msa_sc2901_scm2350-0446 ©Maryland State Archives

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD, DECEMBER 23, 1848. NO. 33.

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 Baltimore street, corner of Holliday 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 Regalia, 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, Marseilles 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 Handkerchiefs, 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, 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.

WM. H. HOBURG,

DEALER IN FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

No. 25 BALTIMORE STREET,

2nd Door above Market Space.

☞*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 bather can 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 heighth, 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 Pantetee.

EPHRAIM LARRABEE

24 South Calvert street, Baltimore.

BATHING Read What Armstrong says:

Do not omit ye who would health secure,
That daily fresh ablution, that shall clear
The sluices of the skinn, 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.

EPHM. 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 dwellings in good order Frame out Building—sufficient Chesnut, White Oak, &c.—Pump of good water in the yard. The Copper Farm of 100 to 150 Acres Frame Buildings,



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

I would sell a quantity of Timber Trees. White Oak &c., or 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.

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

J. S TOUCH, *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 Ethereal Oil

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

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.

Written for the Blue Hen's Chicken.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY THE MILFORD BARD.

The year is dying day by day,
And speaks to man with tongue sublime;
Thus all things beautiful and gay.
Are passing down the tide of time.

The hollow winds the requiem sing
In mournful music to the soul:
And sorrowful reflections bring,
That have o'er every heart control.

The flowers that made the summer gay.
Have faded, fallen, and are gone;
Thus we to soon must pass away,
And sleep within the grave alone,

The woodlands stretch their naked arms,
And groan before the biting blast;
The fields are bear, there flowery charms,
Are in the grave of Nature cast.

Thus year by year expires and goes
Into the silent tomb of time;
Til age comes on us with its woes,
And we are dying from our prime.

Ah! let us listen to the voice
Of this own swiftly dying year;
With hearts so turned we may rejoice,
Net shed affliction's tender tear.

Oh! may we so walk down the stream
Of life—the rolling tide of time,
That we may in our dying dream,
Ascend to Heaven's high halls sublime.

THE STARVING BOY'S APPEAL TO HIS MOTHER.

'What is it makes you cry, mother?
What is it makes you groan?
For ever since the dawn, mother,
I've listened to your moan
Do let us make some fire, mother;
And haste to get some food;
I've gathered just as brother did,
Some little sticks of wood.

'And laid them close beside the hearth;
The kettle too is there;
Then do, dear, mother, make a cake,
And let me have a share;
For oh, I am so hungry now,
You know that yesterday
I only had one little crust
To last me all the day.

'What makes your cheek so thin, mother?
What makes your eyes so red?
Is it because my father, mother,
And Ann, and Patrick's dead?
I saw dear father's grave, mother,
The grass was fresh and green;
And little sister's grave is near,
With Patrick's just between.

What! not a grain of meal, mother,
Or single year of corn?
Was that hard crust the last you had
You gave me yester morn?
Some one will bring us food, mother,
They sure will here our cry;
And those who have so much, mother,
Will never let us die.

'Last night I had a dream, mother,
Methought an angel came;
And stooping to my ear, mother,
He whispered soft my name;
And then he took me to his arms,
And bore me far away,
And sung so sweet, I fell asleep,
And when I woke—'twas day.

'Your arm was over me, mother,
And pressed me to your heart,
As though you knew, dear mother mine,
We could not live apart,
Then do not let us weep, mother,
For God is very good;
And when we get to Heaven, mother
Will give us angel's food.

A RICH JOKE.—The operators, who telegraphed the President's message to the West, by way of expressing their joy, we suppose, at finishing the heavy job added "God and Liberty," but unfortunately the editors supposed the words were a part of the message and added them so as to read, "God and Liberty—Jas. *K* Polk," and in this way it is published throughout the entire West.

The Priest and the Robber.

A TRUE STORY.

Forty years ago, the scene here related, occurred in the heart of France. A Roman Catholic priest was called on to prepare for his last change, a highway robber, about to perish on the scaffold. The good father used all his eloquence and all his efforts, to lead the prisoner to repent of his aggravated crimes, in vain. He observed that the mind of the latter was absorbed that he seemed to heed him not. What could engage his thoughts at such an awful hour.

"Do you reflect," said the priest, "that in two hours you are to appear before your Maker?"

"I do," replied the criminal; "but I wish just now to live and repent, not to repent and die—and the thought has just come into my brain, and I can't for my soul of me drive it out that you are the very man to save me from death, not to pave my way to it."

"But," said the priest, "even if I had the power—I can't see that I have—should I not be doing a wrong to mankind by setting you free, and be subjecting you to a further load of guilt?"

"If that's the only obstacle in the way, you may, my good father, be entirely easy on that score. I have seen the scaffold too near ever to expose myself to its terrors again. Never will I rob or defraud more. I will be a changed man."

With eyes imploring and bathed in tears he knelt before the holy man and begged his life. He appealed to a kind heart, and saw the impression he had made. The chapel in which they were, was lighted only by a window near the ceiling, and was more than fifteen feet from the door.

"You have but," said the prisoner, "to put your chair upon the alter, which we can place near the wall; you will then ascend on the chair, and I will mount upon your shoulders, from which I can gain the window."

In an instant the criminal was beyond the reach of law. The priest remained tranquilly seated in the chair, having restored the alter to its place. Some hours after the flight, the hangman, impatient at the long prayers of the priest, who, he thought, might have put a half a dozen souls on the road to heaven in less time knocked at the door; Not seeing the prisoner, he demanded what had become of him.

"He must be an angle of light," said the father, "for on the faith of a priest he went out that window. I saw him with my own eyes."

The hangman was in amaze. Having closely questioned the priest, he demanded if he was in earnest. On his replying in the affirmative, he ran to warn the judges. They hastened to the chapel, examined the chair, the window, the height from the floor, and saw no other means of escape than that stated by the priest. Their brains were perplexed. But they could not preserve their gravity at the *sang froid* of the good father, while describing the flight of the angel, as he styled him, though the window—and the prayer he was tempted to make to him, as he vanished, to take him along with him to the skies. Be this as it may, the church was too powerful in those days to question the word of the priest, who assumed to himself the merit of converting a sinner into an angel in an hour.

Twenty years afterwards, the holy father was lost in the woods of Ardennes. The night came on; he was without food or place to rest. Wild beasts were prowling around. Step by step, weak and despondng; he still wandered farther in the mazes of the woods. His frame exhausted with hunger, fatigue and terror, he commended his soul to the care of heaven and laidhim down to die. He had lain him there some hours, when a lantern shone on his face. It was held by a peasant, who examined his features attentively. He aided him to rise; with his sinewy arm he bore the exhausted form of the priest to a neat farm house, delightfully situated in a fertile plain, on the skirt of a wood. The father was nursed with care and restored to life, and warmly thanked his benefactor. On his recovering sufficiently to eat, the table was spread out for a new guest. A fine capon was cooked and nicely dressed, and every luxury the farm afforded, set before him. A female, neatly attired with eight little ones, surrounded the table.

"Father," exclaimed the peasant, apart to him after they had finished their repast, "a wife, children, a farm, all of these blessings I owe to you. You saved my life when I was condemned to die on the scaffold; I have in turn saved yours. I have redeemed my pledge. Wandering a mendicant, chance brought me to this house, where by industry and honest dealings, I won the confidence of the father of my wife, who at his death left us this farm.—I have prospered ever since in my affairs. My wife has been a real blessing, and my children with their ruby faces and their sweet smiles remind me each day as I return from my daily toil, of what I owe to heaven and to you.

The father whose conscience often smote him for the fraud he had practised upon the magistrate, and the danger of letting the robber loose to depredate on public highways, was at ease. He embraced the peasant and thanked his God that he had been the means of reclaiming a guilty soul from perdition, and raising a condemned felon to the dignity of an honest man.

Dan Marble in a Position.

Actors are very tenacious about their "position" in their profession, and some of them are even particular as to their position in private; but the most anxious man about the latter that ever we knew of, was the famous Dan Marble, upon one occasion. We believe it was at a supper, or some sort of a convivality—gross affairs which we never attend, our "senior" usually taking on himself such responsibilities—when one of the company, a grave faced man, declared that he could not only see as far into a mill stone as other people, but much farther through a stone wall; in short, that, let any one of the party go into the passage, shut the door, place himself in any possible position and he would tell what position it was! This stirred Dan to an expression of incredulity, but the proposer stuck to his point, backing his assertion with an offer to "bet the wine," the company to decide, which was finally accepted, and out went Dan to put himself to *position*.

There was a table in the entry, an empty armoire, a chair or two, and the comedian was puzzled as to how he should bring them all into requisition, so as to present a combination which should defy investigation through an inch plank, and the further to secure himself—he stopped up the keyhole with a *five dollar bill*, the most available matter for the purpose at hand. After sufficient cogitation, and consolation, with the friend accompanying him, and a nervousness as to whether there was not "peeping" going on, Dan mounted the table, and at the risk of his neck assumed his *posstion!* Imagine the broad figure of the Yankee, heels up and head down, supported on his hands as we see the bad boys invert themselves against the sides of the houses—his watch in his mouth, and his coat-flaps forming a drapery at the back of his head, he blood at the same time filling cheeks and eyes to bursting!

"Will that do?" said Dan to his friend.

"Oh, just the thing, exactly!"

"Sure they aint peeping, eh?"

"No, your safe enough!"

"Very well, then," and in a tone of exultation he gave the challenge:

"What position am I in *now?*"

"*The position of a blamed fool!*" was the reponse.

Dan's coat tail took its natural hang amazingly quick; he did not conceive it necessary at all to refer the matter to the company; the wine *came*, and the next morning the "sell having prevented him from thinking of it earlier, an inquisitive Yankee was heard inquiring if any body had seen a *five dollar bill in the key hole?*"—*Reville.*

Humble Origin of Literary and Scientific Men.

What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours toil?—What in the moral, what in the religious, what in the scientific world? Hearken to these facts! One of the best editors the Westminister Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper, in Aberdon. One of the editors of a London daily journal was a baker, in Elgin, perhaps the best reporter on the Times was a weaver in Edingburg; the editor of the Witness was a blacksmith, in Dundee; another was a watchmaker, in Banff; the late Dr Milner, of China, was a hero-boy, in Rhynia; the Principal of the London Missionary Society's College, at Hong Kong, was a sadler, at Huntly; the leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £7.000 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow and perhaps the richest iron founder in England was a working man, in Moray.—Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor at first, and then a labourer at the pestle and mortar, at Montrose. Mr. McGregor, the member for Glasgow, was a poor boy, in Rossshire; Mr. Wilson, the member for Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddington, and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orinkey, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.—*English Paper.*

DEATH.—Death comes equally to us all and makes us all equal when it comes.—The ashes of an oak in a chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high, or how large, that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing.—As soon as the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift them dusts again, and to pronounce—This is the patrician, this is noble flower, and this the yeoman, this the plegian bran?—*Donne*

THE Small Pox has broken out at Chambersburg, Pa.

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS PLANTS.

Every farmer ought to be so far acquainted with the history of all ordinary plants and trees, as to know their nature, country and condition. Such knowledge, besides being on every account proper and desirable, will sometimes explain phenomena in their habits; that would otherwise appear anomalous and inexplicable:

Wheat was brought from the central table land of Thibet, where its original yet exists as a grass, with small mealy seeds.

Rye exists wild in Siberia.

Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalaya.

Oats, wild in Nothern Africa.

Millet, one species is a native of India another of Egypt and Abyssinia.

Maize, Indian Corn, was brought from America.

Canary seed, from the Canary Islands.

Rice, from South Africa, whence it was taken to India, and thence to Europe and America.

Peas are of unknown origin.

Lentil grows wild on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Vetches are natives of Germany.

The Chick pea was brought from the South of Europe.

The garden Bean from the East Indies.

The horse Bean from the Caspian Sea.

The Lupin from Levant.

Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Tartary

Cabbage grow wild in Sicily and Naples.

The Poppy was brought from the East.

The Sun-flower from Peru.

Flax or Linseed, is in Southern Europe, a weed in the ordinary grain crops.

The Radish came from China.

The Garden Cress, out of Egypt and the East.

Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.

The New Zaland Flax *Syrian Swallow Root*, show their origin by their names.

The Nettle, which sometimes furnishes fibres for spinning, is a native of Europe.

Of Dye plants, the madder comes from the East.

Woad is a native of Europe.

Dyers-weed grows in Southern Germany.

Safflower came from Egypt.

Lyers Knot-grass from China

Hops come to perfection as a wild plant in Germany.

Mustard and Carraway seed the same

Dill is an Eastern plant.

Annise was brought from Egypt, and the Grecian Archipelago!

Loriander grows wild neer the Mediterranean.

Saffron came from the Levant.

The Onion out of Egypt.

Horse-radish from Southern Europe.

White Mellot from Greece.

Chickory grows wild in Germany.

Tobacco is a native of Virginia Tobago and California. Another species has also been found wild in Asia.

Fuller's Teazel grows wild in Southern Europe.

The Grasses are mostly native plants, and so are the Clovers, except, Luzerne, which is a native of Sicily.

Spurry is an European plant.

The Gourd is probably an Eastern plant.

The potato is a well-known native of Peru and Mexico.

Jerusalem Artichoke is Brazilian product.

Turnip and Mangle Wurtzel, came from the shores of the Mediterranean.

Koaliabi and White Turnip are natives of Germany.

The Carrot is by some supposed to have been brought from Asia, but others maintain it to be a native of the same place.

Amongst other kitchen garden plants the Spinach is attributed to Arabia.

The Girden Orache to Tartary.

The Cucumber came from the East Indies.

The melon from Kalmuck.

Parseley grows in Sardinia.

Tarragon, in Central Asia.

Celery, in Germany.

Of fruit Trees and Shrubs, the current and Gooseberry came from Southern Europe.

Medlar Pear and Apples are likewise European plants, but the Seckle, the best of Pears, is traced to near Philadelphia, as its original locality as far as known.

The Cherry, Plumb, Olive and almond came from Asia Minor.

The Mulberry Tree from Persia.

The Walnut and Peach from the same place.

The Citron from Media.

The Quince from the Island of Crete.

The Chesnut from Italy.

Of Forest Trees, the majority are native plants of England, except the Pine and Horse Chesnut—the former of which was brought from America, and the latter from Thibet. But the greatest variety of Oaks and other fine timber trees, are natives of North and Sout America.

The whortleberry is a native of Asia, Europe and America.

☞An English paper gives the following as the latest curiosity in the direction line: "Don't be after forgetting, dear Janny, to take out this leither directly when it comes to the Post office, or that old thief Macrony's wife will know there is money in it and call for it before it gets there."