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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., FEBRUARY 10, 1849. NO. 39.



## 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, 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.*

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*No. 160 Baltimore street, corner of Holliday street*

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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 & Carleson,**

*Wholesale Dealers in*

BRITISH, FRENCH AND DOMESTIC DRY *Goods, No. 85 CALVERT STREET, 3 doors North of Tripolitis Alley.*

COTTILS, Cassimeres, Sadnes, Vestings, Blankets, Flannels, with every description of Ladies Dress Goods. Handkerchiefs, Irish Linens, Linen Cambrick, Handkerchiefs, Marseilles Quilts, and DOMESTIC GOODS.

JOSHUA POYSTON

*Wholesale and Retail Dealer in French,* BRITISH & AMERICAN DRY GOODS. *No. 81 Baltimore-st., Corner of Tripolitis 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 Cambrick Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, Housekeeping Articles &c. constantly on hand.

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*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.

**WM. H. 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 the clee brated Etherel 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.

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All communications must be postpaid.




## POETRY.

### The Wife's Complaint!

When woman will, you tell me, John,
She really will, depend on't;
And when she says she won't, eh! John!
She won't and there's the end on't.
I know not why you think, John,
Her will is so much stronger,
Or when she's once determined, John,
She will hold out much longer.

You know your mind is fixed, John,
"For California. Ho!"
To stop you, 'twere as easy, John,
To stop Niagara's flow.
I've scolded, teased and begged, John,
With tears, to stop your going;
But 'tis as light a task, John,
To stop the wind from blowing.

'Tis but a few years since, John
You sought me for your bride;
Then for a weight of gold, John,
You'd not have left my side.
But now your brain is turned, John,
Your heart is growin cold—
You'll leave your wife, for what, John?
To dig for paltry gold!

For days you scarce have eaten, John,
You're growing pale and ill in;
And see your dress—your beard, John,
It's a week old on your chin!
See you where er I will, John,
You've a page to your book—
You think, dream, read of nought, John,
But California Gold.

We've seven little children, John,
Olive plants around our table;
With thriving trade and stout arm, John,
To fill their mouths you're able.
We've a smiling little cot, too, John,
Clustered 'round with trees and vines—
You'll leave them all to dig,
In California mines.

You say you'll leave us all, John,
To Providence alone
You'll trust to fill our mouths, John,—
With bread when you're gone,
Be it so. I'll trust Him, too, John,
And turn my tears to laughter;
Who'll leave his wife for gold, John,
Is not worth crying after!

## THE PREACHER AND THE GAMBLER.

A SCENE ON BOARD A SOUTHERN STEAMER.

BY J. H. GREEN.

Persons of these two antagonistic portions of society are frequently thrown into intimate fellowship and association with each other, especially while travelling on the steamers of the southern and western waters.

Some years since, a number of gamblers, with two or three clergymen, happened to be among the passengers on board a steamboat bound from Cincinnati to New Orleans. The company on board was numerous; but as something uncommon and extraordinary, from whatever cause, extra morality or otherwise, there was little or no gambling practised by the passengers on the trip downward.

Several days had passed in this way, when a gambler, a wild, reckless, daredevil sort of a character, began to grow impatient of the tedium of the voyage, and anxious for a chance of making his passage money by victimizing some of the "green ones" in the crowd. Going up to one of the clergymen alluded to (whom he was not aware was of that profession,) a smooth face, good-looking, affable, youngish man; he slapped him on the black, and somewhat familiarly accosted him:

"Say, stranger! dull music 'board, I reckon! Come, take a drink, and let's have a little life 'mongst us?

"Thank you, my friend, I'm a teetotaller, and never drink!

"O-o-h! you, are eh? Let's have a hand at cards, then."

"There I'm again at fault. I don't know one card from another, and can't play!"

"Scissers! I never see the like! Here, young man, let me show you how."

"I'd rather not, Sir, if you please."

"Brimstone-blazes! can't we get up some little bit of deviltry or 'nother. I'm sick on't pokin' 'round in this 'ere way. Wonder if we can't get some old hoss' to give us a preach? That coon over there, with a white 'neckerchief, looks like one o' them gospel-shop men 'Spose we ax him to give us a sarmon? I'd like to hear one, by jingo!"

"That gentleman, Sir, I presume to be a preacher, and it's quite likely he'll accommodate you."

'You know him, don't you? Just git him to give us a snorting sarmind. I'll hold his hat d——d if I don't!"

"I will ask him," replied the clergyman. He crossed over to his friend of the white cravat, and started the wish of the gambler. Returning, however he remarked that the preacher declined lecturing till a more convenient season.

"The devil he does! Well I'm bound to have fun, somehow or 'nother. Can't you spout a bit, my young sapling?—'Spose you try it on, any how"

"My friend, if I should preach, I should try to give you some uneasiness!"

"Then you are just the man for me. Git up here and gin us a sprinkling of brimstone; stir up these old ironsides on board, give 'em an extra lick, and come the camp meeting touch; will ye? Here's an old chap here, who's got a hymn book, and I can sing first rate, when I get agoing, if the lines are given out; and mind ye, neighbor, give us a jum-up prayer; blow and strike out as loud as you can, and make 'em think that a pack of well grown prairie wolves are coming, with a handful of thunder and lightnin', and a few shovels full of airthquake. By the gracious Moses, we'll have a trifle of sport then—wont we?"

The gambler then helped the preacher to arrange for the sermon; borrowed the hymn book, and sat down with an expression of mock-seriousness in his countenance.

By this time the crowd had gathered round to witness the proceedings, wondering what would be the upshot of the business. The preacher smoothed his face selected a hymn, and then lifted up his hands and eyes in the attitude of prayer.—Waxing warmer and warmer as he proceeded, he appealed to God in the most spiritstirring manner and solemn manner; he alluded to the gambler in every pointed manner, and prayed for his salvation from the ruin to which he was so recklessly tending. Such was the force of his appeal, that a burning arrow seemed speedily sent to the gamblers soul. The prayer was followed by an excellent sermon by the young clergyman, who afterwards said that he never felt more impressed in his life with the awful responsibility of his mission, or felt a fuller inspiration from on High to proclaim the wrath to come to dying and hell deserving sinners

The gambler squirmed under the gospel truth; yet uneasy as he was, he contrived to sit the sermon out; but he couldn't wait to participate in the closing hymn.

Shortly after all was over; and going up to the clergyman, he said.

"I say, friend, you are a preacher ain't you?"

"Yes, my friend, I have the honor to be an unworthy ambassador of Christ, and hope to be made the means of converting many souls to God."

"Well, I thought as much! But I tell you, I never had the sand so knocked from under me before in my life. If you preach in that way there wont be many of us gamblers left I tell you. But I suppose it's all right; my good mother used to pray, and I couldn't help thinking of her when you cut me up in little pieces, and put my singing pipe out of tune. I'd ha' giv' fifty dollars to have that ere saddle put on another horse."

I suppose it is needless to say that the gambler reduires no father preaceing no

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that everything went off well,—especiall the audience.

that passenger his own conduct and that of his confederates, was such as to be of a matter of no animadversion on the part of the clergyman and passengers, wile they pursued their voyage.—*Knickerbocker.*

A BRACE OF ANECDOTES.—A man on horseback stopped opposite the little church in B—— the other day, upon which some repairs were in progress.—He told one of the workmen that he thought it would be an extensive job.—"Yes,' replied the other; "in my opinion we shall accomplish what "Mr. Dominie has been trying in vain to do for the last thirty years." "What is that?" said his interrogator. "Why, in bringing all the parish to *repentance!*" "Pretty good," isn't? Try to read this one, then: "*Another.*' A person, riding on horseback through the same town, met one day an awkward fellow leading a calf, whom he accosted as follows: "How odd it looks to see one calf leading another!" "Yes," replied the other, "but not so odd as to see a calf on horseback!"—*Knickerbocker Mag.*

CONFESSION.—Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owing what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error; more humility to acknowledge it; and more grace to correct it.—*Seed.*

## THE PATENT RAG CHEWER.

In a village not many hundred miles from this palce there is established a paper mill, which attracts no small share of attention from the curious; and elicits many a visit, as all are of course anxious to see the process of converting old rags into paper. It sometimes happens that those crowds of admirers of the marvelous, contain among their number some of those real matter-of-fact kind of fellows who like to know something of cause as well as effect, which may be illustrated by the following dialogue:

"I say stranger, how do you get them ere fine enough for making pape:?"

"We have men employed to chew them, sir," replied the paper man.

"To what! to chew them, did you say!"

"Yes, to chew them, to be sure—did you never hear of chewing rags to make paper?"

"No, I never did and would like to know what kind of wages you give, cuz I got a little the best set of teeth you ever did see," said the green 'un, grinning, gnashing at the same time in the way of exhibition, with a fury that made the jesting proprietor quake, lest the joke should turn upon himself in the form of a personal combat.

"I see, I see," replied he of the paper mill stepping back; "I never saw a better set of teeth for business Well we give experienced hands $1.50 per day, and new beginners we give $1.00—do you think you would like to learn the business, sir?"

'Yes, *sir ree*, and the wages too!" replied the other, with delight.

"Very well, sir, you may set in now for a month, and at the expiration of that we no doubt will raise your wages. Here you may commence this"—handing an old saddle blanket to his much delighted applicant, who took it, and sat down to his task with as much *sang froid* as an epicure would to a well roasted piece of beef.

'I say, old pard, do you think that 'ar blanket will stand me any of my time a all? Why, I could chew it all smash up and swallow it, before you could tell what time the sun sets by Elton's almanac"

He set to work like a juveline steam engine, his heavy teeth grinding as if they were mill-stones, the dust flying, but desperately intent on earning *good living* wages, though the labor was decidedly bad living, with the voracity of a Bengal tiger, and spirit worthy of a better cause, the martyr to the progress of science continued his task, wondering beyond expression, in his own mind, how many hands, or rather how many sets of teeth, it took to do the chewing of that "staroation big mill." But it was in vain that the heavy jaws wagged and the sharp teeth crushed, the pile of chewed rags did not seem to grow very fast; and to add to the machine's rising feelings of indignation, a crowd began to gather round to witness the singular spectacle of human opposition to the rag breakers, shaking the whole building from another apartment.

"What in damnation are you gapin' a?" at last exclaimed the rag-chewer through a mouthful of rags in a mastication. "Drat ye, thar' is fifty rag spilin' machines jest like me up stairs, all in a bunch—why don't you go up and see them!"

The crowd looked very much delighted, and expressed themselves highly pleased with his performance.

"I know that I can't go it like them fellers up stairs, for my grinders ain't used to it yet; besides, I don't believe horse blankets is good to start on; but I tell you, strangers, when it comee to victuals, or teabaker, I'm thar."

The fun begun to rise, and with it the rag chewer's indignation. "See here stranger," he bellowed, spitting out his last attempt, and hallowing at his employer, who had just appeared—"blamed to blamanado if if I'm going to sit here and be laughed at in this ere way—if you don't put me up stairs among the rest of em. I won't chew up another blanket, darned if I do!"

"What!" exclaimed the employer, with a sober face, and very indignantly, "is that all you've got chewed up? And wet, too, by thunder! Get out of this—you'll never do for this business in the world. There's a blanket ruined to all eternity, too; for you've wet every mouthful, and how can we make dry paper out of wet rags? Come move yourself in a hurry."

The victim did not await a second invitation, but went off in all speed for fear he should be called upon to pay for the blanket, fully determined hereafter to stick to his lawful busines and let paper mills alone.

GIVE IT TO 'EM COLD.—A venerable missionary who had struggled long and hard to convert the inhabitants of a very cold country to his teachings and threatenings, at last was relieved by a young man, who had asked the elder's advice as to the course proper for him to pursue. "My son," replied he "for ten years have I given these people the terrors of the law; I have painted the infernal regions in their warms colors; but the idea has seemed to please them, and going to a warm climate was rather a comfort than otherwise. Now the best thing for you to do is, *to give it to 'em cold*—make it out fifty degrees colder than it is here, and I guess you'll bring 'em, They can't resist that sir."

## Oyster Fever.

An Oyster Fever, quite as rapid and virulent for a time as the gold fever, broke out last week in a portion of West Jersey. According to the Bridgeton Chronicle a rumor reached that vicinity from Philadelphia that oysters had risen to $10 a thousand. Certain persons were instantly seized with the fever clubbed, and brought up all the oysters along shore at extravagant prices, sure of doubling their money at last:

All hands started for the city, and it was really amusing to see the fellows as they sat upon their wagons jogging along through the cold, bareheaded, with their hats in one hand and a piece of chalk in the other, calculating the profits of the trip. After they had proceeded a few miles and their heads had got sufficiently cool they put on their hats, upon which figures to a large amount of profits might be seen in the moonlight, when by way of keeping their blood in circulation, they commenced offering to bet on the various amounts of their profits. All offered to bet they would "double their money," none doubted it, of course no bets were made.

Thus on they all jogged, calculating on enormous profits, and doubts were being entertained whether the teams that hauled up the oysters would be able to haul down the change.

When they arrived all safe in the city of Camden, every fellow was almost simultaneously heard to enquire, "What's Oysters? What's Oysters to-day?"

"Oysters!" exclaimed an old man at the ferry, who was buttoned to the chin in a rough looking pilot coat, "why oysters ain't nothin, they've fell down to as near nothin' as may be."

"He's a speculator;" says Ephraim; "he wants to buy He's a dam'd Jew, "says Reubin, "he wants to shave us."

"Hallo, Uncle Joe," says the man in the ragged coat, who knows every body, 'is that you? You're joking, an't you?"

"Egad, and I wish it was a joke for you see there lays a lot I brought on speculation, but the market's glutted—no sale—oysters froze, and now the wind has come to the southward, they are getting in amazin' good humor; see how they begin to open their mouths and laugh at me—they an't worth nothin."

"This man don't LIE," says the man with a ragged coat, "I know him like a book. It's all up—we're bamboozled all to tarnation."

And then such a rubbing out of figures as was going on. Every fellow off hat and went at it. Well, what was to be done? Every man looked as if the business warnt respectable, and them who warnt ashamed to be seen in the oyster business sold there own, whilst othere who consider no business respectable that ain't profitable, got some one to sell for them, pocketed the loss, and put for home. Thus termin ated the oyster fever.—*Balt. American.*

## THE HARDEST YET.

There is an attorney practising in our Courts, who attained great notoriety among numerous other things for bullying witnesses on the opposing sides of cases when he is concerned As it would not be polite to give the full name right out to the crowd, we will merely call him Wyke for short.

There was a horse case—a very common case upon our magistrate's docket, trying before Esq. Spel Baker one day in which Wyke happened to be ness? the horse A slow and easy witness had been called to stand by the Plaintiff, who in a plain, straight forward manner, made the other side of the case look rather blue

The Plaintiff's Attorney being thro' Wyke commenced a regular *cross* examination which was cut short in the following manner:

"Well, what do *you* know about a horse. You a horse doctor,"

said the *barbarian* in his peculiar contemptuous and overbearing manner.

"No, I don't pretend to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal about the natur of the beast."

"That means to say you know a horse from a jackass, when you see them?" Said Wyke in the same style—looking knowingly at the Court, and glancing triumphly around the crowd of spectators, with a telegrapic expression which said: Now I've got him on the hip.

The intended victim, gazing intenily at his legal tormenter, drawled out—

"Oh, ye-as—jes so—*I'd never take you for a horse!*"

The Supreme Court of the United States could not have preserved its gravity through the scene that followed. The lick back a regular *stam fede*, and the bushels of suspender buttons that struck the ceiling above, brought a regular shower of plaster upon the heads below. Everybody was convinced, that whatever the sttorney might be, the witness was a *hoss!*

## A GOOD JOKE.

"Who's brush are you cleaning your teeth with?" asked a queer one," of a lad in a store the other day.

"It's yours, I expect," said the boy, sheepishly, "but I shan't hurt it."

"Well be sure you put it back where you got it, for I cleaned my toe-nails with it yesterday, and I want to keep it for that use hereafter."

## A FEMALE OF SPIRIT.

A young man from a town in the Northeastern section of the state became afflicted with the prevailing mania, and took passage for California in a brig now fitting out from this port. His young wife, on hearing of his determination, immediately declared that she would accompany him and share his fortune be it good or evil. Expostulation was useless, and as a last resource the husband determined to take her to Boston, show her the limited accommodations on ship-board, and explain to her the various inconveniences she would be obliged to endure. She was accordingly taking on board the vessel, and duly escorted through every part. The lady was perfectly delighted with everything about the vessel, and declared, with true woman's spirit, that if the voyage was perilous her husband should not undertake it without a friend and companion to share his dangers and soften his discomforts. The husband finally decided to yield the point, and engaged a passage for his wife. The agents of the vessel are doing everything which lies in their power to make her situation as comfortable as possible during the long passage.—*Boston Journal.*

## ALL THE SAME.

When the celebrated enginer Brunel, who accomplished the desperate experiment of tunnelling the Thames River, was brought before a Committee of the British Parliament, he was asked if a speed of eighty miles per hour on a certain Railroad would be much more dangerous to the traveller upon it than a speed of forty,

"It would be just the same," said he.

"And a speed of ninety?"

"Just the same."

"And a speed of one hundred?"

"Just the same! For," added he, "if the cars should run off the track at the rate of forty miles per hour the passengers would all go to ruin—and at one hundred miles per hour, they could not conveniently go any further."

FATAL PRAYERS.—There used to be a judge upon the bench of a court, in a neighboring state, whose, fate was the passing on severe sentences upon all poor wreiches that came up to be despatched by him. In the course of his official duties, he had passed sentence of death upon some dozen or two malefactors. A cutthroat genius was up one day to be sentenced, and says the judge as is customary in such cases, winding up the sentence:—"And may the Lord have mercy upon your poor souls." "Amen," says the goner! "Amen, judge! and may the Lord curse or mend your old soul, for I never new any body to live long, after you had prayed for them."—*Boston Aurora Borealis.*

A man of character was recently taken sick with the small-pox, in Philadelphia.—He sent for a clergyman, who declined coming, and the second application was equally fruitless. The third pastor invited went cheerfully, continuing to call and comfort the patient with his presence and instruction until he was restored. This faithful man of God, a few days since, received a silver pitcher, and the inscription told from whom it came, and why it was presented, as a token of personal gratitude. He was surprised at it, especially as he remarked, he had done *nothing but his duty.*

THE WAY THEY MAKE DOCTORS OUT WEST.—An Ohio M. D., lately wrote home this amusing episode:

"Dear daddy I concluded I'd cum down and git grinded into a doctur. I hardly don't think I was in more than 8 ours, afore I cum out as slick a one as ever was seen:

"Hale columby happy land.
If I aint a doctor I'll be hang'd!
I pukes, I purges and I swets em,
Then, if they di, wi—then I lets em.

I gets plenty custom, cause they says they dize eezy. When you write, don't forget to put doctur afore my name."

☞A GOOD REPLY.—A witty lawyer, once recorder of the third municipality, jocosely asked a boarding house keeper, in Recorder Baldwin's court, the following question.—We think the reply was good.—"Mr ——, if a man gives you $500 to keep for him, and dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?"

"No, sir," replied Mr.——, "I'll pray for another like him."

☞A duelist, who had fancied himself insulted by a Yankee who had won the affections of his lady-love, left the room with the ominous words—

"You will hear from me, sir!"

"Well, do so!" replied the Yankee, "glad on't; write once in a while, I shall be glad to hear from you as often as you have a mind to let us know how you get along."

Boy.—A-x e—axe.

Teacher.—What is an axe?

Boy.—An instrument for cutting

Teacher.—How many kinds of axes are there?

Boy.—Broad axe, narrow axe post axe, and—and axe of the legislature and axe of the apostles.

Teacher.—Go up head, boy.

TO TAKE FRESH PAINT OUT OF A COAT.—Take immediately a bit of cloth and rub the wrong side of it on the paint-spot. If no other cloth is convenient, part of the inside of the coat-skirt will do. This simple application will generally remove the paint when quite fresh.

What sort of an economist is a man who chews ten dollars woth of tobacco in a year stops his newspaper because he cannot afford to pay for it,