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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors 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.

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July 20, 1850.

REMOVAL.

BOSTON & PRICE would respectfully inform their friends, customers and the public generally, that they have removed their Hat, Cap and Fancy Fur Store, to No 129, Baltimore street, between South and Calvert streets, opposite the office of the Clipper, where they have fitted up a Store in a neat and fashionable style, and are now opening a superior assortment of Goods in their line, suitable for spring and summer wear, which they will sell as low or lower than the same goods can be purchased in this or any other market.

They would solicit a continuance of that liberal patronage which they have so long enjoyed for their friends of Kent county.

Baltimore, June 15, 1850.



Poetry.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

OCTOBER.

BY J. R. BARRICK.

The mild October month is come
In all her pomp again;
I trace her in the varied tints
Of forest, field, and plain;
I hear her sad and solemn winds
Sigh thro' the leafy trees,
I hear the dirge of summer flowers
Borne on the passing breeze.

Month of my heart! I ever love
In thy domains to be;
I love thy blue and sunny skies—
Thy quiet days to see;
Now gladly from the crowd I turn
My course to wood and wild,
To breathe the life of autumn air,
As when a sinless child.

The woods are clothed in crimson hue,
The fields in auburn dye;
I gaze out on the wide earth round,
And on the boundless sky
My heart is filled with a sweet thought
Of beauty and of love,
While peace seems brooding o'er each scene,
Around me and above.

The beautiful of earth must fade—
They blossom but to die.
And in the cold and silent ground
Must man forgotten lie—
Yet in the dying leaves and flowers
A lesson we may learn,
And by its moral teach our hearts
No more on earth to yearn.

Each falling leaf but tells me of
Some fading hope of earth,
Each flower that, wasting, fading lies,
Points backward to its birth;
Tells how, in spring's e ystan clime,
It lived on balmy dew,
And how, thro' summer's sun and rain,
Its tender blossoms grew.

And as I mark its transient course
From earth to earth again—
How in the summer days it lived,
How died in autumn's reign—
I think of life—its changing day,
Of sunshine and of gloom,
How soon earth's proudest, noblest forms
Sink in the silent tomb.

TEA-DRINKING.

Off in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I see, by candle-light,
The tea-things all around me,
The plates, the bakes,
The tarts and cakes,
The sets of cups unbroken,
The waxen light,
The spoons so bright,
The jests, as yet unspoken.

Then in the merry light,
I draw my wrapper round me,
And sip my Pekin tea at night.
While wife and bones surround me.
This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love.

Popular Tales.

"Dodging" the Gamblers,

OR

THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THE TICKET.

[O. E. Dodge, the violinist, who paid $625 for the first choice of a seat at Jenny Lind's Boston concert, appears to be a man of infinite wit; and the New York Spirit of the Times tells a laughable story of his taking in three Mississippi gamblers, some years ago. Dodge came aboard the boat, pretending to be a half witted Yankee rustic, whereupon the confederates resolved to fleece him; and accordingly, after some circumlocution, they induced him to play at a game called "Changing Jack." The Spirit of the Times thus gives the denouement, which is all for which we have room.—*Eds. Neal's Gazette.*

"I say, *yeou!* look yere," says Dodge, moving slowly and sideways up to the table, "I say yeou, I don't know nothing about keerds, I'm willing to risk a heap of money on that 'ere game."

"Very well—I'm with you, stranger!" exclaimed Strong, snapping his fingers; "ther's plenty more money where this came from, and I'm willing to risk all I've got in the world, that I can, by repeating a few short sentences in swine Latin, change the Jack of Spades while under your hand, into the Jack of Clubs, and that you can't tell by the sense of feeling, when the Spade takes it departure!"

"Look a' here, old flax head!" exclaimed Brown, another of the confederates, swelling out his large form to its fullest dimensions, and bristling up to Dodge as if for fight, "Look a' here, Mr. Philgarlic, you are interfering in other people's business! I have set to that man's pile myself, and I don't want no man to interfere."

"I ax your pardon, if I intrude," says Dodge.

"Very well; you may jest be *once!*" says Brown, looking at Dodge very closely, "for I see you are not a sporting man. You may bet once, if you wish; mind, only *once I* as its my game; but hereafter, as a general thing, you, had better not interfere with strangers' game, for you might get into a muss!"

While Dodge's attention was thus drawn off by the perspective fight, Strong cut the Jack of Spades directly through the centre with his jack-knife—had the legs, and placed the head part evenly over the head of the Jack of Clubs, crossing his thumb over the cut edge, so, to all appearances, the legs of the Jack of Clubs belonged to the head of the Jack of Spades.

"You see that is the Jack of Spades," said he, turning to Dodge.

"Is that air spot genewine?" says Dodge, wetting his finger and touching the spade at the head of the Jack

"You find it so, don't you?" pressing it close with his thumb to prevent its moving.

"Wal, yeas, it 'pears to be—so now go on with the *show*, for I want tew make some money allfired bad!" says Dodge, taking hold with both hands of what appeared to be the leg of the Jack of Spades.

"Very well, then, says Strong, turning the pack over—"now pull the card, and keep it bottom side upward."

Dodge pulled the apparent Jack of Spades out on the table, holding his left hand over it, while with the right he took off his ball-crowned hat, and sweeping the card off between the palm of both hands, had the appearance of placing the drawn card into the top of the old beaver, but, in fact, only into the folds of the old bandana, upon which he placed his doubled fist, remarking at the time—

"By ginger! ef yeou kin git that air Jack o' Spades eout of that air hat by way of yeour Latin, I hope I may be stuffed to death with biled unyuns!"

While the party were in the highest state of frolic and excitement over the verdancy of the victim, Dodge took from his pocket, a jack-knife, and, openening it with his teeth, held it over his hat, and taking out the bandana, which held the card he had drawn from the pack, he jabbed the blade of the knife clear through the other card, hat, and into the table, exclaiming—

"Dang my buttons, ef I keer for the hat—I'll jab her anyhow! cause, if I make a hull lot of money I kin buy a new hat, can't I."

While Dodge was holding on to the knife, and looking as if he expected every minute that the hat would take wings, the trio could hardly keep in, but it was too good to spoil, so they only winked to one another, as much as to say—

"A sure thing of it! Got him on the dead!! What an excellent thing to tell!!!"

The crowd, *smoking* something extraordinarily rich, gathered around the party, and revealed by their anxious faces, that every one aboard had now become deeply interested in the result of the professional skinning.

"Now, then," says Strong, looking the victim sharply in the eyes, and holding up his right arm, while he repeated in slow and measured tones, as solemn as the High Sheriff at a public execution—"now then, my friend, prepare for the miracle:

"Now look out for tricks that's strange—
Hocus—pokus—presto, change!"

"I'll be ker-walloped to death with cabbages, old feller! if that air keerd is changed anyhow!"

"I'll go a thousand dollars that it *did!*" says Strong—"and that the card that your knife is now sticking through, is the Jack of Clubs!"

"Wal, I comed eout West here for to buy a considerable of a farm, and ef I kin make a thousand dollars in one pile, I 'spose I mought as well dew it; but mind, neow I don't call it bettin', for that would be wicked, and I only take this 'ere thousand dollars for a benevolent purpose, but as fa-ther used to say—"in for a pence, in for a pound"—so here goes."

Suiting the action of his words, Dodge deliberately drew from an inside vest pocket, an old greasy wallet, and taking therefrom ten one hundred dollar bills, on a Philadelphia bank, held them in his hand, and exclaimed—

"Well, neow, yeou feller! ef yeour determined to throw away yeour money where yeou don't stand no chance a winnin', why jest pull eout yeour dough!"

Dodge had meanwhile been gazing intently in the hat, and a person not acquainted with the peculiar twinkle of his large eyes, would have sworn that he had seen nothing else for the last five minutes.

"Cap'n, I want you to hold these 'ere thousand dollars, and as a man of honor, in the presence of these 'ere passengers, see that fair play is did tew a stranger."

"I would rather have nothing to do with the affair," replied the Captain—"but, if you wish for me to hold the stakes, I will do so, and call upon my passengers to see that everything is honorable."

Well, Captain," exclaimed Strong, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all present, "there's a thousand dollars in current bills and gold to cover the Yankee's pile."

See that it's genewine, Captain, and no genouging."

"All right," replied the Captain, "and now, gentlemen, please inform me, loud enough for all to hear, the precise character, of the bet."

"Well, that air chap there, what's got red whiskers and big watch chain, and my own self, what don't want to hev it called bettin', puts up in yeour hand, one thousand dollars each, and ef that air keerd in that air hat, with that air knife jabbed through it, is the Jack of spades, the hull tew thousand dollars is mine, but if that air keerd, in that air hat, with that air knife jabbed through it, is the Jack of Clubs, then the tew thousand dollars is his—aint that right, yeou feller?"

"That is perfectly right, gentlemen," replied Strong, drawing his hand across his mouth to hide a laugh, and edging around sideways, for he could hardly keep in.—"Yes, Captain, the Yankee's statement is correct"

The idea of a verdant nutmeg Yankee putting up a thousand dollars on the cut throat game of "Changing Jack," was so extremely ludicrous that the crowd could only by the greatest exertions, refrain from yelling.

Strong and Brown very slyly performed a few mysterious gyrations with the fingers, such as imitating the cutting of the throat a rope around the neck, and a dive into the river, three very common ways of committing suicide, and too often adopted by young adventures from the North and East, who blindly stake their all after falling into the hands of these Western river chaps.

Smiling at the earnestness and unbounded confidence of the heartless cut-thoats, whose slightest movement had not escaped his eagle eye Dodge merely remarked—"Let them laff that wins; there's tew sides to all jokes; tew sides to this keered, and tew sides tew all of your mouths tew laff eout of, so here she comes."

Drawing out the knife and turning over the card, to the astonishment of the entire crowd it was the Jack of Spades!

As the Captain passed the money over to Dodge, the lower jaws of the disappointed sharpers fell about a feet, and almost simultaneously exclaimed—

"Jewed!"

"Yankee'd!"

"Bit!"

The crowd, who were bound to have a good time any way, and more especially now that the joke was so much richer than was expected, were in a collapsed state—they yelled, cheered, and shouted until the cabin fairly shook again.

HOW TO GAIN A VOTE.

In a neighboring State, there is a county, which has always been divided between family parties, and elections are nowhere more hotly contested. In former years the two parties were severally headed by Major D. and old Squire John A., and every returning election for members of the Legislature witnessed a conflict between them, in which each found the other "worthy of his steel." Year after year the contest was kept up, and neither gained any material advantage. The majority for neither ever exceeded *ten votes*.

About the year 182-, the excitement was at the highest, and it was expected that the race would be even closer than usual. But as the canvass progressed, the Major exhibited an elation of spirits, and old John a corresponding depression, which equally, though differently, affected the friends of both. One day, about a week before the election, the Squire and one of his warmest friends, whom we will call Jones, were at the house of the former, examining the calculations he had made, according to which the Major would be elected by *one vote*. There was however, one man counted among the Major's friends who was considdered a little doubtful. To secure his vote would be to change the election, and while they were endeavoring to devise some scheme by which this could be effected, old John happened to look out and saw the man himself, whom we will call Long, not far off, approaching the house. A bright thought seemed suddenly to strike him.

"I've got it, Jones, but haven't time to explain; pick a quarrel with Long, and don't take offense at anything I do."

Jones believed implicitly in old John, and nodded, wondering what was it to be done for.

By this time Long came up, and was cordially welcomed. Pretty soon old John had occasion to leave for some purpose, and returning in about ten minutes found his visitors engaged in a hot dispute about the election. Long made some attempt to change the subject, but Jones would not permit it, and began to use rough language. Here old John interfered, and expressed surprise at the conduct of Jones. A temporary cessation followed, and the dispute was renewed with greater violence on the part of Jones. Jones had taken *his cue*. Again old John interposed and threatened to drive Jones out of the house if he persisted: The calm was this time of still shorter duration, and the dispute was again renewed. Old John rose from his seat, and marching up to Jones, seized him by the collar. Jones made a sham of resistance, but suffered himself to be led to the door and summarily ejected. Halting when he reached the gate, he turned his wrath upon old John, swearing that he had always supported him, but that he had now been imposed on for a man that had always been against him, and "*he'd never get his vote again!*"

As soon as Jones left, old John turned to Long, and seemed much affected.

"I have lost one of my best friends, Mr Long, but—"

Long eagerly interupted him:

"No, Squire, if you've lost one you've gained another. *I'm going to vote for you!*"

A glass of good old Nash soon followed and that year old John *was elected by one vote!*

Jones and old John kept dark till the election was over, but after that they had many a hearty laugh over the scene we have described above.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

YANKEE DOODLE WITH VARIATIONS.

We have a young lady acquaintance who is a very fine performer on the piano.—Calling at her house the other afternoon for a few minutes, she entertained us with a few favorite pieces, together with two or three of the most admired songs of the day. Now our friend's house is in rather close proximity to the street, and parlor is not proof to the rude gaze of passers by, or of those who are so rude as to take advantage of this too common fault of constructing dwellings in cities. While in the midst of her musical efforts, a tall young Kentuckian, who had just made his egress from the "barrens" where he was born and raised, chanced to saunter along the street, charmed with the novel music, but rather uniformed as to the conventional rules of city society, approached the parlor window, and, with eyes dilated, and mouth extended, stood there enraptured while she sang—"Give me a cot in the valley I love."

"Are you fond of music?" inquired the lady who is fond of a bit of sport.

"Well, I am, that very thing," said the blunt Kentuckian.

"Do you play?" asked our friend in a quizzical manner.

"I can play right smart of turns on the fife," said the countryman, "but——— me if ever I saw any body play on a *bureau* before!"

"This is what we call a piano, sir," said the performer; "did you never hear of such an instrument?"

"No sir ee!" said Kentuck, "there's no such critters in our parts as that, but it's mighty nice kind o' music." Can you play Yankee Doodle on the machine?" said he, suddenly and with great earnestness of manner.

The lady answered in the affirmative, and this popular national air with variations, was performed in truly aristocratic stlye. But the uncultivated ear of the rustic could hardly discover, through the "variation," a single strain of his much loved tune, and at the close of the piece, he exclaimed.

"Is that Yankee Doodle?"

"Yes, sir, that is Yankee Doodle with the variations."

"Well!" ejaculated Kentuck, thrusting each hand in his pocket preparatory to a start, "that may do for you city folks, *but give me the naked doodle.*"

And off went.

CHEAP PLEASURES.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy?—Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chesnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in a neighborhood, who is the mother of a half a dozen children; send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost its arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood: assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injures a piece of work; say "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness.

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy; the discontented, cheerful; the afflicted, resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?—*Mass. Spy.*

☞ A young fellow eating some Cheshire cheese full of skippers, on night, at a tavern, exclaimed—

"Now I have done as much as Sampson, for I have slain my thousands and tens of thousands."

"Yes," answered one of the company, "and with the same weapon—the jaw bone of an ass."

MYSTERIES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The Magnetic Telegraph will forever remain a mystery to the great mass of people, and the pardonable ignorance which people display concerning it often gives birth to curious remarks. Not long ago, an old lady entered O'Reilly's office in this city (says the Pittsburgh Journal) and said that she had a message to send to Wheeling. In a few moments her note was deposited in a dumb waiter, and ascended in a mysterious manner through the ceiling.

"Is that going to Wheeling?" inquired the old lady, her eyes bent upon the ceiling.

"I never was there," continued she "but it hardly seems possible that the town lies in that direction. When will I get an answer, Mr. Telegraph?"

"I can scarcely tell ma'am—it may be two or three hours."

The old lady went away, and returned in exactly two hours. Just as she entered, the dumb waitor came down through the ceiling.

"There is your answer, ma'am," said the clerk.

The old lady took the neat yellow envelope in her hand with a mingled smile of gratification and astonishment:

"Now this beats all," exclaimed she, "bless my heart! All the way from Wheeling, and the wafer still wet. That's an awkward looking box, but it can travel like pizen!"

A HOOSIER IN BOSTON.

The editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, writing from Boston, tells the following story:

"Western folks feel in this city as though in a strait waistcoat, for their personal beauty is so hedged in, that freedom of action is gone. Those addicted to smoking especially feel twice the desire to prominade the streets, cigar in mouth, from the bare fact that the enemies of the fragrant weed have forbid its use in the streets of Boston. I heard an excellent anecdote of the adventures of a live Hoosier in this city, which illustrates the municipal regulations of this mummy dissecting city, better than a book. After a few steps a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and informed him that the penalty was two dollars for the offence of smoking.—He promptly pulled out a five dollar bill and received a three in change. Proceeding on his walk, he next met a beggar girl who asked for something to eat. Recollecting that he had the remains of a hunk of gingerbread, the peculiar diet of Hoosierland, in his pocket, he generously proffered it to the mendicant. Again he was tapped on the shoulder by the policeman, and it was against the laws of Boston to give away offal, as it belonged to the city, and requested two dollars for his grave offence. The three dollar bill was drawn out, and when the policemen, tendered one in change, it was refused by the Hoosier with the cool remark. "No, keep it, *I shall want to whistle in a few minutes.*"

THEM'S UM.—"I say, captain," said a little keen eyed man, as he landed from the steamer Potomac at Natchez, "I say, captain, these here ain't all. I have left somethin' on board that's a fact." Them's all the plunder you brought on board, anyhow." Well, see now, I grant it's OK accordin' to list—four boxes, three cheats, two ban' boxes, a portmanty, two hams one part cut, three ropes o' inyans an' a tea-kettle; but you see, captain, I'm dubersome; I feel there's somethin' short. Though I've counted 'em over nine times an' never took my eyes off 'em while on board; there's somethin' not right somehow." "Well stranger, time's up, them's all I know on; so just fetch your wife an' five children out of the cabin, as I'm off." "Them's 'em! darn it, them's em! I know'd I'd forgot somethin'."

PROTECTION OF WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

The following act, passed the last session of the Maryland Legislature, providing for widows and orphans, will be read with interest:

Section 1. Be it enacted by the general Assembly of Maryland, That in all cases hereafter, where letters of administration or testamentary shall issue by any of the orphans courts in this state, and an inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of the person deceased, shall have been returned by the executor or executrix, administrator or administratrix, to the orphans court of the county, city of Baltimore or Howard district, as the case may be, that the widow of such deceased person shall have the right to take to her own use, and the use of her children, such household and kitchen furniture, or other personal property as she may choose, *provided*, the said deceased died seized of no real estate; *provided*, the same shall not exceed in value, according to the inventory and appraisement aforesaid, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars; *and provided further*, that the amount of personal property so selected, to be taken by her shall be deducted from her distributive share of said personal estate.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That if the widow have no children, and the deceased husband's estate is insolvent, then the said widow shall only be allowed to take the amount of seventy-five dollars, under the provision of the first section of this act.

Sec. 3. And be it enacted, That the executor or executrix, administrator or administratrix, of the person so deceased, shall make return in writing, of the article and amount so taken by the widow, together with her receipt for the same, to the orphans court issuing letters testamentary or of administration, upon which return so being made, the court shall allow him or them credit for the same upon their administrator's account.

The desire to be loved is human nature in its purity. It is the first impulse of the opening heart, and it lives and breathes in the bosom of all until the hour of death.