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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JUNE 3, 1848. NO. 6.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

BALTIMORE

Piano Forte Manufactory.

VERY IMPORTANT INVENTION.

IT has long been a question among teachers and amateurs of music, as to the most suitable touch for a Piano Forte. Some at this time contend for a light touch, while others, with equal ability advocate the heavy. This question is now permanently settled. WISE & BROTHER have invented a contrivance by which the same instrument may be instantly set to any required touch, by the turning of a single screw, varying, if necessary, three hundred and sixty-five differences. The advantages of this are evident, both to teachers and amateurs, as lessons may be practiced on the heavy, and exhibited on the lighter touch, to suit exactly any physical capacity which is agreeable to fact and progressive lessons. The contrivance is simple, and may be applied to any common Piano. A patent is about to be taken for the improvement.

J. J. WISE & BROTHER,
March 25. No. 31 Hanover st.

SPLENDID STOCK OF

SPRING GOODS!!!

Hamilton, Easter & Co.,

203 Market street, Baltimore, Maryland,

WOULD invite the attention of Wholesale and Retail purchasers to their splendid stock of spring goods, which will be found much the largest of any establishment in Baltimore. Embracing rich Silks and Ladies' Dress Goods, of every style that is fashionable or desirable.—Pombazines and Family Mourning Goods, Shawls, Mantillas, Visites, &c., in great variety. Table Damasks; Linens; Linen Sheetings and Housekeeping Goods of all kinds. Domestic Cottons and Heavy Goods for servant's use. Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Drillings, &c.

☞ Persons visiting Baltimore will find peculiar advantages in dealing with us as from the great extent and variety of our stock they can generally purchase all that wanted in one place, and having a regular and uniform price (without abatement) advantage can be taken of those not fully acquainted with the value of Goods.—An examination of Goods and PRICES solicited. [March 25—3m.

KEEP COOL! KEEP COOL!!!

BROWNING'S Improved Patent and Ventilated Refrigerators, at greatly Reduced Prices, warranted superior to any now in use for preserving, perfectly cool, sweet and clean, Butter, Meat, Eggs, Fruit, Liquor, &c., during the summer season, and also from Freezing during the winter, any article deposited in it. They also contain a Water Jar and Lead Pipe in the ice chamber, by the arrangement of which perfectly cold water can always be had without additional ice, (of which less is required than *any* other.) Also, Upright Refrigerators.

BUTTER BOXES, in which Butter may be transported with perfect safety by land or water, and my celebrated Non-conductor of heat for cold water, requiring but a piece for 24 hours; as thousands will testify. Thankful for past favors, we hope to merit a continuance. Sold by

R. BROWNING, 13 Commerce st,
April 29—3m. near Pratt st., Balt.

SHEW'S DAGUERREAN ROOMS.

No 117 Balt. st. corner of South.

SHEW would respectfully call the attention of the public to his *not to be excelled* Daguerreotype Miniatures. He recently enlarged his Rooms and refitted them in a style which cannot fail to make them at least comfortable and invite all who may be pleased to call and examine his large collection of unequaled specimens. [March 18—3m.

JOHN M. OREM & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Wholesale Dealers in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Tailor's TRIMMINGS.

200 *Market street, N. W. Corner of Charles, Baltimore.*

An assortment of Ready-Made Clothing of superior quality.

☞ *ONE PRICE ONLY.* ☜
1—1y.

Negroes Wanted!

In exchange for the ready cash, either for negroes in large or small families, for a term of years or for life or for a term of years with the services and none others. I will also give the servants of good characters to remain in the State of Maryland and do not care how strong I am bound that they shall do so, in either event, for which I will give quite as much or little more than any else will do. Persons having negroes to dispose of will do well to communicate with me, and I will go to the country and take them up free of charge to the owners. Liberal commissions and prompt communications promptly attended to.

JOHN N. DENNING,
104 North Exeter street, Balt.
May 27, 1847.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Leach No 54 N. Charles Street, opposite St. Paul's Church, Baltimore.

INSERTS the best Porcelain Teeth in every variety of style and in the most natural, agreeable, and substantial manner for from $1,50 to $3, in each using *only* the very best materials.

Teeth extracted without pain whilst the patient is under the influence of the Letheon, price 50 cents

Every operation warranted to suit the Patient or no pay required.

October 30, 1847. 1y

WANTED.

FROM $1.000 to $2,000 for two years on mortgage at 6 per cent., on *perfectly unencumbered* landed property, situated near the city of Baltimore, and worth fully $10,000.

A very liberal premium will be given for the use of the money. Apply to

FLETCHER & CO.
No. 3 North st. Baltimore.
March 4, '48—tf

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAW GOODS!

THE undersigned respectfully invite the attention of dealers to his assortment of *Braid, Fancy and Straw Bonnets*, which from the facilities he posses of manufacturing, cannot be surpassed.

Bonnets of every kind, of the newest and most fashionable styles, at the lowest prices. Also, MEN'S, BOYS' & INFANTS STRAW HATS AND CAPS.

THOS. WHITE,
Bonnet Manufacturer,
41 S. Second St, above Chesnut, E. Side,
PHILADELPHIA.
March 4, '48.—3 m.

WHOLESALE

Clothing Warehouse,

No. 152½ Market Street,
(Between 4th and 5th,)
PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscriber respectfully solicits the attention of country merchants and dealers generally to an examination of a complete stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Which for extent, variety and workmanship, he flatters himself will give universal satisfaction, while his reduced scale of prices presents to purchasers, inducement which cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the United States.

JACOB REED.
Philadelphia, March 4, '48 —3m

Agents Wanted.

TO canvass for some new and popular works, in every county throughout the United States. To Agents, the most liberal encouragement is offered—with a small capital of from $25 to $400. A chance is offered whereby an Agent can make from $10 to $25 per week.

☞ For further particulars, address [post paid. WM. A. LEARY,
No 258 North second st., Philadelphia.
April 1, 1848—3m.

Philadelphia Golden Saddle!

No. 38 Market street.

SADDLES, Bridles, Martingales, Horse Collars, Blind Bridles, Back Bands, Harness, Trunks, Whips, &c.

Manufactured in large quantities, and sold at the lowest prices.

E. P. MOYER,
Sign of the Golden Saddle, No 38 Market st. Philad. [April 1—6m.

Great National Work.

A History of the Revolution and Lives of the Heroes of the War of Independence,

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON,

An elegant volume with 18 fine Steel Plates, and nearly 200 beautiful Wood Engravings.

"This is a splended book. A valuable addition to the Historic Literature of our country. We are much mistaken if it does not take rank with the works of Irving and Prescott"—*Frankford Herald.*

It surpasses any similar work yet offered to the American public."—*Neal's Gazette.*

"It may be properly considered a popularised Millitary History of the Revolution, extremely well and judicious written."—*N. American.*

"The present work on the Revolution and its Heroes, is superior, both in extent and design to any that has heretofore come under our notice."—*Inq.*

A well connected History of that eventful period.—*Ledger.*

"Decidedly the best popular History of the War of the Revolution and its Heroes, that has yet been given to the country."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

☞ AGENTS WANTED *to Convass for the above elegant work, in every County and Town in the United States.* to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered. Price only $3.

Address (post paid) WM. A. LEARY,
No. 156 North SECOND St.
PHILADELPHIA.
may 20 3w

GLASS and Putty for sale by
WILMER & NICOLS.

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.

POETRY.

POPULAR TOPICS.

Written for the Delaware State Journal,

BY MAY HARKAWAY, L. I. D.

SATAN'S PROGENY.

Well sirs, again my humble strain,
Is wholly at your service:—
Vindictive spleen, though low and mean,
Sometimes, you know, will nerve us!

He is a fool who hopes to rule
The people with his slander,
None else than knaves, or servile slaves,
To such a wretch could pander.

A sly old man marks out some plan
Of mercenary action,
That he may be the deity
Of his rank painim faction!

A man? mistake! it is a snake,
From Eve's first foe descended;
Whose prostrate head with fearful dread,
Feel's God's great curse extended.

His subtle charm can do no harm,
Save puny birds to sicken;
But now and then his wily ken
Draws down a hall starved chicken.

A man indeed! What man could feed
And fatten on detraction?
It is the meat that demons eat,
With greedy satisfaction.

How can we trust a cause that must
Be propped by degradation?
That keeps in view a bantling crew,
Surcharged with defamation?

When leaders sup the envy up,
Found in ambition's chalice;—
When honor sleeps where passion steeps
The poisoned shafts of malice?

I'd rather fall beneath the pall
Of wasting melancholy,
Than live and fight against the right,
Among the knights of folly.

For candid men we've reason's pen,
'Gainst which wrong triumphs never;
But for the snake, a rod we'll take,
And "bruise his head" forever.

A FAIR.

THE Ladies of the Methodist Protestant Church in Kent county, will hold a FAIR on *WEDNESDAY, the 7th of June next*, (if fair, if not on the first fair day thereafter) in the woods commonly commonly called the "Ship Yard," near Hales Corner.

Several commodious tents will be erected and every convenience and comfort prepared. A large and elegant dinner, with all kinds of refreshments, (strictly temperate) will be provided, such as Creams, Jellies, Confectionary, Strawberries, &c. &c. Food for horses will also be furnished.—The accomplished and accommodating Chester Band, are expected to be in attendance, and will give interest and cheerfulness to the the scene. The object of the Fair is to procure funds to liquidate the debt now due upon their Parsonage, in Chester Town, and the Ladies relying upon the known liberality of the citizens of Kent county, extend to to them a cordial invitation, and most respectfully solicit a liberal patronage. Should the encouragement justify it the fair will continue for two days.

THE LADIES OF THE M. P. CHURCH.
Ken county, May 20, 1848.

☞ Centreville papers will please copy till day of fair.

Ploughs, &c.

The subscribers have been appointed agents for the sale of E. Whitmans, Agcultural Implements and have on hand, Prouty & Mears, Centre draft Ploughs—No. 3 and 4 Wiley Ploughs Minor & Horten 2 and 3 furrows ploughs, cultivators, cornshellers, &c. The above will be sold at manufacturers prices for cash.

WILEY & PERKINS.
May 6, 1848.

GAMBLING, IN FOUR SCENES.

SCENE FIRST.

In a general Coffee House, whose humane screen conceals a line of grenadier bottles, and hides respectacle blushes from impertinent ones, there is a quiet little room opening out of the bar, and here sit four jovial youths.—The cards are out, the wines are in. The fourth is a reluctant hand; he does not love the drink nor approve the game. He anticipates and fears the result of both. Why is he here? He is a whold-sould fellow, and is ashamed to seem afraid of any fashionable gaiety. He will sip his wine upon the impunity of a friend newly come to town, and, is too polite to spoil that friends pleasure, by refusing a part in the game. They sit, shuffle, deal; the night wears on, the clock telling no tale of passing hours, the prudent liquor dealer has made it safely dumb.—The night is getting cold; its dark air grows fresher; the east is gray; the gambling and drinking, and hilarious laughter are over, and the youths wending homeward. What says conscience? No matter what it says; they did not hear, and we will not. Whatever was said, it was very shortly answered, thus; "This has not been gambling, all were gentlemen, there was no cheating, simply a convivial evening. No stakes, except the bills incident to the entertainment.—If anybody blames a young man for a little innocent exhilaration on a special occasion, he is a superstitious old bigot, let him crook."—Such a garnished game is made the text to justify the wole round of gambling. Let us then look at—

SCENE SECOND.

In a room so silent that there is no sound except the shrill cock crowing the morning, the forgotten candles burn dimly over the long and lengthening wick, sit four men. Carved marble could not be more motionless save their hands. Pale, watchful, though weary—their eyes pierce the cards, or furtively read each others faces. Hours have passed over them thus. At length they rise without words—some with satisfaction, which only makes their faces brightly haggard, scrape off the piles of money, others dark, sullen, silent, fierce, move slowly away from their lost money. The darkest and fiercest of the four, is that young friend who first sat down to make out a game. He will never sit down so innocently again. What says he to his conscience now? "I have a right to gamble; I have a right to be d—d, too, if I chose; whose business is it?"

SCENE THIRD.

Years have passed on. He has seen youth ruined, at first with expostulation, then with only silent fregret, then consenting to take part of the spoils; he has himself decoyed, duped, and stripped them without mercy. Go with me into that dilap tated house, not far from the landing at New Orleans. Look into that dirty room. Around a broken table, sitting upon boxes, kegs, or rickety chairs see a filthy crew dealing cards soiled with tobacco, grease and liquor. One has a pirate face, burnished and burnt with brandy, a lock of grisly matted hair, half covering his villian eyes, which glare out like a wild beast's from a thicket.—Close by him wheezes a white faced, dropsical wretch, vermin covered and stenchful. A scoundrel Spaniard, and a burly negro, (the heliest of the four,) complete the group.—They have spectators—drunken sailors, and ogling thieving, drinking women, who should have died long ago when all that was womanly died. Here hour draws on hour, sometimes with brutal laughter, sometimes with threat, and oath, and uproar.—The last few stolen dollars lost, and temper too, each charges each with cheating, and high words ensure, and blows, and the whole gang burst out the door, beating, biting, scratching and rolling in the dust. The worst, the most drunken of the four, is our friend who began by making up the game.

SCENE FOURTH.

Upon this bright day, stand with me, if you would be sick of humanity, and look over that multitude of men kindly gathered to see a murderer hung! At length a guarded cart drags on a thrice guarded wretch. At the gallows ladder his courage fails.—His coward feet refuse to ascend; dragged up, he is supported by bustling officials; his brain reels, his eyes swim, while the meek minister utters a final prayer by his leaden ear. The prayer is said, the noose is fixed, the signal is given; a shudder runs through the crowd as he swings free. After a moment, his convulsed limbs stretch down and hang heavily and still; and he who began to gamble to make up a game, and ended with stabbing an enraged victim whom he had fleeced, has payed here his last game—himself the stake!—[*H. W. Beecher.*

☞ One of the best jokes we have ever picked up in our reading says the editor of the "Yankee Blade," was cracked by a country preacher. Holding forth on a very sultry day in a small hall, he was much annoyed by those who kept dropping in after the service had commenced and invariably closing the door after them. He bore the vexation with Job like patience but, at length, being fairly exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, do, for goodness sake let that door be opened. *I believe if I was preaching in a bottle, you would put the cork in!*"

Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW JUNIOR,
Editor of the New York Sunday Mercury.

This is the text from which I shall preach to-day:

I saw a mouse within a trap,
"Poor little thing," said I,
"Oh! why so foolish to go in?
Pray tell me, mousey—why?"

My hearers—mice are foolish little animals; they sacrifice their souls for a crumb of cheese, the same as you do yours for a few lumps of gold. I can cobble up an excuse, however, for the mice; it is absolute hunger that drives them to destruction, but you, wretched misers, jump into a pit of misery for the sake of something that you *want* but don't *need* any more than a white bear needs mittens and an overcoat. Why will you?—Oh! why will you, brethren, for the sake of a shiny dollar, allow yourselver to be entrapped by the arch enemy of mankind, who goes about, according to scripture, "seeking whom he might suck somebody in!" Verily it hath been written of old: "Everybody for himself, and the devil for us all;" but, instead of each one's going for himself, now-a-days, every one seems to go for the devil—which is giving the old fellow rather more popularity than his general character should permit. Now, for my part I despise the devil as I do boiled cabbage at dinner; and, if I ever found occasion to write his name, I should no more think of dignifying it with a big D at the beginning than of putting a little g to God, as was the wont of my departed friend General Jackson, in his epistolary correspondence. I want to have nothing to do with a character sunk so low—down to the bottomless pit; and he seems to have some particular business with you all.

My friends—in every path of life the devil sets his traps; and it is curious to see the funny beast, birds and reptiles, that he catches. Poor pennyless creatures are driven in by necessity, and men of wealth and apparent respectability are caught by their own indiscretion at last. Many a priest has he counted as game; and it is but two or three years since he caught a bishop by the tail, in the state of New York; but as to how he escaped, thereby still hangs a tale—most probably by a compromise. What are the traps? you inquire. Why, my friends, every rum-mill, groggery and tippling-shop (where they don't distil good liquor) is a trap set by the devil to catch those who are guilty of not having over three cents in their pockets for the time being. But if the devil be not a gentleman, according to the established rules of etiquette, I must allow him a certain amount of credit for benevolence; he extends hospitality to all those who have the misfortune to be shut out of heaven, and affords warm if not comfortable apartments to every one that wonders in despair outside the gates of Paradise.

My hearers—far be it from me to advise you to go to the devil in any emergency; but keep clear of him, and avoid his traps. Keep out of Wall street, Church street, and never enter the doors where they retail distilled damnation-liquid hell-fire at three cents ago; and I wouldn't insure your souls, under a very heavy per centage, were I certain that you imbibed alcohol at even a shilling a nip. Now, when I see young men led astray by the arts and enticements of the Old Boy, and mortals matured pawning their souls for a single dollar, I cannot help tossing to them a slice of sympathy, a cold cut of censure, and a modicum of forgiveness, all done up in the same rag. Young men! look out for the traps and snares of the world or you may have a chance to squeal when it is too late for succor. Every pleasure hath its poison, and each sweet a snare, as has been truly remarked by somebody. It was ever thus from childhood's hour'—year, it always has been so since Nature was a little girl and wore pantalettes. And you, ye gray haired worshippers at the shrine of Mammon! if you allow your avaricious propensities to get and keep the better of that divine creature called Conscience, you will worry out the remainder of your days in a cage of misery and torment—in a trap sat by Satan and baited with a sixpence.—Brethren!—one and all—dont be caught with chaff, sawdust, nor gold dust; but pursue the even course of produce and honesty: should you happen to get into the mire of misfortune, Heaven, Hope, Patience and Perseverence will as surely put you upon solid ground again as (by the looks of the weather) it will be a fair day to day. So mote it be!

SHARP.—A little boy, not over ten years of age, was seen the other day cramming his mouth full of "fine cut," when a gentleman standing by, somewhat amused at the spectacle asked him what he chewed tobacco for. "What do I chew tobacco for. "What do I chew tobacco for?" replied the boy; "why, sir, I chew it to get the strength out of it, to be sure, what d'ye think I chew it for?"

A NEGRO passing along the street, was astonished at hearing a voice call out—"How dy'e do Snowball?" and on looking up observed it proceeded from a guilt cage. "Ah, massa Parrott," said blackee, "you very great man here, you live in gold house now but me know your fader very well, he lib in de bush."

SELLING DRY GOODS.

People generally think that it is a very easy matter to stand behind a counter and retail dry goods; but a week's experience in the business would convince the cleverest man that it is much more difficult and laborious than the task of turning a grindstone 12 hours per diem. The officer of salesmen embodies, in its duties, necessity for the shrewdnes of a politician, the persuasion of a lover, the politeness of a Chesterfield, the patience of Job, and the impudence of a pick-pocket. There are salesmen who make it a point never to lose a customer. One of the gentlemen, who is in a store in Chatham street, not long since was called to show a very fastidious and fashionable lady, who "dropped in while going to Stewarts," some rich silk cloaking. Every article of the kind was exposed to her view—the whole store was ransacked—nothing suited. The costly was stigmatized as trash—every thing was common and not fit for a lady. She "guessed she would go to Stewart's." The salesmen pretended to be indignant.

"Madam," said he in a tone of injured innocence, "I have a very beautiful and rare piece of goods—a case of which I divided with Mr. Stewart, who is my brother in-law, but it would be useless to show it to you—It is the only piece left in the city."

"Oh! allow me to see it," she asked, in an anxious tone, and continued, "I had no intention of annoying you, or of disparaging the merits of your wares."

The man, who was now watched in breathless silence by his fellow-clerks, proceeded, as if with much reluctance, and with expressions of fear that it would be injured by getting tumbled, to display an ancient piece of vesting, which had been lying in the store five years, and was considered to be unsaleable. The lady examined and liked it much. That was a piece of goods that was worthy to be worn.—How much was it a yard?

"Twenty-two shillings."

"Oh! that is very high."

"There!" exclaimed he, beginning to fold it up, "I know you would say that."

"Stay! stay! don't be in so great a hurry!" she cried—"I'll give you twenty shillings."

"Madam, you insult me again."

"Cut me off ——yards, and you can make up the deduction on some velvet which I require for rimmings," almost entreated the fair shopper.

The salesman, after much persuasion, sold the lady the vesting, for which they had in vain sought to get five shillings per yard, at the price above indicated.—The profits of the sale, on vesting and velvet, amounted to $33! out of which the clerks were permitted to pay for a supper of oysters. The best of this brief tale of dry goods is to be told. The lady had her cloak made, and one or two of her friends, delighted with it, bought the rest of the velvet at the same price.

There is a moral in this anecdote, which we leave to be discovered by the ingenuity of all our lady readers who occasionally go a shopping.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame, is that with which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility when he is lifted up the instant that his owe lungs, and those of the persons who raise him, are inflated with air. Done in the following manner: The heaviest person in the party lies down in two chairs, his legs being supported by one, and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg and one at each shoulder then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, of the four persons take hold of the body as before, and the person to be raised gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he and the four lifters begin to draw a long breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the persons on the chairs. To his own surprise, and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather.—*Brewester on Natural Mag.*

JO SACABASIN'S RECEIPT.

Jo one of our Penobscot Indians, was not long since sued for the sum of $5 by a white man, before Squire Johnson. On the day of his trial, Jo made his appearance and tendered the requisite amount for debt and cost, and demanded a receipt in full.

"Why Jo, it is not usual—it is entirely unnecessary," said the Squire.

"O yes, me want 'um receipt, sartin."

"I tell you, Jo, a receipt will do you no good."

"Sartin. Squire Johnson, I want 'um."

"What do you want it for, Jo?"

"O, suppose me die and go to Heaven—then suppose they say, "Well, Jo Sacabasin, you owe any now? Then me say no. Very well—did you pay 'um Ben Johnson? O yes, me pay 'um. Well then 'spose show 'um receipt Then me have to go way down—and run all over he—I to hunt 'um up squire Johnson.

FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA. The mahogany and marble steam mill of T. & L. Thompson, in Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire on Friday night with one or two adjoining buildings. Loss $35,000.