msa_sc2901_scm2352-0067 ©Maryland State Archives

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 12. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MAY 3, 1851. 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 willbe 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.

SEGAR MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber would call the attention of the public, to his Segar Manufactory in Chester Town. His assortment consists of the following:

SEGARS,

La Victoria,	Habanna,
La India,	Rionda,
Napoleon,	Principee,
Gusto Sans,	Spanish,
Star	Half Spanish,

and others.

TOBACCO,

El Dorado,	Smoking,
Anti-Nervous,	S. & Cuba,
Thomas,	Turkish;

and others.

SNUFFS,

Rappee and Scotch,

Merchants and others, would find it to their advantage to patronize him, as he is determined to sell at the lowest Baltimore prices.

THOMAS S. LOVEDAY.

April 5, '51—1y

SPRING AND SUMMER
CLOTHING.

EVERYBODY should embrace this opportunity to buy CLOTHING for
MEN, YOUTH, & BOYS,
such prices as have never yet been known in this City, at
GEORGE CULIN'S
Clothing Establishment,
South-East Corner of
MARKET AND SECOND STS., PHILADELPHIA,
Embracing a choice of the best, most desirable, and fashionable Dress and Frock Coats, Habit Cloth do., Linen Drilling do., Tweeds, &c.
Together with a great varigty of
Boys' Clothing,
Consisting of Sack Coats, Polka Jackets, Monkey Jackets, Vests, and Round Jackets of Tweed, Linen Drilling, Cloth, Alpaca, Kersamer Doeskin, &c.
Particular care has been taken to procure new styles for
MEN AND BOYS'
SUMMER COATS,
PANTALOONS,
VESTS, &c.,
which he would invite special attention.

Furnishing Goods,
Consisting of Shirts, Stocks, Handkerchiefs, &c., all of which are offered at the lowest Cash Prices, and as cheap as any other Clothing Store in the Union.
Parents who desire Boys' Clothing are respectfully invited to examine the Stock.
Country Storekeepers can be accommodated at very low rates.
GEORGE CULIN,
S. Corner Second and Market Sts.,
Philadelphia.

April 5, 1851.—1y.

NOTICE.

ALL persons and bodies corporate or politic, in Kent county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or be doing an act or thing, or shall make use or occupation of any house or place for any purpose, for which a license is made necessary by an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at December session 1827, chapter 117, and the several supplements thereto, are hereby required to obtain a LICENCE, or to refrain the same, before the
10th Day of May
next ensuing under the penalties prescribed in said Act of Assembly and the several amendments thereto, for every infraction of said Laws.

FRANCIS CANN,
Sheriff.

April 5, 1851.—5w.

HOUSE
CARPENTERING.

THE subscribers take this method to inform the public, that they have commenced the above business in the Shop, known, opposite the late residence of George B Usilton, deceased. Having experience in the business, they guarantee work in the best manner. By strict attention to business they hope to receive a share of public patronage.

WM. O. SMITH,
W. H. LAMBERT.

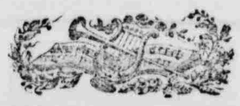
Chester Town, Feb. 15, 1851.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horse-Shoeing, &c.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he has again commenced the above business in this place, in the NEW SHOP, 2nd door below Mr. John Wood's Carriage Shop, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and patrons. Edge Tools made to order, and all work, in his line, in the best manner. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive encouragement.

HENRY H. SIMMS.

Chestertown, Feb'y 1, 1851—1y



POETRY.

THE TALL GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.

Upbraid me not—I never pledged
Eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high,
And I am six feet three,
I wonder dear how you supposed
That I could look so low;
There's many a one can tie a knot,
Who cannot fix a beau.

Besides you must confess, my love,
The bargain's hardly fair;
Nor never could we make a match,
Although we make a pair.
Marriage, I know, makes one of two,
But here's the horrid bore,
My friends declare, if you are one,
That I at least am four.

'Tis true the moralists have said
That love has got no eyes;
But why should all my sighs be heaved
For one who has no size?
And on our wedding day I'm sure
I'd leave you in the lurch—
For you never saw a steeple, dear,
In the inside of a church.

I do admit I wear a glass,
Because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you,
I might be counted rude.
And though I use a convex lens—
By all the stars! I hope
My wife will ne'er look up to me
Through a "Herschel Telescope."

Then fare the well, my gentle one;
I ask no parting kiss,
I must not break my back to gain
So exquisite a bliss.
Nor will I weep, lest I should hurt
Some tender flower:
The tears which fell from such a height
Would be a thunder-shower.

Farewell! and pray don't drown yourself
In basin or a tub,
For that would be a sore disgrace
To all the "six feet club."
But if you ever love again,
Love on a smaller plan:
For why extend to six feet three,
A life that's but a span?

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE undersigned has on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices, a large stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

comprising part the following: Gentlemens fine BOOTS, do Lee BOOTS, Ladies morocco thick sole, do thin soles.

A good assortment of children SHOES The public will find it to their advantage to give him a call.

JNO. W. PRICHARD.

April 5 '51.

A SMALL
FARM
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale about sixty to seventy
ACRES
of arable land situated on the road leading from the Bay shore to Chestertown from which it is a distant seven miles, and is separated from his residence by the Public road to Fairlee Creek. This land is now in two enclosures and may be divided into three fields by a fence of one Hundred pannels. The land has been limed and is very susceptible of the highest improvement for any kind of grain.

Boats are constantly plying from the landing on Fairlee creek to and from Baltimore, giving facilities for
MARKETING.
The cultivation is in three fields of about
50,000 *Corn Hills*
each. One of which is being prepared for CORN. One for OATS, and the remaining field in PASTURE.

A small BUILDING is about to be erected and if it should not be sold, it will be rented.

Possession given at any time.
The TERMS of SALE will be liberal.
WM. B. WILMER.

March 29, '51.

P. S. WOOD can be easily obtained in the vicinity and more arable if desired.
W. B. W.

PEPSIN.—This valuable medicine has just been received and for sale by
JNO. L. STAM.

April 5, 1851

CHOICE TALES.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

COUNTRY EXPERIENCES.

PETER MULROONEY.

"Of all the men I ever had occasion to employ, Peter Mulrooney was the most knowing. He was intensely Irish—and must have kissed the blarney-stone, every morning regularly, from his youth upwards. Ireland—if you believe him was the Eden of the world—a land flowing with milk and honey; and yet, somehow or other, after Peter got settled here, he did not seem to have any very fervent desire to go back to his Paradise.

His first introduction of himself to my notice was charastic of the man. *He* came towards me with a quick, shambling gait, and touching his hat lightly, said—

"The top o' the mornin' to ye'r honor! Would ye like to hire a handy boy?"

Peter was at least forty.

"What can you do?" I inquired.

"Is it what can I do? Och, begora, there'- nothing comes amiss to me, any way"

"Do you know anything about farming?"

"Och, murther! What'ud I be good for if didn't? Sure there wasn't a more illigant hand in ould Ireland than meself."

"*Have* you ever had anything to do about horses?"

"Bedad sir, ye just guessed it. Divil a nater hand ye'll find in all county Galway than Peter Mulrooney—an that's no lie."

"And cows?"

"Is it the bastes ye mane? Sure ye'r honor's in luck the day! Faix. I'd like to see the man 'ud bate me with the crayturs."

"But we farm differently here, Mulrooney, from what they do in the country."

"Sure that's thrue any how. I'ts the dirty black naygurs, the haythans, that's be doing the bad work I see. Augh, sorra a thing they're good for the man-ating canibals!"

"And so you think you could better it, do you?"

"Bedad sir, it, it 'ud be but a poor chate of a spalpeen I am, if I couldn't. Wasn't I head man to wan Sprowl's for more nor two yares? Och! but he was the illigant farmer. Bad cess to the day I left him."

"If you regret it so much why did you do so?"

"Aych! ye may well ax. 'Twas my own dom, sure. 'Tis a bit of a shindy I had, and bruk Terry Lannahan's head wid me shillelah. Oh, wirra, wirra, who'd a thought it was so soft?"

"You didn't kill him?" said I starting back with horror.

"Is it murthered him, ye mane? Begora, he'd be a poor thing to mind a cracked skull, any way. Sure sir, it was nothing to spake of."

"Then why did you come away?"

"I's a dirty mane constable that 'ud be coming aither me; an' sure, what could I do but bate him for the trouble he was takin'? Mighty onasey I left him, any way an that's no lie."

"Well, Peter, suppose I try you for a month. Of course I do not expect you to have a perfect knowledge of our ways at first. You must let me see what you can do."

"Good luck to yer honor, it's the rael gintleman ye are. What'll I be doin' first?"

Peter was set to perform various light services upon the place, for entertaining certain misgivings as to Mr. Mulrooney's actual capacity, I determined to employ him as a sort of odd man until such time as I could test more fully the amount of farming skill he really possessed. The result was, that I soon found Peter knew actually nothing beyond the simple use of the shovel. With that implement he was truely dexterous. *Horses* he could neither feed, clean or manage. In ploughing, he was positively so awkward, that instead of guiding firmly the handles of the plough, he pushed them forward with all his strength trotting along all the time by the side of the furrow; and instead of cutting his furrow slices straight, and of an even depth, he ran them in and out, in the crookedest way imaginable; while the depth of ploughing, undulated from two to eight inches.

These experiments convinced me of Peter's incapacity; so, from thenceforth, I kept him employed at ditching, or in the garden, or in performing light offices for the household.

One day, having occasion to go to town I called him to me.

"Peter," said I, "I think my carriage runs heavily. It wants greasing; can you do it?"

"Sure sir," said he, "what'd I be good for if I couldn't? Is it grase a carriage? Faith, that's aso enough any way."

"Easy as it is, Peter, I am half afraid to trust you to do it. You make so many blunders. Perhaps, after all, I had better go with you and see it done."

"Och, wirra! wirra! did I iver here the likes of that. What 'ud ye be goin? Sure I know.'

"Ah, but Peter, recollect what you said about the ploughing."

"Begoria!" said Peter, nothing abashed—"Is all the ault of the ploughs, in this country, any how. Them's the contrariest things that iver broke a poor divil's back—an' that's no lie!"

"And the horses too that you knew so much about?"

"Its Amerikey bastes they are,' said Peter Would your honor undtherstand Irish, at first, if you went across to the ould country?"

I shook my head.

"Sure thin that's the way it was,' said Peter triumphantly. 'If a rael gintleman like yer honor couldn't understand Irish, is it a brute baste that has the larnin to know it before I tache him?"

"Well, well; but about the carriage"

"Bedad, ye needn't throuble yerself about it at all There's mighty little difference in the carriages, I see, all the world over."

"Be careful then, Peter; and grease it well, do you hear?"

"Faix, I'll do that same thing. I'll be plazing yer honor this time, any way."

An hour passed, and I waited impatiently for the carriage. Once or twice I saw Peter pass the window which with the slush bucket in his hand, and I began to wonder what took him to the kitchen so often. At lenght I hailed him, to know if the vehicle was not almost ready.

"Aych!" said Peter, ,would ye have me spoil a perty peice of work?' Its little the naygurs knows about grasing any thing, the haythens!"

"But you are so long, Peter, I had better come out and see about it myself"

"Faix! an there's no need. Yer honor shall have in no time.

"Well, make haste, then, for I'm in a hurry."

It might have been fifteen minutes after this, that Peter knocked at the door.

"Will I put the horse in, sir?"

"Certainly if you can. Is the carriage ready?"

"Och, sure, but it's a beauty! Would yer honor come and look at it?"

"Draw it out and I will be there directly

Peter went off, and was in the act of flinging open the doors of the carriage house as I approached.

"There sir!" said he, pointing to the carriage in evident admiration. "Did yer iver see the like of that?"

"Why what on earth have you done to it?"

"Grased it, sure illigantly! Bedad, but it takes the shine, any how!"

I never felt so angry in my life; and yet, the whole affair combined with Peter's conscious importance, as if he prided himself in having done a good thing, was so ludicrous that I soon became undetermined whether to laugh or storm.

There stood my new carriage, greased all over with slush, or what is commonly called in the country, soap fat; not only the leather curtains, but the top, the body, the running gear, and even the shafts and swingle-tree; literally one shining mass of unsavory grease. And there stood Peter, with his eyes travelling from mine to his work, with a look of most intense satisfaction. THE AXELS WERE LEFT UNTOUCHED.

Peter Mulrooney never greased for me after that day. But he is the hero of another little story, which I may perhaps give you in my next.

HURRAH FOR US!

ETHAN SPIKE'S SPEECH ON THE DANGERS OF A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION

The "honerable gentleman" having mounted the rostrum, plunged into his subject in the following eloquent style, viz:

"Thunder and guns! whar ar we?—This are a day for the citizens of *Hornby*, and if I warnt too modest it's a day and a half for all creation—included the rest of mankind, and the prople gineralliy! This world, feller citizens, is a looking at us, an on the heterogenous exertions of this here society human liberty depends; an hangs like a burdock to a boy's trowsis—Are we up to the crop? Dus every individual feel the responsibility of the great crisis hearin' on him like a flat rock on a toad's back? Dus all feel like a young Hekerlanium ready to take hold and choke the orrygone stables as is wormin' in to squeeze the daylights out of our infant liberties? I answer—we is! Let the hot-in-tates of the hull airth hear and tremble.

Feller citizens, we have come up here, every man prepared to take his life in his trowses pocket, to preserve the Union—that blessed Union—fit for, bled for, and died for, by our reverend posterity, on the bloody fields of Buenny Vistey, Yorktown, Madawasky and Weterlieu. This here glorious Union, feller citizens, is thretened within an inch of its life. By whom? Why by a set of onsarcumsized, mean, nasty critters, who can't depreciate this blessed perlaydium that provides every man a fig tree—under which we sot, an our fathers has sot, an no one darst molest or skeer us,

Feller citizens, I'm for the Union! Yes, sir! An though the hull world's agin me, though the devil jined in the aberlishunists yet, as Webster said in his Newberryport letter—*Pue satum, santa rarissima historia sacre lex taglionis, ecco signum et broad axy* though pelican towered on ossy, I'd fite till all was blew! [Hear! hear! and stompin.]

Feller citizens: The pint we've met here to consider is—Shall the Union be preserved—shall the star spangle banner still flount and flounce in the selewbrietv of the onmitigated space of either—shall the American eagle—God bless him! [stopin by the men, and sobbin and snufflin by the wimmen]—shall the eagle continue to soor aloft an—an do as he darn pleases? Or shall he be stove up an broke in like a worn arout syder berrill—aeour flag torn an slit like little Ephe Libby's trowsis over there by the winder—an the glorious fawl of liberty plucked an picked like a thanksgiven turkey? Whar—I say, whar, will Hornby be found when his great battle which is coming on is fit? Will she be skulkin an slinking about like a woodchuck in a tarter field, or toe the mark like a rat in a corner? Whar ar yer Libbeys, yer Peabodys, yer Wiggins, an yer Lyers, names illustrious in the Madawasky war? True, the last run away afore he got thar and tother didn't go, but ef wust had come to wust, thar's no knowin what they might have done for their country. Sperrits of 76! even from all the way up to this—from the hyperbolical confluewence of ajaycent surcummumbiancy—ye behold this criesis! smile on your predecessors who are about to jine issu with ungodly aberlishunists an cussed niggers for the perservation of the Union, perlaydiums on what not!

Feller citizens, I'm in armist. A crisis is riz Ant is waken up the free onterified suvrins of these still more suvereet States to the reskew!

There's mosterin of nations
A waken of snakes—
The devil's broke out again,
And all creation shakes.

Yes, everything is waken up, an taken off its coat. Even the sleepy lion Daniel Webster, is atousin an shaken his tail and mane prepared to fite for hewman rights an democratic usages. "The great confounder of the co stitution," as he is justly termed, in his letter to me, very truly and gassacally says—"Ethan," say he, "I don't speak as a Massachusetts man, nothing else—no pen up your turkey, counteract, my powers—the hull continent, however bounded is mine! But, "he continuerse things haint rite; in the language of Julyus Seizer to the Pope of Room: *Abinito jum zptre spere!*" which means something is broke and everything is out of joint. Finally he concluded in this touching way—"I've undertook the job of fixen an patchin the Union; I luk to Horeby to lay holt and sustain!" [*Hear!* hear—hooray] and then he adds this postcript—N. B.

P. S.—Nobody, fur as I've heern, says a word agin the fewgitive slave law, leastways nobody whose opinion is wuth a cuss!

Neow, fellow citizens, thar's a good ele to be did! In the name of all——(here the elerkent speaker was interrupted by somebody callin aout to see what was to be did—and what he'd been about!) Nowe fellow citizens, in the talkin' name of all that's sacret undimercratic, shall we be found waitin? No, fellor citizens no! no! From aour borders, from the romeless precipitations of Bethel hill an the dark an inskrewtable caravans of Lilly pond to the ramified ossilation of Dan Wiggin's caow pastor, comes up a thunderin' patryotic, double breasted no! On, then! onard!—Let the watchword be—Webster, hewman rites, and d——d a nigger!

Feller citizens, I've done. My speech is afore you. I hope it's done you good, for it's laid as heavy on my stomach for the last two days as a cold bled tater.

"LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS, &C."

The Waukesha Democrat is responsible for the following:

Judge F——, of W——county, and Burr S. C——, from 'up north,' are both good fellows, and are fond of a good joke. It is not often that they get bit; but the following circumstance, it is suspected, occurred a few weeks since:

It was in this wise—Burr and the Judge were coming from Milwaukie towards Waukesha one evening, propelled by a fine horse of the Judge's, attached to a buggy and when about a mile east of Wauwatosa, on the plank road (which is parallel to the railroad) they heard the locomotive puffing and roaring on its return to Milwaukie.—They were alarmed on account the aversion of their pony to locomotives; and to avoid disaster, both hastened to disengage the horse from the carriage. As the cars did not come along immediately, they both being somewhat in haste one led the horse while the other tugged at the buggy, occasionly respiting each other by 'changing works,' and thus travel at the rate of 'fourteen miles in fifteen days' As they pulled eand paddled and tugged at the vehicle thay sobliquised on the character of railroeds in general, and the great advantages they afforded over their then present mode of travelling, occasionally wondering that the "iron horse" did not come along. Burr thought the cars travelled awful slow in this country, and still they pulled and tugged until they had drawn the buggy a good mile by hand, when coming in sight of Wauwatosa, they found that instead of the locomotive, they had been frightened by the engine of Hart's Steam Saw Mill!

They agreed to say nothing about it, but it leaked out, and they must take the consequences.

SCENE IN A JUSTICE ROOM.—The *Hartford Times* vouches for the following story.

"Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery on Mike Sweeny."

"I've the money in me pocket, and I'll pay the fine if your honor will give me the resate."

"We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You will not be called on a second time for your fine."

"But, your honor, I'll not be wanting to pay the same without I get a resate."

"What do you want with it."

"If your honor will write one and give it to me I will tell you."

"Well, there is your receipt. Now what do your want with it?"

"I'll tell yer honor. You see I'll be after dying one of these days, and when I get to the gates of heaven I'll rap and St Peter will say, "Who's there?" and I'll say "its me, Pat Malone," and he'll say, "What do you want?" and I say "I want to come in" Then he'll say, 'Did you behave yourself like a decent boy in the other world, and pay all your little fines and such things?,' and I'll say, 'Yes, your holiness, I paid all of them.' and he'll want to see my resates, an I'll put my hand into my pocket and take my resate and give it to him, and I'll not have to go plodding all over perdition to find your honor to get one."

VALUABLE INVENTION!—We learn that Mr. T. M. Coleman has filed a caveat for an improvement in India rubber horse collars and saddles, which are inflated with air, instead of being stuffed as is now the case. This will prevent chafing and be a great relief to the noblest of all domestic animals—the horse. We shall expect to see this invention in general use, as humanity demands that even to the dumb creature "the back should be suited to the burden.

AN "AWFUL DRAUGHT."—An old acquaintance of ours in the country, indulges in a very exaggerating style of description and illustration, in his ordinary conversation. For instance, when describing the effect of an alteration in his kitchen chimney, which he had ordered his mason to make, he said that "before the chimney was altered, it drew the wrong way so powerful that every flock of wild geese that flew over the town for ten years, was suck down into his fire place, but since the alteration has been made, the draugh is so strong that if he should hook one end of a ox-chain in the midle of the floor, the other end would stand quivering up the chimney."

AGRICULTURE.

Agriculture has made greater strides towards a perfect system within the present century than in all the many hundreds years preceding. That which was, until about fifty years ago, a simple plodding of routine, at once destructive to continued fertility, and ruinous to the interests of the farmer and land-owner, is now gradually becoming a dignified science, which, properly carried out, will not, only reward the labor of its study by the increased fruitfulness of the soil, but extend its benefits beyond the energetet agriculturalist himself to all classes of the community. It may be slower, but it is a surer road to wealth, than all the gold mines of the Pacific, and by the stimulus which good farming necessarily creates by the more imposing position it gives to the state from the increased value of the land within its limits, and by the acive employment it afford to other trades and professions, it enables the people of the Commonwealth to sustain, with ease, its dignity, and credit, under necessary taxation.

SIMON WICKES,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,

HAS just received, and has on hand a larger stock than has ever been kept in this place, which he will sell very low for cash or to punctual 12 month customers.

March 8, 1851.

DOCT. JAYNES' justly celebrated Medicines for sale by
S. WICKES.
Mch 8, '51.

ETHERIAL and Camphine Oils from 60 to 70 cts. per gal. (warranted pure) for sale by
S. WICKES.
Mch. 8, '51.

WHITE LEAD, from 8 to 10 cts. Linseed Oil, Turpentine and Varnish for sale by
S. WICKES.
Mch. 8, '51.

PAIN KILLER just received from Providence, R. I., and for sale by
S. WICKES.
Mch. 8, '51.

Superior Chewing Tobacco, Segars, &c. just received and for sale by
S. WICKES.
Mch. 8, '51.

CHASE'S Patent Trusses on hand and for sale by
S. WICKES.
Mch. 8, '51.

DOCT. FITCHES Patent improved steel spring shoulder braces just received and for sale by
S. WICKES.
March 29, '51.

ANDREW'S Worm Syrup—just received and for sale by
Mch 15, '51. SIMON WICKES.

WINES, BRANDY and WHISKEY for sale by
WILMER & FRANCIS.