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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., JULY 22, 1848. NO. 13.

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 practuced 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.

KEEP COOL! KEEP COOL!!!

BROWNING'S Improved Pattent 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 4 lbs of ice for 24 hours; as thousands will testify. Thankful for past favors, we hope to merit a cont nuance. Sold by

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

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

500 Negroes Wanted!

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

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

JOHN M. OREM & 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.

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.

GLASS and Putty for sale by
WILMER & NICOLS.

SPRING FASHIONS!



THE subscriber embraces this opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally that he has removed his Shop to the corner of Queen and High streets, directly opposite of Mr. J. Russel's store, where he intends carrying on the TAILORING business, in all its various branches He has on hand an assortment of

Ready-made Clothing,

and is prepared at all times to make up WORK, at the shortest notice, to please the most fastidious, as well as the man of *plain-habits*. He will execute with the greatest promptitude all orders that may be confided in him, and in *all cases a good fit will be warranted*.

Those calling on the subscriber will have their GARMENTS made in the most substantial and fashionable style, (he having recently received the latest fashions,) and from a practical experience in the business, he feels confident that all those who favor him with their patronage will be served in a manner NOT TO BE EXCELLED by any establishment in the county.

His terms will be found so exceedingly moderate that they cannot fail to be satisfactory to his patrons.

April 29—1y. EBEN. NEAL.

WOOL CARDING

AND

MANUFACTURING.

THE subscribers thankful for past favors, begs leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they still continue at the old stand, Swantown Mills, to Manufacture CLOTHS, KERSEY'S BLANKETS 8-4 wide, FLANNELS and LINSEY'S at moderate prices, or exchange CLOTH for WOOL. They also card WOOL into ROLLS. For the convenience of those at a distance WOOL may be left with the following gentlemen:

Messrs. Hodges & Bro. Hale's Corner.
Jos. Harris, Rock Hall.
Wickes & Bro. Chester Town.
Geo. Crossley, Hebron Town.

With instructions from which places it will be forwarded to Mill, made to order and returned.

Our Machinery having been thoroughly repaired this Spring and is in excellent working conditon, with experience workmen, and a knowledge of the business ourselves—and by paying strict attention to business we solicit a share of public patronage.

All orders in our line will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

MAY & SAVIN.
Swan Town, Kent co. Md. }
May 6, 1848. } 13w

List of Letters,

Remaining in the Post Office, Chestertown Md., on the 1st July 1848.

Affley, Rachel	Kirby, John D.
Allen, Geo. W.	Lulahan, John O.
Apsley, W. R.	Lamb, Wm. jr.
Anderson, Geo. M.	Laser, Maria
Barker, J. W.	Lysby, Mary
Browne, Sarah J.	Morgan, L.
Broes, Peter	Milton, G. R.
Blakeway, Wm.	Miller, James
Boyer, Sarah	Oppenheisumer, Meritz
Blake, col. John	Ogden, Dan'l
Beller J. W.	Perkins, Mrs. A. M.
Cruikshank, Mary A	Perkins, Isaac
Conway, M. C.	Rasin, Clinton
Chambers, John	Robinson, Geo. W.
Carvill, H. W	Rich, James
Champman, J. E.	Roberts, Mrs. S. A.
Cowper, Mary R.	Rasin, Lewis
Coleman, Wm.	Smith, Harriet A.
Davis, James	Stull, J.
Foreman, F. E.	Sanders, Geo. B.
Gale, Isaac	Shrouders, J. F.
Griswold, Marion F.	Sudler, A.
Gurney, M.	Sheridan, Edw'd
Granger, P.	Sutton, Caroline
Hovston, Mrs. Jas.	Spencer, John
Hackett, John	Sutton, Jonathan
Hopper, D. C. Jr.	Thomas, Mrs. Harriet
Hyland, Smith	Usilton, Mrs. T.
Hadaway, James	Wilson, Mary C.
Hurtt, Susan H.	White, Ann E.
Hopper, Anna	Willis, Mrs. Ann
Jones, Caroline	Weaver, Rachel
Kelley, John	Woodall, Jesse

E. DAILEY, P. M.
July 8, 1848. 3w

WHEAT FANS.

Grant's & Whitman's make of wheat Fans for sale by

WILEY & PERKINS.
July 1, '48.

FAshionable black Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats and oil cloth CAPS, for sale very cheap by

April 29. Wilmer & Nichols.

FASHIONABLE SUMMER HATS!

WHITE Rocky Mountain Beaver, white Russia, black and white Cassimeres, low crown, broad brim drab Russia; superior white, black and blue Slouches—with every kind of Hat, for sale *very cheap* at JAS. ARTHUR'S

Hat Store,
1 door above Wiley & Perkins.
June 24, 1848.

Good Tobacco, just received and 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.

From the Lancaster Examiner.

THE C-ASS NOMINATION.

WHIG SONG FOR 1848.

TUNE—*Old Dan Tucker.*

At Baltimore the Loco flock
Assembled to review their stock.
And chose a nag who might be able
To stand a heat for the White House stablr.
Hurrah! Hurrah! their nominee,
Is three-fourths ASS, and one fourth C.

They passed our Buck in silence by,
And we may guess the reason why;
They found his *Federal blood* too pure,
And his *ten cent pay* they could'nt endure.
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

And then with hope and pride elate
They sought a steed from the Granite State,
But the Yankee judge they dare'nt mention,
For he smacks too strong at the Hartford convention.
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

They next inquired, in a sneering note.
For Dallas, who gave the casting vote,
But they thought his breath a little rank,
As he just had kissed the Mother Bank.
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

They took their specs, and looked for Polk,
But couldn't find him till he spoke;
And they then supposed, from his awful groans,
That he saw a ghost—or Governor Jones.
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

He said his war and Santa Anna
Had worked like ipecacuanha,
And given the people such a vomit,
That he very well kney *he* could'nt come it.
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

They then brought Marcy to the scratch,
And held a pow-wow on his patch,
But they feared that Zachary Taylor's stitches
Would soon *sew* up old "broken breeches."
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

And granny Benton would not do,
Although he was a General too,
Because his frown, though black as thunder,
Could not make old Zack knock under,
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

And next they struck the trail of an ass,
And traced it to "Leonidas."
But they soon consigned him to his *pillow*,
In an empty gutter under a willow.
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

But the donkeys' stall they could not pass,
For they still had hopes to C an ASS,
Whose martial port and upright ears
Might ape the horse and quell their fears.
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

They found their ass at forty-nine
Where Polk had backed from the upper line,
And he seemed to doubt whether to go,
To a harbor meeting down below.
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

He claimed to be his land's defender,
And vowed he shone at some surrender;
And thought he *was* an aristocrat,
He could dupe the poor, and all of that,
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

He told them he had learned to dance
Before one Lewis, King of France;
And relied on his fancy steps to beat
Old Rough and Ready—quite a feet.
Hurrah, Hurrah! &c.

To this the Locoes gave assent,
And with their shouts the welkin rent;
And thus they chose their nominee
An ASS entire, with a surplus C.

They've gone rejoicing on their rout,
And rout they'll surely find it out;
For they'll learn beneath November's blow,
That they've "got a donkey, vot would'at go."
Hurrah! Hurrah! their nominee
Is three-fourths ASS, and one-fourth C.

☞ "Ah dear doctor, how is my wife to day!'

The doctor shook his head and said—"you must prepare for the worst." "What," said the husband, "*is she likely to get over it!*"

POPULAR TALES

THE HOUSE CLEANING.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

Talking of washing! What is that to a whole week of washing days? No—even this gives no true idea of that worst of domestic inflictions a poor man can suffer—house cleaning. The washing is confined to the kitchen or wash house, and the effect visible in the dining room is in cold or badly cooked meals; with a few other matters not necessary to mention here. But in house cleaning—oh, dear! Like the dove from the ark, a man finds no place where he can rest the sole of his foot.—Twice a year, regularly, have I to pass through this trying ordeal, *willy nilly*, as it is said, in some strange language. To rebel is useless. To grumble of no avail. Up come the carpets, topsy turvy go the furniture, and swash! goes the water from garret to cellar. I don't know how other men act on these occasions, but I find discretion the better part of valor, and submission the wisest expedient.

Usually it happens that my good wife works herself half to death—loses the even balance of her mind—and, in consequence, makes herself and all around her unhappy. To indulge in an unamiable temper is by no means a common thing for Mrs. Sunderland, and this makes its occurrence on these occasions so much the harder to bear. Our last house cleaning took place in the fall. I have been going to write a faithful history of what was said, done, and suffered on the occasion ever since, and now put my design into execution, even at the risk of having my head combed with a three legged stool, by my excellent wife, who, when she sees this in print, will be taken, in nautical phrase, all aback.—But when a history of our own short comings, mishaps, mistakes, and misadventures will do others good, I am for giving the history and pocketing the odium, if there be such a thing as odium attached to revelations of human kindness and error.

"We must clean house this week," said my good wife, one morning as we sat at the breakfast table—"every thing is in a dreadful condition. I can't look at or touch any thing without feeling my flesh creep."

I turned my eyes involuntarily, around the room. I was not before aware of the filthy state in which we were living. But not having so good "an eye for dirt" as Mrs. Sunderland, I was not able, even after having my attention called to the fact, to see "the dreadful condition" of things. I said nothing, however, for I never liked to interfere in my wife's department. I assume it is a fact that she knows her own business better than I do.

Our domestic establishment consisted of a cook, chambermaid, and a waiter This was an ample force, my wife considered, for all purpose of house cleaning, and so had announced to the individuals concerned some days before she mentioned the matter incidentally to me. We had experience, in common with others, on our troubles with servants, but where now excellently well off in this respect. Things had gone on for months with scarcely a jar. This was a plesant feature in affairs, and one upon which we often congratulated ourselves.

When I came home at dinner time, on the day the anticipated house cleaning had been mentioned to me, I found my wife with a long face.

"Are you not well?" I asked.

"I'm well enough," Mrs. Sunderland answered, "but I'm out of all patience with Ann and Hannah."

"What is the matter with them?" I asked in surprise.

"They are both going at the end of this week."

"Indeed! How comes that? thought they were very well satisfied."

"So they were, all along, until the time for house cleaning approached. It is too bad?"

"That's it—is it?"

"Yes. And I feel out of patience about it. It shows such a want of principle."

"Is John going to?" I asked.

"Dear knows! I expect so. He's been as sulky as he could be all the morning—in fact, ever since I told him that he must begin taking up the carpets to-morrow and shake them."

"Do you think Ann and Hannah will really go?" I asked.

"Of course they will. I have received formal notice to supply their places by the end of this week, which I must do, some how or other."

The next day was Thursday, and, notwithstanding both cook and chambermaid had given notice that they were going on Saturday, my wife had the whole house knocked into *pi* as the printers say, determined to get all she could out of them.

When I made my appearance at dinner time I found all in precious confusion, and my wife heated and worried excessively.—Nothing was going on right. She had undertaken to get the dinner, in order that Ann and Hannah might proceed uninterruptedly in the work of house cleaning, but as Ann and Hannah had given notice to quit in order to escape this very house cleaning, they were in no humor to put things ahead. In consequence, they "had poked about and done nothing," to use Mrs. Sunderland's own language, at which she was no little incensed.

When evening came, I found things worse. My wife had set her whole force to work upon our chamber, early in the day, in order to have it finished as quickly as possible, that it might be in a sleeping condition by night—dry and well aired. But, instead of this, Ann and Hannah had "dilly dillied" the whole day over cleaning the paint, and now the floor was not even washed up—My poor wife was in a sad way about it; and I am sure that I felt uncomfortable enough. Afraid to sleep in a damp chamber, we put two sofas together in the parlor, and passed the night.

The morning rose cloudily enough. I understood matters clearly. If Mrs. Sunderland had hired a couple of women for two or three days to do the cleaning, and got a man to shake the carpets, nothing would have been heard about the sulkiness of John, or the notice to quit of cook and chambermaid. Putting upon them the task of house cleaning was considered an imposition, and they were not disposed to stand it.

"I shall not be home to dinner to-day," I said, as I rose from the breakfast table.—"As you are all in so much confusion, and you have to do the cooking, I prefer getting something to eat down town."

"Very well," said Mrs. Sunderland, "so much the better."

I left the house a few minutes afterward, glad to get away. Every thing was confusion, and every face under a cloud.

"How are you getting along?" I asked on coming home at night.

"Humph! Not getting along at all?" replied Mrs. sunderland, in a fretful tone—"In two days the girls might have thoroughly cleaned the house fram top to bottom, and what do you think they have done? Nothing at all!"

"Nothing at all? They must have done something."

"Well, next to nothing, then. They havn't finished the front and back chambers. And what is worse, Ann has gone away sick, and Hannah is in bed with a real or pretended sick head-ache."

"Oh dear!" I ejaculated, involuntarily.

"Now aint things in a pretty way?"

"I think they are," I replied, and then asked what are you going to do?"

"I have sent John for old Jane, who helped me clean house last spring. But as likely as not, she's at work somewhere."

Such was in fact the case, for John came in a moment after with that consoling report.

"Go and see Nancy, then," my wife said sharply, to John, as if he were to blame for Jane's being at work.

John turned away slowly, and went on his errant, evidently in not the most amiable mood in the world. It was soon ascertained that Nancy couldn't come.

"Why can't she come?" inquired my wife.

"She says she's doing some sewing for herself, and can't go out this week," replied John.

"Go and tell her that she must come; that my house is upside down, and both the girls are sick."

But Nancy was in no mood to comply. John brought back another negative.

"Go and say to her, John, that I will not take no for an answer. That she must come. I will give her a dollar a day."

This liberal offer of a dollar a day was effective. Nancy came and went to work on the next morning. Of course, Ann did not come back; and as it was Hannah's last day, she felt priviledged to have more headache than was consistent with cleaning paint or scrubbing floors. The work went on, therefore, very slowly.

Saturday night found us without cook or chambermaid, and with only one room in order in the whole house, viz: one chamber on the second story. By great persuasion, Nancy was induced to stay during Sunday and cook for us.

An advertisement in the newspaper on Monday morning brought us a couple of raw Irish girls, who were taken as better than nobody at all. With these new recruits, Mrs. Sunderland set about getting things "to right." Nancy plodded on, so well pleased with her wages, that she continued to get the work of one day lengthened out into two, and so managed to get a week's job.

For the whole of another precious week we were in confusion.

"How do your new girls get along?" I asked of my wife, upon whose face I had not seen a smile for ten days.

"Don't name them, Mr. Sunderland—They are not worth the powder it would take to shoot them. Lazy, ignorant, dirty good-for-nothing creatures, I wouldn't give them house room."

"I am sorry to learn that. What will you do?" I said.

"Dear knows! I was so well suited in Ann and Hannah, and to think that they should have served me so! I wouldn't have believed it of them. But they are all as destitute of feeling and principle as they can be. And John continues as sulky as a bear. He pretended to shake the carpets; but you might get a wheelbarrow load of dirt out of them. I told him so, and the impudent fellow replied that he didn't know anything about shaking the carpets, and that it wasn't the water's place, any how."

"He did?"

"Yes, he did. I was on the ever of ordering him to leave the house."

"I'll save you that trouble," I said, a little warmly.

"Don't say any thing to him, if you please, Mr. Sunderland," returned my wife. "There couldn't be a better man about the house than he is, for all ordinary purposes. If we should loose him, we shall never get another half so good. I wish I'd hired a man to shake the carpets as once; they would have been much better done, and I should have had John's cheerful assistance about the house, which would have been a great deal."

That evening I overheard, accidentally, a conversation between John and the new girls, which threw some light upon the whole matter.

"John," said one of them, "what made Mrs. Sunderland's cook and chambermaid go off and leave her right in the middle of house cleanin'?"

"Because, Mrs. Sunderland, instead of hiring a woman, as every lady does, tried to put it all off upon them."

"Indade! And was that it?"

"Yes it was. They never thought of leaving until they found they were to be imposed upon. And, to save fifty cents or a dollar, she made me shake the carpets. I never did such a thing in my life before. I think I managed to leave about as much dirt in as I shook out. But I'll leave the place before I do it again."

"So would I, John. It was a downright mean imposition, so it was. Set a waiter to shaking carpets!"

"I dont think much has been saved," remarked the waiter, "for Nancy has had a dollar a day ever since she has been here."

"Indade!"

"Yes, and besides that, Mrs. Sunderland has had to work like a dog herself. All this might have been saved, if she had hired a couple of women at sixty-two and a half cents a day for two or three days, and paid for having the carpets shaken. That's the way other people do. The house would have been to rights in three or four days, and every thing going on like clock work."

I heard no more. I wanted to hear no more. It was all clear as day to me.—When I related to Mrs. Sunderland what John had said, she was, at first, quite indignant. But the reasonableness of the thing soon became so apparent that she could not but acknowledge that she had acted very unwisely.

"This is another specimen of your saving at the spiggot," I said, playfully.

"There, Mr. Sunderland! Not a word more if you please, of that," she returned, her check more flushed than usual. "It is my duty as your wife, to dispense with prudence in your household; and if, in seeking to do so, I have run a little into extremes, I think it ill becomes you to ridicule or censure me. Dear knows! I have not sought my own ease or comfort in the matter."

"My dear good, wife," I quickly said, in a soothing voice, "I have neither meant to ridicule nor censure you Nothing was further from my thoughts."

"You shall certainly have no cause to complain of me on this score again," she said, still a little warmly. "When next we clean house, I will take care that it shall be done by extra help altogether."

"Do so by all means, Mrs. Sunderland. Let there be, if possible, two paint cleaners and scrubers in every room, that the work may all be done in a day instead of a week. Take my word for it, the cost will be less. Or, if double, I will cheerfully pay it for the sake of seeing 'order from chaos rise,' more quickly than is wont under the ordinary system of doing things."

My wife did not just like this speech, I could see, but she bit her lips and kept perfectly silent.

In a week we were without a cook again; and months passed before we were in any thing like domestic comfort. At last my wife was fortunate enough to get Ann and Hannah back again, and then the old pleasant order of things was restored. I rather think that we shall have a different state of things at next house cleaning. I certainly hope so.

ETCETERA.—"Sambo, what is the meanin' of etcetera?"

"Well, Pete, dat's a question I can't make come out I tink it's good to eat, ain't it?"

"No, you uncomprohendin' nigger, you is disenqualified to black a boot. De meanin dis ting, dat ting and ebery oder ting fotched into one piecaninny ting, dat's it, remember the next time I axes ye"

☞ "Jim, hallow! I've got a connundrum for you." "Have you? give it us—I'm good for it." "Suppose my wife was to fall overboard some day, what letter of the alphabet would express my wish in regard to her?" "Letter B.(let her be) of course."

☞ In the project of laws of the '*Club des Femmes*," report by Punch, is the following:—"1. A law rendering it penal in husbands to grumble at cold meat." It is humbly submitted that in such cases the table be not set in a wet room.

☞ Somebody tried to excuse a liar to Dr Johnson, saying, "You must believe more than half what he says!" "Ay," replied he," but which half?"

☞ A young fellow having been kissed by a beauty at a dancing school, remarked that he was immediately troubled with an affection of the heart.