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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid.

WILLIAM FROST'S
NEW YORK HAT, CAPS, AND FUR STORE,
No. 83 Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

JUST opened at the above store, the cheapest and best assortment of goods in the city; consisting in part of
GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONABLE AND PLAIN HATS.
(a complete assortment.) Men's, Boys, and Children's Cloth, Velvet, Glazed, and Fur Caps, (every style.)
LADIES MUFFS, VICTONNES, TIPPETS &c
Silk, Gingham, and Cotton Umbrellas—Carpet Bags, &c. in great variaty. All of which will be sold at New York prices. We are constantly receiving in the *l test* style of these goods, manufactured in New York expressly for us country merchants are invited to give us a call at *No.* 83 *Baltimore Street, nearly opposite Hanover*
December 9, '48. 3m.

MY FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

That I still continue to manufacture Hat and Caps, in every variety my old at stand, where I shall be pl ased to have a call from my country friends, as I am determined to sell at such prices as cannot fail to please. SILK HATS from $2.50 to $4, which I can warrant to look handsome and wear better than any offered in this city. FUR HATS from $1.50 to $4. I have on hand a Fur Hat at $2.50 which I can safely recommend to be superior to any other offered in this market at the price. Also on hand a large assortment of Cloth, Wool and Silk Plush, Fur and Glazed caps, which I am determined to sell so as to give entire satisfaction and will certainly make it to your advantage to give me a call at No. 188 Pratt Street, North side between Hanover and Charles Streets.

H. N. HURTT.

Practical and Fashionable Hat and Cap, Manufacturer.

REMOVAL
LABORATORY OF THOMSONIAN BOTANIC MEDICINES.

EPH'M. 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.

JOHN M. OHEM & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
And Wholesale Dealers in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Tailor's
TRIMMINGS.
No. 230 *Market street, N. W. Corner of Charles, Baltimore.*
A large assortment of Ready Made Clothing, of superior quality.
☞*ONE PRICE ONLY.*☜
April 1—1y.

Lime for Sale.

THE subscribers are prepared to make contracts for New York or Schuylkill Lumes, on accommodating terms and in quantities to suit purchasers, Also all kinds of produce purchased at the highest cash prices.

THOS. B. ARMSTRONG,
Georgetown X Roads,
Kent county, Md.
Dec. 16, '48.

POETRY.

I WON HER HEART IN AUTUMN.

BY J. Q. A. WOOD.

I won her heart in Autumn,
That brings the golden dawn,
When crimson'd were the forest leaves
The honey suckle gone;
But she is not what she has been
To me in moments past,
The silver chord is broken,
And golden bowl at last.

She was a fairy creature,
With eyes of heaven's blue,
And locks that o'er her shoulders fell,
And heart that promised true;
But mammon woo'd with coffers bright,
And hollow words of pride—
Why should she with such beauty
Become a poor man's bride?

He had a dappled courser
With proudly arching mane,
It should be hers, and she should guide
It with a silken rein;
While in the light her spotless brow
With costly gems should burn,
And at her gate the menial,
Should wait for her return.

The harp, the flute, the viol,
Should to her halls belong,
And voices from beyond the sea
Should mingle there in song—
She listened, and her woman's heart
Could keen fis trust no more,
She could not wed a poor man,
'Twas vulger to be poor!

The leaves again are crimson,
The honey-suckle gone,
And she so loved, and lost, is by
Her dappled coursers drawn;
Yet on her cheek the faded rose
A tale has meekly told.
How that her heart is breaking
Beneath its silent fold.

And is it thus with woman?
Is human love so naught
That it may ever, ever be
With golden bubbles bought!
Thea what are life's young visions worth·
Their pure unearthly bliss.
If all that they have promised
May fade away to this?

POPULAR TALES

GOSSIPING NEIGHBORS:

OR,

A MONSTER UNVEILED.

"Poor thing," I do feel for her.—Though she is a person I never saw, yet here seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but"—

Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning for she often steals out then when the wretch, I suppose is in bed."

"But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?"

"Well I don't know; the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses could have married a man with his habits, if she had known of them beforehand. There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about woman, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch, I have no patience with him!"

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean windowed, gauze curtained houses, which form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one the mistress of the said nice looking cottage villa, and the other, her guest, a country matron, who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commisseration of both was the occupant of a larger and handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

The following morning Mrs. Braybrooke and her guest Mrs. Clayton were at the window of her parlor, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Williams, when the door quietly opened and was as quietly closed again by the lady herself.

"There she it poor soul," cried Mrs. Braybrooke, "only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her.—She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she may make even in the street may wake the fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation."

Mrs. Clayton, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes as far as the street allowed his quiet looking, broken-spirited wife, investigating the whole figure, from the neatly trimmed straw bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; then fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said, "And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day?—It is a thing I cannot comprehend; for were Clayton to act in such a way, I am sure I could'nt endure it a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered Mrs. Braybrook, "but I tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself—for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight thro' her house from front to back. About this time she often comes out, I suppose, to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or perhaps to call on her trades people, and you will see her by and by return, looking up, as she approaches, to the bed-room; and if the blind be drawn up, she rushes in thinki g, I dare say, to herself, "how angry he will be if he comes down and finds that I am not there to give him his breakfast!" Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—at one—at two, and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner."

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh, his dinner; I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers—poor woman! He dines, I suppose, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home."

"And when does he come home then generally?"

"At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four and five in the morning. Indeed our milkman told Susan that he has seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast"

"I wonder if she waits up for him?"

"Oh no, for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed; and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary thing I don't know, indeed that I ever was so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature."

"Dear, dear! it is terrible!" sighed the sympathysing Mrs Clayton, "But does any one visit them? Have thy friends, do you think?

"I don't think he can have many friends the breathless fellow; but there are a great many people calling, slyish people too—in carriages; and there is he the wretch, often with his hall slipt look, smiling and handing the ladies on, as if he were the most exemplary husband to the world."

"Has she children? I hope she has as they would console her in his long absence."

"No, even that comfort is denied her; she has no one to cheer her, her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh I should like to know her; and yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband; Braybrooke you know wouldn't know such a man."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy; let us go out. You know I have much to see, many people to call upon; and here we are losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal."

The ladies, of course set out; saw all the lovers of bonnets in Regent-street; all the sacrifices that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford street; bought a great many things for less than half the original cost; made calls; laughed and chatted away a pleasant exciting day for the country lady, who happily for herself forgot in the bustle the drooping, crest fallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in——— Road.

The next day a lady a friend of Mrs. Clayton who had been out when she had left her card the day before called and after chattering for some time turned to Mr. Braybrooke and complimenting her on the situation of the house; I find she said you are a near neighbor of a dear friend of mine Mrs. Williams.

"Mrs. Williams exclaimed both her hearers pale with excitement and curiosty, "Mrs. Williams! Oh how very singular that you should know her, poor miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about.

"Poor—miserable! What can you mean? You mistake *my* Mrs. Williams is the happiest little woman in London!

"Oh it cannot be the same," said Mrs. Braybrooke. I mean our opposite neighbor in Hawthorn Villa; I thought it could not be"——

"Hawthorn Villa!—the very house.—You surely cannot have seen her, or her husband who"——

"Oh the dreadful wretched gambling fellow! interrupted Mrs. Braybrooke, would'nt know such a man"——

"He! in her turn interrupted her friend Mrs. Eccleshall. He a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Eccleshall, how can say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighborhood; a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours; whose only ostensible means of living is gambling or something equally disreputable; who"——

"You have been most grievously misled again interposed Mrs. Eccleshall. "Who can have so grosely slandered my excellent friend Williams? He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow. That may safely be called his misfortune, but not his fault; and the good lady warmed as she spoke, till she had to untie her bonnet and fan her glowing cheek with her handkerchief.

"His misfortune!" murmured Mrs. Braybrooke. "How can that be called a misfortune which a man can help every day he pleases?"

"But he cannot help it, poor soul. He would be too happy to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over."

"Then what in heaven's name is his business?"

"Why, don't you know? He's the *Editor of a Morning Newspaper.—Chamber's Edinburgh Journal!*

FAMILY SECRETS.

In Coles county, there lived a men named Isaec Dodson, aad his wife, who were both firm believers in the prophecy of Father Miller; and not doubting for a moment the correctness of the prophets calculations they set about making active preparations for the eventful day, that was to terminate the existence of all sublunary things.

After having 'set their house in order,' the following conversation took place:

Husband—My dear wife, I believe I have made every preparation for *to-morrow*. I have forgiven all my enemies, and prayed for the forgiveness of all my sins, and I feel perfectly calm and resigned.

Wife—Well, husband, I believe I am ready for *the sound of the trumpet.*

Husband I'm rejoiced to hear it. But my dear wife, I have no doubt there are many little *domestic secrets* which we have kept hidden from each other, which, had they been known at the time of their occurience, might have produced unpleasant feelings, but as we have but one day more to live, let us unbosom ourselves freely to each other.

Wife—Well husband you are right; there are some little things that I never told you and which I intended should remain between me and my God, but as we have but one day left, I reckon it's right to makeke a clean breast to each other, I am ready—you begin husband.

Husband—No, dear you begin!

Wife—no, husband, you begin—I can't.

Husband—No, you know, my love Paul says husbands have the right to command their wives. It is your duty as a Christian woman to obey your husband, and the father of your children. So begin love.

Wife—In the sight of God, I reckon it's right; so I will tell you dear husband, our eldest son, William, *is not your child*

Husband—Great God! Mary! I never dreamed of your being untrue to me! Is that so?

Wife—(in tears)—Yes, God forgive me, it is true. I know that I did very wrong, but am sorry for it, but in an evil hour I fell, and there's no help for it now.

Husband—William *not mine!* In the name of God, *whose child is he?*

Wife—*He's* Mr. Graham's the constable. The Lord be near your poor wife!

Husband—So William ain't my child! Go on.

Wife—Well, our daughter Mary named after me, *ain't yours neither.*

Husband—*Salvation!* Talk on, Mary—come right out. Who's Mary's father?

Wife—Mr. Crider, the man that built the meeting-house, and went to the lower country.

Husband—(resignedly) Well as there is but one day more, I'll bear it, so go out, if you have any thing else.

Wife—Well there's our youngest—

Husband—I suppose Jemmy *ain't mine!*

Wife—No dear husband, Jemmy, that we both love so well, *ain't your'n neither*

Husband—*Merciful Lord!* Is that so? In the name of the Saviour, *who's is he?*

Wife—He is the *one-eyed shoe-maker's*, that lives at the forks of the road.

Husband—Well, by G—d Gabriel, *blow your horn!* I WANT TO GO NOW!

INDEPENDENCE OF PRINCIPLE.

Lord Erskine was distinguished through life for independence of principle, for scrupulous adherence to truth. He once explained the rules of his conduct, which ought to be engraven on every heart,—He said.—"It was the first command and counsel of my earliest youth always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory and I trust the parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I point out the same path to my children for their pursuit.

RATHER SEVERE.—A modern poet thus criticises some church going people:

"Attend your church," the parson cries,
To church each fair one goes;
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

Why is Victoria twice the sailor her uncle William was? Because he was only a royal tar, and she is a royal tar-tar.

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments.

An Affecting Anecdote.

A corporal of the rifle brigade, *for robbing a Spaniard of some bread* was tried by a drum head court-martial, and brought out immediately afterwards for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the unhappy corporal, who till then bore an excellent character, was placed in the centre of the square, close to the triangle, the general said, in a stern voice. "Strip, sir." The corporal never uttered a word til actually tied up, when turning his head round so far as his humiliating position enabled him, he said, in a firm and respectful voice, "General Crawford, spare me." The general replied, "It cannot be; your crime is too great." The unhappy man, who was thus sentenced to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, *and to receive two hundred lashes*, then added, "Oh, general! do you reccollect when we were both taken prisoners in Buenos Ayres?—We were confined with others in a sort of pound. You sat on my knapsack, fatigued and hungry. I shared my last biscuit with you—on that occasion you shook me by the hand, swearing never to forget my kindness—it is now in your power. You know that when I committed the act for which I am now so humiliating a spectacle to my comrades, we had been short of rations for some time." Not only the general, but the whole square, was affected by this address. The bugler, who stood behind the corporal, then on a nod, from the bugle-major, inflicted the first lash, which drew blood from as brave a fellow as ever carried a musket. The general started, and turned hastily around, said, "Who ornered that bugler to dog? Send him to drill! send him to drill! take him down! take him down! I remember it well!" all the time pacing up and down the square wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide emotions which were visible to the whole square. After recovering his noble feeling, the gallant general uttered with a broken accent, "Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?"—Then becoming to his orderly for his horse he mounted and galoped off. In a few days the corporal was restored to his rank, and I saw him a year afterwards a respected sarjent. Had the poor fellow's sentence been carried out, a valuable soldier would have been lost to the service, and a good man converted into a worthless one.

THRILLING ANECDOTE.

HON. ANDREW H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the ben fit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following thrilling anecdote:—A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect and direct him in his wanderings, reached, at nightfall the house of a wealthy planter, who took him in, fed lodged and sent him on his way with his blessing. Those little kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the ills and obstacles of life. Years rolled around: Providence led him along; he had reached the legal profession; his hospitable host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get away from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him; and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her and her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious grattude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity, and," Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, "*that orphan boy stands before you!*"

RECIPE FOR MAKING GOOD BREAD,

James Roche, long celebrated in in Baltimore, as a baker of excellent bread, has retired from business, has furnished the Baltimore American with the following recipe for making good bread, with a request that it should be published for the information of the public:

"Take an earthen vessel, larger at the top than at the bottom, and put in it one pint of milk-warm water, one and a half pounds of flour, and a half pint of malt yeast; mix them well together, and set it away, (in winter it should be in a warm place,) until it rises and falls again, which will be in from three to five hours, (it may be set at night, if it be wanted in the morning,) then put two large spoonfuls of salt into two quarts of water, and mix it well with the above rising; and put into it nine pounds of flour, and work your dough well and set it by until it becomes light. Then make it out in loaves. The above will make four loaves.

"Some flour is dry and others runny, but the above quantity, however, will be a guide. The person making bread will remember that runny and new flour will require one-fourth more salt than old and dry flower. The water, also, should be tempered according to the weather; in the spring and fall it shou'd only be milk warm; in hot weather cold; and in winter, warm."

PETITIONS OF STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

We have received a memorial addressed to our State Legislature, says the Boston Transcript, from females and others praying for certain modifications of the existing law of divorce. The tone and temper of the petition are rather extraordinary; and the style is more remarkable for masculine force than for feminine elegance and grace. If a woman penned it she must be "a Tartar." We subjoin a few extracts:

"With all due deference, we would ask where, from what source, in what enlightened age and nation, did the men originally obtain the exclusive right, to monopolize the privilige of legislation for females, and of compelling them to submit to their laws, however unequal and objectionable they might be? Echo answers where?—The Bible, it is said, gives them the right, because it says, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands in the Lord."—How a wife can submit herself 'in the Lord,' to a man who is 'dead drunk' one half of the time, and a fool the other half, in consequence; from whom she receives a scanty subsistence, of the meanest description, is more than woman's wit can devise."

"We have ever been viewed, in a political sense, as an inferior order of beings, 'totally incompetent of self government, as the vassals, rather than the companions, of men, solely dependent upon them for protection, who have thus far condescended to rule over us, without ever consulting our pleasure or our judgement. Thus have we been led, muzzled and blindfolded, from age to age, from the cradle to the grave."

"Award to us our proper station in society; abolish all unjust laws in regard to us; and with the light of the Bible, and our own sense of justice, we will protect and defend ourselves and each other, with the aid of an enlightened community, which to their immortal honor be it said, is far in advance of the musty laws that have long disgraced our statute books."

"Should we, by the legislative enactments, receive no redress, upon our own strength, then, must we stand or fall; there being but one alternative left. Better that this earth be depopulated, than that the iniquities of the present and the past be visited upon future generations as they are, and ever have been, us and our ancestors, from time immemorial. Let the elements reunite, and form a better and a nobler race, to whom war, famine, slavery, and inequality shall be unknown."

There is a mysterious threat in this last paragraph, which ought to excite the attention and alarm the old batchelors in the land. What do the fair petitioners mean? What is that "one alternative," to which they alluded? What would they be at? The Legislature should look into the matter at once. There may be conspiracies and combinating a-foot, which the "lords of creation" little dream Let a committee of inquiry and of vigilance be raised at once.

TROUBLE IN A BALTIMORE CALIFORNIA PARTY.

The schooner Soverign, Captain Peterson, which sailed from this port for Vera Cruz early in February, with a number of California emigrants, recently put into Chagres, where her passengers landed.—It appears the cause of the alteration in her destination originated in some difficulty at sea, between those on board, in which the captain was concerned. Capt. Tilghman, writing from Chagres to the Patriot thus speaks of the conduct of the Captain in that harbor.

On arriving off the harbor, no effort was made to obtain a Pilot; the Captain run his vessel across the Bar, and made no attempt to beach, where a clear harbor was before him; on rounding the point of Lorensore Castle a back flaw struck him, and defeated his infernal purpose; some one prevented him at that moment from making another effort, and whilst heading out again the steamer Orus got hold of him, and towed the schooner into the harbor, here again the Captain made another effort and run his vessel into the bank of that river opposite Gergona.

Immediately he proposed to abandon her, though the vessel was as safe as if tied to a wharf. The passengers and Captain engaged canoes, to transport them to Geougona, the Captain took out of her all her provisions, instruments, awnings, &c. &c., and then tried to sell her for seven thousand dollars, to Senor Rames, of Chagres, in this he failed. He then sold ten thousand feet of lumber for 100 dollars, and asked a Yankee Captain if he would send the schooner home to New England. The whole party then started for California, and are now in Panama. This whole affair argues badly for our Baltimore friends. These facts are given just as I got them from a number of highly respectable Captains, and from Senor Ramos himself.

AWFUL PAUSE.—After the clergyman had united a happy pair, an awful silence ensued which which was broken by an impatient youth, exclaiming. "Don't be unspeakably happy!"

GOING OFF.—It is popular delusion to believe that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.