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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

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DR. SWAYNE'S
CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES!
CURE FOLLOWS CURE!
MORE PROOFS OF THE EFFICACY OF
DR. SWAYNE'S
Compound Syrup of
WILD CHERRY,
The Original and Genuine Preparation!
Consumption,
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchits, Liver, Complaint, Spitting Blood, difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side & Breast Palpitation of the Heart, Influenza Croup, broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all diseases of Throat, Breast and Lungs, the most effectual & speedy cure known for any of the above diseases is
DR. SWAYNE'S
Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.

A TRULY WONDERFUL CURE!
Read this extraordinary case!
December 26th, 1848.

DR. SWAYNE:—Dear Sir, having contracted a severe cold, which settled upon my lungs attended with a violent cough, pain in my side and breast, difficulty of breathing, I was attended by physicians of the first respectability, but my symptoms become very alarming, there was an abcess formed in my lungs and made its way through my side, and discharged large quantities of puss externally, so that my physician thought the power or functions of one of my lungs were totally destroyed—therefore supposed the case entirely hopeless. This mournful state of things continued for a long time, until I was wasted and worn to a skeleton. I had tried a number of remedies but all failed to do any good. But there still being a spark of hope left with me and my anxious parents, and having heard of the great virtues of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, and its being approved of by physicians of the first eminence, I concluded to make a trial of it and to my great satisfaction my cough gradually grew better, the hole in my side began to heal and I am now happy to say, from a poor and almost hopeless skeleton, I have become healthy and weigh more than I ever have. All my neighbors can testify to tha above fact.

ABRAHAM HUNSICKER,
Two miles from Skippackville Townsip, Pa.

Beware of Imposition.

☞ There is but one genuine preparation of Wild Cherry that is *DR. SWAYNE'S*—all others, by a little inquiry in the quarters where they originate will be found to be fictitious and counterfeit.—The great and increasing demand for the original article has induced a host of unprincipled men to put forth spurious mixtures and to give currency to their nostrums, attach the name of *Wild Cherry* that already established. As you value your lives beware of them. Some are called '*Balsams*,' '*Cherry Pectoral*,' '*Wild Cherry and Tar*,' '*Wine of Wild Cherry*,' '*Wild Cherry Pills*,' *Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters*,' and a host of others who, in some way attach the name of Wild Cherry. No one ever thought of using this name for an article of their own before it had become established and well known as belonging to be one of the greatest remedies ever discovered for the human family.

That remedy is Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry. the original and only genuine. Remember it is put up in square bottles, covered with a beautiful wrapper, (steel engraving) with the portrait of Dr. Swayne thereon, also his signature.

Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE Philadelphia.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the undersigned Commissioners appointed by Kent county Court, to open a new road from the post-road near Washington College across the lands of Edward Ringgold, Jas. Boon, Joseph Gosl and G. W. T. Perkins to Morgan's Creek and from thence in an Easterly or North-easterly direction through the lands of Hugh Wallis, John Bosse and others, to the town of Millington, will meet on the line of said road on the east side of Burchnell's farm near Millington, on the 23d day of July, to execute the duties required of them by said commission.

EBEN. WELCH,
EDW'D WILKINS,
THOS. BAKER,
Commissioners.

June 9, 1849. tdm

THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please erveoy ne."

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JULY 14, 1849. NO. 11.

POETRY.



FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Admire with us, reader, the following most flowing stanzas. You will remember them a long time; for, to say nothing of the sentiment, there is such a happy collocation of words in the piece, that somehow or other it is impossible to forget it.—We read it for the first time nearly twenty years ago, and it is, at this moment, as vivid as ever in our memory:

Stanzas.

One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the stream of Guadalquiver—
To gold converting, one by one—
The ripple of the mighty river—
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl, with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated!
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair.

She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
You would have sworn 'twas silver flowing;
Her words were three, and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be?
The syren wrote upon the shore,
"Death! not inconstancy!"

And then her two large languid eyes
So turned on mine, the devil take me!
I set the stream on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me;
Saint Francis would have been deceived
By such an eye and such a hand,
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand!

Cheer the Lonely.

Cheer the lonely, cheer the lonely,
Ye whose hearts are pure and gay,
Let not the dark'ning shades of sorrow,
Settle on their brows for aye,
But in tones of soothing kindness,
Cheer the spirits now depressed;
Point the down cast eyes to Heaven,
And to counting days more blest.

Cheer the lonely, cheer the lonely,
Pass not thus so lightly by,
When they sit in pensive silence,
Brooding o'er their misery—
For the accents gently cheering,
Fall like music on the ear,
Waking up within the bosom,
Joys that may be slumbering there,

MISCELLANY.

From the American Courier

THE RUSE DE GUERRE.

AN EPSISODE IN THE LIFE OF MURAT!

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY JACOB JONES, OF RICHMOND, VA.

While Italy was in possession of the French, a mutiny broke out in one of the regiments stationed at Livourne. Napoleon when he heard of it, determined to make an example of the offenders, and commissioned Murat to punish the ringleaders.

Murat soon arrived at Livourne, and ordered the seditious regiment to parade in the *place;* he then told the soldiers that he had been commanded by the Emperor to punish them for their misconduct, and that he would have every tenth man in the regiment shot. The force of his gestures and language, coupled with the authority of his name, caused the men to submit at once. They became greatly alarmed, threw themselves on their knees before him, and prayed for mercy; but he was inflexible. He ordered the regiment to be confined in the citadel until the day appointed for the execution. While there, the soldiers sent deputations continually to Murat, beseeching him to intercede for them with the Emperor. They seemed so penitent, that at last Murat sent them word that if they would select three men to be shot, he would pardon the rest.—The victims were soon designated; and their execution was appointed for the next morning. In the meantime, the rest of the men remained close prisoners. In the middle of the night, the three soldiers who were to die the next morning, were sent for by Murat. When they came, he said to them—

"You will be shot to-morrow. I hope you will endeavor, by dying bravely, to remove the stain from your names. I will promise to convey your last wishes to your parents. Have you thought of your mothers? Tell me!" (Sobs shoked their utterance.) "They would have been proud of you if you had died on the battle field; but *here*—oh! unhappy men! —go! I will send you a priest to offer you the consolations of religion. Think of God and France—you are no longer of this world."

The soldiers threw themselves at his feet, not to ask for their lives, but for his pardon before they died.

As they were going out, he called them back.

"Listen," said he; "if I give you your lives, will you behonest men?"

"No, we want to die, answered one of the soldiers, "we deserve death—let us be shot."

"But if I do not wish you to die, will you still say so? I have never shed blood but on the field of battle. I have never ordered my own soldiers to be shot at, and I do not wish to have you killed, for you are Frenchman, and my brothers, although criminal."

The soldiers could not restrain their tears.

"Listen to me," continued Murat; "you have committed a great crime, but as you seem so penitent, I will spare your lives. You must, however be considered dead, especially by your own regiment. To-morrow, before day, you will be conducted to one of the gates of the town—there you will be shot at by a file of men; you must fall as if dead; your regiment will then pass by. As soon as the last file has turned into the cross street, a man whom I have bribed will place you in a cart and carry you to the country; there you will find soma sailors clothes and 1000 francs for each of you. You must secret yourselves somewhere three days; in that time an American vessel will be ready to sail for New Orleans; you must go in her. I hope you will become men. Go! I will take care of your families."

The soldiers bathed his feet with their tears, and declared he should be satisfied with them.

Everything happened as Murat had foretold. A severe example was given to the regiment, and Napoleon thanked Murat for having sacrificed only three men.—The Emperor was happly deceived, and never became cognizant of the ruse played off upon him. Murat's plan was known only by a few of his friends, and was not revealed until after his death.

In the fall of '31, a young man, who was hunting near New Orleans was overtaken by a thunder storm. He took refuge in a thick part of the forest and soon perceived a small cottage, in a little "clearing," at a short distance. He approached it and knocked at the door. It was opened by an old woman, who invited him to enter, and led him into a small but neat hall, the walls of which were decorated with portraits of Napoleon, (surrounded by the laurel branchas,) and numerous engravings of his principle battles.

"It seems," said the young hunter, 'that my good star has conducted me to the house of a campatriot.

"Yes, sir," replied the old lady, "we are French people. My son is in the garden—I will call him," she continued.

"Your son is French also?"

"Yes sir replied the old lady hesitatingly; "he has been established here for a long time, and thanks be to God he has not repented it. That young woman is his wife. We live respected and happy."

The master of the house now entered.

"This gentleman," said his mother, has done us the honor to step for a little while under our roof until the rain is over: he is one of us a Frenchman."

The farmer made him the military salutation and welcomed him. He seemed singularly struck with his figure, and was so moved he could not speak however, at length he stamered out—

"Sir, you will perhaps consider my question impertinent, but I am obliged to ask your name, your figure,——

"Friend," interrupted the young huntsman, "that is the only question which I cannot answer. I could easily deceive you by giving a false name, but I prefer to be silent. However, although I refuse to give my own, can I ask your name?

The farmer sighed, but did not answer.

"It seems," said the young men, "that you are obliged to be silent also."

"Yes, sir, the name I bear is not my own; but what good will it do you to know it? Here I am called Claude Gerard."

"At all events," said his mother, "it is not necessary for the young gentleman to imagine that my son has disgraced his name, there are reasons which,——

"It is so with me," said the hunter; "I do not wish to tell my name except to those who deserve to know it—but as I believe you are worthy people, I will tell you. I am Achille Murat, the son of the King of Naples."

Claude Gerard and his mother fell on their knees and wept. The Prince, seeing them weep, knew not what to think of it. Claude, as soon as he could speak, showed the Prince a portrait of the King of Naples, and cried—

"Behold this, my benefactor and the guardian saint of this farm—your glorious father; I owe all to him—he saved my life."

"On the field of battle?" asked Prince Achille.

"No," replied Claude Gerard; "I was condemned to death. Two comrades as guilty as myself were to be shot with me. We were led out the gate of Livourne; we were shot at—we fell. It was your father who arranged all this; with his money I came to America. My two comrades died two years ago in New York. I have worked, and have now a competence. My mother who believed her son dead, received a letter from him calling her to America. The poor woman nearly died with joy at recovering me. Now if the son of my royal benefactor wishes for my life, my goods or my farm, they are all at his service."

WHAT THOU DOEST, DO QUICKLY.

Quick, young man, life is short. A great work is before you, and you have no time to loose. If you would succeed in business, win your way to, and save your soul—you must work quickly. The sluggard dies.—The wheels of time roll over him while he sleeps. Aim high and work hard. Life is worth the living, death is worth the dying.

Quick, ye men of might in the road of life! Your life is more than half gone already. You are going down the hill and the shadows begin to fall around you.—If you have aught to do before you die, do it quickly. The morning has fled, midday has passed.

Quick, ye aged men, quick. Once you thought three score years an endless time, and that they could never pass away.—They have come, they have gone—man, what have they left? The days of pleasure have passed, and the days of darkness are here. Have you left any work undone? Have you come to infirmities and trembling, and no prepartion for death? Ah! quick, ye aged fathers and gray headed sires. Already are the messengers of death beginning to render their services to bring you to the sepulchres of your fathers.—With the feeble remnants of existence, struggle for heaven. Work, pray, seek while life lasts, mercy waits, and God is gracious.

BEAUTIFUL.

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent sofily to sleep. And stars shined and pure dew drops fell upon its blushing bosom and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came, with her dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his golden shaft and it fainted.—Deserted and almost heart broken, it dropped to the dust in its loneliness and despair.

Now the gentle breeze—who had been gambling over the sea, pushing on the bark, sweep over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and the still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the fevered brow of disease, and tossing the curl of innocent childhood—came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love, and when she saw the young rose, she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool refreshing showers, and the young rose revived, looked up, and flung out its ruddy arms as if in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze; but she hurried quickley away; her generous task was performe; yet not without reward, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose; and the kind breeze was glad in her heart, and went away singing through the trees.

Thus true charity like the breeze which gathers a fragrance from the humble flower it refreshes unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its office of kindness and love, which steals through the heart, like a rich perfume, to bless and cheer.

LAWYER AND WITNESS.

There is a noted criminal lawyer—and by this term we mean a lawyer in a criminal court—we remember, who in almost every case which comes under his charge puts the following questions to witnees at the closing of his cross-examination.

"Hem! Witness—*was you ever in the State Prison?*"

Of course the almost invariable reply, amidst the astonishment of the embarrassed witness, is "*No, sir.*"

"You can step down," continues the lawyer, without a syllable in explanation, and the jurymen stare at the witness as he moves away, while the counsel pauses, and utters an expressive "*ahem*"—as much as to say, "Gentlemen of the jury, you can judge of *this* fellow's character for varacity; I say nothing—I don't—I couldn't prove it readily; you may believe as much as you like!"

Occasionally, however, the learned counsel alluded to meets with his match. Not long ago he ran foul of a 'knotty customer,' whom he shifted throughly to the end of his customary chapter, and to whom he put his final stereotype question, 'Ahem! were you ever in the State Prison?' when, to the attorney's evident surprise, the witness replied, in a subdued tone:

"Yes, sir!"

"Ah! I thought so," continued the counsel. 'I thought so. Gentlemen, you will please give your attention to the witness. You have been in the State Prison then?'

"Yes, sir," continued the other, meekly.

"And how long since?"

"About two years ago, sir."

"Two years ago, gentlemen—you will please bear in mind—this witness, now by his voluntary confession, admits he was in the State Prison."

"Yes, sir."

"His memory, as I have already taken pains to impress upon your minds, gentlemen, is most extraonnery; and you can place as much confidence as you think proper in a man's testimony who has been an inmate of the State Prison."

"How long were you there, witness."

"About an hour, sir."

"Eh? A-hem! How long?"

"I was there, sir about an hour *on a visit* of curiosity to examine the prison, and I very well remember seeing *you* there, at the time, and *took you to be a convict!*"

"A-hem—*you can step down*, sir!" said the discomfited attorney, and though the above uncourteous reply might almost have been construed into a contempt of Court, yet; in this case, a smile pervaded the faces of Judge and Jury, and the witness 'respectfully retired!'

There is a disposition to worry and hamper witnesses, altogether too common among the legal fraternity, and it is high time that this evil should be abolished.—The cause of justice and equity requires this.

A MISS, "AS IS A MISS."

We have heard of many good things in our day, but the following, which was related to us, last week, caps them all:

"During a social party, lately, where there was assembled a number of young ladies, the conversation turned upon the different "Misses." One was of the opinion that *Miss*-cellany was the greatest, because, it was synonomous of *fun*. Another said that *Miss*-fortune was the best and thought, as she had been so much abused, some one should marry her, as she had been on the carpet for a long time; and, of course, was a very old maid; but, observed a wag, in reply, the greatest and hardest case of them all, is *Miss*-issippi. *for she has* SQUIRTED *her water all over New Orleans!*!"

GEORGE LIPPARD.

The Springfield Republican sets forth the hopes and disappointments of this literary and political pretender, thus:—

A fierce man sits restlessly upon a fiery charger. The steed paws the ground, the lightning flashing from his hoofs.

The knell of a distant bell strikes his ear. It is a knell of hope!

A curse issues angrily from between his grinding teeth.

"Does he spurn me? No office?—Does he think me a dog that will chase his enemy for nought?"

A blinding rage was in his eye,—he wheeled and sped like lightning into the darkness! He reaches a cave! A scratching, as of infuriate tigers, is heard! He comes forth! His eye is bloodshot! He raises to the silent gaze of the stars, a scroll!

He spoke in slow gutteral utterance, "Gen. Taylor, I am your enemy! Yes, I, George Lippard, ha-ha-a-a-a!"

And the opposition papers all over the U. States copied the words written in that scroll, and made fools of themselves.—Well they did.

We do not think that the Republican writes quite so good as Lippard writes himself, but the former has the advantage of brevity, and the specimen is a good one.

Though a little faint—of the literary style of the unfortunate gentleman, who, like many other political unbelievers, could not endure the idea that General Taylor was a Whig.

GOV. CRITTENDEN.

We find in an exchange the following instance in Gov. John J. Crittenden's professional career, illustrative of his singular power before a jury.

Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offence. After an elaborate and powerful defence, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful allegory:—

When God in his connsels conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him the three ministers who wait constantly about his throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy, and thus addressed them:—"Shall we make man?" Then said Justice "O God make him not, for he will trample upon my laws." Truth made answer also: "O God make him not, for he will pollute the sanctuaries;" but Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and looking upward through her tears exclaimed, "O God make him. I will watch over him with my care, through all the dark paths which he may have to tread." Then God made man, and said to him, "O man, thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal lightly with thy brother."

The jury when he finished were drowned in tears, and against evidence and what must have been there own convictions, brought in a speedy verdict of "not guilty."

CURE AND PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

Laudanum,	1 ounce.
Spirits Camphor,	1 ounce.
Tincture Cayenne Pepper,	2 d'ms.
Tincture Ginger,	1 ounce.
Essence Peppermint,	2 ounces.
Hoffman's Anodyne,	2 ounces.

Mix all together. Dose, a tablespoon full (in a little water) for an adult.

This proscription is carried on nearly all the boats on the Western waters, and will check diarrhœa in ten minutes, and abate the other premitory symptoms of cholera immediately. I have tried it on my own person, and have given the recipe to over one hundred persons.

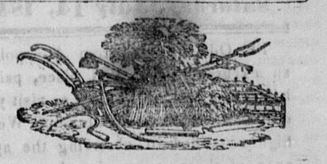
THOMAS S. BRYANT,
Paymaster United States Army.

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adams call'd her woman;
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced it woo-man.
But now with bills and with pride,
Their husband's pockets thinning,
The ladies are so full of debt
That people call them women.

QUEER CALCULATION.—The editor of the Yankee Blade says:

"It would be a curious sight to see all the babies in the United States, under five years of age, together; they would make a pretty little collection of 2,400,000.—What a squalling there would be should they all be *spanked* at the same time, and what a great heap of sugar plumbs it would take to quiet them.



AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

WORK FOR JULY.

☞ Would that we could feel ourself justified in speaking of the labors incident to this month, to give our readers an assurance of good prices for the growing crops; but, at the present moment, we cannot do so without calling speculation to our aid, and that based upon the probabilities of a general war among the powers of Europe, the which we fear there is too much ground to apprehend may be the case before the year 1849 shall have expired. In such a case, it must fall to the lot of our country to supply the contending forces with a large portion of their breadstuffs and provisions, as, from the vast numbers of men who will be taken from the pursuits of agriculture and converted into soldiers—into consumers instead of producers—the supplies grown among the contending nations will be greatly lessened in quantity and the deficiency will have to be drawn chiefly from us.

Passing from these reflections, we will look to the operations of the farm:

THE CULTIVATION OF CORN.—It is hardly necessary for us to tell a corn grower that the product of his crop is dependent upon the cleanly manner in which he may cultivate it, as he knows that there is no crop more signally benefitted by such culture than that of corn; but, while we urge cleanliness upon him we do not mean that he should effect it by the use of the plough for that would serve to lacerate and tear up the roots of the corn plants, and deprive them of their feeders, at a time when they needed them most to perfect the grain.—The implement we would use is the cultivator; with that, if timely applied, weeds and grass may be kept down, the earth be preserved open, to drink in the dews of heaven and maintain moisture. The dryer the season, the more freely would we apply the cultivator; as the opener the soil may be, the better is it qualified to absorb moisture from the atmosphere. We are aware that a very general prejudice prevails, which inculcates the belief that if you work corn in dry weather, it will fire. We, however, do not subscribe to that belief. If you work corn with a plough and cut off its roots, in seasons of drought, it will necessarily 'fire,' not because the earth has been stirred but because the sources of depriving moisture from the earth—to wit, the roots of the plants—have been destroyed.

FALL POTATOES.—Your fall potatoes are doubtless in and up. See that they are kept clean of weeds and grass, and give them a top dressing, made of equal parts of lime, plaster, ashes and salt. A bushel or two of the mixture will do for an acre sow it while the dew is still on the vines.

SHEEP.—Provide a trough, to be kept under cover in your sheep pasture, in this every few days place a quart of tar over the bottom, over that strew a few handfuls of salt. This precaution will prevent the flies from depositing their eggs in the noses of your sheep, and save them from worms in the head.

ORCHARDS.—If your orchards has no crop growing in it, you should turn your hogs in to eat up the fruit as it falls. As hogs sometimes injure the bark of trees, you would do well to paint the bodies of the trees with soft soap, sulphur and salt, made in the proportion of 1 gallon of soap 1 pound of sulphur and 1 quart of salt. If any of the trees have dead limbs upon them, saw them off, smooth off the wounds and cover them with a mixture of equal parts of fresh cow dung, lime and clay, formed into mortar by being mixed up with urine, or take equal quantities of rosin, beeswax and spirits of turpentine, incorporate these over a slow fire till thoroughly mixed, when nearly cool apply this to the wounds, taking care to give two or three coats.

☞ *La Democratie Pacifique* tells of a foreign married young lady having been presented to the French President, and having fancied she was but haughtily received: 'Are you for a long stay in France?' cooly asked Louis Napoleon. 'No prince,' was the reply, 'are you?'

☞ Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are put on long lease.

☞ He who lives high for one week will have to live poor for a month to the end of his life.

☞ The Rev. [illegible] Tolerant will have his eyes [illegible] at the day of his life.