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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., NOVEMBER 11, 1848. NO. 27.

TO FAMILIES AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Baltimore Fall Trade—1848.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS,

Baltimore Street, East of Calvert street.

☞The undernamed Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers, respectfully unite in calling the attention of families and country merchants to the extensive and varied assortments of Goods in their respective lines, which they are prepared to sell at as low prices as the same goods can be purchased for in this or any other market.

BURGELS, DALE & CO., Manufacturers, Importers and wholesale Dealers in China, Glass and Queensware, Cutlery, Britania, Plated Goods, Lamps, Bronzes, &c., 147 Baltimore st., 1 door from Calvert.

J. L. McPHAIL & BROTHER. No. 132 Baltimore street, (next door to Clipper office) Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of and Dealers in Hats, Caps, and Ladies' Fancy Furs.

AMOS LOVEJOY & CO., Dealers in *Hosiery, Gloves, Yarns, Under Shirts, Drawers and Trimmings*, No. 123 Baltimore st., between Calvert and South streets.

BOSTON & PRICE.

Hat Manufactu ers and Dealers in Furs,

South East corner of Baltimore and South streets.

FASHIONABLE

Clothing Emporium

FOR MEN & BOYS WEAR.

L JARRETT,

No. 100 Baltimord street, corner of Holiday street.

T. S. Dulaney

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Lace Goods, Embroideries, Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy Goods, &c. No. 97 Baltimore street.

MRS. A SISCO,

75 *Baltimore-st* opposite Holliday. Manufacturer of Odd Fellows, Masonic, Sons of Temperance and Red Men's Regailia, and Ladies Dress Trimmings.

Dorsey & Garretson,

Wholesale Dealers in

BRITISH, FRENCH AND DOMESTIC DRY *Goods No 85 BALTIMORE STREET, 3 doors West of Tripolets Alley.*

CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, Blankets, Flannels, with every description of Ladies Dress Goods. House-Linens, Irish Linens, Linen Cambrick Handkerchiefs, Marsailles Quilts, and DOMESTIC GOODS.

JOSHUA ROYSTON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in French, BRITISH & AMERICAN DRY GOODS, *No. 81 Baltimore-st., Corner of Tripoletts Alley*

A large assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings—Linen Goods of every description, Domestic goods at Factory Prices. Ladies dress Goods of the newest style—Linnen Cambric Handkerfs, Gloves, Hosiery, Houskeeping Articles, &c., constantly on hand.

BIRD & WILSON,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No. 69 BALTIMORE STREET.

THOMAS C. SHOLES,

UPHOLSTERER & PAPER-HANGER No 80, *Baltimore-st* (near Gay). On hand Venitian Blinds, Painted Shades, Paper Hangings, Fire Screens, Borders, &c.

Thomas T. Nelson,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in *Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods*, No. 65 Baltimore street, 3d door west of Gay street.

CANDY MANUFACTORY AND FRUIT STORE.

SAMUEL SIDES, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Candies Fruits, Cordials, Nuts, &c., 56 Baltimore street.

Jno. W. Richardson,

NO 39 BALTIMORE STREET corner Baltimore and Frederick streets, Dealer in Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings. Keeps also Staple and Fancy Goods generally.

HALF-PRICE COOK STORE.

J. W. BOND & CO., Booksellers, Stationers & Blankbook Manufacturers, wholesale and retail, No. 44 Baltimore st., fourth door east of Frederick st.

HENRY BAYLEY,

WHOLESALE and retail dealer in China, Glass and Queensware. No. 3 (Bazaar,) Harrison st., and 37 Baltimore street, one door from Frederick st.

J. STOUCH, *Baltimore-street Bridge, Opposite Washington Hall*, wholesale and retail dealer in the various kinds of Lamps, Girandoles, Candelabras, &c.—Parlor, Store, & other Lamps, for the celebrated Fluid Oil.

TAXES AND Fees.

BY an act passed at the last session of the Legislature, the Collector of the State Taxes is authorized to make a deduction of three per cent on such Taxes if paid by the 1st of November next. The Collector will also charge interest on arrears of Taxes and fees if not paid by the first of December next. A large amount of public money is due to the office of Sheriff and Collector—the State is inexorable in her demands and will not be delayed by promises. The Alms House, supervisor of roads, out Pensioners, witnesses and others, having claims against the county, are claiming payment of their dues, and they must be met. The season is now here when payments must be made by the Sheriff and Collector, and to enable him to meet them, he must make immediate demands, upon all who are indebted for Taxes and Fees.

The undersigned must therefore notify all persons indebted to the office to call and make immediate payment. He will give directions to his deputies to proceed to execute for Taxes and fees, and to cause other proceedings to be had if payments be not immediately made.

G. W. SPENCER,
Sheriff and Collector.

October 14, 1848. 4w.

Wool Wanted.

WM. N. E. WICKES, agent for May & Savin, has now on hand a fine assortment Kersey to exchange for wool. The highest market prices will also be given for wool in trade for any other goods

August 19, '48.

Bleached and brown Muslins, yd. wide at 6¼, 8, 10 and 12½ and good—our friends and the public are invited to call and judge for themselves, by

WILMER & NICOLS

WOMAN WANTED.

A colored woman or girl, for which a liberal price will be paid. Any person having one to dispose of can do so on good terms, without incurring any risk of sending her out of the State, or most probably out of the county. Enquire of the Editor.

August 12, '48—tf2

ALL that *FARM AND PLANTATION*, now occupied by Thomas S. Wilson, as tenant, near the Friends Meeting House, Still Pond, adjoining the lands of Rasin M. Gale's heirs and others. A part of this FARM has recently been limed, the soil is kind and easy to cultivate. For term apply to

A. W. SPARKS, Agent.

Sept. 2, 1848.

Miss Earl & Miss Jacobs

HAVE just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with a large assortment of Fashionable, Fancy and Millinery

GOODS

and are now opening at Mr. Sudler's house in Queen st., and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

October 14, '48.

AGENTS:

V. B. Palmer, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut st.; E. W. Carr, No 440 N Fourth sts. Philadelphia, and Wm. Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South streets, Baltimore, are our authorised agents, to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for the Kent News, and collect and receipt for the same.

A beautiful assortment of Flannels for sale by

WILMER & NICOLS.

WM. H. HO URG,

DEALER IN FANCY & STAPLE

DRY GOODS,

No. 25 BALTIMORE STREET,
2nd Door above Market Space.

WM. H. Valiant,

HAT, CAP, AND FANCY

FUR STORE,

No. 1 BALTIMORE STREET,
Adjoining the Bridge.

TO THE LADIES.

MISS LOUISA USILTON has commenced the Millenry business in the front room of Mr. Charles Stanly's House, 4th door below Mr. Westcott's Store, where she has just opened a handsome assortment of RIBBONS, VELVETS, SILKS, FLOWERS, and other

Millinery Goods,

which she will sell cheap. She will make and repair bonnets in the neatest and best manner, on reasonable terms, and hopes by executing her work in the best style, and by attention to business to secure a liberal share of the patronage of the Ladies of Chestertown and Vicinity.

Chestertown October 15, 1848.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber, as agent, will expose to public sale, at the hotel of Charles B. Tilden, in Chester Town, on

TUESDAY,

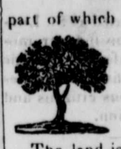
the 14th day of November next, at 12 o'clk A. M. all that

FARM

situate in Broad Neck, in Kent county, whereon Mrs. Mary T. Gale, now resides. This farm contains

470 Acres,

part of which is in



WOOD.

The land is susceptible of a high state of improvement and situated on navigable water.

There are on the premises a good DWELLING HOUSE, Kitchen, Barn, Stable and Cornhouses and all in tolerable good repair.

J. B. RICAUD, Agent.

Chester Town, Oct. 21, '48.

TRUSTEE'S Sale.

THE subscriber, as trustee, under a decree of the Court of Chancery, will expose to public sale in Chester Town, on

TUESDAY,

the 14th day of November next, at the tavern door of Charles B. Tilden, at 1 o'clk. P. M., all the real estate of P. H. Jones, late of Kent county deceased, consisting of a tract of land containing

188 1-2 Acres,

of LAND, part of it in WOOD.

The farm adjoins the lands of Dr. Frazier, S. W. Boyer, and others near the Head of Sassafras.

There is a good **BUILDING** on the farm.

Terms of Sale.

A credit of six, twelve and eighteen months, will be given upon the purchaser given bond with approved security.

JAMES B. RICAUD,
Trustee.

Chester Town, Oct. 21, '48.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale a Farm in Kent county, Maryland, about three miles from Chester Town, in a healthy and convenient neighborhood, there being seven Primary Schools, and a flourishing College and a good Mill close by, and every facility for marketing that could be desired either for said town or Baltimore.

This farm contains about *FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVEN ACRES OF LAND*, lies level and so situated that it can be can be conveniently separated and made

TWO FARMS

of nearly equal and each farm may be put into fourty to great advantage with a sufficien

&

TIMBER.

to each. The land is well adapted to the growth of wheat, corn and clover, and with the facilities now offered for obtaining lime might be made very productive at but trifling expense.

There is a good and substantial brick dwelling, barn, granary, corn house, stabling carriage house, smoke house, poultry house, dairy, &c, with a well of good water in the yard.

This farm offers a desirable residence for a large family and might easily be made to accommodate two. The subscriber on the premises will show it to any one who desires to view it.

A credit of four years will be given.

ISAAC PERKINS.

October 21. 1848.

☞The Blue Hen's Chicken will copy the above once a week for six weeks and send a paper and bill to the advertiser.

GLASS and Putty for sale by

WILMER & NICOLS

AN overseer wanted for 1849. apply to

JAMES E. BARROLL

Oct. 28, '48.

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.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

THE UNLUCKY.

LABOR AND ITS TRIUMPHS.

We have no disposition to speak harshly of the really unfortunate, of the many who, having struggled year after year, find it difficult to do more than to live. Patient industry, unwavering toil, are entitled, not only to the sympathy, but to the plaudits of mankind. There is nothing nobler than honest labor. There is no purer pride than that which scorns to crouch and beg, while any proper means of livelihood may be made available. Go into the streets, pass along the wharves, look into our workshops, and gladden your eyes, your mind and your heart, by the many examples of cheerful—unwearied—indomitable industry. Old men will be found, who have toiling on for nearly half a century, and who yet are joyous and happy. They feel that they are but acting out their duty, and therefore they regard it as a pleasure to earn a livelihood for themselves and families by honest labor. Give them steady work and wages, and they are satisfied. They thank God that he has given them health and strength, and they toil on as if labor were a privilege and a blessing. No murmur or complaint passes their lips. They have the confidence of their employmeners, they return to their humble homes at night-fall, rejoicing that they have enough, and are ready and willing to extend a helping hand to the unfortunate. How deeply are mankind indebted to labor! What has it not accomplished? Canals, railroads, tunnels, palaces, churches, towers and cities! In the eloquent language of an enlightened clergyman, "labor ploughs and digs and tills and cultivates the ground, and sows and reaps and gathers into barns, and grinds the corn. Labor builds the ship and sails across the ocean, and penetrates the most distant climes, and encounters dangers and faces difficulties, and ransacks sea and land, to provide the food which we consume, and the cloths which we wear, and the jewelled ornaments which fashion calls for as an offering on its shrine. Labor erects the house, cuts the railway and canal, bores the tunnel, rears the viaduct and the bridge, levels the mountain, pierces the rock. It weaves and spins, toils and works, plies the loom, strikes the anvil, thunders at the forge, wields the hammer, sinks the mine, raises the coal and accomplishes everything, from the monster cable of the noblest of our wooden walls to the most delicate of silken threads in a lady's workbox, and from the loftiest pile of architecture to the scarcely perceptible eye of the smallest needle for which it is intended. In short, as the elephant with the same trunk, tears down the stoutest tree in the forest and picks up a pin from the ground, so does labor procure for us the greatest and the least, the most important and the most minute, of the necessaries of life, minister to our luxuries, increase our comforts, and with its ever inventive and untiring ingenuity, constantly widens the sources of our enjoyments and amusements."

And yet, how lightly many think of the laboring classes! How few regard as they should, their wants, their sufferings, their self denial, their comforts, their enjoyments, their priviledges? How few devote themselves to the moral, mental and social welfare and advancement of the toiling millions! The martyrs of industry too! How seldom are their histories chronicled! It is wonderful when we see the temptations of crowded cities, when we know the disadvantages of ignorance and poverty—it is wonderful, we say, to find so much patience, perseverence, morality, and religion—so much sterling integrity and priceless virtue, among the masses who toil from day to day and from week to week, for the bread by which they live.—There are some who cannot be induced to to pursue the paths of industry; who fancy that there is some extra and irregular road to fortune, and who depend upon chance and luck rather than toil. Point out to them the case of a thriving storekeeper, who a few years ago commenced the world with a five dollar bill, and they will describe him as having been particularly *fortunate*. They cannot see that the man was humble, industrious, active and persevering, and they would, through false pride, scorn to attempt the very same course of life. Choose another case, by way of illustration, in the history of some honest mechanic, who having served a regular apprenticeship at some active and useful trade, passed a few years as a journeyman, saved every dollar that he could spare meanwhile, then started on his own responsibility, and gradually obtained position, independence and wealth. All this—be it remembered—the result of patience, perseverence, toil and integrity. Yet the chances are, that some of the unlucky idlers about town, when pointed to such a case, would turn away with contempt as if the busines of a carpenter, a bricklayer, or some similarly useful calling should be considered as degrading.

Not many years since, two young men started in life together, immediately adjoining each other, as house carpenters. They got along very well, and succeeded each, in the course of a short time, in building a dwelling house in the immediate neighborhood of his place of business. But unfortunately, their workshops, during a stormy winter night, took fire, and with their dwellings were burnt to the ground. The blow was not only serious, but for the moment stunning. In the one case however, early the next morning, the buoyont spirit was found busily engaged in gathering up the fragments, and preparing to rebuild his shop. Stripped of his all, or nearly so, he found the task one of no little difficulty; but he was young, active, and enjoyed a fair reputation; and soon succeeded in re-establishing himself. The other mourned over his *bad luck*, hesitating as to what he should do, idled away weeks and months, got behind hand, lost his credit, and is at this moment, as poor as he was ten years ago. In his case, the first blow overwhelmed him; in the case of his friend, it only roused and reanimated. Such is life and its contrasts. Not a day goes by, but like illustrations may not be quoted from the ranks of society.

It has been well and truly said, that there are men who, supposing Providence to have an impeachable spite against them, bemoan, in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against then and for others.—One with a good profession' lost his luck in the river, where he had idled away his time fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business.—Another, who steadily followed his trade as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgements; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing' by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard working prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a tavern late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler."

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

BY H. R. ADDINSON, ESQ.

I never recollect a warmer enthusiast than Professor Leyden. When he spoke, he seemed to forget all other worldly circumstances, all other subjects, save the one engrossing topic on which he was engaged—His eye, wildly dilated, saw no object save the bright imagery created by his fertile brain. His voice was impassioned. His every pulse beat high. The professor, at the time I speak of was just two-and-thirty, and ranked himself as the very leader of Gall and Spurzheim's energetic disciples. On the subject of phrenology he was discoursing when I entered the dining-room of the Baron Hartman

It was a fine summer evening. Strawberries and other fruits decorated the board. The well iced Johannisberg, the cellar-cooled Lafitte, stood temptingly on a table around which a dozen young men, with the worthy baron and the professor, sat.

It appeared that in the height of his enthusiasm, Leyden had, to please the company, examined their heads, and with many wise looks pressed the bumps, which he declared to be unerring indications of the human character and passions. Some unfortunate weight in the company, however, had evidently shocked the examiner by a demonstration of wicked propensities, for he strenuously refused on this occasion to pronounce upon the several organs, declaring he "might give offence," he "might be wrong," "indeed it might appear invidious;" in short, after making several similar excuses, the professor sat down in mediative silence; nor could he again be brought to speak, save and except upon general merits of the system, a subject on which he never failed to enlarge

It is a curious fact that I never in my life heard the subject of phrenology broached without a laugh being raised at his expense, which very naturally annoys the supporters of the theory, and brings on the warmest argument. It was a discussion of the kind that probably had caused the fire, which flush'd the cheek of Leyden on the evening of which I speak.

The conversation had now taken a new channel. A dreadful murder had been committed in the neighborhood of Black Forest. A young girl had eloped from her parents some weeks before. The companion of her flight was supposed to be a young man who had been staying in the neighbornood; he had disappeared about the same time. She had just been found savagely murdered, while the supposed partner of her guilt had re-appeared, and declared that he had with difficulty escaped from the hands of banditti, who had, without any apparant motive, seized and imprisoned him. To prove this, he showed several severe wounds which he had received in the successful struggle he had with two of the gang in his endeavor to liberate himself. This story, however, appeared so improbable, that no belief was attached to it, and the young man was hurried into prison, there to abide his trial.

This story had been repeated with painful minuteness by Carl Hoffman a handsome young man, who had lately arrived at Baden, whose mild and gentlemanly manners had already won for him the golden opinions of all the society assembled there. No one was more pleased with him than the old baron. It was even believed that he ranked so high in the good old man's opinion, that it was rumored he had proposed and was actually accepted by Clara Hartman, with the full sanction of her father.

As a narrator, few could excel him—His vivid descriptions lent life to his stories, and when he chose (as on the present occasion,) he could harrow up the nerves of even the most apathetic, by depicting horrors in their most glaring, most appalling colors.

One burst of indignation, as he concluded, bespoke how truly he had interested his auditory. A thousand execrations were heaped upon the head of the unhappy youth, who appeared plainly, incontrovertibly, from the details given by Carl, to be the perpetrator of the bloody deed.

"I'll go to see his execution myself.—I could enjoy the death tortures, tortures, of such a wretch," indignantly exclaimed the Prince of Olsebach, a young Russian, as he took a pinch of snuff, and handed to his next neighbor his splendid box, which dazzled the eye by the richness of the diamonds encircling it. "If such a wretch existed on my estates, I'd have him racked."

"And well would he deserve it; a cold-heartad, cruel assassin," chimed in another.

"May he be punished in the world to come!" fervently ejaculated Carl.

"Nay, nay," said the old baron, "that is saying too much. It is true the man deserves an earthly punishment; but you are allowing your anger against a vice, my dear boy, to carry you too far." And the old noble good-naturedly patt Carl on the arm.

Thus various subject were discussed and argued; but during the whole evening Leyden spoke not a word. At last the for hour greaking up arrived; and according to etiquette the Prince moved first. Ere he did so, he requested the return of his snuff box. The person to whom he had handed it declared that he had passed it to the next, who in his turn denied all acknowledge of it, as did the rest of the company.

Every one had seen it, every one had handled it, but none could now produce it. The room was searched, the servants had not even entered the apartment, the door had never been unclosed, none had stired from the table. The affair began to wear a serious aspect. The old baron felt his honor wounded, but still hoped it might prove to be an ill-timed pleasantry. Under this impression he rose.

"Gentlemen some person amongst you has doubtless concealed the box, intending thereby to give our illustrious friend a fright, and in good faith he deserves it for thus carelessly forgetting to look after a trinket said to be worth 50,000 florns; but as he seems really uneasy it, I must beg the person who has taken it instantly to return it, and confess the joke."

And the noble affected to laugh. None, however, responded, and Hartman saw with increased uneasines that he must now take up the matter more seriously.

"My friends, you cannot feel offended when I offer as the first person to undergo the ordeal, an ordeal I almost blush to say we must all submit to. *We must be searched!* None but the guilty can feel annoyed at this proposal."

Professor Leyden started up. "By Heavens I'd sooner die."

Another was of the same opinion, and objected to undergoing such an operation, which at the very least implied a doubt.

Poor Hartman looked like a ghost. He glanced appealingly towards Leyden, who now rose.

"Let the door be locked," he said in a grave voice; "let it be well secured." That was done. Now, gentlemen, you must either acknowledge the correctness of the measure I adopt, or I, the deciple of a juggling science perish!" and he drew from his pocket a small pistol "Now, start not my friends against myself alone I mean to use this weapon, and that only in case I wrongfully accuse an individual now present. You may remember before dinner I phrenologically examined you all.—