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THE KENT NEWS.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEW
Is Published every Saturday.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 12. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MAY 24, 1851. NO. 4

FARMERS & PLANTERS' AGENCY.

THE Undersigned would respectfully inform the farmers generally that he has ned an AGENCY in the city of Baltimore the sale of all kinds of Produce such as tter, Eggs, Poulty, Fruits, Vegitables, ats, Live Stock, Grain, &c.

From his long experience in his business, great facilities for making quick sales h prompt returns, he respectfully solicits signments from the farmers generally, mising to use his best endeavors to ob- the highest prices, as his whole time is oted to that alone. All orders for Grocei, Farming Implements, and Manures, nded to and forwarded without extra rge.

WILLIAM L. BATEMAN,
No 61 *South* Calvert St, Baltimore.
May 3, '51.—1m

ESTATE OF WILLIAM COSDEN.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, March 19, 1851.

n the application of John Cosden Administrators Villiam Cosden, late of Kent county, dec'd dered, that he give notice required by law for cred to exhibit their claims against the said deceased' e, and that the same be published once in each for the space of three successive weeks in some paper printed in Kent county.

testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 19th day of March, 1851.

Test, E. WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

compliance with the above order this is to give no- that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, let of Administration on the personal estate of Wil- Cosden, late of Kent county, deceased. All per- having claims against the said deceased's estate are y warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers of to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of mber 1851, they may otherwise be excluded from all it of the said estate.

en under my hand, this 19th day of March, 1851.

JOHN COSDEN, Admr.
Witham Cosden, decd.

ril ,51 1851.—3w

TRUSTEE'S
Sale.

Y Virtue of a Decree of the High Court of Chancery the undersigned as Trus- will expose to public sale to the highest er on

TUESDAY

twenty seventh day of May, eighteen red and fifty one, at the tavern porch r. John Mc Daniel, in Chester Town, even o'clock, A. M. All that

MILL
ND MILL SEAT.

g at the head of Still Pond Creek, in county, occupied by Mr. William art, formerly called NEWELL'S, af ards FREEMAN'S and last a JOSH- C. BELL'S, MILL.

HE MILL, is now in running condi- and the Machinery and Fixtures will be sold with it. The Land, including the Dwelling

HOUSE

and premises and that portion covered with water, contains, it is supposed, from

25 to 30 Acres,

all which will be disposed of at the sale.

The Terms of Sale,

as prescribed by the Decree are, that the purchase money shall be paid in six months from the day of sale with interest from the day of sale to be secured by the Bond of the purchaser with approved security.

GEORGE VICKERS,
Trustee.

May 3, 1851.—tds

OREM, HOPKINS & ROSE,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Trimmings and Goods generally adapted to Men's Wear
Have taken Warehouse
No. 238 Baltimore Street,
(Four doors west of Charles St.)
BALTIMORE.

FOR the purpose of conducting the above business in all its branches.—They will be able to show as large and desirable stock of goods, in their line, as can be found in the United States.

Feb'y 8, 1851.

CHEAP CLOTHING.

Down at the Brick Corner on Queen and High Streets.

THE subscriber would inform the public, he has just returned from the city, with a well selected and full assortment of all kinds of CLOTHING, and would respectfully invite those who may want to give him a call, and examine for themselves, he is determined to sell at the lowest possible prices.

JOHN RUSSELL.

May 10, 1851.—3m

WANTED,

A Teacher for the Primary School District No. 9, in the first Election District of Kent County. For further particulars enquire at the office of the "KENT NEWS."

May 10, 1851. 3w.

For Sale.

A large quantity of *Potatoes* in Store, and for sale at 62½ cents per bushel, by
WM. BACCHUS.

April 26, 1851.

Dancing and Waltzing.

MR. J. R. CODET, of Baltimore, has the honor of announcing to the La and Gentlemen of Chester town, that will give lessons in the graceful accomlishment, the art of dancing; viz;—LA POLKA, REDOWA, SCHOTTISCH, 2 STEPS, ROUND WALTZES, QUADRITTES, and all the modern yles, as now donced, in all the fashionable cles.

☞Mr. C. will be in Chester Town the t week in May to form classes, when the ms will be known, by his circulars.

Ap. 6, '51. 3t

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having been appointed by the LEVY COURT, STANDARD KEEPER for the presetn year, will attend ith his

WEIGHTS & MEASURES

the following places, and on the followg days:—On Monday the 12th at Rock all, Hale's Corner, Stone's Spring, and lle Air—on Tuesday the 13th at Worn Heights and Chestertown—on Wedsday the 14th, at Urieville, Still Pond, mmony, and Chesterville—on Thursday 15th, at Georgetown X Roads—on day the 16th, at Milington. The balce of the year at the subscribers in Chesville.

JAS. MILWARD.
Standard Keeper.

y 3, 1851.—2t.

Rags Wanted.

THE subscribers will pay the highest cash price for Rags, in large or small antities. Paper of every discription ld low for cash.

R. W. WHALAND & Co.,
No. 20, S. Calvert St., Baltimore.

☞Country merchants and others havg rags for sale in Kent, can get the highh cash price for them by leaving them the office of the 'Kent News.'

W & CO.

Feb. 15, 1851.

MISCELLANEOUS

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

I went one night to see a comedy. The chief actor was a favorite one, and the theatre was very crowded. The curtain drew up, and amidst a burst of applause, the hero of the piece made his appearance. He had hardly uttered twenty words when it struck me that something strange was the matter with him The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable spirit and vivacity in the actors to sustain it properly; but in this man there was none, he walked and talked like a person in a dream; his best points he passed over without appearing to perceive them; and altogether he appeared quite unfit for the part. *His* smile was ghasily, his laugh hollow and unnatural; and frequently he would stop suddenly in his speech and let his eye wander vacanly over the audience.

Even when, in the character of a silly husband, he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by the young rake of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that carless individual making love to his wife, and eating his supper while he was shut up in a closet, from whence he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath, which had never before failed to call down plenty of applause, were now such dismal attempts to portray the passions, that hisses were audible in various parts of the theatre. The audience were fairly out of temper, and several inquisitive individuals were particular in their inpuries as to the extent of the potations he had that day indulged in. A storm of sibilation and abuses now fell around the ears of the devoted actor; and, not content with verbal insult, orange-peal and apples flew upon the stage.

He stopped, and turned to the shouting crowd. I never saw such misery in human countenance. *His* face was worn and haggard, and large tears rolled down over his painted cheeks. I saw his lips quivering with inward agony—I saw his bosom leave with convulsions of suppressive emotion, and his whole mien betokened such depth of anguish and distress, that the most ruthless heart must have throbbed with pity. The audience whs moved, and by degrees the clamor of invective subsided into a solemn silence, while he stood near the foot lights, a picture of dejection. When all was calm he spoke; and in a voice broken with sobs which seemed to rend his bosom, proceeded to offer his explanation :

"Ladies, and gentlemen," said he, "though in my acting to-night I am conscious of meriting your displeasure, in one thing you do me wrong. I am not intoxicated. Emotion alone, and that of the most painful kiud, has caused me to fulfill my allotted part so badly; my wife died but a few short hours ago, and I left her side to fulfil my unavoipably engagement here. If I have not pleased you I have not pleased you I implors you to forgive me. I loved her—grieved for her, and if anguish and misery can excuse a fault, I bear my apology—here!"

He placed his hand upon his heart, stopped, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary paroxysm of grief.

The audience were thoroughly affected, and an honest burst of sympathy made the walls tremble. Women wept loudly, and strong men silently; and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely audible, through the storm of applause, by which the crowd sought to soothe the poor fellow's wounded feelings.

There was something very melancholly in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death, to don gay attire, and utter studified witicisms for the amusement of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that lay festering under the painted cheek and the stage smile. And in the great theatre of life how many are there around us like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude, while at home lies sorrow, whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places.

REWARD OF MERIT.—*Scene, a bar-room*—Ragged urchin—"Please give dad a short pipe?"

Barman—"Can't do it—don't know him."

Ragged urchin—"Why, he gets drunk here every Saturday night."

Barman—"Oh! does he, my dear little dear? Then here's a nice long one, with a bit of wax on the end!"

TOO OBSERNING.—The husband of a beautiful wife, upon returning home was met by one of his offspring, all smiles, clapping his hands and saying, Pa, Mr. B——— has been here—he is such a nice man—he kissed us all around, *and mother too!*"

☞"Good morning, Mr. Grimes, I come over to see if you'd lend dad your pick-ax to saw off a board, to make a chicken coop to put our dog in; he runs after our neighbor's cows, and they won't come any more, so we have to drink our coffee without cream or sugar."

Suspicious Case.

The Pennsylvanian relates the case of a Mr. Samuel Peabody, who was arrested by the watchman, on *suspicion* of being intoxicated. The Mayor desired to know Samuel's opinion of the matter. With some appearence of embarrasment he spoke as follows:

Well, sir, I mout have been drunk, and I mout not—I don't pretend to say certain. The fact is I have been so little that way, that I'll be blamed if I know when I am drunk. I dare say some of these police gentlemen are better judges than I am, when it comes to that. But I'll tell you exactly what I did, and how I felt, and if your honor concludes I was drunk, why I will pay the fine and say no more about it. You see I was troubled with wind, and I took four glasses of lavender brandy to start it. Soon after I felt a buzzing in my ears, and the *he-cups* was awful troublesome, but that, I thought, was the wind coming off. Then it seemed to me, as I walked along the street, that an awning post or water plug, every now and then would jumped right before me, as if they meant to head me off. I was a little mad at this, and struck one or two of them with my knuckles, but I found that it was no use, for my fists got the worst of it. It seemed like all the gas lights had faces to them, some winked and some grinned at me, and that stood before a hotel, nodded as if it was acquainted with me, and made a sort of a sign towards the door, as much as to say—"go in, Sam, and get something to drink." *Which I did.* When I came out there was the greatest to do that I ever saw. I was sure there was an earthquake, for the houses and steeples were all straggering about, and the street was rocking just like a cradle. It was a most sublime specticle; so I fetched up against a pump, and held on while I took a good look at the magnificent scene. No pannarama could come up to it; houses, trees, and fences, all rearing and plunging like wild horses. The sight was worth a dollar and a half; if I have to pay a fine I don't care, for I got the full value of the money And so, if your honor is any way suspicious that I was drunk, I'll foot the bill without any grumbling.

His honor was a little suspicious, and M. Peabody, being a man of his word, promptly pulled out his wallet and made a satisfactory settlement.

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROP.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been to hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun" said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swollowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he 'there stands the jewelry, in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, though art taught that what withers upon the earth, blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.—*Jean Paul Richter,*

SOBER UNION.—L———related to me a whimsical story of a physician, who one night hearing lamentable groans and cries, went to search whence they preceeded, and found a man and a woman drunk, thrown out of an overturned car. He hastened to a public house to get aid, and in his care had them put to bed together, but returning next morning found the man in a rage at having slept with such a companion, and the woman making an intolerable uproar, weeping and reproaching, asserting that her character was ruined, and that he must and should marry her, which accordingly the good-natured fool was persuaded to do.—*Holcholyt's Memoirs.*

ONE FARE SAVED.—A few mornings since a train of cars was proceeding to Philadelphia, the conductor noticed one of Erin's fair daughters of considerable dimensions, in one of the cars. Thinking she might have placed some bulky articles of luggage under her feet, nothing was said to her, except a call for passage money.—When the train arrived at Philadelphia, the conductor was informed that one passenger had passed free. On enquiry it turned out that the bulky appearence of the passenger noticed, was caused by the free passenger, another daughter of Erin, who had concealed herself beneath the garments of her friend, and in this way made a journey of some twenty miles. Who will say there are no hiding places, even in a railroad car?

"POMP, was you ever drunk?" "No, but I was intoxicated with ardent spirits once, and dat's 'nuff for dis darkie, De Lord bress you Cæsay, my head felt as if it was an out house, while all the niggers in the world appeared to be splitting wood in it.

THE PUBLICATION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The ridiculous mode adapted by the Reform Convention, to circulate the new Constitution, meets with the hearty condemnation of the press. The Cumberland Civilian says:

How the copies are to reach the people, and who is to pay the postage on them, we are not informed. We would suggest, however; that political colporteurs be employed, with privilege to ride on the telegraph lines. In this way the new Constitution may be left with about one fourth of the voters of the state. After this is done, and in order to allow the one fourth of the voters to examine it, we would suggest by the general holiday be proclaimed by the Governor, to last one week, or longer as it may suit the convenience of those who are rather slow of reading. The Convention have taken this course to avenge themselves on the press of the State, by which they have been roughly handled at times for acts both of omission and commission.

The Baltimore County Jacksonian says

The strange and unjustifible course of the Convention, in refusing to place it extensively in the hands of the people through the means of the press of the State, is such as not only to astound and disgust the community, but will, we fear, have a fatal effect against the work itself. What man is prepared to vote for it unless he can first read and examine it? Did the members of the Convention expect the people to take it from their hands, and upon the credit of the endorsements of a portion of them, like untaught serfs, blindly give it their support? Such a torrent of indignation it has never been our lot to hear poured against the authors of any public act, as the people are expressing at this intolerant sted.

We received the following Circular from he editors of the press at Hagerstown. It speaks for itself.

HAGERSTOWN, May 15, 1851.

The undersigned, publishers of newspapers, in Hagerstown, agree neither to publish, nor in other manner circulate the constitution adapted by the late Convention, because that body has in violation of custom and justice, refused us the pitiful reward of even half pay for the service. It will not however, be regarded as an infraction of this agreement to publish one or more articles of said Constitution, if either of the undersigned see proper to do so for the purpose of comment.

Signed—Mittag & Sneary, of the 'Herald,' Heard & Mobley, of the 'People's Own,' Boyd & Bro., of the 'News,' Susan Bell, of the 'Torch Light,' D. H. Beck, of the 'Repubican.'

The Marboro' Gazette, after referring to the course of the Legislature, heretofore in publishing important laws, says:

"But it was reserved for this *Reform* Convention to mark out a different course, and to follow the plan now practised by the venders of quack medicines; that is, to have a *batch* of their documents printed and *take chances* for circulating them through agents. The quacks are more liberal, however, as they offer some compensation to the agent. These wise Solons not only take away the ligitimate patronage of the country press, but ask us to countenance the wrong, and facilitate their plan, and thus aid in carrying out a measure which, *if it was not suggested by those interested* in breaking down the country press, and building up a monopoly in Baltimore, certainly tends that end."

"The new Constitution should be published in every county in the State and in the city of Baltimore, and in papers of opposite points, so as to let all parties have a chance to read it; but the policy recomended in the order is perfectly contemptible, and exhibits a spirit which should be indulged. This finale to a tedious, uninteresting and most expensive session, will make the Convention a by-word of scorn. Public patience has been taxed to the utmost. Public money has been squandered with a profuse hand. More abuses have been practised than those sought to be remedied; and now, the people are to be required to go to the polls blind-folded, and approve what has been done. And thus the solemn farce is to close. But we shall see whether the freemen of Maryland can be thus led like dum beasts."—*Clipper.*

"The *economists* of the Convention—three fourths of whom were seldom present at a time, and sometimes not the half of them, and who for the hollidays, *touk a recess of three weeks*, for all of which time we understand, *they paid themselves*—were *too saving of the public money* to have the new Constitution published in the newspapers of the State, so that the people could see it. They have ordered a large number of copies to be printed in Baltimore, to be sent to the county clerks, and, as a consequence, the fourth of the voters will not see it before the 4th day of June; when they will be called upon to vote for it. So let them prepare "to go it blind."—*Cecil Whig.*

"We intend to arraign the members of the late Maryland Convention before the public. It will be remembered that they have been over six months making a constitution—a work they could have easily performed in two months. Some of them were away from Annapolis more than half the time, and still they voted themselves four dollars for every day from the commencement of the session, until *two days after* they adjourned. They were very liberal to themselves, but withheld from others what they were justly entitled to. We refer to publications of the Constitution. Instead of publishing it in every paper in the State, it is to be published in but one. The members got nearly all the money out of treasury and had the audacity to talk about economy. Why did they not adjourn three months ago, and have the Constitution published in every paper in the State? Then the people could have had time to form their opinions and vote understandingly. As it is now, we do not belive that one-half of them will ever be able to see the Constitution until after the time it is to be voted on. The intention of a large number of the delegates seems to have been to throw dust in the eyes of the people, and dollars into the pockets of themselves. It was all right for them to go home or off to some place of amusements, and get paid for doing nothing, but it COSTS too much to let the people see the Constitution in time to vote on it. After spendidg FIFTY THOUSAND dollars more than they ought to have spent, they become remarkably economical and talked about *saving* the money of the "dear people." We have heard of men "gaping at gnats and swollowing camels;" but this looks to us like gaping at gnats and swallow a *rhinoceros* This "economy" of the members of the Convention is only equalled by the man who poured cider in the spile hole of a parrel while it was running out at the bung."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

THE PROFESSOR AND STUDENT.—A Professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh, now no more, having desired the students to give a list of their names in Latin, was greatly surprised on seeing written on a slip of paper the name "Joannes Ovum Novem."

After in vain seeking for a translation of this, he at lenght became convinced that it was either one of those dark Latin passages, which even the skill of Bently would have failed in solving, or that it was a hoax. *He* therefore, next day, in the class, read out the three dark words, and desired the writer of them to stand up; and one of the pupils immediately rose.

"What are you?" said the Professor.

"A poor scholar, sir," was the answer.

"A very poor scholar, indeed, sir—of you would never have written such stuff as "Joannes Ovum Novem," that can't be your name' sir," returned the Professor.

"I don't see," said the student, "where you can find better Latin—my name is John Eggnew, 'Ovum' for Egg, 'Novem' for new, 'Ovum Novum—Eggnew."

The Professor, seeing he had the worst of it, immediately laid his finger upon his forehead, thoughtfully and looking at his hopeful pupil, who was standing somewhat in the attitude of a drilled sergent, exclaimed, in a pitiful voice, "Alas! alas! something wronge may be wrong here, I fear."

"May be so," shouted "Ovum Novum"—something wrong may be there, but"—striking his hand upon his own forehead—"there's nothing wrong here!"

☞ A young gentleman describing the effects of his first waltz, say he thought he was going to heaven on a band of music. For fifteen minutes he appeared to be swimming in a sea of rose, leaves with a blue Angel. This soon changed, he says, to a delirium of peacock feathers, in which his brain got so mixed up with low necked frocks, musk and melody, that he has fed on flutes every since.

☞ A drunken man fell asleep by the road-side, where a pig found him and began to root his face. "Who's kissing me now?" exclaimed the drunkard—"what a capital thing it is to be in favor with the women."

DID IT ON PURPOSE.—An honest farmer had an unruly bull, which had a remarkable love for him, *in a horn*, and a singular *penchant* for giving his (the bull's) friends and acquaintances a "lift in the world." One day the old farmer was driving the bull home much against his inclination, and getting enraged, he suddenly hoisted the old man across the fence into the road, but fortunately only slightly hurting him. The old man gained his equilibrium, and seeing the enraged animal sawing the air with his neck, and pawing the ground, shook his fist at him, exclaiming, "Confound your apologies—your needn't stand there, you tarnal critter, a bowin' an' scrapin', for you did it on purpose darn ye."

BREVEITY IN WOMAN.—We find in a california diary the following glorification of a quality rarely found in woman. It is said, "A man of few words is a matter open to argument:"

"I encountered to day, in a ravine, a women from San Jose, some three miles distant, among the gold-washers. She was at work with a large wooden bowl by the side of a stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much she averged a day. She replied, "Three weeks and an ounce. Her reply reminded me of an anecdote of the late Judge B———, who met a girl returning from the market, and asked her, "*How* did you find the stream?" What did you get for your butter?" Up to the knee, and ninepence," was the reply. "Ah," said the Judge to myself, "she is the girl for me; no words lost there;" turned back, proposed and married the next week, and a more happy couple the conjugal bonds never united.—The nuptial lamp never wasted; its ray was steady and clear to the last.

Our Market *House* wants painting.