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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 3. 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 such low prices as the same goods can be purchased for in this or any other market.

BURGESS, DALE & CO., Manufacturers, Importers and wholesale Dealers in China, Glass and Queensware, Cutlery, Lamps, Plated Goods, Lamps, Bronzes, &c., 147 Baltimore st., 1 door from Calvert.

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.

MOSES LOVEJOY & CO., Dealers in *Hosiery, Gloves, Yarns, Under Shirts Drawers and Trimmings*, No. 123 Baltimore st., between Calvert and South streets.

BOSTON & PRICE.

Manufacturers and Dealers in Furs, *South East corner of Baltimore and South streets*

FASHIONABLE

Clothing Emporium

FOR MEN & BOYS WEAR.

E. JARRETT,

No. 100 *Baltimore street, corner of Holiday street*

T. S. Dulaney

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Lace Goods, Embroideries, Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy Goods, &c., No. 97 Baltimore street.

MRS. A. SISCO,

175 *Baltimore-st* opposite Holliday, Manufacturer of Odd Fellows, Masonic, Sons of Temperance and Red Men's Regalia, and Ladies Dress Trimmings.

Dorsey & Garretson,

Wholesale Dealers in

BRITISH, FRENCH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No 85 *BALTIMORE STREET 3 doors West of Tripolets Alley.*

CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Satinets Vestings, Barkets, Flannels, with every description of Ladies Dress Goods, Hosiery, Linens, Linen Cambrick Handkerchiefs, Marseilles Quilts, and DOMESTIC GOODS.

JOSHUA ROYSTON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in French, British & American Dry Goods, No. 81 *Baltimore-st., Corner of Tripolets Alley*

A large assortment of Cloths Cassimeres, and Vestings—Linen Goods of every description, Domestic goods at Factory price. Ladies dress Goods of the newest style—Linnen Cambric Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, Housekeeping Articles, &c., constantly on hand.

GIBBS & WILSON,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No. 69 BALTIMORE STREET.

THOMAS C. SHOLES,

UPHOLSTERER & PAPER-HANGER No 80, *Baltimore-st* (near Gay). On hand Venitian Blinds, Painted Shades, Paper Hangings, Fire Screens, Borders, &c.

Thomas T. Nelson,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in *Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods* No. 65 Baltimore street, 3d door west of Gay street.

CANDY MANUFACTORY AND FRUIT STORE

SAMUEL SIDES, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Candies Fruits, Cordials, Nuts, &c., 56 Balimore street.

Jno. W. Richardson,

NO 59 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., Bookseller, 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 Waskington Hall*, wholesale and retail dealer in the various kinds of Lamps, Girandoles, Candelabras, &c.—Parlor, Store, & other Lamps, for the celebrated Ethereal Oil.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Is Published every Saturday.

Edward Mansfield,

PROPRIETOR.

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$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 ones 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.

From Ned Buntlin's Own.

The Hollowness of the world.

I have lived to see the light of love
Go darkly from my heart.
I have lived to see each tender dream,
Eternally depart.

I have lived till even poesy
Can yield but little bliss,
And I may mourn that I have lived
For such a change as this,

For weak and worthless are the joys
That come when these are past—
Cold thoughts of gain and sensual cares,
And groveling pangs that last:

Oh! give me back that heaven
Of feelings clear, though wild,
Of burning zeal, and passions young,
Which first my heart beguiled.

For I would rather have forever
A light that led astray,
Than tread with men in formality,
This worn and hackneyed way.

Where one must have a ready smile
For those we scorn and hate,
And bend with cringing courtesy
To rogues who live in state.

Where we must follow custom's rules,
Howe'er absurd and mean,
Content to show with other fools
Our love for what has been.

To shun whate'er of light and truth
Increasing knowledge brings;
And now to old Corruption's away,
To travellers, and to things.

To check one's haste—to shape one's love
By Fashion's way ward rule—
Be zealous in frivolity—
In Virtue's cause be cool

Oh! I would rather have forever
A light that led astray,
Then trade, as worthless worldings do,
This worn and waisty way.

A DESPERATE RACE.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF OHIO.

[The following is one of "Falconbridge's" happiest efforts. It hits off to the life the extravagant stories of the Western adventurers by the "Longbows," who visit our Western borders.]

Some years ago, I was one of a convivial party, that met in the principal hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buck-eye State.

It was a winter evening, when all without was dark and stormy, and all within were blith and gay, when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out. The Legislature was in session in that town and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swath in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man *more* generally known than our worthy President, James K. Polk. That man was the famous Captain Riley! whose narrative of suffering and adventures are pretty generally known all over the civilized world.

Captain Riley was a fine, fat, good humored joker, who at the period of my story was the representative of the Dayton district, and live near that little city when at home. Well, Captain Riley had amused the company with many of his fast and singular adventures, which being mostly told before and read by millions of people, that have ever seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat them.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well known gentleman who represented the Cincinnati district. As Mr.— is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of a joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name—Mr.—— was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself into a marvellous hero when ever the opportunity offered. A Captain Riley wound up one of truthful, though really marvellous adventures, Mr.—— coolly remarked, that the captain's story was all very *well*, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had "once upon a time" on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it! Let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action, and knocking the ashes from his cigar against the arm of his chair, "Gentlemen, I am not in the habit (quite notorious of it!) of spinning yarns of marvellous or fictitious matters, and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I'm about to tell you, I most solemnly proclaim the truth, an—"

"Oh! never mind that go on Mr.——," chimed the party.

"Well, gentlemen, in 18—I came down the Ohio River, and settled at Losantt, now called Cincinnatti. It was at that time but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins, and where now stands the Broadway Hotel and blocks of stores and dwelling houses, was the cotton and corn patch of old Mr. ——, a tailor who, by the by, bought that land for the making of a coat for one of the settlers—Well I put up my cabin, with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where the Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house &c.

"Occasionally, I took up my rifle, and started off with my dog down the river to look up a little deer, or *bar* meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red skins lurking about, and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors, or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the redsmons, and made no bones of peppering the blasted sarpents whenever I got sight of them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn't to be catch'd napping. No no gentlemen, I was too well up to 'em for that.

"Well I started off one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt, and traveled along way the river, over the bottoms and hills but couldn't find no *bar* nor deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I made track for the settlement again. By and by, I see's a buck just ahead of me walking leisurely down to the river, I slipped up with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in to drink, I drew a *bead* upon his top-knot and over he tumbled, and splurged and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizzen—"

"Well, but what had that to do with a adventure?" said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen, by Jove it had a great deal to do with it;—For while I was busy skinning the buck, and stowing away the kidney-fat in my hunting shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a concern up "the bottom." My dog heard it, and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in relieving my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush towards me, with his tail down, as he was not used to doing, unless there were wolves, panters (panthers) or lujus about.

"I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank, made it tedious traveling there, so I scabbled up to the upper bank which was pretty well covered with buck-eye sycamore and very little under-brush. On peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red rascals, gentleman, as ever you clapt your eyes on! Yes there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear. Shouting and yelling like hounds, and coming after me like all possessed."

"Well," said an old woodsman sitting at the table, "you took a tree of course?"

"Did? No, by—gentlemen! I took no tree just then, for I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I run until the whoops of my red skins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce—now, thinks I old fellow, I'll have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let my follower gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough; I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards."

"Then you skelp'd (scalped) him immediately!" said the backwoodsman.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen; for by the more I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset; I saw all my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and there they came snorting like mad buffaloes, one about twenty or three hundred yards ahead of the other. So I acted possum again until the foremost I jump'd pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was drawing a bead on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last one."

"So you laid for him, and—"gas peded several."

"No," continued the "member"—"I didn't lay for him. I hadn't time to load, so I laved legs to gr und, and started again. I heard every bounce he made after me. I ran, and ran, till the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long."

"Ph—e—e—w!" whistled somebody.

"Fact, by—, gentlemen. Well, what I was to do, I didn't know—rifle empty, no big trees about, and a mad rang red Indian not three hundred yards in my rear, and, what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek, (now called Mill Creek,) and there I should be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scrabble up—"

"The Indian fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

"He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder, but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite freshened by my fall! I heard the redskin close behind me coming booming on, and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders.

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots—"

"Blood, eh? The shot the varmint gin you," said the old woodsman in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator, "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be.—When Riley observed—

"I suppose you had—"

"Melted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grained, which the "member" noticing, observed—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating?"

Oh, certainly not. Go on, Mr.——," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off with double quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was coming jogging along, pretty well blowed out, about five hundred yards in the rear. By—! thinks I, here goes or I bad. any how. So at it I went,—in went the powder, and putting on my patch, down went the ball about half way, and off snapped my ramrod!"

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top notch in the "member's story.

"Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle!—There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along and *loading up his rifle as he came!* I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away and started on, priming up as I canted off determined to turn and give the redskin a fit any how, as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, and could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys; a few more jumps and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me—he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle; on he came, knowing that I had broken my ramrod, and my load not down; another whoop, whoop, and he was within fifty yards of me! I pulled trigger and—"

"And *killed him?*" chuckled Riley.

"No, *sir!* I missed fire, by—"

"And the redskin," shouted the old woodsman in a phrenzy of excitement—"*fixed and killed me!*"

The screams and shouts that followed this final brought Landlord Noble, servants and hostlers running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!—*Great West.*

A TALL TOAST.—At a late celebration in the Parish of Caddo, Louisana, the following toast was given. It may be called the romance of the confectionary shop:

Women—Heaven's best gift to men—his Pandora, or casket of jewels—his confectionary shop, or stick of rock candy—his otto of roses, or sugar coated pill—her presence his best company—her voice his weetest music—her smiles his brightest moments—her kiss the guardian of his innocence—her arms the pillow of his safety—her lips his most faithful counsellors—her bosom the softest pillow of his cares.

Gods! give heat than? "this off of roses!" O, Moses!—*Batesville Eagle.*

"Remember," said a trading Quaker to his son in making thy way in the world, a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar."

ANECDOTE OF LAMB.

Coleridge," says De Quincey "told me of a ludicrous embarrassment which Charles Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea bathing; and accordingly at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal who began the following oration to them: "He-re, mm—Take notice of this—I am to be dipped! What more he would have said, is unknown to land or sea-bathing machines; for having reached the word dipped, he commenced such a rolling fire of Di—di—di—di, that when at length he descended *a plomb* upon the full word *dipped*, the two men, rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the 'operative' clause of the sentence; and both exclaiming at once, 'Oh yes, sir, we're quite aware of that,'—down they plunged him into the sea. On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from necessity he seemed tranquil; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus: "Mm! is it possible to obtain your attention?"—"Oh surely, sir, by all means." "Then listen; once more I tell you, I am to be di—di—di—" and then, with a burst of indignation, "dipped, I tell you"——"Oh decidedly, sir"—and down the stammerer went for the second time.—Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation—"Grant me pa—pa—patience; is it mum—um—murder you me—mg—mean? Again and a—ga—ga—gain I tell you, I'm to be di—di—dipped," now speaking furiously, with the voice of an injured man. "Oh, yes sir," the man replied, "we know that—we fully understand it,"—and for the third time down went Lamb into the sea. "Oh, limbs of Satan!" he said, on coming up for the third time, "it's now too late; I tell you that I am—no, that I was—to be di—di—di—dipped only *once*."

A ROMANTIC BUT TRUE STORY

Some time ago, a lady, who is the head of a respectable French *bourgeoise* boarding house, presented to her little daughter, aged agout two years, a beautiful little dog as a companion, to which the romantic name of Zozo had been given. Zozo and the little child were in the habit of playing together, and fondling with each other amicably the greatest harmony prevailed between them. The confining mother often even ventured the room and left girl with no other protection than that the faithful Zozo. It was in this room the fond mother was in the habit of preparing the soup and the boiled beef, or *bouilli*, for her husband and borders—that being, as is well known, with the addition of a bottle of wine, more or less, the regular dish and dainty fare of the French *bourgeoise*, who first take a plate of soup, after which the meat, with delicious mustard, the well stewed beef which has served to furnish the preceeding savoury soup. In this room then, in which Zozo and the little girl were playing together, the mother left them and at the same time, in a corner near the fire place, stood the pot upon the furnace, with the beef and water, and the carrots and the cabbage, and the leeks, and the potatoes all merrily boiling together, quickly and not too violently, as it ought to be, over a nice moderate, charcoal fire. Meantime, the playful Zozo and the lovely child were gambolling and rolling together over the floor, when the little girl, in a sudden freak of love, or play, or fondness, or whatever it might be, took the zenfle Zozo up by the neck, and, child like, softly and quietly dropped him into the pot of boiling soup. What Zozo said to himself, or how he felt when he came to the bottom, must be left to the imagination to supply; suffice it to say, there he lay, and the little girl continued, unconciously her gambols and her paly, and totally forgot, at least for a time, the interesting Zozo. Meanwhile, the careful mother had got everything ready for dinner—the table was spread, huge hunks of white French bread adorned the side of each soup plate, a white napkin neatly folded in a crystal goblet, with the purple Bordeaux waiting in the contiguous bottle, all exhibited the domestic comforts of French habitudes and life. The head of house and his guest arrive to dinner; each one takes his seat with a loud and merry gabble; the napkins are unfurled; the soup is served up. "Wife," cried the husband, "your soup is excellent to-day better than usual, although it is always good," and with this commendation he extended his plate and took another plateful. The guest did the same—The soup being despatched, "come," said the husband smiling, to his wife, "let us have the *bouilli*," which as the weather was cold, had been left in the pot, that night, when the time came, to be eaten hot. The good wife emptied the contents of the pot upon the dish, when—oh! horror! oh! stupefaction! there—what a sight—there, there was Zozo, the dear little Zozo, with his tail between his legs, his teeth grinning, his eyes glaring, and his sodden body almost a jelly; alongside upon the dish with a fine fat piece of *bouilli*. Zozo was well cooked. The above is no fiction.—*New York Herald*

TO YOUNG MEN.

There is no subject so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I see him as a star in the heavens, clouds may come before him, but—he will shine behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know that though not seen, he illumines his own true sphere. He resists temptation, no, without a struggle, for that is not a virtue, but he does resist it, or, he hears the sacrilegious roar of the pirate frigate, and it stings him, for that is a trial of virtue, but heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, it leads to sin; the atheist who says not only in his heart but within his lips—"there is no God!" controll him not; he sees the hand of a controlling God in all things.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man is amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower, happy indeed is he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious young man, raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken in that cause; use it lest it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man—assume the beautiful health of virtue. It is fearfully easy to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on that strength of God—let truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* has a horrible story, if true. It says that a gang of burglars, in Indiana, went to the house of an old German, who had five hundred dollars in his possession, tied him and his wife and three children hand and foot, left the father, by raising one of the planks and fastening the rope to the sleeper—then robbed the house, and, taking a feather and straw bed, threw it over the confined group, set them on fire, fastened the door and decamped. In a few moments the robbers were out of sight, and the fire of the lighted beds was growing hotter and hotter. What was to be done? After the strength of the cords that bound them became aided time aguid. The fire grew hotter and excitions greater. At length the wife and mother broke loose from the sleeper; she was yet tied hand and foot. A thought struck her!—she rolled—for she could not walk—to the fireplace, thrust her hands into the burning embers, and held them there till the fire burnt off the cords that bound her husband and children. The fire had not injured the latter baby, and the husband flew for assistance; but, as this unfortunate family lived some distance from neighbors, it was a long time before help arrived. One of the friends participating in the attempted destruction of this innocent family was by all accounts, let loose here by means of the abuse of the habeas corpus act. Humanity shudders at the thought of such villainy, as is depicted above. To the unheard-of heroism of that wife and mother; the whole family owe their escape from a terrific, slow death—Never in our life have heard of such a thrilling escape, or seen in a more intolerable aspect the wickedness of the abandoned.

A SHORT SERMON.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to remember the Printer in my discourse. He is in a very disagreeable situation. He treats every body—he knows not whom; his notes are scattered over where, and he hardly knows where to look for it. His paper, his ink, his type, his implements—his labor, his living, etc., must be punctually paid for. You Mr——and Mr——and a hundred others I could name, have taken his paper, and you and your children, and neighbors, have been instructed and amused by it. If your miss one paper, you think very hard of the printer; you would rather go without your best meal than to be deprived of your newspaper. Have you ever complied with the terms of your subscription? Have you taken as much pains to furnish the printer with his money as he has to furnish you with his paper?—Have you paid him for his type, his press, his hand work, his best work? If you have not, go and pay him off.—*Dow, Jr.*

☞ A witness spoke several times during his testimony of occurrences during his birth, when a crusty Judge interrupted him—"Do you mean to say that you can relate occurrences at the time of your birth, from your own recollection?"

The laugh which began against the witness turned upon the Judge as the former replied:

"When sir, I become a witness in a case where my personal rights are concerned, I can even say what I was thinking of."

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his return. "Where have you been?" said she, "I only take the prodigal son; I shall return by and by." "And I will be the repentant father," said he, "and will arise and go to my father," and accordingly off she went.