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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JUNE 10, 1848. NO. 7.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

BALTIMORE

Piano Forte Manufactory.

VERY IMPORTANT INVENTION.

IT has long been a question among teachers and amateurs of music, as to the most suitable touch for a Piano Forte. Some at this time contend for a light touch, while others, with equal ability advocate the heavy. This question is now permanently settled. WISE & BROTHER have invented a contrivance by which the same instrument may be instantly set to any required touch, by the turning of a single screw, varying, if necessary, three hundred and sixty-five differences. The advantages of this are evident, both to teachers and amateurs, as lessons may be practiced on the heavy, and exhibited on the lighter touch, to suit exactly any physical capacity which is agreeable to fact and progressive lessons. The contrivance is simple, and may be applied to any common Piano. A patent is about to be taken for the improvement.

J. J. WISE & BROTHER,
March 25. No. 31 Hanover st.

SPLENDID STOCK OF

SPRING GOODS!!!

Hamilton, Easter & Co.,

203 Market street, Baltimore, Maryland.

WOULD invite the attention of Wholesale and Retail purchasers to their splendid stock of spring goods, which will be found much the largest of any establishment in Baltimore. Embracing rich Silks and Ladies' Dress Goods, of every style that is fashionable or desirable,—Bombazines and Family Mourning Goods, Shawls, Mantillas, Visites, &c., in great variety. Table Damasks; Linens; Linen Sheetings and Housekeeping Goods of all kinds. Domestic Cottons and Heavy Goods for servant's use. Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Drillings, &c.

☞ Persons visiting Baltimore will find peculiar advantages in dealing with us as from the great extent and variety of our stock they can generally purchase all that is wanted in one place, and having a regular and uniform price (without abatement) no advantage can be taken of those not fully acquainted with the value of Goods.—☞ An examination of Goods and PRICES solicited. [March 25—3m.

KEEP COOL! KEEP COOL!!!

BROWNING'S Improved Patent and Ventilated Refrigerators, at greatly *Reduced Prices*, warranted superior to any now in use for preserving, perfectly cool, fresh and clean, Butter, Meat, Eggs, Fruit, Liquor, &c., during the summer season, and also from Freezing during the winter, any article deposited in it. They also contain a Water Jar and Lead Pipe in the ice chamber, by the arrangement of which perfectly cold water can always be had without additional ice, (of which less is required than *any* other.) Also, Upright Refrigerators.

BUTTER BOXES, in which Butter may be transported with perfect safety by land or water, and my celebrated Non-conductors of heat for cold water, requiring but 7lbs of ice for 24 hours; as thousands will testify. Thankful for past favors, we hope to merit a cent nuance. Sold by

R. BROWNING, 13 Commerce st,
April 29—3m. near Pratt st., Balt.

SHEW'S

DAGUERREAN ROOMS.

No 117 Balt. st. corner of South.

R. 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.

JOHN M. OHEM & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

And Wholesale Dealers in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Tailor's

TRIMMINGS,

No. 230 *Market street, N. W. Corner of Charles, Baltimore.*

A large assortment of Ready-Made Clothing of superior quality.

☞ *ONE PRICE ONLY.* ☜
April 1—1y.

200 Negroes Wanted!

In exchange for the ready cash, either single negroes in large or small families, for life or for a term of years with or titles and none others. I will also purchase servants of good characters to remain in the State of Maryland and do not want a fig how strong I am bound that they will do so, in either event, for which I will pay quite as much or, little more than any one else will do. Persons having negroes to dispose of will do well to communicate with me, and I will go to the country and take them up free of charge for their owners. Liberal commissions given, all communications promptly attended to by.

JOHN N. DENNING,
104 North Exeter street, Balt.
Nov. 27, 1847.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Leach No 54 N. Charles Street, opposite St. Paul's Church, Baltimore.

INSERTS the best Porcelain Teeth in every variety of style and in the most natural, agreeable, and substantial manner for from $1,50 to $3, in each using *only* the very best materials.

Teeth extracted without pain whilst the patient is under the influence of the Letheon, price 50 cents

Every operation warranted to suit the Patient or no pay required.

October 30, 1847. 1y

WANTED.

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

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAW GOODS!

THE undersigned respectfully invite the attention of dealers to his assortment of *Braid, Fancy and Straw Bonnets*, which from the facilities he posses of manufacturing, cannot be surpassed.

Bonnets of every kind, of the newest and most fashionable styles, at the lowest prices. Also, MEN'S, BOYS' & INFANTS STRAW HATS AND CAPS.

THOS. WHITE,
Bonnet Manufacturer,
41 S. Second St, above Chesnut, E. Side,
PHILADELPHIA.
March 4, '48.—3m.

WHOLESALE

Cothing Warehouse,

No. 152½ Market Street,

(Between 4th and 5th,)

PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscriber respectfully solicits the attention of country merchants and dealers generally to an examination of a complete stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Which for extent, variety and workmanship, he flatters himself will give universal satisfaction, while his reduced scale of prices presents to purchasers, inducement which cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the United States.

JACOB REED.
Philadelphia, March 4, '48 —3m

Agents Wanted.

TO canvass for some new and popular works, in every county throughout the United States. To Agents, the most liberal encouragement is offered—with a small capital of from $25 to $400. A chance is offered whereby an Agent can make from $10 to $25 per week.

☞ For further particulars, address [post paid. WM. A. LEARY,
No 258 North second st., Philadelphia.
April 1, 1848—3m.

Philadelphia Golden Saddle!

No. 38 Market street.

SADDLES, Bridles, Martingales, Horse Collars, Blind Bridles, Back Bands, Harness, Trunks, Whips, &c.

Manufactured in large quantities, and sold at the lowest prices.

E. P. MOYER,
Sign of the Golden Saddle, No 38 Market st. Philad. [April 1—6m.

Great National Work.

A History of the Revolution and Lives of the Heroes of the War of Independence,

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON,

An elegant volume with 18 fine Steel Plates, and nearly 200 beautiful Wood Engravings.

"This is a splended book. A valuable addition to the Historic Literature of our country. We are much mistaken if it does not take rank with the works of Irving and Prescott"—*Frankford Herald.*

It surpasses any similar work yet offered to the American public."—*Neal's Gazette.*

"It may be properly considered a popularised Military History of the Revolution, extremely well and judicious written."—*N. American.*

"The present work on the Revolution and its Heroes, is superior, both in extent and design to any that has heretofore come under our notice."—*Inq.*

A well connected History of that eventful period.—*Ledger.*

"Decidedly the best popular History of the War of the Revolution and its Heroes, that has yet been given to the country."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

☞ AGENTS WANTED *to Canvass for the above elegant work, in every County and Town in the United States.* to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered. Price only $3.

Address (post paid) WM. A. LEARY,
No. 156 North SECOND St.
PHILADELPHIA.
may 20 3w

GLASS and Putty for sale by
WILMER & NICOLS.

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.



POETRY.

THE MUSIC GRINDERS.

BY HOLMES, THE POET-DOCTOR.

You're sitting on your window-seat
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound, that seams to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, sweet home" should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your "Auld acquaintance," all at once,
Is alter'd in the face;
Their discord stings through Burns and Moore
Like hedge-hogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But, hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be—it is—it is,
A hat is going round.

No! pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And land the owner of the bear,
That stunn'd you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw.

But if you are a portly man
Put on your fiercest frown,
Abd talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from Baltimore and Philadelphia with a general assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots and Shoes, Hats, &c., all of which have been selected with great care and will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

☞ All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

WM. VANNORT,
Turner's Creek, Kent co., Md.

N. B.—The undersigned has a good assortment of seasoned Plank and Shingles which will be sold on moderate terms.
April 29—6w. W. V.

FOR SALE.—A number of light Carriages, of different kinds, for sale low.
W. V.

JOB PRINTING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

—SUCH AS—

Handbills, Circulars, Blanks, Cards, Labels, &c.,

Neatly and expeditiously executed on the most reasonable and accommodating terms, at the Office of the "*KENT NEWS*," Chester Town.

SUP. Chewing Tobacco 20 cts. pound—ann the best Cavendish 37½, for sale by T. W. ELIASON.
MAN6, 1848.

THE KEY OF THE HEART.

A TALE OF THE EUROPEAN FAMINE OF '47.

"The poor have little feeling," said Sir Howard, dogmatically; "this, I think, you *will* allow;" and without waiting for the fully anticipated "certainly," he proceeded with—"this axiom being established"—

"Stay, Sir Howard," interrupted Mr. Plainworth, with a doubtful smile, "I have yet to learn that it *is* an established axiom."

"Example," said Sir Howard, uneasily, "is better than argument, I will cite a case in point Yesterday a poor woman, one Widow Thornway, applied for assistance on behalf of a sick son. I sent her to the overseers, the churchwardens, and, lastly, to the grardians, the two former having, for some assigned reason, refuse to aid her.—Remember, she is only a tenant of mine, and has never worked for me, at least to my knowledge. By and bye she returned, stating that the application in the last quarter had equally failed. I had a dinner party, as you know; and, consequently, I could not attend to her personally; but, as she said her son was dying—of course one allows for a little exaggeration in these matters—I sent word that if she called to-day I would relieve her myself. Now mark, evening has set in without her making her appearance. She has only a quarter of a mile to come; and yet, although—to use her own words—her son is dying she will rather let things take their own course than put herself to the trouble of a second journey! I could quote a hundred such instances!" Here Sir Howard sipped his wine complacently.

"Many reasons," suggested the curate, "may induce her to remain at home; increased necessity for watching—some extraneous relief—fear of intrusion; could we but hear her exculpation!"

"We will hear it from her own lips," said Sir Howard, ringing for a servant—"If her son, and her circumstances be really as bad as stated, she is unfeeling not to come a second time; and, if she has invented the tale to impose on my generosity, she is equally unfeeling in trifling with so solemn a subject! We shall see."

A servant entered and was despatched to require the immediate attendance of Widow Thornway. Waiting her arrival, we will put the reader in possession of such necessary matters as may not be gathered from the foregoing dialogue.

Sir Howard Nettley was reputed a benevolent man—*was a* benevolent man, as this world goes; but viewed arright, his benevolence was of that negative character which exacts thanks without commanding respect. He gave freely—liberally; fully believing that he scattered happiness with his gold; without caring to inquire to whom he dispensed that gold. His alms-giving—charity he called it—was alms-giving; not a word, or a look beyond; could, naked, uncommiserating, uncompromising alms-giving.

He looked upon what are called the lower classes as a necessary evil, and treated them accordingly. Being a magistrate, his favorite remark was, "as I reward I punish!" And thus dispensing indiscriminately purses and penalties, he gave to those who were accused, with equal indifference.

Is this a solitary portrait?

The servant returned and announced Widow Thornway. The poor woman entered quietly, but without the usual diffidence of her station. Her countenance was haggard and care-worn, and showed the deep traces of a settled grief, which wholly absorbed her thoughts, and rendered her unconscious of all around.

The baronet sternly demanded why she had not called according to his desire?

The woman attempted a reply, the words seemed to suffocate her.

"Surely," said Sir Howard, "I am not mistaken; you are the person who applied to me yesterday for relief?"

The poor women signified assent.

"You have a son?" continued the baronet, in a cross-examining tone of voice.

The widow pressed her hands together, but was silent

"You had one yesterday?" quoth the baronet suspiciously.

"I *had*, Sir," said the widow, with a deep effort at firmness; "God has taken him!"

"Ah!" said the baronet, somewhat shocked, "when did he die?"

"With a choking voice, the widow answered "this morning."

Sir Howard felt the answer a rebuke; and, anxious to relieve his conscience, he asked, "what was his complaint? of what did he die?"

The widow clenched her hands more tightly, and a sense of anguish overcast her features, as she pronounced in answer, the heart-sickening monosyllable—"want."

"Dear me! dear me! That is sad, very sad!" said Sir Howard, in a self-reproachful tone; then, endeavoring to shake off the feeling, he continued, "I fear you have been tardy in coming to me, or neglecful since; surely you might have sustained him a few hours longer!"

The wretched widow could no longer restrain her feelings. Bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "Oh! Sir, do not say that, or you will break my heart; I was his mother!"

The baronet found the sorrowing creature's presence depressing. He uttered a few common-place words of consolation (?); then, placing some sovereigns in her hand he dismissed her; telling her that she would find it better in the end that the burden was removed; the expense of a sick son must be so considerable.

The widow left the room without a word; but her sobs could be heard for some seconds.

The curate had not spoken during the short interview. He was much moved,

"It is pleasant," at length, said Sir Howard, with an attempt at complacency, though he spoke somewhat husky, "to be able to pour oil into the wounds of the unfortunate."

His companion was silent.

"At last continued he, I have given the woman the means of some days' happiness. The curate looked incredulous.

"You do not know these people so well as I do," urged the baronet peevishly.—"Sorrow, with them, is a secondary sentiment, self is always uppermost. She left us sobbing, it is true; but depend upon it she will quite forget her grief by the time her eyes are dry."

"And when will that be?" asked the curate, calmly and seriously.

"If I have any knowledge of human nature," replied the baronet, "by the time she reaches home."

"I will test your knowledge," said the curate, whose feelings made him sententious, as he rose to depart.

"Have with you," said the baronet, confidently; "but is ever dropping orthodox?"

"We may strain a point," replied the good man, "where the motive is pure."

In another movement they were on the widow's track.

Slowly and unevenly she pursued her way to the house of death. Many thoughts oppressed her brain and made it reel, till her step followed its motion. She reached her abode—paused a moment, as if to collect strength for a painful effort—and entered.

The curate and his patron followed closely, and took their station by the side of the lattice. There were no curtains to impede as perfect a view of what passed within as the dubious light of a solitary candle permitted.

The apartment was destitute of furniture, except a small table, around which were seated a female of the village, and four children of various ages, whose sunken eyes and wasted cheeks betokened the want of common necessaries; and, in the corner of the room, a matrass, covered with a white cloth, showed the outline of a human form beneath.

The widow entered, and falling upon her knees by the side of that which had been her son, bent over him in a convulsion of grief.

The night was still, and the listners could plainly hear every word which was uttered.

"If it had but come last night!" said the mourner—"only last night!"

"Be comforted; do take comfort;" said the neighbour.

The widow never changed her position, but continued in the same tone of agony, "what comfort is there for me now? Oh! that it had but come last night!"

"If you have been successful," said the woman, soothingly, "remember your remaining children, remember they are waiting for bread."

The bereaved mother looked round with melancholy reproach; "Children!" she said, somewhat wildly, "could they eat the crust their brother died for want of?"

"Yourself, too," said the woman, alarmed by her disordered manner; you have not eaten for eight and forty hours."

"Would you have me to rob the dead?" said the mother, evidently wandering, "would you have me to rob the dead?"

The neighbor spoke again; "Sir Howard would surely never make a mock of your misery; surely he gave you some relief?"

"Of what avail?" said the widow desperately; of what avail?" Do not talk to me of relief—it is too late; it is too late!"

Sir Howard pressed his friend's arm, and whispered angrily, "this is ingratitude."

"Or sorely tried feeling?" suggested the curate.

"The Almighty knows best what is good for us," said the neighbor; "you should submit to His will."

"I have; I have till now," said the widow, frantically. "I saw my son, my darling son—who had been to me a second husband—toiling away his very life for me and mine—for his orphan brothers and sister; and when he was bowed down by fatigue, I said, "God will bless you!" I watched him in his illness; I saw him fade and break without a murmur. I struggled, oh! how hard I struggled to support him but in vain. I humbled myself to ask alms; but in vain! and when he died, with a smile on his sweet face, I saw him leave a world of misery, when there was neither comfort nor hope for him, for one, in which I trusted that, through the merits of his Redeemer, he had a blessed inheritance, and I said, "God's will be done." But now; now that he's gone, there comes relief which might have savad him. Have I, indeed, been tardy in soliciting aid? Oh! that I had stirred sooner. He might now have been alive—yes alive—but for me—his own mother! I have killed him, I have killed him!"

Her distracted tone—for her mind obviously wandered—alarmed her shrinking children; and they gathered round about her, also on their knees mingling their tears with hers, and offering to caress her; but her heart was absorbed by her eldest born; and she relapsed into her first train of anguish; repeating wildly, "If it had but come last night; only last night!"

The Baronet was affected, and the curate had already a wet cheek. "Let us enter," he said, "we may, perhaps, console her."

They entered. The neighbor curtsied, and the children arose alarmed; but the mother remained kneeling.

The Baronet surveyed the miserable room, and shuddering whispered, "I had no idea of this destitution, it is pitiable!"—Then turning to the widow, he said, in a tone meant to be consolatory, "Do not be niggardly, my good woman; spend what I gave you freely. True, I meant it for your son; but he is gone; and it is now your duty to apply it to the best purpose. He for whom you grieve no longer suffers; regret is unavailing; turn your thoughts, then to the living."

The words roused the over-wrought mourner. She seemed to make an effort fully to understand what was said; and listened without a breath of interruption.

"You meant it for him" she said at length. "Look at his face!" She drew aside the sheet that covered him there lay the corpse of him who had been the widow's earthly treasure! It was a sight to shock the strongest.

Attenuated to the last degree, the bones almost protruding through the transparent skin, the face had almost the appearance of a skull!

"Look at his face," she repeated; "if you had seen that before, you would not have asked the cause of his death; he died of WANT! You meant this for him! I know it; I asked it for him; I took it for him; with this, had it come in time, he might have been alive now—a month hence—years hence, had it become God's will; and yet you tell me to use it; oh! Sir, take it back! I could not touch it; it would be like eating his life—his life!"

"Why then did you accept the money?" said Sir Howard, determined to pursue the subject to the utmost.

"To lay him in the grave!" answered the widow firmly.

"That is wrong," said Sir Howard; "you should spend your money better."

"Better!" said the widow, almost unconsciously dropping the gold from her hand—"Yes," continued the will-maning but misguided and unsympathising Sir Howard; "spend it upon your remaining children; I will see to *his* funeral; the parish shall bury him"

"The parish," shrieked the widow, frantically, stretching her arms across the body, as if to shield it, shall they, who took no care for the living, have the dead?"

There was an earnestness in the wildness of her countenance, an intensity in her eye, that at once startled and awed the baronet.

The curate could bear the scene no longer. He sank upon his knees by the side, and gentlly pressing her hand, said, devotedly, "*Let us pray!*"

The sufferer was affected and calmed by the movement. Her attention, for the first time, was drawn to the minister of peace. She saw that tears glistened in her own were blinded by a flood, as she clasped her hands, and bowed meekly and reverently before God.

Sir Howard sank into the same attitude. He felt that the curate indeed possessed THE KEY TO THE HEART.

TRANSPLANTING.—Almost every variety of annual flowering plant or vegetable may be transplanted with success at any time of the day, whether in dry or wet time, by simply puddling the roots in mud wherever the plant is to grow. Or in other words, prepare the ground by digging or otherwise making it mellow where you design the plants to grow, then take your plants, place there roots in a basin of water, have with you water in another vessel, and as each plant is set pour sufficient water directly about the root to make it muddy, draw a little dry earth over the surface after your plant is set, and the work is done.

CURE FOR THE TOOTHACE.—Take a piece of sheet zinc, about the size of a sixpence, and a piece of silver—say a quarter of a dollar, place them together, and hold the defective tooth between or contiguous to them—in a few minutes the pain will be gone as if by magic. The zinc and silver acting as a galvanic battery will produce on the nerves of the tooth sufficient electricity to establish a current, and consequently relieve the pain.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—It is worthy of remark that no person who took a newspaper regularly and paid for it, was ever convicted of a capital offence. No such person was ever sent to the penitentiary, or any other prison. No such person ever committed suicide, or went to the lunatic asylum; and with a few exceptions, longevity has been the consequence of so upright a practice.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—"Do you take that?" said a gentlemen to a dandy of known cowardice, who had been insulted by a person spitting in his face. "Take it!" exclaimed the kid gloved sneak, as he drew out his fine white cambric, and coolly wiped away the stain; "Why, my dear fellow, don't you see he has given it to me?"