said the Major, "that is a queer animal. She is as slim as a weasel and gaunt as a greyhound to keep up at our rapid pace is a wonderment?"

"Frank!" cried Rolph, "leave the mare and saunter along the road; the Major and I want to measure her figure head!"

The boy slunk away like a spirit, while the Major and his guest stood by the side of Narragansett.

"Now, Major," said Brown, "a meanin' word in your ear. I calkilate you are but. spoonies down here South, you're not up to human nature and soft sawder. I can stick the deek into the best of ye, and no mistake That there mare, Major, will devour the ground like a wild cat. She will scale over Virginia soil like a swallow. Now, Major, do you bet on that mare to-day, or I'll blot your name out of my books."

"Why, Mr Brown, you are mad," replied the Major. "Sweepstakes, Sir Charles and Eclipse will all be there—there high flyers of Virginia, and do you think that weasel can come with them? Why, look, sir, her hips slan off like the roof of a Dutchman's house; her tail sweeps the ground; neither her name, fore-top, nor fetter-locks have ever been trimmed."

"Major, I say none of your brother, now; I was not born a fool, I tell ye, by a tarnel sight. Look at the cords and sinners of this here hind leg; see how the gamble joints are bent for runnin'; jist bring your calkilation to bear on this here eye, and see how the white of bungs out like a peeled onion. That there little chap kickin' up the dust, can put the devil in this here mare, Major and ef you dare bet agin her, it will be a caution to you for life."

The Major was taciturn, but at length said—"I cannot bet to-day on anything.—My purse is empty."

Hush, hush, mister," cried the pedlar, "here is the speltre. Major, I never bet, nor swear, nor drink, or tee-totaller or ruling elder down east; but ef you don't go the whole figure to-day, I'll blot your name."

As the pedlar said this he handed the Major a large pack, adding—

"Go it, Major! don't be afeared; cover the whole posse of 'em. I'll be your purser."

On arriving at the race ground it was learned that four mile heats and the best in three were the order of the day; and true enough, Sweepstakes, Sir Charles and Eclipse were on the ground. The judges at the goal had already entered the three famous horses for the prime purse of one thousand dollars. Besides this, the side bets, and the dormant bets were very considerable on the respective horses, just as they happened to be favorites with the patrician dons present. When the horse appeared on the turf. Eclipse required four men to hold him before he could be mounted; so eager was he to devour the ground. Sweepstakes was rearing and flirting in a fearful manner. Sir Charles champing his bit in proud disdain, measuring his steps by inches as he seemed to feel his superiority as master of the Eclipse. Off to the left stood the Narragansett in sheep-like acquiescence; and while the other jockies wore gilt caps, carried gilt whips, the dark eyed boy on the mare was hatless, and carried neet a sprig in his hand. But when the dons came to scan the beast, and beheld her drooping tail. lamb-like quiet, and long hair covering her eyes and feet. they shouted out-right in a most obstreperous laugh. They thought it a joke a burlesque on thir sport practiced by some wag. They cried out, "Who betts on that mare."

"One hundred dollars for luck's sake," replied the Major. It was covered in a moment. Other bets were tendered against her—two to one, three to one, five to one, and ten to one. The Major covered them all as offered; and was astonished that it made so little impression on his pocket. Twenty dollar notes, fifty dollar notes, and hundred dollar notes turned up; and he saw that he held in his hand money enough to match all the money brought upon the ground by the dons. They too were astonished to find the Major should be in funds; and much more so, that the Major should bet on the scarecrow mare.

And now it was one, two, three, and off Every horse on the turf took the lead of the mare to the first quarter post. At the two miles' point, Sweepstakes and Eclipse had fallen behind, and to the astonishment of the spectators, Sir Charles and the mare were neck and neck. As they swept along in fine style, the mare just secured her distance, and came in at the goal half a neck ahead, as declared by the judges. The other horses were drawn off the course.

Look there!" cried many voices, "the mare is blown—she hangs her head and tail, and Sir Charles will take the other two heats without an effort."

"Oh, yes, yes, she is blown," cried the dons; and they cracked up ten to one for Sir Charles, the best in the three. The Major put faith in his neighbors. He saw the mare's head was down, he thought her tail trembled. He feared for Ralph's money he had so liberally planked, and dared not venture more. The challange ten to one was clamorous against him—he hesitated, aye trembled in his shoes.—Brown who had kept aloof from the contest, now crossed the path of the Major.—He whispered in the ear of the latter as he passed,

"Go it, Major, don't be afeared—stick the leek into 'em with the tarnation reef, I'll back ye. If you cow out, Major, I'll blot your name as I told ye."

And now Sir Charles and Naraganset are displaying wonders again; the mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs on either side. Sir Charles was a fine young horse, the pride of Virginia; and when he eclipsed Eclipse the year before, he was crowned with gold and covered with scarlet. He was the idol of the State. And now the fate of Virginia hung in equal poise. It hung so for two-thirds of the second heat, when the boy on the mare touched his thumb to the neck of the beast, and she cleared the goal, leaving Sir Charles three lengths in the rear.

Not a shout was issued from all that immense multitude. The dons were clap fallen, dumfounded; they even doubted if this were not the fantasy of a fitful dream. At length a low murmur was raised, disputing the first heat. Many said the horses came in neck and, they must run again to decide the contest. The Judges, however, decided differently, they said the mare had won the stakes. But still the malcontents were getting noisy, and cried out "who is the owner of this mare? Let him say whether she may run again."

"I own that there critter!" replied Ralph Brown; "and though, I never bet, nor swear, nor drink, but jest for your amusement, gentlemen, she may whip round again; and if that horse beats her I'll return the stakes and pay the shot."

All were delighted with this, and gave a shout—"Well done the Yankee pedlar! he's a man after all!"

But the major now in his turn winked to the pedlar and said: "Don't play the fool; you fairly won the money; and the mare is certainly fagged, and the knowing ones see it,"

"Keep cool, Major," said Ralph; "I didnt cross the Potom for nothing. I cut my eye teeth before these here squires were born. They think they are cute like; but I'll let the illumination into 'em."

Saying this. the pedlar dropped a word in the ear of his curley pated boy, not heard by those around. The horoe stated again, and for half the course kept neck and neck as before, when young curl-head rammed his thumb into the mare's flank, blowing out a whistle at the same time so clar and piercing it could be heard a mile off. The mare sprang into the air as if she had been a wild sprite of the winds! She seemed to fly rather than run; and even poor Sir Charles gazed on with terror and wonderment as he ploughed his way through clouds of dust, far in the wake of the witch! Virginia was never so taken by surprise; and when the mare reached the goal, her competitor was fifty yards behind.

The dons had too much chivalry to let this pass in silence. They raised a shout of triumph for the winner, relinquished their claim to the stakes, and gather around the mare in admiration of her parts. True enough, by this time the animal had got her spirits roused. Her head and tail were up; she spitefully champered her bit; her fiery nostrils were widely distended: and the white of her eyes was terrible round about.

"This mare shall never go out of Virginia," said one capitalist.

"No never," said another, and they all gathered around the pedlar, demanding his price.

"The critter is not on sale," replied Ralph "My wagon would stick fast in the mud, I reckon, but for this catamount."

"Wagon?" said the dons disdainfully, "this flying dragon never saw a wagon!"

"Good rhyme, gentlemen—good rhyme. I'll set it to music and sing it to the critter as we jog on our journey together."

The gentlemen, however, became in earnest, and made him several sly bids for the mare—temping enough.

"Well, I tell you what, gentlemen, fair play is a jewel; and if I must part with this screamer, it is to be done by way of auction." Thus saying he mounted the platform erected for the judges, and raising a ratan, cried:

"Who bids?" I put up this here critter for sale—the flying witch of Narragansett. She's a real buster, gentlemen, an immortal spirit wrapped in a mare skin; do you see the white of her eye as I call her by name? Once, twice, who bids? a thousand dollars say I for myself. Just a going, gone. And so I have knocked her down to myself at half price."

"But that's not fair," cried many voices, "we've not had a chance."

"Quick is my word, gentlemen; can't humor your slow notions. If you want the critter, bid away in earnest. Now she's up again. Once, twice—just going.'

"Twelve hundred and fifty!"

"This critter's sir was a catamount, and her dam the witch of Endor. Twelve hundred and fifty dollars. Just going—once, twice, three—"

"Fifteen hundred."

Thank ye. Ay, gentlemen, ye just begin to see the vartues of this buster;—fifteen hundred once, fifteen hundred twice—"

"Two thousand dollars."

"Thank ye—can't dally; two thousand once, two thousand twice: going, going, three times. Gone at two thousand dollars—as cheap as pusley. Now, mister, stump the speltre, and the mare is yourn."

The bank notes were handed over to the pedlar, and the pockets of the Major were cramed with the winnings; and both together started for the house of the Major.

"You are a great winner to-day, Mr. Brown," said the Major, as he drew forth the heaps of glittering coin and rolls of bank notes from his well-filled pockets and displayed them upon the drawing-room table.

"I a winner? Now look a here, Major, that are money's your'n; I never won a cent in all my life, besides I've a kind of notion against bets. You know too, Major, that besides other sorts of business, I do a little in the religious way down east, and the mothers of Israel of Vermont State and New Hampshire, would be shocked to hear that I had so fallen from grace as to stop on a race-ground, and much more to think I had pocketed the speltre. I have known the Narragansett mare from colthood up. When I seed her last May, I thought of you and the loss of the 'backer last year, and said to myself—"Now I'll jest give my friend a lift, and grease the wheels of my wagon in the same spec."—I bought the mare for seventy-five dollars, and put her to school for her education on Long Island. They know a thing or two on Long Island about horse flesh.—When they'd tried her, they wanted to coax me out of her for five hundred dollars. I told 'em she was for a friend of mine down south, and couldn't be traded. That there curl pated joker you see a thumping the critter, is a devil with a horse, Major. Have you ever heard of him? 'tis Frank Darfy, that beats all the riders in creation. He can make that mare jump right out of her skin. The mare came in short stages from Long Island tied to my cart tail. I only jest put her in that mornin' I came here; and three miles of slow driven' didn't stiffen her."

At length the Major returned the package of notes lent him in the morning for his bets, squared the accounts of two thousand six hundred dollars the pedler had against him, and placed the balance of the money, a huge fot, in his bureau.

It will perhaps afford gratification to some of our readers to know that within six weeks of this event, Laura Carroll, was Laura Carroll no more; and that Ralph Brown, having taken into his own hands the management of the Major's estate, it exhibiteth to this day evidences of the universal genius of THE YANKEE PEDLAR.

The District Attorney Case.

We take the following account of the gross outrage upon the ballot box perpetrated by the so called *Democracy*, in the city of Philadelphia last fall, from the North American. As nothing is stated except what has been proven in Court, implicit reliance may be placed upon it.—Is it not enough to make a *real* Democrat blush at the name? it is not equalled even by the outrage in Iowa, where one poll box was forcibly taken from the officers, and the *Democratic* candidate for Congress, was declared elected. There, however, the people at the subsequent election did the Whig candidate justice by triumphantly electing him over the same opponent.

For the information of our readers we have taken pains to prepare an accurate and succinct history of the extraordinary judicial inquiry now in progress, and a statement of its results thus far. It is, we believe, the first time that a contested political canvass has been the subject of judicial investication, and has on that account additional and general interest. We confine ourselves strictly to a statement of facts, as proven, abstaining carefully from all comment on what may be described as most astonishing developements.

At the last general election the people of the city and county of Philadelphia voted for candidates for the office of District Attorney, to serve for three years and during that time conduct such of the public business as has heretofore been entrusted to the Attorney General. The two prominent candidates were William B. Reed, Whig, and Horn Kneass, Democratic, and the aggregate vote of these gentlemen was 39,195. By the returns made this vote appeared to be thus divided:

For Mr Kneass, - -	19,640
For Mr. Reed, - -	19,555
Mr. Kneass's apparent majority,	85

On his return Mr. Kneass was sworn into office, and has been acting ever since.

Within a few days after the election, it was discovered that a mistake had been made in the general computation, and that the vote of West Philadelphia was fifty more for Mr. Reed than had been allowed him. This has been now proved, and of course reduces the majority to 35.

In October a petition was presented, signed by the requisite number of citizens, praying an inquiry into this return, and all sorts of technical and interlocutory difficulties being interposed and overcome, the case has at last come to a hearing before the President and two associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, who have bestowed on it careful and most considerate attention. The result of this hearing, so far as it has gone, we now proceed to state.

The two specific frauds, to prove which evidence has been adduced, occurred in the Eastern Precient of Penn Township, and in the 2d ward, Moyamensing; and it will be observed that in these two wards. all the election officers, contrary to the spirit of the law, were of one party—that of which Mr. Kneass was the candidate.—The fraud in Penn Township was alleged to be that votes case for Mr. Reed were counted fraudulently for Mr Kneass, and the proof was this: By the general returns it appeared that while on every other ticket for State and local officers the Democratic majority was four hundred and fifty or thereabouts, that on the county ticket, comprising the District Attorney, was 550 This was rather inferential than positive—rather pointed to the fraud than proved it. The proof, however, has been conclusive, for in a single precinct, where twenty-six voters are returned for Mr. Reed, eighty respectable and well known electors of the district have come forward and testified that after examining their tickets they cast them for Mr. Reed. So much for Penn Township, in which district alone, according to the evidence thus far uncontradicted and unexplained, the Whig candidate was defrauded of at least fifty four votes which were counted for Mr Kneass, thus showing how the strange excess over the rest of the ticket was produced. This amount deducted from the one side and added to the other, would alone give Mr. Reed a majority.

The fraud in the second Ward, Moyamensing, is more complex. In this ward the aggregate vote returned was 1223.—For Kneass, 1897—for Mr. Reed but 94, and the rest scattering. The averment here is that a large number of votes actually given for Mr. Reed were fraudulently counted for Mr. Kneass. The proof on this point was the same as in the District of Penn, 155 electors swearing positively to having voted for Mr. Reed, whilst but 94 were returned, thus increasing the whig majority. But besides this, a bolder and more grievous fraud is charged, and thus far very conclusively established.—As each voter deposits his ballot, his name, in the order in which he votes is written down on what is occasionally called the window list, and the ballot put in the box. The polls are required to be closed at 10 P. M, and if votes be taken after that hour, it avoids the election. It is clearly in proof that the voter numbered 878 voted at a quarter before 10 o'clock, yet after this, 349 names were entered a-having voted. It is alledged that of these, at least 300 are utterly spurious, having been added, and corresponding ballots put in the box, and *all counted for Mr. Kneass.* The proof of this is that no such names with the exception of some twenty or thirty very remarkable ones, are known or ever have been in the ward, and the individuals who are known come forward and testify that they did not vote at all, or voted in other parts of the county. This is very clearly established. Besides this, the last 211 names do not appear on any assessment list, original or extra—and this remark applies to 389 others voted, there being altogether 600 on the window list who were never assessed in the ward or heard of. Besides this, too, when the ballot boxes were opened in the court, no single paper that the law requires, neither tax list, list of voters, nor tally papers could be found, having been abstracted by some one—and no one had access to them but the election officers.

This is an outline, we hope intelligibly stated, of the evidence in this case, as it now stands, and it is hardly necessary to say that honest men of all parties, Democrats as well as Whigs, are looking with curious anxiety to see how it is to be controverted.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—During the severe blow on Monday last from the northwest, the high walls of the building belonging to Mr. Nicholson, recently burnt, in Concord street, between Pratt and Lombard streets Baltimore were blown down with a terrible crash. The most southerly wall fell upon the adjoining two-story house, in the occupancy of Mr. James Armstrong, candle manufacturer, and crushed everything before it to the lower floor, bricks, roofs, beams and rafters coming down in a confused mass.

On the lower floor of the house four of the hands employed by Mr. Armstrong were at work—Thomas Gibson and William Birney, men and Samuel Connor and James Matson boys—the former aged 12 years and the latter 17. They were all caught by the falling mass, and the apprehension was that they were crushed to death. The fire-bells were rang and soon there assembled a noble band, who commenced working to get the unfortunate parties out.

After two or three hours exertion the unfortunate persons were released—the two boys were horribly mangled, Matson so much so he will probably not recover.

GOLD MEDAL FOR HENRY CLAY.—Messrs. Jack & Brothers, Jewellers, of San Francisco, have prepared a magnificent Gold Medal of most appropriate design, intended as a present to Mr. Clay for his efforts in securing the admission of California into the Union.

The River and Harbor Bill has passed the House of Representatives by ayes 103 to nays 87. Among the appropriations are $20,000 for the harbor of Baltimore, and $20,000 for Havre-de Grace.

Its passage by the Senate is regarded as extremely doubtful.

BLACKSMITHING, *Horse-Shoeing, &c.*

THE subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he has again commenced the above business in this place, in the NEW SHOP, 2nd door below Mr. John Greenwood's Carriage Shop, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and patrons. Edge Tools made to order, and all other work, in his line, in the best manner. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive encouragement.

HENRY H. SIMMS.

Chestertown, Feb'y 1, 1851—1y

LOST.

TWO Notes, dated October 8th, 1850, drawn by Rich'd T. Turner, of the city of Baltimore, in my favour, the first $500, to mature on the 9th of February, 1852, and the second, or last Note to expire on the 9th day of August, of the same year, for a similar amount of five hundred dollars, making altogether one thousand dollars.

As these notes can be of no use to any other than the owner, I will give a liberal reward to the finder.

THOS. WALKER.

Feb. 1, 1851.—4t

QUICK LIME FOR SALE.

MESSRS. Baker and Hunt of Wrightsville, Pennsylvania, are prepared to furnish LIME to the Farmers of Kent county on the most reasonable terms—fourteen cents on the waters of the Sassafras, and sixteen cents on the waters of the Chester River, per bushel. A reasonable deduction will be made for CASH, if paid on delivery, and if on a credit, four and six months with good security will be required.

All orders addressed to their agent at Harmony Post Office, will be promptly attended to.

JOSEPH WEBB,
Agent for Kent county.

Feb'y 22, '51—3m

LEATHER COLLARS, BRIDLES, SADDLES and HALTERS, for sale cheap by

T. W. ELIASON.

Jan. 18, 1851

Sugar, Sugar.

T. W. ELIASON has good Brown Sugar at 6¼ cents; Clarafied Loaf and Crushed Sugar, 10 to 12½ cts.

Jan 25, '50.