msa_sc2901_scm2351-0287 ©Maryland State Archives

THE KENT NEWS.

"Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MAY 4, 1850. NO. 1.

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.

THE STEAMER

OSIRIS,
CAPT. JAMES TILGHMAN,

Will leave the lower end of Dugan' Wharf, (the Steamer Maryland's old whf) on MONDAY, the 18th instant, at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, Cambridge, Military School, at Oxford and Easton, and returg on TUESDAY by the same route, leavin Easton at 7 o'clock.

The OSIRIS will leave the same wharf every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY Morning, at 7 o'clock, for Corsica and Chester Town, and return same day, calling at Kent Island WEDNESDAY Afternoon and SATURDAY Mornings.

The OSIRIS will leave the above wharf on every THURSDAY Morning, at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, West River, Wye Landing, St. Michael's, and Easton, via Miles River Ferry, and return on Friday, leaving Miles River Ferry at 7 o'clock.

Feb 23, 1850

J. C. & W. HOLLAND,
Paper Hangers, Upholsters, and Window Blind Manufacturers.

ARE prepared to execute all orders in either of the above branches of business on moderate terms. Constantly on hand a large stock of Paper Hangings, Upholsters Goods and Window Blinds.

Also a large stock of CARPETING, MATTING, OIL CLOTHS, and Table Covers, constantly on hand.

No. 87, Baltimore st, opposite Holliday st, Baltimore, Md.

March 30, 1850.

FASHIONABLE
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
J. F. HARTMAN,
No. 163 *Baltimore street, between Charles and Light sts.*
BALTIMORE,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and customers that he has now on hand, and is daily receiving a choice assortment of goods adapted to wear; such as Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmerets, &c. In fact, goods of every description in the above line, and of the very *latest styles.* He flatters himself that he can offer GREAT INDUCEMENTS to purchasers. His stock of *READY MADE CLOTHING* is surpassed by none. Doing an almost exclusive cash business, he is enabled to *sell below the market price*; and he would say to those who buy for the ready money, that, by giving him a call, they will *save from ten to twenty per cent.* An examination of his stock is most respectfully solicited.

Balt. Mch. 16 '50—3m

NELSON & HENRY,
MERCHANT TAILORS
No 68, *Exchange Place, near South St*
BALTIMORE.

ARE prepared at *all times* to supply their friends and the public generally with all articles in their line of business; they have just received a lot of superior Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, which they will make up at the shortest notice, and on the most pleasing TERMS.

THEY have also on hand WHEELER'S popular report of fashions, which they are prepared to furnish to TAILORS at *ONE DOLLAR per copy.*

Sept. 15, 1849.

PAPERHANGINGS.—We have just received our new stock of *French Paper-hangings, Borders,* and *Fire Board Prints,* embracing a complete assortment of fine gold embossed Parlor Papers; Landscape views, and Oak Varnished Hall Papers—all of which will be sold and hung on pleasing terms.

J. C. & W. HOLLAND, Paperhangers,
87 Baltimere st. op. Holliday.

March 30, '50.

VENITIAN BLINDS.—The subscribers are prepared to furnish Venitian Blinds of every description at reduced prices. Having on hand a large assortment of Blinds we are are prepared to fill all orders promptly, and on pleasing terms.

J. C. & W. HOLLAND,
87 Baltimore st., op. Holliday.

March 30, 1850.

LOAF, crushed and brown *SUGARS.* Rio and Maracaibo *COFFEE,* choice green and black Teas, for sale by

W N E WICKES.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE
TAKE NOTICE.

The stated meetings of Chester Division No. 44 S. T. will be held hereafter upon Tuesday night.

By order of the Division.

T. J. WILLIAMS R. S.

April 13, 1850. 3w.

POETRY.

[From the Frederick Examiner]

THIS IS INDEED A CROOKED WORLD.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

This is indeed a crooked world,
Say don't you think so, Bill?
Where every man his foot does raise
To help you down lifes hill;—
By zounds I love to see men kind,
But then I'm not so flat
As to require from their *souls*
Such *striking* help as that.

This is indeed a crooked world,
So, all the ladies say,
As with bonnets trimm'd with roses fair,
They go to church to pray:
And how provoked the dear souls are,
While setting in their pew;
To be gazed at by nice young men,
Who have nothing else to do.

This is indeed a crooked world,
For if we take a drink,
Some stiff, prim temperance man will say
We are on destruction's brink:—
It was not in days of old,
For they who were forlorn
Would raise their *spirits,* and then take
A voyage round the *horn.*

This is indeed a crooked world
Where everything does grieve us;
Where even the woman that we love,
Will be the first to leave us;
And then they say, to calm our hearts,
"We love you as a brother,"
And lavish soft, sweet words on us,
But *kisses on another.*

This is indeed a crooked world
In which we live and thrive;
We cannot tell the means by which
Mankind are kept alive:
Of their hard lot they all complain,
Yet seem to mind it not;
But they grow *grave* when thoughts intrude
About a *grave* yard lot.

This is indeed a crooked world
Where men are no account,
Without their pockets are well lined
With cash from fortune's fount;
And all poor devils now are gone
To California's mines,
To find the gold, which gold so *fine,*
They change at once to dimes.

Then is not this a crooked world,
Say, don't you think so, Bill?
Where for ev'ry evil that exists
They give a *golden pill:*
And he who acts the doctor's part,
In his fond heart expects,
Its shining, glowing outside garb,
Will cover all defects.

Yes, yes this is a crooked world
Which we all travel through;
We meet with trials on the road,
And sorrows not a few;
And he who has a *flowery* place
Where he may lay his head,
Need not to know as bakers say,
He is a man well *bred.*

But though this is a crooked world,
Yet still we have left hope;
To whose anchor we can clasp
A piece of hempen rope;
And if the sorrows of this world
Should overflow life's cup,
We can place that rope around our necks
And it will bring us up,

Baltimore, 1850.

HORSE DISTEMPER.

It is well known among those who keep horses, that that noble animal is subject during the Season of Winter and Spring, to the above named disease:—When a horse has contracted this distemper, he appears stupid, has a cough, discharges at the nose, and in advanced stages of the disease, swelling under the throat and on various other parts of the body. For the relief of the animal, thus afflicted, I feel disirous to give my mode of treatment, it is this: On the first appearance of the disease, commence feeding the horse with ginger, a table spoonful, three times a day, mixed with grain, keeping the bowels loose at the same time with some gentle purgative. One pound of ginger will in ordinary cases, be sufficient to cure a horse. He should be worked moderately every day, and covered with warm blankets at night, to keep him from taking cold. It is highly necessary that he should be exercised, and when thus treated, I have not known it to fail of a cure in my practice, which has been limited.—*Correspondent of the Boston Cultivator.*

ALARMING TO UNDERTAKERS.—The deaths in New York have diminished since 1847 at the rate of three thoosend a year. A chronothermial practitioner ascribes it to the different treatment of diseases, and the abandonment of the use of the lancet. He makes a calculation that the same ratio of diminution of deatks throughout the United States, estimating at 22,000,000 of population, would show a saving of 150,000 lives a year.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE BERKSHIRE PIG.

AN ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE.

"The fact is, gentlemen," said one of a party who was enjoying themselves in a private room over a glass of wine, and talking politics, "there are mighty few who know how the State of Louisiana was carried by the Whigs during the last presidential campaign.

"How was it?" asked the party.

Well, I'll tell you," said the speaker, who had a sly twinkling of humor in his eye. "During the campaign of '48, when the prominent advocates of democracy and whiggery were canvassing the State, one of each party met by appointment at a small village, where the people were nearly equally divided in politics. The Democrat spoke after the Whig, and it was the general opinion that the Democrat had carried the day.

"After he had concluded his speech, the people were about to disperse, when a tall, raw-boned ugly looking customer, got up on the stand, and said, "gentlemen afore you disperse I want to say a word or two in reply to that last gentleman that talked." At first the crowd commenced hissing and hooting, to put him down, but he wasn't one of the kind to stay put.

"Fellow citizens," shouted the stranger, in a stantorian voice, "I will introduce my-self to you as a Kentuckian. [Shouts of hurrah for Kentucky.] They say Rome was once saved by the cackling of geese, but I dont think the hissin' of any of you here will save Louisiany or elect old Zack!" This speech was received with rounds of applause and shouts of laughter.

He had won the crowd over on his side. They perceived at once he was a character, and they became anxious to hear him.

"Fellow-citizens," continued the Kentuckian, "I want a chance, if you will give it to me, to tun the gentleman who last talked to you about Gen. Cass through a course of sprouts. [Laughter and cries of go on.] Here the stranger put both hands in his coat pockets, and drew out of one the Cleveland Plaindealer, and out of the other the Nashville Union, and with a sort of seriocomico expression of countenance said: Fellow-citizens, you mus'nt be on me becaus my talk is like sawed plank in the rough. It is too late now for me to commence plain' my language, though I once had a pretty smart sprinklin' of larn'n', but I have always thought when I was young I collapsed a flue, and a right smart chance of it leaked out. He then read from the Plaindealer the most strenuous assurances to the Democracy of the North that Gen. Cass was a Wilmot Proviso man, and from the Union assurances just as positive that Gen. Cass was a pro-slavery man.

"Now, I am not good at speaking," continued the Kentuckian, "but the Michigan man's position puts me in mind of a little circumstance which happened in my neighborhood in Kentucky, some time ago which I must tell you. You all remember what a perfect mania prevailed some years ago on the subject of Durham calves, Berkshire pigs, South Down Sheep, &c.—Well, I had a neighbor by the name of Martin; who was an uncommon clever physician, and an importer of fine stock. One day the Doctor stopped to get his horse shod at neighbor Bird's, the blacksmith, who lived about two miles from the Doctor's house. The Doctor commenced talking about his beautiful Berkshire pigs, and told he blacksmith, to form his liberality, he would give him a pig out of the next litter that "Su" had.

"In the course of two months or such a matter, the doctor called at the shop and told neighbor Bird that 'Su" had a fine litter, and to send and get his pig. So Bird pesis his man Bob off with his wife's large willow basket to get the pig. Between Bird's and Martin's, Sam Smith, who was a great quiz, kept a little grocery, and seeing Bob coming post haste on his master's horse, old Tom, with the basket on his arm sang out,—"Hallo, Bob, where are going in such a hurry this morning?" 'I is gwine to Massa Doctor Martin's to get massa Tom's Buckshur pig, what massa Doctor promise massa Tom de las' time he shod he hoss," said the negro, as he reined in his horse; "Well, Bob, you must stop as you come back and let me see the pig." "Dat I will, massa sam; dat I will," and away he went, at the top of "old Tom's" speed. In less than an hour Bob returned with a ginnywine swine, and alighting at the grocery, he lifted the cover of the basket, and to the astonished gaze of the grocery man, who imagined a Berkshire to be something more than a mere hog, exhibited a very beautiful specimen of a jet black pig. An idea struck Sam Smith to play a joke on Bob, and knowing his propensity to imbibe, told him to go to the grocery and get a dram. While Bob was gone, Sam Smith ran round the back of the house and got a little black pup nigh about the same heft, and took the pig out of the basket and put the pup in. When Bob came out and mounted his nag, Sam Smith handed him the basket, and off he went. On arriving at home, the blacksmith asked him if he had got the pig. "Yes, massa, and a werry fine pig he be too," said Bob, lifting up the cover; "black as a coal," when to the utter astonishment of Bob and Bird, there lay a little black curly puppy. "Is that a Berkshire pig?" asked the blacksmith in amazement; "Why it is a pupno: a pig!" "bless de Lord," said Bob, 'he be pig when I put him in the basket, but he change to pup!" "Take him back, sir," said Bird, highly indignant, "and tell Dr. Martin that I dont want to be fooled with his puppies and if he don't want to give me a Berkshire pig, to say so."

Bob, started back, and naturally enough stopped at the grocery to relate his mishap to Sam Smith, who heared him out with a countenance expressive of wonder, at the same time doing his best to control his increasing desire to burst into fits. "Well, get down Bob," said the grocer, "and take another dram." Bob did'nt require a second invite, and while he was getting his "bald face," the grocer took the pup from the basket, and put back the pig. "Massa Sam," said Bob, coming out to mount his horse, "I am mighty obfuscated 'bout dis pig. Fust I tink him pig, I know he is pig fust, but den I know he is pup too. Arn't you sartin, Massa Sam, he was pig fust?" asked Bob, as he mounted his critter. "I'll swear to it," replied Smith, and away Bob rode for the Doctor's.

On arriving at the house, Bob delivered his message, but the doctor seeming somewhat incredulous as to the truth of the story, Bob with a flourish of insulted veracity; opened the lid of the basket, when lo, there was the identical pig that he has started with. Bob stood transfixed, and with eyes protruding, and mouth open, remarked, "for God, taint no use, Massa he be pup or pig, jus' as he pleases." The crowd became convulsed with laughter, and gave the Kentuckian three cheers The fellow was hired to tell the same story in the democratic parisher, which he did with such powerful effect that the Whigs carried the State.—*Picayune.*

Getting into the Wrong Bed.

Some time in the summer of 184--Charley B———, a young lawyer descended from one of the first families in Massachusetts—was making a tour through the Western States, partly for pleasure and partly for observation. He arrived in Cincinnati some time in the "dog days," and took lodgings at one of the first hotels, intending to remain a week or two. Being very tired and travel worn, he tired to rest quite early. He had barely entered the confines of the "land of dreams" when he was aroused by some one opening the door of his room, which he had neglected to lock. It was very dark and the mysterious visitor was without a light Visions of robbers and pickpockets arose before the half opened eyes of poor Charley, who though lying with his face to the door, yet could see nothing, though he could hear unknown personage stepping around as if on tiptoe and he was just on the point of shouting for help, when the visitor unceremoniously turned down the bed clothes, and very deliberately leaped in by his side. A new thought immediately struck Charley. Giving a tremendous yawn, as though the bustle had partly aroused him from a deep sleep, he thrust out an arm and leg, hoping by these bantomimic actions to discover something of his strange bedfellow. He was not disappointed in his expectation, for to his unbounded consideration and surprise he heard the most musical voice imaginable exclaimed:

"Kate, let's lay spoon-fashion!"

Now, whatever further might hate occurred, this dilemma was suddenly put a stop to by Charley's bursting into a laugh, loud and long, at which the young lady, (who had mistaken the room for her own, and being without a light, had not discovered her error until she heard Charley's voice) leaped from the bed, and gathering up her dry goods, left the room, without stopping to inquire into matters. Charley got up and locked the door to prevent any more such disagreeable (?) accidents, and throwing himself upon the bed soon fell into a deep sleep, from which he did not awake until a late hour in the morning, or to speak more poetically, until the sun was high in the heavens. Arranging his toilet he soon found himself at the breakfast table, around which were seated some half dozen young ladies, who like himself had slept, "not wisely, but to well" Charley cast a searching glance around the table as he thought on the last nights adventure, and his suspicions rested on a lovely brunnette of some eighteen summers who sat next him. She looked rather shy whenever her eyes met those of Charley, so he made up his mind to know something more. During the meal time, she passed over her plate, and requested to be helped to some of the omulet.

"Will you have it spoon-fashion?" asked Charley, very innocently.

The effect of these words was electric. The young lady's brow was instantly changed 'from dark to the blood red high;' and Charley was perfectly satisfied as to her identity.

Charley remained in Cincinnati some time longer than he had intended—and the ensuing Christmas found him the husband of our heroine!

Why are trees like swine? Because they root in the ground.

PRIZE OF FIVE THOUSAND RUPEES

A CHANCE FOR YANKEE INGENUITY.

A prize of five thousand rupees is offered by the Agri-Horticultural Society of India for an improved cotton cleaning machine, capable of separating the short staple cotton grown in India from the seed, and possessing such qualities of expedition, simplicity and comparative cheapness is to render it likely to come into practical use. The Society's prize of a gold medal will also be given to the successful competitor. The Governor is to approve the machine. In the events of no machine being deemed worthy of the full amount of 5,000 rupees, a smaller prize will be awarded for the best machine offered. Each competitor is to deposit, free of charge, a full size working machine in the Society's rooms, Metcalfe Hall, Calcutta, addressed to the Honorary Secretary of the Agri-Horticultural Society of India, on or before the 1st of January, 1852.

The American Consul at Calcutta communicates this information, which will no doubt set yankee ingenuity at work. A repee is worth about forty-four and a half cents, consequently the prize offered in Federal money is $2,225. This sum is offered as a stimulant to invention, and not as the price of it. It does not, we presume, prevent the inventor having patented and enjoyings its profits besides.

A STORY OF THE HIGHWAY.

Not many years ago, an Irishman whose finances did not keep pace with the demand made on his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was immensely unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to an extremity, and took to the highway, determined to rob the first man he could most conveniently, who was likely to have a heavy purse.

A jolly old farmer came jogging along and Pat put him down instantly as a party who possessed those requisites he so much stood in need of himself. Presenting the pistol, he ordered the agriculturalist to "stand and deliver."

The poor fellow forked over some fifty dollars; but finding Pat somewhat of a greenhorn, begged a five to take him home—a distance of about half a mile, by the way. The request was complied with, the most patronizing air. Old Acres and Roods was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol? Sowl, an' it's that same thing I'll be atther doin.' What will ye be atther givin' for it?

"I'll give you this five dollar bill for it."

"Done! an' done's enough betwane two gintlemen. Down with the dust, and hero's the fool for yer."

The bargain was made by immediate transfer. The moment the farmer got the pettonel, he ordered Pat to shell out; and pointing the pistol, threatened to blow his brains out if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a commercial leer, and buttoned his breaches pockets, sung out:

"Blow away, ould boy! d——l take the bit of powder's in it."

We believe the old man never told the last part of the story only once, and that was by the purest accident. Pat moved off, and "once away, forever away," has since been his motto.

THE MAN WITH A BIG FOOT.

We heard, a few days since, (says the Knickerbocker,) a laughable anecdote of a man with a big foot. He was a Buffalonian, who must be living now, for a man with so good a hold upon the ground is not likely to "drop off" in a hurry He stepped one day into the small shop of a boot-maker, in the flourishing capital of old Erie, and asked Crispin if he could make him a pair of boots. Looking at his long splay pedal extremities, and then glancing at a huge uncut cow-hide that hung upon the wall, he said—

"Well, yes—I guess so."

"What time will you have them done? To-day is Monday."

"Well, it'll depend on circumstances I guess I can have 'em done for you by Saturday."

On Saturday, therefore, the man called for his boots.

"Have you got 'em done? said he, as the entered the little shop.

"No, I hav't—I couldn't; it has rained every day since I took your measure.

"Rained!" exclaimed the astonished patron; "well, what of that? What had that to do with it?"

"What had THAT to do with it?" echoed Crispin; "it had a *good deal* to do with it. When I make your boots *I've got to do it out doors,* for I havent room in my shop, and I can't work out doors in rainy weather!"

☞ If you don't wish to fall in love, keep away from calico. You can no more play with girls without losing your heart, than you can play at roulette without losing your money. As Dobbs very justly observes, the heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to. The consequence is, that before you are going, you are "gone," like a one legged stove at a street auction.

SIMPLE CURE FOR STAMMERING.

At a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, says a Boston paper, Dr. Warren stated a simple, easy, and efficacious cure of stammering, which is known to be generally a nervous and not a physical defect. It is simply, at every syllable pronounced, to tap at the same time with the finger; by so doing, the most inveterate stammerer will be astonished to find that he can pronounce quite fluently, and as long and on as many subjects he will pronounce perfectly well. Dr. Warren said that this may be explained in two ways—either by a sympathetic and consentaneous action of the nerves of voluntary motion on in the fingers and in those of the tongue, is the most probable way, know as Dr. Gould remarked, that a stammerer who cannot speak a sentence in the usual way, can articulate perfectly well when he introduces a rythmical movement and stops it—or it may be that the movement of the finger distracts the attention of the individual from his speech, and allows a free action of the nerves concerned in articulation.

A JOKE FOR THE LADIES.—The editor of a paper in Providence lately informed his readers that the ladies always pull off the *left* stocking first. This, as may be supposed, created some little stir among his fair readers, and in the positive terms they denied the assertion; they at the same time declared that he had no business to know it, even if such was the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proved it, however, by a simple argument; when one stocking is pulled off first, there is another *left,* out, and pulling off this is taking off the *left* stocking *last.*

IMPROVEMENT.—Great age," this, we live in. People don't laugh now a days—they indulge in merriment. They don't walk—they promenade. They never eat their food—they mastiecate it. Nobody has a tooth pulled—it is extracted. No one has his feelings hurt—they are lacerated. Young men do not court young girls—they pay young ladies attention. It is vulgar to visit any one—you must only make a call. Of course, you would not think of going to bed—you would retire to rest. Nor would you build a house—you would erect it.

SEEK AND FIND.—Doctor B—— was walking down Fifth Street, last Tuesday, when he saw two boys on the side walk, apparently searching for something. One of the boys remarked just as he reached them:

"Well, five dollars is worth hunting after."

So the doctor stopped, and searched for some time. Finally he got tired, and said to the boys—

"Have you lost a five dollar bill?"

"No sir, said they, but we didn't know but we shoul find one."

The doctor stoped.

HEAVES IN HORSES.

John Davis, in the Boston Cultivator gives the following receipt for the cure of the diseases:

Take a tub, put three pails of water, and fresh lime the size of an egg; add molasses to give a more palatable taste, and place it in the stall, so that the horse can have free access to it. After he becomes accustomed to this drink, add half as much more lime, and renew so as to keep it of the same strength. The horse may be worked as usual, only allow no other drink. After he drinks freely, bleed by taking two quarts from the breast; in one or three weeks take two quarts more. If the above is carried out as stated for 12 years horse will have relief.

☞ A young minister being called upon for the first time to join a couple in wedlock became so confused that he forgot how to proceed and after binding them to join hands he clasped them in his own, and looking u solemnly said:

What God has put together (this was right said the lecturer, he had together)—a serious pause and his eye devoutly turned up at God Almighty, the assembler.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is a tree like an estrain de[illegible] in the United States Senate? Because it is *Bent on advancing on Foot e.*

Why is a reckless man of bad life like a lawyer? Be[illegible]

Why a [illegible] like a dead doctor alike? Because they both stop quacking.

PA[illegible]ING OFF IN FIGHT

"A W[illegible] relates a [illegible] in Washington [illegible]

"You [illegible] bate of the [illegible] Davis, of [illegible] possible [illegible] North at [illegible] 'that if s[illegible] mence in [illegible] remark w[illegible] a merry [illegible] and some [illegible] who was present and said "Well Wi[illegible] drop, what will you do in such a case? You come from Boston and can't fig[illegible] "Oh!" said the witty B[illegible] arrange th[illegible] pair off with Billiard?"

Years [illegible] see not w[illegible] therward [illegible] selves to [illegible] sense tha[illegible] beguiling [illegible] rob the w[illegible] wise man, [illegible] ploys eve[illegible]