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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. MARCH 25, 1848. NO. 48.

COMMISSION BUSINESS.

THE undersigned begs leave to tender his services as a Commission Merchant, for the sale of Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, and other products of the farm.

My attention will be exclusively devoted to the sale of such Produce on Commission, and pledge myself to all those who will favor me with their patronage, to use my most earnest endeavours to promote their interest, and trust by a strict attention to business, to merit confidence and render an intercourse mutually beneficial

E. B. HARRIS,
Feb 19—tm. *Boswly' Wharf, Balt.*

E. Hepbron & Jno. Kelley Adms. of Thos. Hepbron. } Plaintiffs.
vs.
Peregrine Wright, jr. & N. T. Hynson (security.) } Defendants.

Judgment 22d Jauuary 1846, before John N. Usilton, Esq. a Justice of the Peace for $14 62 debt, with interest from 13 March 1845, till paid and $1 16 costs.

THE subscriber having purchased the real estate of Peregrine Wright jr. one of the Defendents above named at a sale thereof, in virtue of an execution (18th Vendi. Exps.) issued upon the foregoing Judgment, made on the 4th December 1847, by A. W. Sparks, Esq., Late Constable, hereby gives notice that he intends to apply to the Judges of Kent county Court, at its session to be held in Chester Town, on the third Monday of September next for a confirmation of said sale, when and where the said defendant, Peregrine Wright jr., or his creditors or any other person or persons claiming any interest in the matter will have an opportunity of stating their objections, if any they should have, why the said sale should not be confirmed, and for that purpose are hereby warned to appear.

The property purchased by the subscriber consists of a Lot, tract or part of a tract of land lying and being in Kent county, adjoining the lands of John Turner's heirs and others, near Lynch's Corner, containing 3 acres more or less with the buildings and improvements, and which was conveyed by Pere Wright, sr. to Pere Wright, jr. by deed, bearing date the 24th January, 1846; and was struck off for the sum of $8 10.

GEO. WASH. WILSON WRIGHT.
Test, JOS. N. GORDON,
Clk. Kent co. Ct.
March 11, 1848.

HARTMAN'S

CHEAP TAILORING AND READY-MADE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT, *No. 116 Pratt st., corner of Cheapside.*

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his numerous friends and the public generally, that he is now receiving a large and well selected stock of

GOODS,

which he is manufacturing under his special superintendence expressly for this market. He flatters himself that his stock will be found one of the best in the city, and doing an almost exclusive cash business enables him to sell at very much reduced prices. He would respectfully solicit a call from those wishing an article in the above line.

☞All Goods warranted to give full satisfaction. J. S. HARTMAN.
Balt., March 13, '48.—4w.

SHEW'S

DAGUERREAN ROOMS.

No 117 Balt. st. corner of South.

MR. SHEW would respectfully call the attention of the public to his *not to be excelled* Daguerreotype Miniatures. He has recently enlarged his Rooms and refurnished them in a style which cannot fail to make them at least comfortable and pleasant to all who may be pleased to call and examine his large collection of unequalled specimens. [March 18—3m.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers want two good Clerks as Salesmen in the store. They must be active, ready with the pen, and by all means of industrious, good habits. Liberal salaries will be paid.

CUMMINS & BROTHER.
Smyrna, Feb. 19—6w.

WANTED.

FROM $1,000 to $2,000 for two years on mortgage at 6 per cent., on *perfect unencumbered* landed property, situated near the city of Baltimore, and worth full $10,000.

A *very liberal premium* will be given for the use of the money. Apply to

FLETCHER & CO.
No. 3, North st. Baltimore.
March 4, '48—if

FEMALE SCHOOL,

IN CHESTERTOWN.

THE Spring term of this School will commence on the first Monday in March, and terminate on the second Friday in August.

☞For further information see Circulars apply to Mr. or Mrs. BALL, at their residence.

References:
Dr. E. Barroll, Esq., | Jos. Wickes, Esq.
N. Wiley, Esq.
Feb. 26—3w.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS,
Is Published every Saturday by
Edward Mansfield.

Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞All communications must be postpaid.

POETRY.

The Memory of the Past.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

One balmy summer night, Mary,
Just as the risen moon
Had cast aside her fleecy veil,
We left the gay saloon,
And, in a green sequester'd spot,
Beneath a drooping tree,
Fond words were breathed, by you forgot
That still are dear to me, Mary,
That still are dear to me.

Oh we were happy then, Mary—
Time linger'd on his way;
To crowd a life in a night,
Whole ages in a day!
If star and sun would set and rise
Thus in our after years,
This world would be a paradise,
And not a vale of tears, Mary,
And not a vale of tears.

I live but in the past, Mary—
The glorious days of old!
When love was hoarded in the heart,
As miser's hoard their gold;
And, often like a bridal train;
To music soft and low,
The by-gone moments cross my brain,
In all their summer glow, Mary,
In all their summer glow.

These visions form and fade, Mary,
As age comes stealing on
To bring the light and have the shade
Of days forever gone!
The poet's brow may wear at last
The days that round it falls;
But love has rose buds of the past
Far dearer than them al, Mary,
Far dearer than them all.

SELECTED TALE.

THE TIPSY PARSON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

In a village not a hundred miles from Philadelphia, resided the Rev. Mr. Manlius, who had the pastoral charge of a very respectable congregation, and was highly esteemed by them; but there was one thing in which he did not give general satisfaction, and in consequence of which many excellent members of his church felt seriously scandalized. He would neither join a temperance society, nor omit his glass of wine when he felt inclined to take it. It is only fair to say, however, that such spirituous indulgences were not of frequent occurrence. It was more the principle of the thing, as he said, that he stood upon, than any thing else, that prevented his signing a temperance pledge.

Sundry were the attacks, both open and secret, to which the Reverend Mr. Manlius was subjected, and many were the discussions into which he was drownded by the advocates of total abstinence. His mode of argument was very summary.

"I would no more sign a pledge not to drink brandy than I would sign a pledge not to steal," was the position he took."—"I wish to be free to choose good or evil, and to act right because it is wrong to do otherwise. I do not find fault with others for signing a pledge, nor for abstaining from wine. If they think it right, it is right for them. But as for myself, I would cut off my right hand before I would bind myself by mere external restrain. My bonds are internal principles. I am temperate because intemperance is sin. For men who have abused their freedom and so far lost all rational control over themselves that they cannot resist the insane spirit of intemperance, the pledge is all important.—Sign it, I say in the name of Heaven; but do not sign it because this, that or the other temperate man has signed it, but because you feel it to be your only hope. Do it for yourself, and do it if you are the only man in the world who acts thus. To sign because another man, whom you think more respectable, has signed, will give you little or no strength. You must do it for yourself, and because it is right"

The parson was pretty ready with the tongue, and rarely came off second best when his opponents dragged him into a controversy, although his arguments were called by them when he was not present, "mere fustian."

"His love for wine and brandy is at the bottom of all this hostility to the temperance cause," was boldly said of him by individuals in and out of his church. But especially were the members of other churches severe upon him.

"He'll turn out a drunkard," said one.

"I shouldn't be surprised to see him staggering in the streets before two years," said another.

"He does more harm to the temperance cause than ten drunkards," alleged a third.

While others—"Isn't it scandalous!"

"He's a disgrace to his profession!"

"*He* pretend to have religion!"

"A minister, indeed."

And so the changes rang!

All this time Mr. Manlius firmly maintained his ground taking his glass of wine whenever it suited him. At last, after the occurrence of a dinner-party given by a family of some note in the place, at which the minister was present, and at which wine was circulated freely, a rather scandalous report got abroad, and soon went buzzing all over the village. A young man who made no secret of being fond of his glass, and who was at this dinner party, met, on the day after, a member of a different denomination from that in which Mr. Manlius was a minister, and said to him with a mock gravity—"We had a *rara avis* at our dinner-party yesterday, Perkins."

"Indeed. What wonderful thing was that?"

"A tipsy parson."

"A what?"

The man's eyes became instantly almost as big as saucers.

"A tipsy parson."

"Who Mr Manlius?" was eagerly inquired.

"I didn't say so. I call no names."

"He was present, I know; and drank wine," said the man, gravely.

"It was Manlius, wasn't it?" urged the other.

"I call no names," was repeated. All I said was, that we had a tipsy parson—and so we had. I'll prove it before a jury of a thousand, if necessary."

"It's no more than I expected, said the temperance man. "He's a mere wine-bibber at best. He pretend to preach the Gospel! I wonder he isn't struck dead in the pulpit."

The moment his informant had left him, Perkins started forth to communicate the astounding intelligence that Mr. Manlius had been drunk on the day before, at Mr. Reeside's dinner party. From lip to lip the scandal flew, with little less than electric quickness. It was all over the village by the next day. Some doubted, some denied, but the majority believed the story—it was so likely to be true.

This occurred near the close of the week, and Sunday arrived before the powers that be in the church were able to confer upon the subject, and cite the minister to appear and answer for himself on the scandalous charge of drunkenness. There was an unusual number vacant pews during service, both morning and afternoon.

Monday came, and early in the day a committee of two deacons waited upon Mr Manlius, and informed him of the report in circulation; and of their wish that he would appear on the next afternoon to give an account of himself, as the church deemed the matter far too serious to be passed lightly over. The minister was evidently a good deal surprised and startled at this, but he neither denied the charge nor attempted any palliation, merely saying he would attend of couse.

"It's plain that he guilty," said Deacon Jones to Deacon Todd, as they walked with sober faces awa from the minister's dwelling.

"Plain? Yes—it's written in his face," returned Deacon Todd. "So much for opposing temperance reforms and drinking wine. It's a judgment on him."

"But what a scanda to our church," Deacon Jones.

"Yes—I think of that. He must be suspended, and not restored until he signs the pledge."

"I don't believe he'll ever do that."

"Why no?"

"He says he would cut off his right hand first."

"People are very fond of cutting off their right hand you know. My word for it, this will do a business for him. He will be glad enough to get the matter hushed up so easily. I shall go for suspending him until he signs the pledge."

"I don't know but that I'll go with you. If he signs the pledge, he is safe."

And so the two Deacons settled the matter.

On the next day, in grave conclave assembled, were the deacons of the church, besides sundry individuals who had come as the minister's friends or accusers. Perkins, who had got the report in circulation, was there at the special request of one of the deacons, who had ascertained that he had as much a little more to say in the matter then any one.

Perkins waited upon, rather unexpectedly, to ever one or two questions, immediately the opening of the meeting, but as he was staunch temperance man, and cordially despised the minister, he was bold to reply

"Mr Perkins," said the presiding deacon, "as far as we can learn, this scandalous charge originated with you; I will, therefore, ask you—did you say that the Rev. Mr. Manlius was drunk at Mr. Reeside's dinner party?"

"I did," was the unhesitating answer.

"Were you present at Mr. Reeside's?"

"No Sir."

"Did you see Mr. Manlius coming from the house intoxicated."

"No."

What evidence, then, have you of the truth of your charge? We have converced this morning with several who were presented, and all say that they observed nothing out of the way in Mr. Manlius on the occasion of which you speak. This is a serious matter, and we should like to have your authority for a statemen so injurious to the reputation of the minister and the cause of religion."

"My authority is Mr. Burton, who was present."

"Did he tell you that Mr. Manlius was intoxicated?"

"He said there was a drunken minister there, and Mr. Manlius, I have ascertained, was the only clergyman present."

"Was that so?" asked the deacon of an individual who was at Mr. Reeside's.

"Mr. Manlius was the only clergyman there," was replied.

"Then," said Perkins, "if there was a drunken minister there, it must have been Mr. Manlius. I can draw no other inference."

"Can Mr. Burton be found?" was now asked.

An individual immediately volunteered to go in search of him. In half an hour he was produced. As he entered the grave assembly, he looked around with great composure upon the array of solemn faces and eyes intently fixed upon him. He did not appear in the least abashed.

"You were at Mr. Reeside's last week, at a dinner-party I believe?" said the presiding deacon.

"I was."

"Did you see Mr. Manlius intoxicated on that occasion?"

Mr. Manlius! Good Heavens! no! I can testify upon oath, that he was as solemn as a judge. Who says that I made so scandalous an allegation?"

Burton appeared to grow strongly excited.

"I say so," cried Perkins, in a very loud voice.

"You say so? And, pray, upon what authority?"

"Upon the authority of your own words."

"Never!"

"But you did tell me so"

Perkins was much excited.

"When?"

"On the day after the dinner party—Don't you remember what you said to me?"

"Oh, yes—perfectly."

"That you had a drunken minister at dinner?"

"No, I never said that."

"But you did; I can be qualified to it.

"I said we had a "tipsy parson"

"And pray what is the difference?"

At the words "tipsy parson," the minister burst into a laugh and so did two or three others who had been at Mr. Reeside's. The grave deacon in the chair looked around with frowning wonder at such indecorum, and felt that especially ill-timed was the levity of the minister.

"I do not understand this," he said with great gravity.

"I can explain it," remarked an individual, rising, "as I happened to be at Mr. Reeside's, and knew all about the "tipsy parson." The cook of our kind hostess, in her culinary ingenuity furnished the table with a desert which she called "tipsy parson"—made, I believe, by soaking sponge cake in brandy and pouring a custard over it. It is therefore true, as our friend Burton has said, that there was a "tipsy parson" at the table, but as to the drunken minister of Mr. Perkins I know nothing.

Never before, in a grave and solemn assembly of deacons, was there such a sudden and universal burst of laughter, such a holding of sides and vibration of bodies, as followed this unexpected speech. In the midst of the confusion and noise, Perkins quietly retired. He has been known, ever since, in the village, much to his chagrin and scandalization, he being still a warm temperance man, as the "tipsy parson"

"There goes the tipsy parson," he hears said, as he passes aloug the street, a dozen times in a week, and he is now seriously inclined to leave the village in order to escape the ridicule his over-zealous effort to blast the minister's reputation has called into exisience. As for the Rev. Mr. Manlius, he often tells the story, and laughs over it as heartily as any one.

BETTING.—A Georgia negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. 'I'll bet you a quearter' said the darkey, 'I'll make you go ober dis bridge,' and with that he struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. 'You take de bet den?' said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge 'I won dat quarter any how.' 'But how will you manage to get your money?' asked a man who had been close by unperceived.—'Why, tomorrow, massa gib me a dollar to get corn, and I takes de quarter out.'

MISCELLANEOUS

From the New York Times.

RATTLESNAKE

ON A STEAMBOAT.

A Leaf from the Life of a Louisiana Swamp Doctor.

Shortly before the usual time for wending my way north to the medical lectures, an opportunity was offered me by an ingenious negro, who had caught the reptile asleep, of exchanging a well-worn blanket coat and two dimes, principally in cash for as fine a specimen of the Rattlesnake, as ever delighted the eye or ear of a naturalist—nine inches across the small of the back, six feet seven eighths of an inch in length, eyes like gobular lightning, colors as gaudy as an Arkansas girl's apron, twenty-three rattles, and a great propensity to make them heard, were the strong points of my purchase.

Designing him as a propitiary offering to one of the professors, my next care was to furnish him with a fitting habitation. Nothing better presenting itself. I made him one out of a pine box, originally designed for shoes, by nailing thin slats transverely, so as neither to exclude air nor vision, but sufficiently close, I thought to prevent him from escaping. The day for my departure arrived, and I had his snakeship carried on board the boat destined to bear me to Vicksburg, where I would take an Ohio steamer.

Unfortunately for the quietude of my pet, on the Yazoo boat was a young Cockney lady, who, hearing that there was a live rattlesnake on board, allowed her curiosity to overcome her maiden diffidence sufficiently to prefer a request, that the young doctor "would make the hanimal oller!"—a proverbial abstemiousness when in confinement of the "hanimal," was accomplishing, rapidly, without any intervenuon on my part. Politeness would'ni allow me to refuse, and, as it was considerable of a novelty to the passengers, his snakeship was kept constantly stirred up, and his rattles had very little rest that trip.

The steamer at length swung alongside of the wharf boat at Vi————, and transfering my baggage, I lounged about until the arrival of a boat would give me an opportunity of proceeding.—The contents of the box were quickly discovered, and the snake had to undergo the same inflictions as the day previous, until, throughly vexed, made them desist, and resolved thenceforth would conceal his presence, and allow him to travel as common baggage.

"The shades of night were falling fast," as the steamer Congress came booming along, and, after a stay of a few minutes for passengers, proceeded on her way—obtaining none, however but myself. The snake-box was placed with the other baggage on the cabin deck, in front of the "solial hall, jam up, as luck would have it against one of the chimneys, making the location unpleasantly warm.

It was a bright, luminous night in the autumn. The clear croupy cough of the steamer was echoed back in prolonged asthamatic strains from the dark woods lining the river, like an army of cowled gigantic monks, come from their cells to see a steamboat. Supper was over and the beauty of the night had enticed the majority of the possengers from the cabin to the open decks.

A goodly number, myself among the rest, were seated in frount of the social hall, smoking our cigars, and swapping yarns of all climes, sizes, nations, and colors.

Sitting a few yards from me the most prominent personage of the group, smoking his regalia, and regaling the crowd with the manner in which he choked a cobra de Capella" to death, that crawled into his hammock in India, was an old English sailor, who, from his own account, had sailed over all world, and through some parts of it.

Weighing the words down with a heavy ballast of oaths, he said he wasn't afraid of any thing in the snake line, from the sea serpent down to the original snake that tempted Eve. I asked him if he had ever met with the rattlesnake since he had been in America, thinking I would put his courage to the test on the morrow.

"Seen a rattlesnake! Yes, enough to sink a seventy-four! Went to Georgia on purpose to kill them! Pshaw! To think a man that had killed a boa constrictor in a fair fight, should be a fraid of a little noisy flirt of a snake, that never grew bigger than a marlinspike!"

At this moment, the boat was running a bend near in shore, and the glare of a huge fire at a wood yard was thrown directly under the chair of the braggart, when, to my utter amazement, I saw there, snugly coiled up, the huge proportions of my snake! I was so horrified and astonished, I could neither speak nor move. I had left him securely fastened in his cage—and yet, there he was at liberty, in his deadly coil, his eyes gleaming like living coals. The light was intercepted, and the foot of the sailor moving closer to the reptile, it commenced its warning rattle, but slowly and irregularly, showing it was not fully aroused.

"What is that?" exclaimed a dozen voices.

The foot being withdrawn, the rattling ceased before its nature or source could clearly traced.

"'Twas the steam escaping," said one.

"A goose hissin," said another.

"The wind."

A trick to scare the sailor," thought a good many; but I *know it was a rattlesnake in his deadly coil.*

The horror of that moment I shall not attempt to describe; every second I expected to hear the shriek of the sailor, as the deadly fangs would penetrate his flesh, and I knew, if a vein were stricken, no power on earth could avail him, and I was powerless to warn him of his danger.

"It sounded monstrous like a rattlesnake!" observed a prssenger; "but there is no doctors or fool students on board, and nobody but cusses like these would be taking snakes about. I was gwine up the Mississippi wunst, when a rattlesnake, belonging to a medical student on board, got out and bit one of the passengers. The poor critter didn't live ten minutes, and the sawbone's 'prentice not much longer, I reckon."

My hair stood on end, for there was an earnestness about the man that told me he was not jesting.

"You didn't kill him, surely?" asked some one.

Oh, no! we didn't zactly kill him, sich as cuttin' his throat, or puttin' lead in his holler cimblin, for that would have been takin the law inter our own hands; but we guv him five hundred lashes, treated him to a coat of tar and feathers, made a clean crop of one ear, and a swaller-fork sit under-bit and half crop of the other, and put him out on a little island, up to his mouth in water, and the river risin' a slam foot an hour!"

Not knowing but a similar fate might soon be mine, in agony, with the cold sweat streaming over me, I listened to this infernal recital of an instance of the summary punishment termed "Lynch Law," which the unavailability of the proper law so often drove the early settlers to and which unfortunately is not entirely abolished.

The sailor must again have moved his foot closer to the snake than agreeable, for his infernal rattling again recommenced, and *this time*, clear, loud, and continuous, to the tutored ear indicating great danger, the prelude to a fatal spring.

I shook off my lethargy, and shrieked out, "Don't moove, for your life! For God's sake, bring a light! Quick, Quick!"

No one moved—thinking I was jesting. "Mister," spoke the sailor, "if it is a trick to scare us, you'll miss the figure with your child's rattles just bring one of your real rattlesnakes along, and I'll show your whether he can frighten an English sailor or not."

Hearing me calling so loudly for a light, the mate, stalwart Irishman, came running up with a large torch; but hardly had he reached the deck, when he discovered the monster, his head drawn back ready for striking

"Snake! Snake!" yelled he; punching at him with his glaring torch.

Whereabouts, you lubber?" still suspecting a trick, the light blinding us all.

"Under your feet!"

The sailor looked down, and beheld the hideours reptile, right under his chair!—With a loud yell, he made but one spring over the guards into the river.

Rattlesnake! Man overboard! Stop her! Out with the yawl! Fire! Snake! She's sinking! Shoot him! Snake! Whose is it! Lynch him!—Kill the rascal!" swelled on the air mingled with the crashing of broken doors and chairs; the oaths and rushing of terrified men, and the screaming of still more terrified women, who knew not what to fear; while clear and distinct, above the the internal melee, arose the piercing rattle of the snake who, writting his huge proportions about, and stringing at every thing near him, seemed to glory in the confusion he had created.

A shot was heard, and then the coil collapased, and the rattling slowly ceased.—The snake was dead.

"Who brought him on board?"

"Let's lynch the scoundrel!"

"Are there any more of them?"

"Here's the box he got out of."

My name was on it, in large capitals!

"Throw it overboard!"

"Throw it overboard!" I yelled out, "it may have more in it! Throw it overboard!"

No sooner said than done, and as the only evidence of participation floated away over the wave no one was louder in his denunciation of the rascal that brought it on board than myself.

ABDUCTION. A daughter of Mr. Johnson Charlton, of Louisville, Kentucky, was abducted by two abandoned women, who have since been arrested, tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. No traces of the child have been received.

JUVENILE DRUNKARDS.—There is a Youth's Temperance Society in New York, the ages of whose members vary from 10 to 18 years, composed mostly of *reformed drunkards!*

A GREAT SHOT.—The Augusta Republic states that Mr. James Hunt, a old gentleman of seventy five years, residing in Hancock County, Ga., killed, a few days ago, seventy wild turkeys with a single barrelled gun, at one shot. The turkey weighed 110 pounds.