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THE KENT NEWS
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DEVOTED TO
CULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEW
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EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

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THE KENT NEWS.

FRUSTRA, LABORAT, QUI OMNIBUS, PLACERE STUDET—"HE LABORS VAINLY, WHO ENDEAVORS TO PLEASE EVERY ONE."

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., FEBRUARY 1, 1851. NO. 40.

Poetry.

Miseries of a Wag.

dear young friend, whose smiling wit
ts all the room ablaze,
't think yourself 'a happy dog,'
er all your merry ways;
icam to wear a sober phiz,
stupid if you can,
such a very serious thing
be a funny man!

re at an evening, with
group of pleasant folks;
venture quietly to crack
e least of little jokes;
y doesn't catch the point,
l begs you to explain;
for one who drops a jest,
d tak s it up again!

re talking deep philosophy
th very special force,
nly a clergyman
h suitable discourse;
hink you've got him—when he calls
iend across the way,
egs you'll say that funny thing
n said the other day!

hop a pretty JEN-DE-MOT
a neighbor's ears,
likes to give you c edit for
clever things he hears;
o he hawks your jest about,
old, authentic one,
reaking off the point of it,
leaving out the pun!

[*Knickerbocker.*

UNCLE SAM.

heard of *Uncle Sam*, I guess,
all his curious *trades* and *notions*,
rchant, farmer—runs a press,
ails his boats on lakes and oceans;
ugh he s rich as Croesus, still
al ways toiling like a beaver,
s auth shop and filling mill—
tely he became a weaver.
njured "he don't care a d—n
the world"—that's Uncle Sam.

ried young, and soon could count
ughter's, foil a Baker's dozen,*
h in debt to great amount
hipping John,† his German cousin.
ily has since increased
s his wealth and reputation,
n lovely sons, at least,
reached in rank the highest station ‡
fourth, he'll swig his dram,
t and swell—that's Uncle Sam.

at d'ye think he brags about
thus his annual beverage quaffing?
his boys can fight and sp out,'
nough to make you die a laughing.
s his eldest son—that's George—
d by a French boy—young and ten
r,
to the South, from Valley Forge,
ade a host of rogues surrender;
old dad§ lived on clams
al months—that's Uncle Sam.

that John,‖ his second son,
always deemed a wondrous scholar;
, when all was said and done,
beat the other boys all hollow;
e he wrote while yet at school,
e he called the 'Declaration,'
made John Bull look like a fool,
kind o' touched his reputation,
en is like a battering ram—
no mistake—that's Uncle Sam.

n there's Jim, my mad-eye son—
ne if there's two ways about him;
n avalanche came down,
John Bull once presumed to flout
m,
the stars and stripes look fine,
the poor Guerriere and Java,
e so pickled them in brine?
ot our Jim a real ripstaver?
es was gentle as a lamb,
d to fight—that's Uncle Sam.

nt our stars and stripes, to fly
the Macedonia's banner;
nt we take two fleets, and cry
for Perry and M'Donough!
rock, Frolic, Epervier,
nuckled to our heavy knocks, sir—
ginna and Rein-deer,
, Levant, Penguin and Boxer—
victorious—heres no sham—
and date!—that's Uncle Sam.

boy, Jemmy Roe, was fine,
hipp'd a gang of boys at Trenton,
mouth and at Brandywine;
ver errand he was sent on
ahead with manly pride,
had reached his brother's station;
, and Tom, and Jim all died
a birth day celebration—
dom's sons, none shared their dam;
rn'd fine lads!—that's Uncle Sam.

ncy Jack receives his share
old uncle's approbation,
ve often heard him swear
there is not in all the nation,

teen original States. †John Bull.
o Presidents. §Pilgrims of Plymouth.
ams.

A Yankee lad that better knows
His P's and Q's than John of Briantree,
Who never stopped to bribe his foes
With crumbs stole from the kitchen pantry,
He always with the current swam,
Like a fat goose"—that's Uncle Sam.

But Andrew—when upon that theme,
Like a steam engine cracks on—
The race of giants only seem
Mere pigmies when compared to Jackson!
A roaring lion he seemed to be
At New Orleans, and lathered John
Till he was glad to put at sea;
And Andrew growled till he was gone,
He met no match in packing ham,
But pickled all—that's Uncle Sam.

But let my uncle strut and boast—
I like his humors and his pelf;
For I would serve him e'en a'most
For nothing, sir, and find myself
Though greedy curs his house beset,
And with the loaves and fishes cram:
Of all my uncles, give me yet
That rough old codger, Uncle Sam,
While seated near his kitchen fire,
I'll smoke my pipe with Uncle Sam.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

POPULAR TALES

THE INCONSOLABLE.

How rapid is the progress of oblivion, with respect to those no more! How many a quadrille shall we see this winter exclusively made up from the ranks of inconsolable widows. Widows of this order exists only in the literature of the tombstone. In the world, and after a certain period, there is but one sort of widows in consolable—these who refuse to be comforted because they can't get married again!

One of our most distinguished sculptors was summoned, a short time since, to the house of a young lady, connected by birth with family of highest grade in the aristocracy of wealth, and united in marriage to the heir of a title illustrations in the annal of the Empire.

The union, formed under the happiest auspices, had been, alas! of short duration. Death, unpitiful death, had ruptured it, by prematurely carrying off the young husband. The sculptor was summoned by the window.

He traversed apartments silent and deserted, until he was introduced into a bed room, and found himself in presence of a lady, young and beautiful, but habited in the deepest mourning, and with a face furrowed by tears.

"You are aware," said she with a painful effort and a voice half chicked by sobs "You are aware of the blow which I have received?"

The artist bowed with an air of respectful condolence.

"Sir," continued the widow, "I am anxious to have a funeral monument erected, in honor of the husband whom I have lost"

The artist bowed again.

"I wish that the monument should be superb, worthy of the man whose loss I weep, proportioned to the unending grief into which his loss has plunged me. I care not what it costs, I am rich, and will willingly sacrifice all my fortune to do honor to the memory of an adored husband. I must have a temple—with columns—in marble—and in the middle—on a pedestal—his statue."

"I will do my best to fulfill your wishes Madam," replied the artist; "but I had not the honor of acquaintance with the deceased, and a likeness of him is indispensable for the execution of my work.—Without doubt you have his portrait?"

The widow raised her arm, and pointed despairingly to a splendid likeness painted by Amaury Durval.

"A most admirable picture?" observed the artist, "and the painter's name is sufficient guarantee for its striking resemblance to the original."

"Those are his very features, sir; it is himself. Ah! would that I could restore it to him at the cost of all my blood!"

"I will have this portrait carried to my studie, madam; and I promise you the marble shall reproduce it exactly."

The widow, at these words, sprung up, and at a single bound throwing herself towards the picture, with arms streched out as though to defend it, exclaimed,

"Take away this portrait! carry off my only consolation! my sole remaining comfort! never, never!"

"But Madam, you will only be deprived of it for a short time, and—

"Not an hour! not a minute! could I exist without his beloved image. Look you, sir, I have had it placed here, in my own room, that my eyes may be fastened upon it, without ceasing, and though my tears. His portrait shall never leave this spot not one single instant, and in contemplating that will I pass the remainder of a miserable and sorrowful existence."

"In that case Madam, you will be compelled to permit me to take a copy of it.—But do not be uneasy—I shall not have occasion to trouble your solitude for any length of time; one sketch one sitting will suffice."

The widow agreed to this arrangement, she only insisted that the artist should come back the following day. She wanted him to set to work on the instant, so great was her longing to see the mausoleum erected. The sculptor, however remarked that he had another work to finish first—This difficulty she sought to overcome by means of money.

"Impossible!" replied the artist, "I have given my word, but do not unease yourself; I will apply to it so diligently, that the monument shall be finished in as short a time as any other sculptor would require, who would apply himself to it forthwith."

"You see my distress," said the widow; "you can make allowance for my impatience. Be speedy then and above all the lavish of magnificence. Spare no expense, and let me have a master-piece."

Several letters echoed these injunctions, during the few days immediately following the interview.

At the expiration of three months the artist called again. He found the widow still in weeds, but a little more coquettishly dressed in her mourning garb.

"Madam," said he, "I am entirely at your service."

"Ah! at last: this is fortunate," replied the widow, with a gracious smile.

"I have made my designs, but I still want one sitting for the likeness. Will you permit me to go into your bed room?"

"Into my bed room? For what?"

"To look at the portrait again."

"Oh! yes; have the goodness to walk in the drawing room; you will find it there now."

"Ah!"

"Yes it hangs better there; it is lighter in the drawing room than in my own room.

"Would you like, Madam, to look at the design for the monument?"

"With pleasure. Oh! what a size?—What profusion of decorations! Why, it is a palace sir, this tomb!"

"Did you not tell me, Madam, that nothing could be too magnificent? I have not considered the expense; and by the way, here is a memorandom of what the monument will cost you.

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed the widow, after having cast an eye over the total adding up. "Why, this is enormous!"

"You begged me to spare no expense."

"Yes, no doubt; I desire to do things properly, but not exacily to make a fool of myself."

"This at present, you see, in only a design and there is time yet to cut it down."

"Well, then, suppose we leave out the temple and the columns, and all the architectural part, and content ourselves with the statue?—It seems to me that would be very appropriate?"

Certainly it would."

"So let it be then, just the statue alone."

Shortly after this second visit, the sculptor fell desperately ill. He was compelled to give up work; but on returning from a tour in Italy prescribed by his physician, presented himself once more before the widow who was then in the tenth month of her morning.

He found this time, a few roses among the cypress, and some smiling colors played over half shaded grounds.

The artist brought with him a little model of the statue, done in plaster, and offering in minature the idea of what his work was to be.

"What do you think of the likeness?" he inquired of the widow.

"It seems to me a little flattered; my husband was all very well, no doubt, but you are making him an Appolo?"

"Really? well, then I can correct my work by the portrait."

"Don't take the trouble—a little more or a little less like, what does it matter?"

"Excuse me, but I am particular about likenesses."

"If you absolutely must ———"

"It is in the drawing-room yonder, is it no? I'll go in there."

"It is not there any longer," replied the widow, ringing the bell.

"Baptiste," said she, to the servant who came in, bring down the portrait of your master."

"The portrait that you sent up into the garret last week, Madam?"

"Yes."

At this moment the door opened, and a young man of distinguished air entered; his manners were easy and familiar; he kissed the fair widow's hand, and tenderly enquired after her health.

"Who in the world is this good man in plaster?" asked he pointing with his pointing with his finger to the statue; which the artist had placed upon the mantlepiece.

"It is the model of a statue for my husband's tomb."

"You are having a statue of him made? The devil! It's very majestic?"

"Do you think so?"

"It is only great men who are thus cut out of marble, and at full length; it seems to me, too, that the deceased was a very ordinary personage."

"In fact, his bust would be sufficient."

"Just as you please, Madam," said the sculptor.

"Well, let it be a burst then—that's determined!"

Two month's later, the artist carrying home the bust, encountered on the stairs a merry party. The widow giving her hand to the elegant dandy, who had caused the statue of the deceased to be cut down, was on her way to the Mayor's office, where she was about to take the second oath of original fidelity.

If the bust had not been completed, it would willingly have been dispensed with. When, sometime later, the artist called for his money there was an outcry about the price, and it required little less than a threat of legal proceedings before the widow, consoled and re-married, concluded by resigning herself to pay for this funeral homage, reduced as it was, to the memory of her departed husband.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

BY OCEANUS

"Madam, I have called to take the census."

"The senses, is it; and what like do ye call the same?"

"I wish to send a return to Washington of the number of your family."

"Shure, now, it's joking ye are. It is Congressmen you would make uv us?"

"Oh, no, it's only to find out how many souls there are in the Union."

"Well, thin, ax mee the questions, and if they are dacent, it's mesell as will answer."

"Begin with the eldest, and inform me their names and occupations."

"First there is Teddy—and a fine broth uv a boy is he—he's forty-five years old and is an elevator and discinder by thrade."

"A what, Madam? I do not understand.

"It's Inglish I'm spaking, pure Malasian Inglish."

I do not apprehend you."

"Apprehend me, it is, ye dirty loon?"

"It's more nor the likes uv you can do, that same. For two pays I'd skin ye as I would a pratie."

"Don't get into a passion; you misconceive me. I merely wished to say I do not understand your husband's trade."

"Why don't ye spake Inglish, thin?—Teddy carries up bricks for new houses and brings them down from ould ones."

"I perceive; he is a laborer."

"Just the same, vulgarly speaking."

"In what county was he born?"

"Balinalee, County Longford, in ould Ireland, and may the devil burn the spalpeens that druv us from its grane sod."

"Never mind, madam; I would willingly hear your grievances, but my time is precious. I have but six months to complete my return. Now, your name next if you please."

Me name's Biddy. Be the same token as I was blest be the praste be name of Bridget."

"Now, your age?"

"The devil roast ye, and is it a lady's age ye would be afther axin her to her own face?"

"Madam, it is not my intention to insult you; but these questions must be asked, and there is a heavy penalty incurred by those who refuse to answer, which can be recovered by law."

"Is it the law ye would be after threatening me wid, and me son Pat one of the Polace, too? Do ye think it's his blissid murthur he'd be saying in limbo, when it's only a word he'd have to spake to the Mare to git her out?"

"Am I to understand, then, you refuse to give your age?"

"Jist the same, and I defy ye to find it out."

"It's not so very material, so I shall put you down at fifty years."

"Murther! and a lie is it ye would be afther sinding to the President? when he can say I am only forty-two if he but tuk the trouble to examine the parish register in Roscommon, where—"

"Thank you, madam, and now we will proceed with the rest."

"But ye haven't axed all the questions about mysilf, yit."

"I have your name, age, and place of birth."

"Thrue for ye, so ye have, ye cunning divil: and don't ye want to know my thrade?"

"Not at all; I have your husband's."

"But it's mysilf that thinks ye ought to put it down. I'm a char, and iv yerself or any uv yer friends have any job in me line, going out to days work or the likes, ye can jist spake a good word for a dacent body?"

"I shall certainly always remember you! Now for the next oldest."

That's Pat, and he's twenty-three, barring a few months."

"I think you said he is a Policemen?"

"Yes, shure, but can't you put him down a Public Funkshunary, as he calls himself? It sounds more illegant, and should me friends in the old country iver happen to say the book you are writing, it's proud they will be."

"Who comes nex?"

"The next will be Dennie. He is twenty one."

"What is his occupation?"

"Devil the trade he's got! Isn't he waiting for a vakincy in some of the departments? and he will get it too, for he has a mighty influence at the Powls.—He runs with the Fire Ingins, when they will let him pull the rope; and when they won't, why he jist haves stones at thim. Independent is Dennis—very independent."

"Who next? Please give them to me in rotation."

"Nixt comes Maggy; she's nineteen—thin Tim and Miles, they are siventeen next lady's day.

"Yis, sure, they were all tray uv them born twins; and thin there's Kate, she's fourteen; and Biddy, she's twelve; and Dan O'Cronnell, he's ten; then comes Sukey, she's eight; and Luke he's four; thin Jim, he's two; and—that's all at present!"

"Why, madam, you have a large family and you are fortunate to have them all living, for I presume you had no death in your family circle."

"And is it the graif uv my heart ye would be now rakin' up about my children that ish dead, waked and buried in ould Ireland? Haven't I lost eight as swate babes as iver was born?"

"Excuse me, but in enumering your family I forgot to ask you how many was born in this country?"

"Jist none at all! Didn't we come over the deep say just a twelvemonth last Easter's day?"

"Indeed! How came it then that your son is a public officer?"

"Why didn't he fight and vote at the powls the last election, and what foor shouldin't he be awaeded for his patriotism?"

"Are there any who cannot read and write?"

"And why should we do that same, whin the blissid praist can do it for us?—No, divil a one barring Pat, and he has learned to write his name jist to be able to sign the documents."

"Well madam, that is all. I believe you have no more in your family, you say?"

"Not at prisent; but there will be another before your six months are up, and I would like ye to put it into your book, for it will be a genuine native, and ther's no knowing what the country may do for it hereafter."

"I can't do that; besides I don't know what gender it will be."

"Arrah, now, can't ye jist have a place to put it down in? and ye can just call at the time you finish, and be that time the blissed crayture wil say the light.

"Well, madam, I will bear you in mind Good day."

"Good day, and if you don't come and put in the baby, then divil a question I'll answer ye for the next ten years."

A PARTICULARLY NARROW ESCAPE

A back-woodsman finding the population was getting too dense for him, determined to cross the Mississippi and squat somewhere. In course of his journey, he got on board of a steamer, and commenced a series of questions at the engineer. The latter smoked him at once, and with that spirit of mischief so prevalent amongst old boatmen, he determined to have some fun at the greenhorn's expense. So, leading him on, under a pretence of unveiling to him the mysteries of his craft, he placed him at last just under the safety valve:—Suddenly giving it a pull, he let off a tremendous jet of steam. The countryman, hearing the terrific noise and seeing the rush of steam, very naturally concluded that this was one of those "blow ups" of which he heard so much, rushing at the the top of his speed to the stern of the boat, overboard he went with a brave bound, and as he came up from his dive, after shaking his head like a huge Newfoundland dog, and spurting the water from his mouth, he struck out boldly for the shore, at the same time singing out to his friend—"Abe, she's burst to thunder, but I ain't hurt, old fellers."

OLD FISH.—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fish-monger observing him, and fearing lest the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed:

"Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?"

"Me no smell your fish, massa."

"What are you doing then?"

"Te talk to 'em, massa."

"And what did you say to the fish, my friend?"

"Me ask him what news at sea, dat all massa."

"What did he say to you?"

"He says he don't know, he no been are dese tree weeks.

RELIEVING OF CHOAKED CATTLE.

If the potatoe or apple is near the mouth, (ascertained by feeling the neck) draw it out from above, by running the arm down and seizing it with the fingers, preventing the animal from biting by propping the mouth open with a plough clevis, held firmly by two men. A standing box, made on purpose, open at top and bottom, with projecting pieces to held it by, is still better The writer speaks with experience, having often thus drawn the potatoe from cows' throats. But when low down, it may be pushed in to the stomach by means of a tarred roap an inch in diameter, with a ball of toe at one end as large as a hen's egg, bound with a soft leather. A wooden rod of any kind is dangerous, and usually ruptures the gullet and kills the cow.—*Cultivator.*

STATE'S EVIDENCE.—A drunken lawyer on going into church, was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus:

"I will bear witness against you at the day of judgment."

The lawyer, shaking his head, with drunken gravity, replied:

"I have practised twenty-five years at the bar, and always found the greatest rascal the first to turn State's evidence."

From Annapolis.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MARYLAND CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM CONVENTION.

ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 24 1851

The Convention met. Mr. Parke presented a petition from Lippard's Circle, Brotherhood of the Union, of Union bridge and citizens of Carroll county, praying the exemption of certain property from seizure, sale, &c. Referred.

Mr. Prestman, of Baltimore, offered a resolution requiring appropriate committee to report an article for a new constitution prohibiting the Legislature from passing any law interfering with the relation of master and slave. Mr. Dashiells, of Somerset, said the proposition came from a suspicious quarter. Mr. Presstman replied that though the gentleman might be disposed to look suspiciously upon every thing emanating from Baltimore, the proposition was evidently in accordance with the views and feelings of the gentleman's peculiar constituency. After some further remarks by Messrs. Presstman, R. J. Brent Johnston, Sprigg and Bowie, the order was adopted.

Mr. Merrick offered an order directing the appropriate committee to inquire into the expediency of establishing a Board of Public Works, to consist of two members and a president, to serve for three years, one member to be elected by each branch of the Legislature, and the president of the board by the two houses of the Legislature. The members pay to the regulated by the Legislature, and the President's to be the same as that of the President of the Chesepeake and Ohio canal. Mr. Thomas suggested to the mover of the order to drop that portion of the order which contemplates the mode of selecting the board, and the pay of the president; masmuch as it might be deemed proper to submit the elections to a popular vote of the people. After remarks by other members, and an explanation by Mr. Merrick, the order went to the committee.

The unfinished business of yesterday—being the resolutions by Mr. Merrick upon the subject of representation—coming up, Mr. Guinn withdrew his order of yesterday. The question then recurring upon Mr. Spencer's motion to send Mr. Merrick's resolutions to committee, it was negatived by a vote of 35 to 41. Mr. Spencer thereupon submitted an order referring the subject to the committee on representation with instructions to report a basis of representation upon fair principles of compromise.

Mr. Schley, of Washington county, opposed the order, and declared, in the course of his remarks, that rather than give representation according to population, he would prefer adhering to and retaining the present constitution. He would give the counties such a representation, and Baltimore city a representation according to the largest county.

Mr. Brent, of Baltimore city, responded. He knew of no fair principle authorising representation in all portions of the State, with the exception of Baltimore city, whose interests he should advocate at all hazards.

Mr. Spencer advocated his order, and the principles contained in it.

Mr. Jenifer was ready to meet the issue, and to see if there were members who would vote against a new constitution unless it contained the peculiar feature of representation according to population.

To which Mr. Brent replied he could not entertain any compromise on the question of representation; and in regard to the other suggestion he should hold that as a matter of a consideration at a proper time.

Mr. Presstman thought it strange that those who oppose representation according to population were even afraid to meet any proposition of compromise. He would stand by the family of true reformers, in a spirit of compromise, but yield nothing to its opponents.

Mr. Hicks gave notice of itention to move a substitute, refering the subject to committee, with instruction to report in favor of the present basis of representation in the two Houses of the Legislature.

Mr. Merrick advocated his original resolutions.

Mr. Blackistone offered an amendment to the pending motion, requiring the committee to report a plan of representation based purely upon numbers. A member calling for the ayes and nays, Mr Bowie moved an adjournment Mr Chambers, of Kent, moved the ayes and nays on that motion, which not granted. The question then recurring on Mr Blackistone's amendment; it was decided in the negative by a vote of 17 ayes to 60 nays, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs Buchanan, Bell, Welch, Thomas, Schriver, Johnson, Gathier, Biser, Annan, Gwinn, Brent, of Baltimore city, Pressman, Ware, Parke, Shower, Brown McHenry—17.

Nays—Messrs. Chapman, president, Morgan, Blackistone, Dent, Hopewell, Ricaud, Chambers, of Kent, Donaldson, Dorsey, Wells, Randall, Sellman, Dairymple, Bond, Sollers, Brent, of Charles, Merrick, Jenifer, Ridgely, Lloyd, Dickinson, Colston, John Dennis, James U Dennis, Crisfield, Dashiell, Williams, Hicks, Hodson, Phelps, Miller, McLane, Bowie, Tuck, Sprigg, Bowling, Spencer, Wright, McMaster, Pearn, Fooks, Jacobs, Sappington, Stephenson, Nelson, Thawley, Hardcastle, Schley, Fiery, John Newcomer, Harbine, Davis, Brawer, Waters, Webber, Holliday, Slicer, Fitzpatrick, Smith, Cockey—60.

The Convention then adjourned.

January 25, 1851.

The Convention met. Mr. Jenifer from the committee on the legislative department, reported articles on that subject to be engrafted upon a new Constitution.—The Legislature to be composed of two distinct branches; a Senate and a House of Delegates; the Senators to be elected for four years and the Delegates the term of ——; the first election for Senators to take