msa_sc2901_scm2351-0006 ©Maryland State Archives

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JANUARY 13, 1849. NO. 36.

TO FAMILIES AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Baltimore Fall Trade—1849.

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 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 Trimmin s*, No. 123 Baltimore st., between Calvert and South streets

BOSTON & PRICE,

Hat Manufactu rs and Dealers in Furs,

South East corner of Baltimore and South streets.

FASHIONABLE

Clothing Emporium

FOR MEN & BOYS WEAR.

E. JARRETT,

No 100 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 97 Baltimore street.

MRS. A SISCO,

75 *Baltimore-st* opposite Holliday. Manufacturer of Odd Fellows, Masonic, Sons of Temprance 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, Marsaulles 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 new style—Linen 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 Liberty). On hand Venitian Blinds, Paper Shades, Paper Hangings, Fire Screens, Cornices, &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., 66 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.

WM. P. Valiant,

HAT, CAP, AND FANCY FUR STORE,

No. 1 BALTIMORE STREET,

Adjoining the Bridge.

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, Candelabrass, &c.—Parlor, Store, & other Lamps, for theccele brated Etherial Oil

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 on them, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid.



POETRY.

THE

WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

"You took me, William, when a girl,
Unto your home and heart.
To bear in all your after-late
A fond and faithful part;
And tell me have I ever tried
That du y to forego,
Or pined there was no joy for me
When you were sunk in woe?

"No; I would rather share your tears,
Than any other's glee;
For though you're nothing to the world,
You're all the world to me.
You make a palace of my shed,
This rough-hewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smiles,
And music in your tone.

'I look upon you when you sleep—
My eyes with tears grow dim;
I cry, 'Oh, Parent of the Poor,
Look down from heaven on him.
Behold him toil from day to day,
Exhausting strength and soul;
Oh, look with mercy on him Lord,
For Thou canst make him whole!'

"And when at last relieving sleep
Has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbade to close
In slumber by our child?
I take the little murmurer
That spoils my span of rest,
And feel it as a part of thee
I lull upon my breast.

"There's only one return I crave—
I may not need it long,
And I m y sooth the when I'm where
The wretched feel no wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone,
For thou wast ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare—
My fare I do not mind;

"I ask not for attire more gay—
It such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee,
For more I murmur not,
But I would ask some share of hours
That you on clubs bestow;
Of knowledge, which you prize so much,
Might I not something know?

"Subtract from meetings amongst men
Each eve an hour for me;
Make me companion of your soul;
As I may safely be;
If you will read, I'll sit and work,
Then think when you're away;
Less tedious I shall find the time,
Dear William, of your stay.

"A meet companion soon I'll be
For e'en your studious hours;
And teacher of those little ones
You call your cottage flowers;
And if we be not rich and great,
We may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart,
So may my mind your mind."

A REGULAR PIGEON WING.—We regard the following as the very smartest pigeon wing that has been recently cut.—It is the work of a city paper:

"An old farmer down east who was very fond of gunning and relating the remarkable success he usually met with. He was out one morning with his gun and saw a flock of pigeons on a limb of a tree; thinking if he fired at them he might miss some, he drew out the shot from his gun and put in a ball, placed his self immediately under the limb, fired, split the limb and caught the toes of all the pigeons—*a fact*—went home for his axe, felled the tree and secured the whole flock."

The *Day-Book*, a smart little paper, very nearly matched this miraculous story in the following:

"I killed *ninety-nine* pigeons at one shot this morning," said and old fowler.—"Why didn't you make it a hundred while you were about it?" said his friend. "Do you suppose I would tell a lie for one pigeon?" was the reply.

☞Let us never speak to deceive, or listen to betray.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

OR,

WHO'S THE LADY.

All was bustle and confusion among the fashionables of a quiet little town in one of the western counties in our State lately, on the day preceding the evening of a select ball. The ladies became great pedestrians, and were on foot for hours together; while husband and fathers were at home waiting in awful suspense for the respective shop keeper's bill. The shop-keepers were more polite than usual, inasmuch as gauze, lace and ribbons were the only article in demand, were bought without the irritating question "can't you take less?" and not a milliner could complain that night of a want of custom and a full purse. Evening advanced and the bustle increased. Beaux just from the band box might be seen with a glove on one hand and courage in the other, tapping at the doors of the wealthy, and tipping and and bowing as if made of vibratory material with as much cash in their pockets as brains in their noddles, and more brass in their faces than either.

One of these mushroom gentry, who had the faculty of talking nonsense had captivated the charming Mehitable Clarissa Aretha Bacon, third daughter of Captain Jacobus Bacon, of the invincible volunteer company of heroes, vulgarly called "shareforces," who, with remarkable valor, during the late war, made a bloodless (not a mudless) retreat through a swamp two miles, with the enemy at their heels—At the appointed hour and according to promise, this sprig of the *beau monde* alluded to, pulled the bell at the door of the redoubtable captain, which was answered by their female servant, who among the rest, was preparing for the ball, and in her best bib and tucker" made a polite bow, and invited the young coxcomb in—Twilight deceived his already defective vision for it is sometimes, said that love, like wine, will make men see double, especially if they run against a lamp post; and he mistook the servant for Miss Mehitable. Doffing his hat describing with his body all figures of Euclid such as circles, squares and triangles, he at last completed his bow *a la mode*, and lisped the fact that he had the honnow of being in readiness to cthcort her to the assembly room."

"I am engaged, sir," said the kitchen belle.

"Engaged!" exclaimed the youth, chop fallen, "Miss Bacon engaged?"

O, it is Miss Bacon you wish to see, then?" replied the girl.

"Why, yeth—I am mistaken! faith! the death! bowing and scraping to a servant girl. Wherth your mithtress?"

"Walk into the parlor, sir," said the insulted girl. "I will call her."

Reader, wouldst thou know who this servant girl might be, of whom we have been talking? Well, listen and I'll tell thee. Did'st thou ever hear of William L——, once a wealthy shipping merchant of New York, who, through multiplied losses, was called from the dominion of the wealthy and fashionable and for many years dwelt obscurely in a country village, with the only remnant of a large family—a charming daughter. This was the very child. At the age of ten, she became an orphan—but not friendless. The gentlemanly conduct of her father, even in poverty, had won the esteem of all, and this last survivor of his accumulated misfortunes, found a home and a friend with a wealthy country gentleman. She grew up to womanhood, beautiful and accomplished and beloved by all the family, as a sister and a child. But death claimed the adopted as his, and her prospect changed. The woman who supplied her place afterwards, was her antipodes, and Amanda L—— stepped into the wide world dependant upon physical strength alone for subsistence. But the good wishes of her adopted family went with her, and a situation in the family of Captain Bacon was secured to her in which place the reader found her. But to resume.

At an early hour the ball room was filled with a truly brilliant assemblage—There were red cheeks in profusion, some painted by nature, others by art, bright eyes in abundance, some sparkling with intelligence, others with nervous excitement the roughest sex, many with wine, mirth and hilarity, bore regal sway, until a discovery was made—a discovery considered by that assemblage as of equal importance with Herschel's lunar observations. The dance was suspended, notwithstanding Sambo still sawed his catgut, and a whisper ran through the crowd, the purse proud, vinegar faced Mrs. Z——, had the honor of making the discovery, in which was involved the reputation of all present. It was nothing less than the lamentable fact that Amanda L——, The servant girl of Capt. Bacon, had impertinently intruded herself into the company of her betters—actually danced two cotillions with them before the degrading truth was known.

"Did you ever see such impertinence?" says one.

"What a brazen thing?" exclaimed another.

"Why see how she's dressed!" said a third.

"Such a character!" whispered a fourth—"but never mind now."

"A pot stewer in our company! the wench!" chimed in Mrs Z——, with the glance of expression which characterized her, and turning up her nose advised the ladies to leave the room, and no longer be insulted by her presence. This advice was assented to by the intelligent company, and the poor but infinitely superior girl, was left alone, abashed, confused, and almost overcome with emotion. He who invited her thither was the son of her adopted father, who united with intelligence a gentle, manly and graceful deportment, and the command of extensive possessions in one of the most fertile portions of our State. He was absent when the revolution of the ball soom took place, but returned as soon as it was evacuated by the ladies. Astonished at the change, and perceiving Amanda standing with her face suffused with blushes, he hastily enquired the cause. A friend drew him aside and communicated the facts as they have been stated. The young man was enraged, and with an emphasis adequate to his just excitement exclaimed:

"What's that purse-proud fool, that ignorant parrot of fashion, worth, who scorns virtue because it is coupled with poverty?"

"Ten thousand dollars," answered his friend.

"Ten thousand dollars, eh? Well Amanda is worth that sum and the heavy fool in the bargain. Ten thousand dollars! And that forsooth, against respectability. Here Amanda, my girl," said he taking her hand and bowing respectfully to the gentlemen present, "let us leave this place, where haughty pride, pampered and fed with the crumbs of wealth, exercise an influence superior to the dictates of good sense, when virtue is engendered."

So saying, they left the place and returned home.

The morning after the ball, Amanda, the poor, slighted and abused girl, who was denied the boon of mixing in society because she wore the russet gown of poverty, received from the indignant young man an instrument of writing securing to her possession the full amount of ten thousand dollars. The gift and the motives which prompted it were soon made known to the haughty Mrs Z——, and revenge more painful than disdain took the place of the latter. Nor was the cup of bitterness yet full. With all the solicitude of a designing mother, she laid traps to ensnare the young man in question, as a husband for her own grey eyed daughter, and fondly imagined that his urbanity gave evidence that she had caught him in her meshes.—But alas! how soon do the most towering expectations fall. Ere two months had elapsed the humble Amanda became the wife of the wealthy Edgar N.

Time rolled on in its silent course, bearing on its bosom sweet flowers and beaming sunshine, and every ingredient of happiness for the youthful pair; and those who turned their backs upon Capt. Bacon's servant girl, became the courtiers, the fawning sycophants of Mr. N., who, in her new station was no more worthy of esteem, no more beloved by the truly good. Twenty summers have since scattered their blossoms around her quiet mansion, and the slight touches of the frost have gathered upon the temples of her fond husband, yet love, pure and holy still warms the domestic circle, wherein the altar of true benevolence is reared.

What an instructive moral may be gleaned from incidents of this kind—which occur almost daily in the great mass of society.

The simple tale I have told is not the filagree work of fancy, wrought up from the tinselled material of fiction—it is based upon facts. How often are such facts exhibited to our view, to the great discredit of intelligent wealth.

Virtue, beauty, intelligence, and moral worth—the highest attributes of intelligent creatures, are often forced to bow before the gilded shrine of mammon, whose altars are often built up amid the moulding ruins of genius, and whose sacrificial rites consist in the utter prostration and distruction of all that is great and noble in nature, all that is bright and lovely in humanity.

The good things of life are poured into her lap in abundance, while she distributes with a prodigal hand, their blessings among the children of cheerless poverty and it may be truly said, that her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her.

SPIRITED YOUNG LADY.—A gentleman being in company with a sprightly damsel of about fourteen, was somewhat annoyed by her playful trickery. At length exclaimed, "Now my dear *girl*, do be still!" This touched a chord of feminine vanity which is sure to vibrate. Assuming an air of importance, and retiring a pace or two, she drew herself in a posture of self-defence, an responded.—'GIRL, indeed!—*I am as much of a woman as you are!*"

POLITICAL ARITHMATIC.—Come here Bob; do you understand subtraction?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well, answer me this sum—Take Mr. Van Buren from Gen. Jackson, and what remains?"

"Why Gen. Jackson."

"Very well, Bob; now take Gen. Jackson from Mr. Van Buren, and what is left?"

"Nothing father."

A VERY PRIVATE LETTER FROM MAJOR JACK DOWNING TO PRESIDENT POLK.

HEAD OF SALT RIVER, Dec. 18, 1848.

DEAR COL.—It all come out jest exactly as I told you 'twould in my last despatch a few days before the 'lection.—The arthquakes and harrycanes was awful. Some of our friends was throwed up sky high, and haint been seen nor heard of since; some was swallowed up in the ground and buried alive; and all of us was shipwrecked and splashed overboard, and left to the marcy of the wind and the tide. I was lucky enough to get astraddle of a plank, and made out to keep my head above water. I drifted about a while, kinder confused like, and couldn't hardly tell whether I was on the ocean or on a lake, or where I was.

At last I floated along into a river, and concluded of course I was bound down Niagara, and should have to plunge head and ears over the big falls. I seemed to be floating along down the middle of the river, and away off before me and away behind me I could see a good many others going the same way; and away in close to the shore, on both sides of the river, there seemed to be a good many going the other way—that is, as I thought going up stream. I was kept along in this way till I come to a narrow place in the river, which I learnt afterwards was called the half way narrows. Here the current grew more rapid, and I floated along very fast; but I was so near the shore I could see folks on both sides and hear 'em speak.

Presently I met a man on one side of the river footing it along the shore, and towing a little boat after him, as I thought up stream. At first, by his stooping walk and bald head, I thought he was too old a man to be doing such hard kind of work but when he come nearer, I see he had flaxy hair and a young and almost boyish looking face. He went straight ahead, with a line over his shoulder, drawing the boat after him, and singing a merry kind of a song, which I couldn't make out only one verse of it, which seemed to be this:

Life is real, life is earnest;
Things are jest what they do seem;
Down Salt River thou returnest,
O, my Tribune, 'tis no dream.

When I seen who it was I was amazingly puzzled. I'd heard a good many songs that had more truth than poetry in 'em but this one seemed to have more poetry than truth. Any how, if this was really Salt River, that we had heard so much tell of, I couldn't seem to make out how I should be sailing down stream so fast, and the Tribune man tugging up stream so hard. This didn't agree with the election returns at all. Something has got twisted round; things is *not* jest what they seem. While I was bothering my head about it, I looked over on 'tother side of the river, and there was another man with a line over his shoulder, towing a larger and heavier boat up stream, as I thought. He was a tall officer looking man, with large whiskers, and stood up straight, and walked strong, as though he didn't care for nobody. He too seemed to be singing a very merry song. All I could hear of it was just this verse:

Oh! Uncle Sam was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for Taylor and me——

As he passed by me I see the name on the stern of the boat was New York Courier and Enquirier. I was in a great puzzlement; these Whig chaps were all so merry, and yet, if this was really Salt River, it seemed to me they were going the wrong way, according to the 'lection, and I couldn't tell what to make of it. As I was near enough to hail the Courier man, I thought I would call to him and see if I could get any light on the subject. So says I—

"Hello, Colonel!" He stopped and turned round and answered, "Hullo."

Says I, "ask your pardon, Colonel, but I'm a stranger in these parts, and a stranger to you but I know you by your boat.—Will you be so kind as to tell me where I'm bound to? For I'm kind of lost."

"Oh, certainly," says he "with the greatest pleasure, my dear sir. You are bound straight up to the head of Salt river; you cant miss your way, for there isn't a single path that turns out between here and there."

"Well now," says I, "Colonel, you or I must be under some strange mistake.—Don't you see I'm floating down on the current? Aint the river running down this way, and carrying me along with it?"

At that he laughed outright, and says he, "I see you ate nothing but a fresh water sailor, and don't know any thing about the navigation of Salt river."

"Well, how should I," says I, "for I never was in these waters before."

"Well says he Salt river *runs up stream*; jest bear that in your mind, and you'll find it all plain sailing."

"But that can't be possible," says I; "you nor I, nor nobody else, ever knew a river to run up stream."

"You may depend upon it," says he "Salt river runs up stream; and I suppose that is the only river in America that does run up stream."

By this time I had floated so far by that I couldn't hear any thing more he said.—But it wasn't long before I was satisfied the Colonel was right; for as the current carried me along back into the country, the land kept growing higher and higher, and at last I found myself quite up among the mountains; and when I come to the head of the river, the current run my plank right plump ashore.

I found a good many of our friends already here before me, and I understand a great many more are on their way. Our annexin' friend, Gineral Cass, hasn't got here yet, but he's expected here every day. This is a pretty good sort of country up here, after all, and has a good many advantages. But I havn't time to give you much account of it to-day; I'll try to describe it more another time. I've spent considerable time examining and exploring this curious river, and I think I have learnt more about it than any body that's been up here afore. It's different from all the other rivers that I ever see. It has no springs or streams running into it to feed it, but it feeds itself from its own waters.—All the centre of the river is a strong current running up stream till it gets to the head of the river, and then it divides and turns off each way, and works along down in eddies and currents by each bank of the river till it gets to the mouth, and then it turns round regular into the centre current again and up it comes.

This shows the reason why any body that happens to get into the current of Salt river has to go clear to the head of it before he can stop. It shows too why any body that sets out to go down with a boat, or a raft, or any thing, he has to lead it along the shore by a line; for if it happens to get out a little too far from shore, and get ketched in the centre current, it's gone goose with it; it has to clear back to the head of the river and take another start—This, of course, makes the navigation of Salt river, on the passage out, very hard and difficult.

Now, I'll tell you what I advise you by all means to do. You know Congress is in great taking to pass a bill for the improvement of the navigation of lakes and rivers, and they are afraid they cant do it this session because you'll put your Veto upon it. Now, you jest strike a bargain with 'em, and tell 'em if they'll put in a million of dollars into the bill to improve the navigation of Salt river, and let Gineral Cass have the laying of it out, you'll sign the bill. If we could get that bill through, it would be of immense importance to us and our friends for a good many years to come.

We cant of course look for you up here till after the 4th of March, but I shall be getting every thing ready for you as fast as I can. I've got a notion in my head, however, that you might hold on there at Washington some years longer yet, and be in a situation to do our friends more good, maybe, than you could up here. I see they are looking round all over the country for men to make up a Cabinet for Gineral Taylor; and they seem to be going on the rule that them that did the most towards electing him must have the first chance in the Cabinet. Now, going upon that rule, the first chance belongs to you, of course; for there isn't no other man in the country that did a quarter so much towards electing him as you did. In fact, if it hadnt been for you, he never would a'been elected at all; and if he doesn't give you the first place in his Cabinet, if you'll take it, he'll be the ungratefulest man that ever lived. I think it would be best, all things considered, for you to take a place at the head of the Cabinet.

As for dear old Mr. Ritchie, I spose you can spare him now as well as any time; and as the weather is warm and pleasant yet, and comfortable for making the voyage, why not start him right along? I hope you'll be careful to see him well rapped up and supplied with a plenty of blankets, in case there should be a change of weather before he gets here. Tell him he needn't be a bit afraid; he'll find a comfortable quarters here, and nothing to trouble him for I've been all round here, and there isn't no bears, nor wolves, nor Federalists, nor any thing of that sort. I don't think I ever see a country clearer of Federalists in my life; and every man I've talked with here is in favor of the resolutions of ninety-eight.

I remain you friend and pioneer.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

A THIN PIECE OF BREAD.—A beggar saw a lady in high dress sitting at the window of a fine house, and begged her for a piece of bread. The lady went and brought him a slice which she threw to him out of the window. It was but so thin that the wind blew it away. "I must run and catch the bread," said the man, "and if I can overtake it I will come back and thank you."

SAD, BUT TRUE.—How small a portion of our lives is it that we truly enjoy! In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come, in old age we look backward to things that are past.

THE DUMB WAITER.—A lady purchasing a second hand waiter, asked the broker whether he thought it would ANSWER? "Yes, ma'am," replied he, "without a QUESTION!"

☞True magnanimity does not consist in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith.*