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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

VOL. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. JANUARY 23, 1847. NO. 39.

"SUGAR COATED" PILLS.

Beware! Caution!!

The increasing popularity of Dr. G. Benj. Smith's improved Indian Vegetable Sugar Coated Pills, has induced a number of persons to make something they call Pills and coat them with sugar, in order to sell them for the genuine, while they do not possess a particle of the goodness, nor even assimilate in appearance to the original. Dr. Smith's Pills. In short, they are an intended fraud upon the community.—A minister who at first had an interest in an imitation Sugar Coated Pill, manufactured in Albany N. Y., has given them up, as he says, on account of the miserable dishonest parties concerned in manufacturing them. The same party are now industriously circulating reports calculated to injure Dr. Smith and to affect the reputation of his valuable pills; but rather than notice them in public, Dr. Smith is about to institute legal proceeding against them for their slanders, as he has in another case against a similar party, in which he recovered a large amount of damages. These miserable imitators have to resort to the most abominably means to palm off ther counterfeit pills, as the public know that Dr Smith's are the original and genuine. Several instances have come to public notice in which life has been endangered by the unfortunate use of the counterfeits. It is *Dr Smith's* Pills that are doing so much good in the country- as the following plainly show.

More Ministers

Use and Recommend Dr. Smith's Pills than all others.

This is to certify that I have used the Sugar Coated Pills, manufactured by G. Benjamin Smith, of New York, for some time, and believe them to be a good medicine; and also, from inquiry in that city, I am persuaded that he is the original inventor, and therefore is entitled to the benefit of the invention.

S. WILLIAMS,
Pastor 1st Baptist Church, Pittsburgh.

From the Blue Hen's Chicken. (Del.)

We call the attention of our readers to the certificate of Rev. S. Williams, Pastor of 1st Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, in relation to Dr. Smith's Pills. We can ourselves bear testimony to the excellence of these Pills, one of us having used them and experienced great relief from them.

The above is the best paper in the State of Delaware.

The "Improved Indian Vegetable Pills," (Sugar Coated,) are certainly doing much good in the whole country, and are highly esteemed, if one half is true that people write and say about them. They are so easy in their operation that all like them. The editor of the Northern State Journal, (one of the largest and best papers in the Stat of N. Y.,) writes as follows:

Watertown, May 31, 1846.

Dr G. Benj. Smith—

Dear Sir: I was laid up with a bad cold some time since my return from from N. Y, and during my my illness I made trial of your pills and I must say I found them excellent. They are the best medicine for the purposes they are intended, that I have yet seen, I seldom take pills, but I found yours entirely free from the objections to which other pills are liable I hope they will continue to be a source of profit to you as I doubt not they will be a means of relief to be afflicted on a lage scale.

Yours truly,
J. GREEN.

Tonawanda, Pa, Sept. 18, 1846.

Dr. G. Benj. Smith—

Dear Sir: Your agent left with me a lot of your Sugar Coated Pills, and I have but a few boxes left. Every box I have sold has given entire satisfaction. I have taken them myself and I consider them the best pills I have ever used; and I am not afraid to recommend them to the public. I wish a further supply at once.

Yours respectfully,
JACOB KIBLER, P. M.

Huntington, Ind., June 21, 1846.

Dr. Smith—

Dear sir: I am most out of your "Indian Vegetable Sugar Coated Pills," and find them selling so fast that I think you had better send me two gross immediately.—They give such general satisfaction that people come at least twenty miles for them and as it is generally known I am agent for them, I would be very sorry to get out.

Yours respectfully,
SAML MOORE & CO.

BEWARE!!!

If G. Benj. Smith, be not written with a pen on the bottom of the box, all "Sugar Coated" Pills are Counterfeit!

Principal Office 179 Greenwich Street, large brick block, N. Y. Price 25 cents a box.

For sale in Chester Town, by John L. Stam.

Carriage and Harness MANUFACTORY.

T. & O. P. JONES,
Fashionable COACH MAKERS,



Would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they are constantly manufacturing CARRIAGES of almost every description of style and patern, all of which they will sell cheap and on accommodating terms.—Persons in want of good Carriages are invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere. Old carriages taken in exchange.

N. B. Repairing executed with neatness and despatch.

Chester Town, May 30th, 1846. tf

HEMSLEY'S WORM DESTROYING SYRUP,

Prepared by R. F. Hemsley, Pharmaceutist, Easton, Md. and by Hemsley & Bros. 47 Ann street, New York.

Various remedial agents have been resorted to from time immemorial for the expulsion of worms. Among the most popular of the present era, and one we may add, without ostentation, destined to stand unrivalled in the class of anthelmintic remedies, is that offered to the public under the title of "*Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup.*" Its qualities have already stood the test of years, and innumerable evidences of the most striking success in its administration have been from time to time furnished. The ingredients are at once safe and efficient, and the composition prepared upon strict chemical principles. The united testimony of eminent medical gentlemen, to whom it has been submitted, is a strong proof of its claim upon general patronage. But a stronger proof of its merits is the fact, that it has never, in a single instance, when properly administered, failed to produce a cure; and whenever it has been introduced, it has become with Physicians, as well as with all others, the only medicine prescribed for worms.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We, the undersigned, having prescribed "*Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup,*" frequently in our practice, and witnessed its uniform success, can confidently recommend it to be a safe and certain remedy for worms, and believe it to be superior to any thing ever used in such cases.

Trist Thomas, MD	Chris. C. Cox, MD
J. A. Muse, MD	Jas. Dawson, MD
W. H. Thomas, MD	H. R. Pitts, MD

I have tried in a desperate case of worms "*Mr. Wm. Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup,*" and it proved immediately efficacious. This case had baffled the skill of a Physician previously, and the disease must have killed the servant. I feel it my duty to give this certificate in favour of this valuable medicine.

SAM'L HAMBLETON, Jr.
Attorney at Law.

Easton, March 30th, '44.

Having freely used "Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup" in my family for more than two years past, I unhesitatingly recommend it as a safe and effectual vermifuge, and decidedly prefer it to any other worm medicine I have ever used.

JOHN TILGHMAN.

☞PRICE.—25 cts. per bottle, or $2 00 per dozen

For sale by
SIMON WICKES, Jr. Druggist,
Chester Town.

July 11th, 1846. tf

Dr. H. F. Peery's

Vermifuge, or "Dead Shot," for Worms

A highly concentrated and chemically combined preparation, capable, from the promptitude of its action, of clearing the system in a few hours of every worm

The exceeding small quantity of this medicine required to test the existence of worms or to remove every one from the system, its operating in a few hours, together with its great certainty of effect, constitute it one of the most brilliant discoveries of the age. It seldom needs to be repeated, and never to be followed by any other purge; therefore in urgent cases, as those of fits, spasms or convulsions, caused by worms, its unrivalled superiority is manifest. Few medicines are better calculated to improve the health of children, even where no worms exist; as it removes those masses of crudities that line and closely adhere to the stomach and bowels, giving rise to symptoms that counterfeit every variety of worm-disease. Though prompt and certain in its operation, it is perfectly safe and adapted to the tenderest age. Price 25 cents per vial.

Prepared by Dr. Peery, and sold by S. Wickes, Apothecary, agent for Chestertown and wholesale and retail by Chas. Wiseman Druggist, 331 Market street, next the Globe Inn, Baltimore.

nov'r 28, '46 3m

Too important to overlook!!!
Too profitable to neglect!!!

There is not a man living but may, at some time or other, owe his life to the mighty, saving power,

DALLEY'S
Magical Pain Extractor.

This *wonder of the age*, is capable of curing almost every sort of affliction that assails the human body, as well as relieve and restore it from *all kinds* of suffering and pain, even from the excruciating agony of the severest Burn, Pile, Scald, Rheumatism, Tic Doloreaux, &c It has saved hundreds of lives in *dreadful cases*, where the Physician has stood aghast, by its imparting instant ease and rest to a victim, and arresting, by its magnetic and electric instantaneous fluid, inflammation and mortification.

It will also prevent Poison taking effect on persons bit by venomous reptiles, or rabid animals, bees, hornets, musquitoes, spiders, or from having come in contact with poisonous plants—*and cure every case.*

Will likewise prevent and cure Broken Breasts, Sore Nipples, chafe and sores in children, cancers and carbuncles.

Sold by S. Wickes, Apothecary, Chester Town, and Chas. Wiseman, 331, Market street, next the Globe Inn, Baltimore.

nov'r 28, '46. 3m

LAMPS.

Just received, and for sale a few more of Cornelious Solar Lamps, for sale cheap by
JOHN L. STAM.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first sixmonths
☞For Prospectus, see fourth page.



POETRY.

DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.

From Burn's Magazine.

My eyes are closing fast in death,
But ere their light is fled,
Dear mother, lay thy gentle hand
In blessing on my head.

And, kiss me mother, once again,
And hear my last request,
One only wish your Willie has
Before he sinks to rest.

There is a sweet and shady spot
Beside the old church-tower,
Where little birds are wont to sing
All through the summer hour.

The village children love it well,
It is so calm and fair;
And many an evening they spend
In love and converse there.

And then, dear mother, make my grave
When from thy tender breast
They bear me to a harder bed
In earth's cold arms to rest.

But mother on thy dasied turf
See no cold stone be laid
To chill and crush beneath its weight
The flowers which God has made.

Close it not with ugly rails,
And draw no chains around
As if the dead, lone captives lay,
Within the prison bound.

And write no name—no verse inscribe;
It little needs to know
That a poor weak and simple child
Sleeps in the dust below.

But let a little cross be wrought
To stand upon my grave,
Like that whereon my Saviour hung,
Who died my soul to save.

There let it be a holy sign
Of pure and simple faith
Of Him, who, rising from the tomb,
Hath burst the bonds of death—

And angels on the rapid wing,
Shall see the emblem fair,
And gladly stay their flight to say
"A child of God sleeps there!"

SELECT TALES.

TRENTON;

OR

THE FOOT STEPS IN THE SNOW.

A TRADITION OF CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1776.

It was a dark, dreary night, sixty-nine years ago, when in an ancient farm house, that arises along yonder shore, an old man and his children had gathered around their Christmas hearth.

It was a lovely picture.

That old man, sitting there on a broad hearth in the full glow of the flame—his dame, a fine old matron by his side—his children, a band of red lipped maidens, some with slender forms, just trembling on the verge of girlhood—others warming and flushing into the summer morn of womanhood! And the warm glow of the fire was upon the white locks of the poor old man, and on the mild face of his aged wife, and the young bloom of those fair daughters.

Had you on that dark night—for it was dark and cold—while the December sky gloomed above, and the sleet swept over the hills of Delaware—have drawn near the farm house window, and looked in upon that Christmas hearth, and drank in the full beauty of that scene, you would confess with me that though this world has many beautiful scenes—much of the strangely beautiful in poetry—yet there by that hearth centred and brightened and burned that poetry, which is most like Heaven, the Poetry of Home!

You have all heard the story of the convict, who stood on the gallows, imbrued in crime—stepped to the lips in blood, there mocking at the preacher's prayer, mocking even the hangman! When, suddenly, as he stood with the rope about his neck—his head sunk—and a single, burning—scalding tear rolled down his cheek.

"I was thinking," said he, in a broken voice, I was thinking of the—Christmas fire.

Yes, in the moment, when the preacher failed to warn, when even the hangman could not awe—a thought came over the convict's heart of that time when a father, and his children in the far off land, gathered around their Christmas fire.

That very thought melted his iron soul!

"I care not for your ropes and your gibbets," said he. "But now, in that far land—there over the waters,—my father, my brothers, my sisters, and sitting around their Christmas fire! They are waiting for me! And I am here—here upon the scaffold!"

Is there but a deep poetry in the scene, that could thus touch a murderer's soul and melt it into tears?

And now, as the old man, his wife, his daughters cluster around their fire, tell me, why does old man droop slowly down, his eyes fill, his hands tremble?

Ah, there is one absent from the Christmas hearth!

He is thinking of the absent one—his manly, brave boy, who has been gone from the farm house year.

But hark! Even as the thought comes over him, the silence of the fire side is broken by a faint cry—a faint moan, heard over the wastes of snow from afar.

The did man grasps a lantern and with that young girl by his side, goes out upon the dark night.

Look there as—following the sounds of the moan—they softly over the frozen path; now the lantern flashes over their forms—over a few white paces of frozen snow—while beyond all is darkness!

Still that moan, so low, so faint, so deep-toned, quivers on the air!

Something arrests the old man's eye there in snow—they bend down, he and his daughter they gaze upon the sight.

It is a human foot step in the snow painted in human blood!!

"My child," whispered the old man, tremulously, "now pray to Heaven for Washington! For by this footstep stamped in blood I judge that his army is passing near this place!"

Still that moan quivers on the air.

Then the old man and that young girl, following those footsteps stained in blood, one—two—three—four—look how the red tokens crimson the white snow! following those bloody footsteps; go on until they reach that rock, battling over the river shore.

There the lantern light flashes over the form of a half-naked man, crouching down in the snow—freezing and bleeding to death.

The old man looks upon that form clad in the ragged uniform of the Continental army, the stiffened fingers grasping the battered musket.

It was his only son.

He called to him—the young girl knelt, and you may be sure there were tears in her eyes—chafed her brother's hands—ah! they were stiff and cold! And when she could not warm them, gathered them to her young bosom, and wept tears upon his dying face.

Suddenly that brother raised his head, he extended his hand towards the river.

"Look there, father!" he said, in his husky voice.

And bending down over the rock, the old man looked far over the river.

There under the dark sky, a fleet of boats were tossing amid piles of ice. A fleet of boats bearing men and arms, and extending in irregular lines from shore to shore.

And the last boat of the fleet—that boat just leaving the western shore of the Delaware; the old man saw that too, and saw even through the darkness, you tall form, half muffled in a warrior's cloak, with a gray war-horse by his side.

Was not that a strange sight to see at a dead of night, on a dark river under a dark sky?

The old man turned to his dying son to ask the meaning of this mystery.

"Father," gasped the brave boy, tottering to his feet. "Father, give me my musket—help me on, help me down to the river, for to night——

As that word was on his lips—he fell.—He fell, and lay there, stiff and cold. Still on his lips there hung some faintly spoken words.

The old man, that fair girl, bent down they listened to these words—

"To-night, Washington, the British, to-night, Trenton!"

And with that word gasping on his lips, "Trenton," he died!

The old man did not know the meaning of that word, until the next morning. Then there was the sound of musketry to the south; then booming over the Delaware came the roar of battle.

Then, that old man, with his wife and children, gathered round the body of that dead boy knew the meaning of that single word that had trembled on his lip—

Knew that George Washington had burst like a thunderbolt upon the British Camp in Trenton!

Ah! that was a merry Christmas party which the British officers kept in the town of Trenton sixty-nine years ago—although it is true, that to that party there came an uninvited guest, one Mister Washington, his half clad army, and certain bold Jerseymen.

Would that I might linger here, and picture the great deeds of that morning 69 years ago.

Would that I might linger here upon the holy ground of Trenton.

For it is holy ground. For it is here in the darkest hours of the Revolution, that George Washington made one stout gallant blow in the name of the declaration, which 56 bold men, had proclaimed in the old State House of Philadelphia six months before.

Then, if that State House is the Mecca of Freedom, to which the pilgrims of all climes may come to worship, then is the battle ground of Trenton, the twin Mecca the Jerusalem of Freedom—to which the Children of Liberty, from every clime may come—look upon the footsteps of the mighty dead—bring their offerings—shed their tears.

December 26, 1776!

It was a dark night but the first gleam of morning shown over the form of George Washington, as he stood beside the Hessian leader Ralle, who lay in yonder roomwrestling with death—yes, Washington stood there, and placed a cup of water to his feverish lips, and spoke a prayer for his passing soul.

It was a dark night, but the gleam of morning shone over yon cliff, darkening above the wintry river, over the frozen snow, where a father, a wife, a band of children clustered around the cold form of a dead soldier.

He was clad in rags, but there was a grim smile his white lips, his frozen hand clenched with an iron grasp the broken rifle.

His face, so cold, so pale, was wet with his sister's tears, but his soul had gone to yonder Heaven, there to join the Martyrs of Trenton and Bunker Hill.

Hints for Wives.

[From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.]

"Obedience is a very small part of conjugal duty, and, in most cases, easily performed. Much of the comfort of a married life depends upon the lady; a great deal more, perhaps, than she is aware of. She scarcely knows her own influence; how much she may do by persuasion—how much by sympathy—how much by unremitted kindness and little attention. To acquire and retain such influence, she must however, make her conjugal duties her first object. She must not think that anything will do for her husband—that any wine is good enough for her husband—that it is not worth while to be agreeable when there is only her husband by—that she may close her pianno, or lay aside her brush, for why should she play or paint merely to amuse her husband? No; she must consider all these little arts of pleasing chiefly valuable on his account—as means of perpetuating her attractions and giving permanence to his affection—she must remember that her duty consists not so much in great and solitary acts, in display of the sublime virtues to which she will only be occasionally called; but in trifles—in a cheerful smile or minute attention naturally rendered, and proceeding from a heart full of kindness, and a temper full of amiability."

In looking over a late paper I met with the above *valuable* hints on the duties of wives to their lords, pointing out the mode in which they were to secure in the husband, the chivalric devotion which characterised the lover. The most infallible specific, or the one most strongly insisted upon in rules of this kind, is a "smiling countenance." No matter what a wife's annoyance may have been during the day, her countenance must always be wreathed in smiles on the approach of her husband.

Being one of those fortunate individuals who have hitherto escaped the noose, I have had leisure to give to these subjects that profound reflection which characterises those situated like myself.

"For if there's anything in which I shine
'Tis in arranging all my friends affairs,
Not having of my own domestic cares."

It has often occurred to me therefore, that it was rather singular that all this good advice should always come from one side.—How is it that there are so few guide posts to point the way to young gentlemen, who have recently submitted their neck to the noose and halter?" Why is it not oftener insisted upon, that the husband should always return to his fireside with a smile, and endeavor to soothe the perturbed spirit, that has been for hours subjected to the thousand annoyances of the nursery and the kitchen?

There is many an unfortunate Mrs. Rogers among my acquaintance, with "nine small children and one at the breast," who need all the soothing tenderness first bestowed by the lover, to enable them to forget the troubles so wearing to the nerves—by the way, it has sometimes occurred to me whether it was not Mrs. Rogers who was *the martar*, and honest John, a most fortunate individual, to get so well out of the scrape," of being obliged to make adequate provision for the filling those *ten* small mouths and clothing those *ten* small bodies.

Compare for a moment the lot of husbands and wives, in what is called a "well regulated family." The former takes his seat at the breakfast table, where his taste and comfort has been silently consulted, so far as is practicable—on his wife devolves the care of preparing the "nine small children" to take their seats there also, and in some degree of regulating their conduct.—Breakfast ended, the husband goes forth to his workshop, his counter, his counting house, or his office greets pleasantly his acquaintances by the way, and passes the day among the ever varying scenes of every day business of life. The wife meanwhile, amid incessant clamor, must renew the treadmill task of yesterday—must wash the same faces, make the same beds, sweep the same rooms; must give directions for the succeeding meals and perhaps assist in preparing them; must settle disputes in the kitchen, and quarrels among the nine fallen little sons and daughters of *her Adam*—and amid all these occupations must find occasional moments to "stitch, stitch, stitch"—the innumerable garments needed in a family.

Let her look to it according to the sapient and reiterated advice above alluded to, that, she gets through all this in time to clothe her harrassed and care worn vissage in those "wreathed smiles" so indispensible towards maintaining the good humor of her leige lord. He too has had troubles to encounter, for from trouble no one is exempt—but not of that petty, harrassing kind that are wearing away the spirits and the life of the partner he has chosen.

Night comes—the husband finds the repose so much needed, to enable him to meet the unavoidable cares of to-morrow, and sleeps as quietly as "the babies in the wood," while the wife starts at the slightest noise, to minister to the comforts of the restless inmates of the trunnel bed and the crib, all of whom are sure to be astir at the earliest dawn, and demanding the immediate care of the mother, who rises unrefreshed, again to go through the same routine—truly she *should* smile! whether she always *can*, is a debateable question. I insist therefore, that the husband should have a full share of the advice so lavishly bestowed on the poor wife.

Until a better state of things be brought about, I am firmly resolved to continue

AN OLD MAID.

Honor to the Brave Sons of Maryland.

We learn from the Annapolis Republican, that in the House of Delegates, on Tuesday, the following resolutions submitted by Mr. Wickes, were unanimously adopted, after a few feeling and eloquent remarks by Messrs. Wickes and Dirickson:

Resolved, That the General Assembly of Maryland, record with melancholy pleasure their profound sensibility of the loss which this State has sustained in the death of Col. Truman Cross, of Major Samuel Ringgold, of Col. William H. Watson, of Major William Lear, of Captain Randolph Ridgely, of Passed Midshipman John Ringgold Hynson, and her other brave sons who have fallen in our conflict with Mexico; and that while as Americans we cordially unite in the national tribute of admiration so justly and enthusiastically paid to their memory; yet as Marylanders we feel entitled to cherish with peculiar pride the honor which from the ashes of the dead has been gathered to her name

Resolved, That in thus expressing our profound respect for the memory of the dead, we should do violence to feeling and justice, were we unmindful of those whose swords though not entwined with cyprus, have yet won for them a meed of glory such as reflects honor on the name of Maryland, and stands a proud trophy of the intrepid valor, and cool discipline, and the untiring ardor of the gallant men—regulars and volunteers—who followed their bold leaders to desperate and brilliant victories.

Resolved, That this General Assembly take great pride in commending the gallantry of the Maryland Batalion, and in returning their thanks to them for the aid they have contributed to the brilliant victory of Monterey, exort them by the glorious recollections which cluster around the name of the "old Maryland line" to believe that the ancient renown of Maryland is committed to their keeping, and that their fellow citizens at home look to them with undoubting confidence to preserve that renown untarnished.

Further Resolved, That His Excellency the Governor be requested to transmit a copy of these Resolutions to the commanding officer of the Maryland Battalion, to be by him read to the officers and men as a slight token of that high respect and pride with which their fellow citizens of Maryland regard their indomitable gallantry and courage.

IFS AND OPINIONS

OF DR. MONROE.

If a man would be dry, let him drink, drink, drink.
If a man would be wise, he must think, think, think.
If a man would be rich, he must work, work, work.
And if he would be fat, eat pork, pork, pork.

But if—

A man, with ease would study, he must eat, eat, eat,
But little at his dinner, of his meat, meat, meat;
And a youth, to be distinguished in his art, art, art,
Must keep the girls away from his heart, heart, heart.

CLAIMS OF THE POLK DYNASTY.—The New Brunswick Fredonian thus enumerates the claims of the President to our fealty to, and admiration of the present administration:

A Larger Standing Army!
An Immense Public Debt!
A Strong Government!
Executive Infallibility!
Territorial Aggrandizement!
Wars of Invasion, Conquest and Plunder!
Direct Taxes!
Hurrah! for "Polk, Dallas and Texas!"

THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.—He gets up leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, lounges fastidiously, eats tart gravely, rattles insipidly, dines considerably, drinks superfluously, kills time indifferently, sups elegantly, goes to bed stupidly, lives uselessly.