msa_sc2901_scm2349-0377 ©Maryland State Archives

KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

VOL. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. DECEMBER 12, 1846. NO. 33

GREAT BARGAINS,

IN HATS AND CAPS,

At the old established

CHEAP HAT AND CAP STORE,

No. 196 *Market st. 2d door below Sixth,*

PHILADELPHIA.

We extend a general invitation to the citizens of Chester Town and its vicinity, as well as to all others, to our store. We have on hand a large and complete assortment of Hats and Caps of every style and variety, which we are selling full one-fourth lower than the usual prices, namely:

Extra superior Beaver Hats, from			$2.50 to $3.50
" "	Brush "	"	2.00 to 3.00
" "	Silk "	"	1.25 to 2.00
" "	Moleskin "	"	2.50 only.
		usual price $4.	

Good hats as low as $1.25 and upwards. Also, a complete stock of Caps, cloth, fur trimmed, glazed, silk oil cloth, velvet and fancy Caps; fine otter, Shetland fur seal, musk rat, hair seal caps, &c. &c. at lower prices than they can possibly be had elsewhere. From our extensive sales, we can sell for a smaller profit than others can.—Call and be satisfied, it is to your interest.

Merchants, Storekeepers, Hatters and others, who buy to sell again, supplied on reasonable terms. Be sure and call at No. 196 Market street, 2d door below Sixth st.

GARDEN & BROWN.

September 5th, 1846. 3m

New Wholesale

DRUG STORE.

CANBY & BARTLETT beg leave respectfully to inform dealers and others, in this vicinity, that they have recently established, at the *N. W. corner of Light and Lombard streets, Baltimore,* a WHOLESALE DRUG ESTABLISHMENT where they have now on hand, and intend keeping, a complete and extensive assortment of entire fresh Drugs and Medicines, as well as Paints, Oils, Glass, Dyestuffs, &c. laid in at prices that will enable them to furnish persons dealing in Drugs, &c. with every article in that line, on certainly as good terms, and of as fine quality, as can be obtained from any other establishment, either in Baltimore or elsewhere.—They are also the manufacturers and venders of Dr. Chapman's Worm Mixture, Wright's Worm Mixture, and Lee's Family Medicines.

THOMAS Y. CANBY,
late of the firm of Stabler & Canby.
WM. A. BARTLETT.

September 5th, 1846. 6m

FALL

DRY GOODS.

WE have now on hand a desirable assortment of FALL DRY GOODS, which have been selected in this, and the eastern cities, and which we will sell low for cash, or on the usual terms, to punctual dealers. Country merchants and dealers generally, are invited to call and examine our stock before making their purchases. In our stock wi be found the following goods, viz:

Super and extra cloths and cassimeres
Merino, velvet, valencia silk and satin vestings
Pilot and beaver cloths and flushings
Cadet, steel mix'd, blue, drab and brown sattinetts
Kentucky jeans, fulled linseys and kerseys
Plaid and striped linseys and baizes
Geno cords and buffalo cloths
10, 11, 12 and 13-4 rose and Whitney blankets
Heavy white and colored blankets for negroes
Bl'k, colored and shaded alpacas
Twilled and plain Earlston ginghams.
Cashmeres and mouselin de'lains
Linen cambric and linen cambric hdkfs
Brown and white table cloths and napkins
White, red, yellow and green flannels
Brown and white Canton flannels
Hosiery, gloves and suspenders
Gilt, lasting and bone buttons
Madrass, Brilannia and domestic hdkfs
Silk and col'd bordered linen cambric do
Barcelona and Italian cravats
Stay bindings and galloons
Pins, needles, tapes and bobbins
Cap edgings and nettings
Blanket, mouselin de'lane and cashmere shawls
Splendid Turkeri and Edinburg do
Bed ticks, checks and plaids
Together with a large assortment of prints and brown and white shirtings and sheetings.

SIMMONS & BROTHER,
corner of High and Gay sts. Balto.
Sept. 19th, 1846. 3m

STEAM REFINED SUGAR CANDIES,

12½ cents per pound, Wholesale.

J. J. RICHARDSON, No. 42 Market st. Philadelphia, takes pleasure in informing the public, that he still continues to sell his very superior steam refined Candy at the low price of $12 50 per 100 pounds, and the quality is equal to any manufactured in the United States.

He also offers all kinds of goods in the *Confectionary* and *Fruit* line at corresponding low prices, as quick sales and small profits are the order of the day.

Call or send your orders, and you cannot fail to be satisfied. Don't forget the number, 42 *Market street, Philadelphia.*

September 5th, 1846. 4m

For Sale,

20,000 Bricks and Bats Apply to
A W SPARKS
Aug 15, 1846 tf

LAMPS, GIRONDOLES, CANDELABRAS, AND HOUSEKEEPING ARTILES IN GENERAL.

PERSONS purchasing articles in the above line, can call on the subscriber with every assurance of getting the worth of their money, and no misrepresentation. His stock of goods are fresh, and constantly replenishing from the latest importations—consisting in part of plated, block tin, brittania, and japanned Wares; Table Cutlery; Tea Trays and Waiters; wooden and iron Ware; Baskets; brass and wooden Clocks; looking and toilet Glasses, Oil Cloths; Door Mats; &c. &c. Having had eight years experience in the *Lamp business,* his assortment cannot be surpassed, being selected from the best manufactories in the country, for parlours, churches, stores, offices and kitchens, and for burning lard, camphine, pine, and common oil; also, fluid or gass lamps, wholesale and retail, at reduced prices.

Wholesale orders for Camphine, Pine Oil, and Fluid, promptly attended to at the lowest market prices, and of the first quality.

Also, a splendid assortment of painted Window Shades.

He has secured the general agency for SIMMS' CELEBRATED MATCHES, *entirrety free from sulphur or any other unpleasant smell.* This is worthy the attention of every man, woman, and child, averse to being choked with sulphur every time they light a match. Wholesale orders promptly met at the lowest factory prices.

J. T. TOUGH.

Baltimore st. Bridge, Baltimore, Md.

P. S. Look for the sign of the *Large Lamp,* north east corner.

September 12th, 1846. 3m

Sheriff, & Collector's

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, respectfully informs the public, that his BOOKS have been completed, and he is now ready and waiting, to receive, public dues.

The late period at which he was enabled to complete his books and the present advanced stage of the season, will make it absolutely necessary, that he should hasten his collections, to meet the urgent demands of the State, for money to discharge the accruing interest of her public debt.

The State Government has adopted and prosecutes, a rigid system of accountability and collection, from public officers, and a failure to pay promptly, is visited with suits upon their Bonds, with a denial of continuance, and an award of Judgment and Execution at the first term. No excuse can stay the power of the State or alter her determination. It cannot therefore be expected that the collector will incur such heavy and serious responsibilities and expenses, and wait from month to month for the convenience of those who may be indebted. The expenses of the county are considerable and requires speedy payment, and the collector's duty, to the State and county—to his securities and himself, forbids delay.

The Sheriff and Collector, therefore, with a pressing earnestness, calls upon all persons indebted for

TAXES AND FEES,

to call at his office and liquidate their accounts,—not in *part,* but in *full.* His anxious desire, is to avoid, everything unpleasant in the execution of his office, but he cannot, under *any circumstances,* suffer himself and securities to be sued, and therefore invokes every one indebted, to make immediate payment.

GEORGE W. SPENCER,
Sh'ff and Collector.

Chester Town, Nov. 7, 1846. 6w

Carriage and Harness

MANUFACTORY.

T. & O. P. JONES,

Fashionable COACH MAKERS,

Would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they are constantly manufacturing CARRIAGES of almost every description of style and patern, all of which they will sell cheap and on accommodating terms.—Persons in want of good Carriages are invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere. Old carriages taken in exchange.

N. B. Repairing executed with neatness and despatch.

Chester Town, May 30th, 1846. tf

For Rent,

For the ensuing year, the two story DWELLING HOUSE, Kitchen and Garden, at Ratcliffe Mills, occupied for the last three years by Mrs. *Harriett* Thomas.

This property is a most delightful place of residance—it is within a mile of Chester Town—the garden is very large, and well filled with fruit trees; and a copious spring of most excellent water rises within a few feet of the kitchen door. For terms, apply to T. H. WHALAND,
or CHARLES H WICKES.

Oct. 24th, 1846. t1stJ

To Rent,

For the ensuing year, the *HOUSE* on the Main street, at present occupied by Mr T C Pinkind.

GEORGE VICKERS,
JAS MANSFIELD.

Chester Town, Sept. 12th, 1846.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months.

☞For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.

POETRY.

There Must be Something Wrong.

When earth produces free and fair
The golden waving corn,
When fragrant fruits perfume the air,
And fleecy flocks are shorn;
Whilst thousands move with aching head,
And sing the ceaseless song—
"We starve, we die, oh! give us bread,"
There must be something wrong:

When wealth is wrought as seasons roll,
From off the fruitful soil,
When luxury, from pole to pole,
Reaps fruit of human toil;
When, from a thousand, one alone
In plenty rolls along,
The others only gnaw the bone,
There must be something wrong.

And when production never ends,
The earth is yielding ever,
A copious harvest oft begins,
But distribution—never.
When toiling millions work to fill
The wealthy's coffers strong,
When hands are crushed that work and till,
There must be something wrong.

When poor men's tables waste away,
To barrenness and drought,
There then is something in the way,
That's worth the finding out.
With surfeit one great table bends,
Whilst numbers move along,
While scarce a crust their board extends,
There must be something wrong.

Then let the law give equal right
To wealthy and to poor,
Let freedom crush the arm of might—
We ask for nothing more.
Until this system is begun,
The burden of our song
Must be, and can be, only one—
There must be something wrong.

SELECT TALES.

MANAGING A BLUE.

Written for Godey's Lady's Book for December,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Not long since there arrived, in a certain western village, a young lady from near Boston, who, not having been thrown in the way of better employment, had spent nearly all of her time for years, in reading. Circumstances had brought her into the society of intelligent classes of persons, and the conversations of these gave her mind the habit of thinking on subjects of more than ordinary interest, and induced her to read works of philosophical character.—Kant, Carlyle, Degerando, Geothe, Schiller, became her favorite authors, and she read them until she had quotations enough on her tongue's end to frighten away half the men who approached her.

Miss Phœbe Gray (that was the lady's name) was considered even at home a decided *blue.* She had early in life, so she said, been disappointed in love, and from that time had felt no more of the tender passion. Why she removed to the West was never clearly understood. Some were so malicious as to hint that marriageable young men were more plenty in that region. But this I must make bold to question, although some who knew her better seriously averred that she had no other motive for going west.

Be that as it may, the advent of Miss Gray into Floraville, created a good deal of sensation. The young men were at first very attentive to her, and warm in praise of her beauty and intelligence, while the ladies looked at her askance and could not be induced to say anything in her favor.

"She talks like a book," said a young man to his friend; in speaking of Miss Gray a short time after her arrival.

"Or rather like ten books," replied the friend. "She uses me right up to nothing in no time with her Kant and Carlyle, and what does she call it—Gutr?"

"Yes, that's it!"

"And the mischief knows what all. The fact of the case is, I can't stand her."

"Nor I either. She makes me feel as small as a seed potato."

"Do you think she knows what good manners are?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"She made me feel as cheap as dirt last night. Before the whole company she said—'You've read Degerando, of course?' and then coolly waited for me to confess my ignorance."

"Did you do it?"

"I had never heard of Degerando. What could I say?"

"You could have pretended to be very familiar with him."

"Humph! And been made to expose my ignorance still farther, for she would have asked in the next breath if I remembered this or that passage. Has she ever served you so?"

"Not yet."

"Look out, then. I've seen her corner two or three, and worry their lives half out of them."

"Perhaps they were particularly green."

"Not more so than you or I. One was young Purdy, the lawyer, who knows a good deal about books. She exposed him cruelly. He was terribly mortified. He tried his best to appear to know all about the authors whose names and books she introduced, but she understood that it was all sham, and stripped him bare in little or no time."

This is but a specimen of conversation that soon became current among the young men of Floraville, by whom Miss Phœbe Gray soon came to be held in fear. There were three young physicians and as many young lawyers in the village, besides a score of young men who were clerks or storekeepers. In his profession or calling, each of those had enough to think and study about, and of course had little or no leisure for reading or transcendental philosophy. In law, the lawyers were thoroughly read, and the doctors in medicine; and the storekeepers and clerks were reasonably well versed in the principles of trade, and followed diligently the calling to which they had devoted themselves. But for Kantean philosophy and Carlyleisms they had no taste, and always looked a little blank when they were introduced, as they invariably were by Miss Gray, who secretly enjoyed the annoyance she occasioned.

The effect upon the mind of Miss Gray was as might be supposed. Before she came to Floraville, she had a very good opinion of herself; this good opinion since her residence there of a few months, had increased very considerably. She felt herself superior to the common mass around her. In fact, she looked down upon the very *élite* of Floraville.

No matter how skilfully the doctor managed a difficult and dangerous case of illness—no matter how profoundly versed in legal science the lawyer might be—no matter, in fact, how estimable in character and useful in his social sphere the individual who came in contact with Miss Gray, he was an object of contempt not as thoroughly versed herself in all the lore of modern authship.

Like all whose self-estimation is based upon attainment not used for the public good, Miss Gray considered herself of ten times the consequence that really appertained to her.

Among the dwellers in Floraville was a young physician of quiet habits and retiring manners, named Philips. He was ambitious of professional distinction, and therefore a hard student. For literary and miscellaneous reading he had neither time nor taste. He went into company only occasionally and then kept aloof from the gayer circles. His reputation was that of a man of intelligence and a close thinker. Most of the young ladies held him in a kind of awe.

Some months from the time Miss Gray arrived in Floraville elapsed before she obtained an introduction to Doctor Philips. Frequent allusions to him were made in her presence all tending to give her an idea that he was a personage of higher intellectual character than any with whom it had been her fortune to meet in that benighted section of the country. All this made her anxious for an opportunity to measure swords with him and show him her superiority. Such an opportunity finally came. They were thrown together one evening in a private circle, into which Dr. Philips came without expecting the presence of Miss Gray. He was altogether unprepared for the meeting. But a few minutes were suffered to elapse after the introduction, before the young lady opened her battery with guns double shotted in order to cope with a supposed strong antagonist.

"You have read of course," she said, very early in the conversation, "the article on moral vision in the last number of the Quarterly. Don't you think the writer has made the case perfectly clear?"

Now Doctor Philips had not looked into any "quarterly," except some medical Quarterlies for the last five years, and hardly knew the meaning of moral suasion. He was an honest, straightforward sort of a man, could affect nothing. All that was him was to reply, with a slight blush he had not read the article to which alluded.

"Ahem! Then you have lost an intellectual treat. I have not enjoyed an article much for a long time. I have been trying to find out the author. It must be either Macauly or Lord Brougham.—The former, I should think from the eloquence in which it is penned. What a clearer and brilliant writer that Macauly! You remember his article on Milton?"

To question followed a pause, and the Doctor was compelled to say that he had not read the paper to which she alluded.

"Have you not? I thought every one have read Macaulay. You, of course, have his Miscellanies?"

"Have not the pleasure of being at all familiar with him."

"So much the more to be regretted. You do not know what you have lost. Macaulay is the most brilliant reviewer of the day. Particles glitter in thought's jewels with the brilliancy of diamonds. He and Carlyle stand out prominently, yet each has a purity distinctly his own. I need not to you, doctor, what those peculiarities

Miss Gray looked smilingly at the doctor, and the doctor looked at her and smiled in return, but the smile of the latter was blended with confusion. He wished the young lady were distant a thousand miles. There were half-a-dozen persons present, and all were silent listeners of what was passing. For an hour at least did Miss Gray continue her attacks upon the doctor—they could be called nothing else—much after this fashion, completely discomfiting him every time. When he got away he was in a fever of excitement, and vowed that he would in some way "punished the ill-natured ill-mannered girl."

"Miss Gray was too much for you last night, doctor," remarked a friend who had witnessed the whole scene, on meeting him the next day. "I hardly think she was polite."

"Polite? No; she was downright ill mannered. If that is a specimen of eastern good breeding, save me from it, I say.—But I'll punish the huzzy, see if I don't."

"Hush, doctor; don't call hard names.—That is not western good breeding."

"It isn't, I admit; but I feel outraged.—She knew very well that I was a physician not a literary man, and that it wasn't to be supposed that I could be familiar with Broughham, Carlyle, Macaulay, and a host of others, both modern and ancient. I have something else to do. If she were dangerously ill, she would think much more highly of me were I to spend what leisure I had from my many professional engagements in reading about and studying her case instead of pouring over her favorite authors."

"No doubt of that in the world. But how do you intend punishing her?"

"I can't tell yet: but I'll study out some method, depend upon it. I will neither forget nor forgive her."

As doc. Philips, who was particularly sensitive, took this matter a good deal to heart his friends enjoyed the thing much more than they would have done, and annoyed him by constant allusions to it. His usual answer was, that he would "return the favor one of those days with interest."

Only a few weeks elapsed before he was again thrown into company with Miss Gray. As eagerly as a spider watches a fly did the young lady watch for her victim, and pounce upon him with almost as hearty a good will. Several who had themselves been victimized, gathered around, and other members of a pretty large party swelled the circle and became eager listeners.

"There is to be more sport here," said one to his companion, as he saw the aspect of affairs. "Miss Gray has caught another victim. It is Dr. Philips. Poor fellow!—I pity him. Come, let us hear what is going on."

And they moved up and helped to increase the number of listeners. The sport proved to be a little different from what had been expected. Dr. Philips had fully prepared himself for another attack with weapons equally as offensive as those which had been used gainst him. Before the lady had time to introduce any of her particular themes, the young doctor said—"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have enjoyed a rich intellectual treat."

"Indeed!" The countenance of Miss Gray brightened.

"Yes," he resumed. "In the British and Colonial Medical Review for July, is an article that interested me deeply. It is a philosophical inquiry into the causes why a man who has had his arm or leg cut off feels his fingers and toes in the exact places where they had previously been. You are no doubt aware of this curious fact, Miss Gray?"

Miss Gray looked blank, and gave a confused and reluctant negative.

"Pardon me for having asked the question," the doctor said; "I know it is rude to ask such questions in conversation, but this fact is so commonly known that I did not dream any one could be ignorant of it."

The young lady bowed and looked still graver than before.

"You are aware of course," resumed the doctor, "that the cause of this phenomenon is variously explained—some favoring one theory and some another. I have even heard the existence of a spiritual body within a natural body argued from this well-known fact—the advocates of this singular idea contending that all sensation was in the spiritual body, and that this remained perfectly organized and susceptible of feeling even after its material covering was removed—that, in fact, it was the spiritual hand or foot that felt after the natural hand or foot was removed. Doubtless there is truth somewhere in this region of assumed not fairly argued, conclusions. That our natural bodies are merely the clothing of or machines by which our spiritual and really substantial bodies act in the material world, I think may to be true. What is your opinion, Miss Gray? You have, doubtless, as your mind is highly philosophical, thought a good deal on this deeply interesting subject."

The lady was cornered again, and had to own that her reading and habits of thinking had never led her to look at this subject.

"It is a highly interesting one," resumed the doctor; "none, in fact, can be more so. For ages the connection between spirit and matter has remained a problem; and this problem as time advances, we become more and more anxious to solve. But I am wandering from what I had intended saying.—I mentioned the writer in the review. You are aware, of course, that sensation has always been supposed to reside in the skin, or outermost and extreme parts of the body. This, strangely enough, is denied by the writer alluded to. Feeling, he says, is in the sensorium; the perception of this in the skin. That is, when I lay my hand upon an object, it is my brain, not my hand that feels its form. My hand seems, it is true to feel, but this he argues is only an appearance. In the brain, he says, there is an epitome of the whole man. In fact, that the man resides in the sensorium, as to the minutest particulars, and merely communicates with the external world by means of the external senses, which make no part of the man really. The type of the hand, he says, is in the brain, or rather, the man's real hand is in the brain, and this is the hand that feels when the physical appendages to the body bearing the same name come in contact with any object, and appears to feel. This is his main position, and he brings in the fact that after a man has lost his hand he still feels the hand to be in the same place, as one of its proofs."

"A very singular position, certainly."—Miss Gray remarked with an air of assumed confidence. But she was not suffered to remain at her ease long. Doctor Philips saw that his effort to punish and humble the blue was thus far completely successful and he did not mean to stop until his revenge was complete. Gradually he went deeper, and introduced subjects appertaining to human physiology, yet managed to keep them sufficiently free from technicalities to enable any one to comprehend them and even to join in the conversation with interest, if even a smattering of anatomy had been acquired. But Miss Gray had not even a smattering on the subject, and she was compelled to expose her ignorance at every turn.

With the most consummate tact and coolness did the young physician continue to worry his victim, for full an hour, and he did it with so much apparent good humor and unconsciousness, that she dared not show any symptoms of being offended.—She understood, too, his meaning fully, and felt humbled. More especially was this the case afterwards, when sober reflection came and she saw how easy it was for any one to direct his or her mind to a particular course of reading and study, and thence to be enabled to put to the blush another who had devoted an equal time to study, but in a different department of knowledge.

As for the auditors who were present during the conversation, they were delighted. Miss Gray's habit of victimizing every young man who ventured to converse with her was well known, and had been carried so far that almost every one felt outraged. The incident soon became known throughout the village, and Doctor Philips was congratulated on all hands. He had fought the conceited fair one with her own weapons, and completely discomfitted her.

For a time Miss Phoebe Gray was terribly mortified. But she had some good sense left, and this kept her from running away from Floraville. * * * *

This intimacy steadily increased, until the doctor ventured to make proposals of a very serious nature. A malicious spirit whispered in the lady's ear, that now was the time to get her revenge; but love was stronger than pride—she yielded a blushing and glad assent.

Mrs. Doctor Philips, who has been a married wife for now about a year, is as little like the blue, Phœbe Gray, as can well be imagined. She is becoming quite a favorite with the people of Floraville, young and old—what she was not formerly, by any means. Some said the doctor was a fool for marrying her; but that we rather think, was a mistake, and he, we are very sure will heartily agree with us.

☞A correspondent of the N. Y. True Sun writing from Germany, makes very readable letters. From his last we take the following:

A very funny quarrel took place the other day on one of our promenades. A gentleman, the owner of a fine dog, was promenading with the latter, and before him walked a well known dandy. The gentleman called 'Carlo Carlo,' our dandy looked round, but not knowing the gentleman, resumed his walk. Again the gentleman 'Carlo, Carlo, come here;' whereupon the dandy addressed him with a half angry,

'What's your pleasure sir?'

'Oh, nothing.'

'Then how dare you, not knowing, me, speak to me on a public prominade?'

'Pray, what is your name?' now inquired the owner of the dog.

'What do you mean, sir? do you really wish to insult me?' was the reply.

'But please give me your name.'

'Here is my card.'

'Why this is *C a-r-l-o-w!* You can rest easy, as my dog spells his name without the *w.*'

A bloodless duel was the consequence.

PROPER RESENTMENT.—A mild tempered old gentleman was going down his cellar-stairs with a lamp and an old brown Pitcher, on a frosty evening, and his feet slipping from the first step, he was precipitated to the bottom! His wife, a nice old lady, hearing the noise, ran to the cellar door, and called out—

'Why husband! have you broke the pitcher?'

'No I haint, love, replied the old man, 'but I'll be darn'd if I don't do it now,' and immediately smashed the pitcher against the cellar wall.

AN ATTORNEY about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make make it as light as possible."—"Ah!" replied the Attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but that's not the way I make *my* bread."