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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., DECEMBER 9, 1848. NO. 31.

TO FAMILIES AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Baltimore Fall Trade—1848.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS,

Baltimore Street, East of Calvert street.

☞The undersigned 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, Britannia, 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 Manufacturers and Dealers in Furs,

South East corner of Baltimore and South streets.

FASHIONABLE

Clothing Emporium

FOR MEN & BOYS WEAR.

L. JARRETT,

No 10 Baltimore 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. 197 Baltimore street.

MRS. A. SISCO, 75 *Baltimore-st* opposite the Museum, Manufacturer of Gum Elastic Bandages, Sons of Temperance and Red Men's Regalia, and Ladies Dress Trimmings.

Dorsey & Garretson,

Wholesale Dealers in

BRITISH, FRENCH AND DOMESTIC DRY *Goods. No 85 BALTIMORE STREET 3 doors West of Tripoletts 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, Housekeeping 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, Pam Shades, Paper Hangings, Fire Screens, Borders, &c.

Thomas T. Nelson,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in *Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods.* No. 55 Baltimore street, 3d door west of Gay street.

CANDY MANUFACTORY AND FRUIT STORE.

SAMUEL SIDES, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Candies Fruits, Cordials, Wine, &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 BOOK STORE.

A. BOND & CO., Booksellers, Stationers & Blankbook Manufacturers, wholesale and retail, No. 44 Baltimore st., two doors east of Frederick st.

HENRY BAYLEY,

WHOLESALE and retail dealer in China, Glass and Queensware, No. 3 (Old) Harrison row, adjoining 37 Baltimore st.

SAUL, *Baltimore-street Bridge opposite Washington Hall*, wholesale and retail dealer in the various kinds of Lamps, Girandoles, Candelabras, &c.—Store, & other Lamps, for the celebrated Ethereal Oil.

☞*This Bath took the Premium at the Fair of the Franklin Institute Philadelphia October 1848 the only Bath that ever took a premium at that Institute. And also took the first premium at the Fair of the Maryland Institute, Baltimore November 1848.*

THE NIAGARA SHOWER-BATH

AN ENTIRELY NEW ARTICLE FOR SHOWER BATHING,

With old or Warm Water

A great and important improvement is made in this Shower Bath over all others, by throwing the water immediately on the body without wetting the head unless at the will of pleasure of the bather; but greater point is gained by being enabled to bathe with warm water, which no other Shower Bath is adapted to—and most important of all, the Bathean be medicated without injury to the hair.

Many persons cannot take a cold bath—their case is met in this, as they can regulate the temperature of the water to suit their wish and commence bathing at any season of the year without any unpleasant result. Ladies can have the advantage of bathing without wetting the head or covering the same.

The arrangements are simple and complete, and not liable to get out of order.—The Bath can be adjusted to suit any height, from a small child to the tallest person. When the door is closed, the fixtures are hid and the outside appearance is that of a neat piece of furniture.

They have received the approbation of several midical gentlemen—others are requested to call and examine them

Manufactured by the Patentee.

EPHRAIM LARRABEE

24 South Calvert street, Baltimore.

BATHING Read What Armstrong says:

Donot omit ye who would health secure,
That daily fresh ablution, that shall clear
The sinuces of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, even if it did not conduce
(As much as it does) to health, very greatly worth,
You daily pairs: 'tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worst foe
With this external virtue, age maintains.
A decent grace; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome." Aug. 26

REMOVAL.

LABORATORY OF THOMSONIAN BOTANIC MEDICINES.

E. L. LARRABEE, No. 20 South Calvert street Baltimore, has removed his Laboratory to his new building No. 24 and has always on hand the largest and most complete assortment of pure Botanic remedies in the United States, prepared under his special care at his Laboratory—being the first erected in the United States for the special purpose of preparing THOMSONIAN BOTANIC MEDICINES. All of the pulverized and compounded articles are put up in quarter and half pound packages, and neatly labelled, with directions suitable for retailing, and upon better terms than the same article can be had for in the U. S. Every article in his line is warranted genuine—the public can rely upon this.

☞A liberal discount made to country merchants, who are particularly requested to call and examine quality, &c. before purchasing.

☞The various Treatises, embracing the most reputed authors, upon the Thomsonian or Botanic System of Medicine, may also be had at his establishment, by the quantity or single copy. Aug 26.

Farms for Sale.

THE Subscriber wishes to dispose of his Farms, viz; the Lamb Farm of 160 to 184 Acres. The Meadow Farm 200 Acres, both well adapted to the growth of Grain, Lime and Clover and Plaster acts well—2 Story brick dwelling in good order Frame out Building—sufficient Chestnut, White Oak, &c.—Plump of good water in the yard. The Copper Farm of 100 to 150 Acres Frame Buildings.

As Agent for the Neal Farm of 120 Acres new frame buildings and out buildings 20 Acres of which is in thrivy peach Timber

I would sell a quantity of Timber Trees White Oak &c., on the Wood. For Terms &c., inquire of

JAS. L. BOWERS,

Residing on the Meadow Farm.

November 4. 1848

☞The Blue Hens Chicken, Del., will please insert 6 times and charge the Subscriber.

Hats and Caps.

THE subscriber has now the fall styles of Hats and Caps, which he will sell cheap, very cheap, his assortments comprises Beaver, sup Moleskin, Silk, Angora, Nutria, Saxony, Russia, Cassimere and Slouch Hats fine and common cloth, Silk oil and common Glazed caps.

Call and see.

Hats made to orders.

JAS. ARTHUR.

1 door above Wilby & Perkins

Oct. 21, '48.

SUGAR & COFFEE!

Coffee and sugar, a large supply very cheap for the cash by

WILMER & NICOLS.

Sept 9, 1848

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 ones 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 Indian Summer.

BY CAROLINE MAY

There is a mingling in the sky
Of mist and golden light,
Like thoughts of heaven's futurity,
Half shadowy and half bright.

There is a mournful hush about
The once gay laughing earth,
No out-door song, no harvest shout,
No sound of ringing mirth.

The woods are dark, the gardens bare,
The wind with fitful breath,
Sings softly through the trembling air,
A requied of death.

Autumn lies dead upon his bier:
The hectic glow is past
From the wan face of the sweet year;
And she is dying fast.

She hath numbered her remaining hours,
And laid to quite rest
Her children, the bright leaves and flowers,
That were nourished on her breast.

And she hath parted with her friends,
They have now all passed away;
But one, who now in silence bends
To watch her slow decay.

The Indian summer, grave not sad,
With a mild countenance,
Serenely bright, as if it had
An inborn radiance.

Like a good minister, who tries
When other friends are gone;
To shed sweet peace o'er one who dies,
To comfort those who mourn.

So, when red Autumn's sun has set,
And Winter comes like night;
The Indian-summer lingers yet
With a soft, solemn light.

And doth a sacred stillness keep,
While the cold year sinks low,
Till peacefully she falls asleep.
Wrapt in her shroud of snow.

THEY CAN'T FOOL ME.

"Suspicion is a heavy armor, and
With its own weight impedes us more."

Billy Keene's peculiar boast was the utter impossibility of being hoaxed or, in his own expressive phraseology, *fooled*—"They can't fool me!" was ever at his tongue's end, and so evident were his attempts to impress this upon all with whom he had anything to do, that he not unfrequently made a fool of *himself*.

Billy always made a point of expressing his disbelief of every thing, however plausible, that reached his ears, which by the way, were exceedingly easy of access, being not more than five feet two inches from the ground, when there owner stood upon his feet.

Suspicion was always the "one idea" in his mind; he suspected every body of some abortive attempt to gull him—from the most respectable friend down to poor old Isaac, who had no more idea of a practical joke than a polar bear might be expected to have of a baby jumper.

Billy was not naturally hard-headed, but he was so suspicious; that he turned away twenty beggars from his door, where he relieved the necessities of one. In vain was the imploring eye raised, and the wasted hand extended to him for alms. The more piteous the story, the more evidently was it to him a hoax. "It all sounds very painful," he would exclaim, "but I've seen too much of the world—I've heard too much of such stuff—it's no use—you can't fool me!" and the wretched mendicant was compelled to seek in other quarters for the charity which believeth all things, which thinketh no evil.

Billy was once married, but it was a long time ere he *was fooled* into a state of "double blessedness," yet (as he himself acknowledged) he often met with hairbreadth escapes, before he was finally hooked. We recollect his boasting once, during his bachelorship, that Emma B——, the only daughter of a neighboring merchant, was endeavoring to ensnare him into the matrimonial noose. He was making the boast to his particular friend—"other people don't notice it," said he "but it is as plain as day to me. She thinks I don't see her plan—ha! ha!—she can't fool me! Folks say her father will give her a cool ten thousand; humbug! If she's got the spoons, why should she be so anxious to get me into her good graces?—that's the question. She's rather pretty, to be sure, but I wonder if she thinks that I believe her complexion and teeth *natural*? Guess she'll find that I am't quite so verdant as she thinks I am. No, *sir*, she **can't fool me!**"

Billy accompanied these words with a sly wink of peculiar expression, and gave no little cause of astonishing his friend, who, for reasons best known to himself, was aware that the young lady was innocent of any such intention as Billy imputed to her. Billy was no less astonished the next day, at hearing of the marriage of his friend, early that morning with the identical Emma B——, whose *ten* proved to be *fifteen* thousand, and whose personal charms were all natural, *maigre* Billy's suspicions. His friend found in Emma a lovely devoted wife, while he, still wrapped in his "heavy armor," remained a bachelor.

But, at length, as we have already told you, our hero was married. How any mortal of Eve managed to fool him into an union, is now, and ever must remain to us, a profound mystery. We are certain, however, that he was married, for we find him at fifty, a widower, with an only daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen.

Our worthy friend was proud of his daughter Mary; and well indeed he might be; for she had a sweet, lovely face, and a faultless form, and there was a world of mirthfulness and mischief in her sparkling black eyes. Nor was it strange that others love her besides her suspicious old old father, who couldn't be fooled. There was a village rumor (and we cannot deny that Madam Rumor, for once, told the truth,) of a warm attachment between Mary and Edward Seymour, a young merchant of the neighborhood whom everybody spoke in the highest terms praise—All commended his good nature, frankness and ability; but, as Billy always stemmed the current of public opinion, he had the penetration to perceive, that these lauded virtues were all moonshine; that in their estimation of Seymour, the world were all wrong, and so he obstinately opposed, the contemplated union. He was inexorable, and finally Mary, out of respect for him yielded an apparent compliance to his wishes, and Seymour's visits and communications with her were discontinued; and though she tried to appear as mirthful and happy as ever yet her heart was ill at ease, and her imprisoned love would betray itself in every look and action.

At length Edward, whose hope never died, laid a plan for possessing himself of Mary's hand—in fact, the desperate and almost hopeless project of *fooling* old Billy Keene! Did he succeed? Have patience, reader, and you shall hear all.

One sultry July afternoon, a pale-faced young gentleman, whom Billy remembered to have seen in the street, but with whom he had no acquaintance, called at his house and requested to see him immediately on important business. He was shown by Mary into the parlor, and our hero soon entered.

The pale-faced young gentleman first introduced himself, and then the object of his visit.

"I have an unpleasant disclosure to make Mr. Keene, which is of the greatest importance to you; and to the happiness of your daughter. You, are, of course, aware that Edward Seymour has succeeded in making his friends believe that he has given up all hopes of marrying your daughter; this is merely to fool your suspicions; but I am confident that you have too much acuteness to believe it."

"Certainly," said Billy, highly gratified, "go on, he can't fool *me!*"

"Well, as I was going on to remark, my room at the Eagle is next to Seymour's and this morning I overheard him relating in high glee, a plan for overreaching you! and of eloping with Miss Mary! I detest eavesdropping, but he was talking in a loud tone, and his door was a little open—so that it was forced upon me."

"Ha! ha!" roared Billy, "he thinks he can fool me! the poor idiot! I should just like to have him try it! How is he going to do it?"

"His plan," said the pale face, "is deeply laid, but he is a tool to imagine that he can deceive you by any contrivance of his brain. He has employed a little black boy, who brushes boots and does odd jobs at the Eagle to call at your house just after dark, this evening, with directions to tell you that your sister Jemima has been taken with a dangerous attack of her old complaint, and wishes you to come to Pineville to see her immediately; and while you are gone, he intends to take your daughter in a carriage to Jones's tavern, on the river road; Squire Curtis is to go with them to perform the ceremony which will make them man and wife."

"A dutiful daughter Mary is, indeed!—The jade to consent to such a deception on her poor old father! I'll lock the hussy up till she comes to her senses and be fooled.

I'll horsewhip the nigger and pull Seymour's nose—I'll teach 'em to try to fool *me!*"

"Calm yourself, I entreat you," said the pale-faced young man; "reflect that such a course of proceeding would not only make the affair public, but might seriously affect your daughter's reputation and happiness; to be sure she has been guilty of disrespect to you but then she has undoubtedly been drawn into it by that vagabond, Seymour. I know, sir, that you could not have been duped by two such green ones, even if I had not discovered their plan to you; but at the same time—if I may presume to offer you my poor advice—I think that you had better pretend to believe that yarn about your sister's illness, and under cover of going to Pineville, proceed straight to Jones's Tavern, wait for the runaways, break up their plan, cover them with confusion, and bring your daughter home.—This would convince them forever of what they ought to know already, that they might as well give in—that they can't fool *you*"

"Capital idea!" said Billy. "Much indebted to you, sir. You're right, they can't fool me. Good day."

"Good day, sir"

Billy indulged in as immoderate fit of laughter when his pale-faced visitor was gone.

"So Edward Seymour was going to fool me, was he? Ha! ha! I guess he will find me a tough one, though. Guess he can't be fooled so easy, neither; and so deuced kind in him, too, to put me on my guard. He is a gentleman, and no mistake."

The afternoon, dark and cloudy, soon passed away, and after it came a black night, and a black boy. Billy heard the message of the latter with well counterfeited concern for Jemima's illness, and buckling old Isaac saddle his mare, was soon on the road to Jones's.

The night was black, and drizzling rain chilled his bones, but still he muttered to himself, as he clapped his arms together to accelerate the tardy circulation. "Crackey! how they'll look when they find me waiting for them at Jones's! S'pose they think I'm half way to Pineville by this time. Ha! ha! Guess Jemima ain't so *very* bad! They can't fool *me!*"

"Why, bless your soul, Mr Keene what brought you here in this storm?" said the burly Jones, as our worthy friend, drenched to the skin, reined the old mare up to the door.

His only answer was—"You'll see something presently, Mr. Jones, that'll tickle you some, I calculate; they can't fool *me!*"

The old mare was soon in the comfortable stable, while her owner, pacing the bar-room floor, only muttered at intervals "You'll see some sport presently, Mr. Jones; they can't fool me!"

An hour passed away—another—eleven o'clock, and no carriage!

"That pale-faced jackass couldn't have been fooling me, could he?" thought the suspicious Billy. "No, by jiu of her they come. Now Mr. Jones, if you want to see some rare fun, just step to the door, they can't fool me."

The carriage rattled up to the door in furious haste; the driver reined in the reeking horses and sprang from his seat; the steps were thrown down, Edward Seymour leaped out, assisted Mary to alight, and Squire Curtiss followed. Billy concealed himself behind the door until the happy two were in the sitting-room; then with an air of triumph, he very coolly walked in, exclaiming—"Smart set you are! Thought you could fool *me*, did you? Ha! ha! Come, Miss Jackanapes, you'd better put your bonnet on again, sister Jemima ain't dangerous, and it's pretty late, so we'd best be getting towards home. Ha! ha! fool *me*, will you?"

Mr Keene looked around to see what effect his unexpected appearance had made but no one seemed at all surprised: Mary did not, as might have been expected, faint away on the occasion, but stepping forward, half weeping half smiling, she broke the awful pause with—"I'm ready to go this minute, pa, but first let me introduce you to my husband, Edward Seymour; we were married quietly at home about an hour after you started. It was kind in you to go away and leave us to make our own arrangements, that we thought it would be too bad to make you ride home on horseback in this storm, so we come to fetch you back, and offer you a seat in our carriage. Now you'll forgive us, won't you, pa?"

"I'm sold—give me your hand," said the crest-fallen Billy. "Give me your hand Seymour. This is the first time I was ever fooled, and you are the first person who could ever fool me. God bless you, my son," said the old man, affected to tears; "you've done what no other living man could do, you've fairly fooled me; you've won her and you're worthy of her."

The remainder of the scene our pen though made of the stoutest steel, is too feeble to describe. Old Jones, who had been a wondering spectator of the singular meeting, shook hands with Billy and assured him that he had seen much more than he anticipated, and when the wedding party started for home, Mr Keene recognized in the coachman, the pale-faced young man who had warned him of danger.

The horses soon bore away, surrounded by a lovely group of happy hearts, and Billy sat in the rain in his own behalf that he can't be fooled.

The last time we saw him, he was listening to an account given by Seymour, on his return from the city, of that wonderful invention, the Magnetic Telegraph. "I wonder," said the man, "if Ed thinks I suck all that yarn about writing and talking by lightning, or about sending a letter from New York to Buffalo in a second—no, nor in twenty-four hours either! It's no use, Ed, you may tell that to the women folks and the children, but you can't pull the wool over my eyes again; I'm too old—I'm seen too much of the world—*you can't fool me!*"—*Geneva Gazette.*

SAM STOCKWELL ON A SNAG!

Sam Stockwell was floating down the Mississippi in his skiff, his mind intent upon the work of sketching the river for his great panorama. The day was clear and cold, and a strong wind blew down the river, which, with the force of the current, carried this boats along with considerable rapidity. In a former article we've mentioned that he had two skiffs, one to sketch in, and the other to carry his specimens, and "pumpkin" generally. His Dutch attendant, George, had rolled a buffalo robe around him and sat in the stern of the foremost boat, fast asleep, looking like a big bear, with his head swinging to and fro. Suddenly *Sam* was pitched his full length in the bottom of the boat, and a loud splash gave notice that *something* had fell overboard.

Hastily springing to his feet, he looked towards the stern, and missed his *Dutchman!* At the same instant a familiar voice at the side of the boat was heard to exclaim—

"Mine Gott! Mishter Stockwell, wat ish der matter mit der boat?"

Stockwell looked and there was George holding on to a branch of a big *snag*, one arm only free, and the buffalo robe holding him as in its soaking folds! After considerable difficulty, he was hauled on board, and Sam then found that the boat was nicely lodged in the crotch of an enormous snag, and there she lay rocking up and down.

"What the d——l were you doing overboard?" said Sam, "Were you diving for *cat fish?*"

"Catfish, der dibell! it ish coldt, and I ish drowned mit der water river down mine throat and in mine clothes," replied George shivering.

"Oh! nonsense; you shouldn't sleep so sound," cried Sam; "haul the other boat alongside, and let us go off this infernal snag!"

George proceeded to execute his order, and pulled the boat along, at the same time muttering "Dat dibel schnag knock me up into der river from mine warm sh'leeps!"

The voyageurs toiled for some time without effect to dislodge the boat from its position; George grumbling at the water and the cold, and the artist putting as good a face upon the matter as possible, by laughing at George, and telling him that if he hadn't been a Democrat and voted for Polk, the snag would have been removed long ago.

"Well, I shall vote for General Jackson next time," said George, "for I ish very cold for dat schnag!"

"*Cold!* Why it's splendid, and the cold water will do you good—a good many doctors recommend it for sickness," replied Sam

George contended against "der cold water, antoun der whi-ky," and worked away while he argued the point. Sam got over the side of the boat upon the projecting snag, and George into the other boat, and both gave a lift, the boat started, and so did Sam, for the branch on which he was standing gave way, and in turn down went the artist into a fine cold bath!—George stirred quicker than he ever use known to move before, and seizing the unnersed artist, pulled him into the boat, which was now free and once more on the move down. The Dutchman looked upon Stockwell with one eye of pity and one of mirth. While Sam was wringing his clothes, shivering in the wind, and anathematizing such luck, George quietly said—

"Der cold water 'ish splendid," Mr Stockwell, 'ishn't it? and der doctors say 'ish very good for der sickness!?"

"Yes, George," said Sam, "the 'cold water cure' is mighty fine when mixed, and taken through a straw, but taking it over head and ears, is in rather too large doses."

"Yaw, yaw!" said George, "me dinke so dool"—*St Louis Reveille.*

FOR CALIFORNIA.—We learn from the Boston Bee that a company of one hundred men are about embarking from that city for California. Each man pays into the concern from $300 to $500 which is to be appropriated to the purchase of a vessel and a cargo of goods suitable to the market on the Pacific coast. Arrived at California, a portion of the company will proceed to the gold regions, and the balance will remain by the ship in the business of trading.

A QUESTION.

The Charlottesville, in speaking of the gold [illegible] remarks:

"If men can earn $15 per day in California, how will it be possible to keep Our [illegible] $8 per day?"