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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 12. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JUNE 21, 1851. NO. 8

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

Terms:
$1 50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months or $2 50 at the end of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies, $10. 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 will be 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.

WOOL!

Wool! Wool!

WOOL!

THE undersigned respectfully inform his friends and customers that he is prepared to Exchange Kersy, Satinett, and Blankets for WOOL on liberal Terms.
J. L. STAM agent for
T. Murphy.
May 24. '51.

BUTCHERING.

THE subcriber respectfully informs the public that he has commenced the above business. He feels competent that he can give satisfaction to all who will patronize him. *He* will be found in the Market House, at STALL No. 11, *every morning in the week*, until 9 o'clock and will also keep best fresh meat that MARKET can afford, every day, during the week; Sundays excepted; during the balance of the week at the old stand of the late Geo. B. Usilton, up town. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a share of public patronage.
Farmers having Stock for sale will find it to their interest to call on the undersigned before selling in case of my absence my wife will dealt with Mrs. Usilton, will be promptly attended to.
WM. PEIKINS.
P. S. Persons indebted on last year's account are respectfully requested to call and settle. W. P.
May. 17. 1851.

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

For Sale.

A large quantity of *Potatoes* in Store, and for sale at 62½ cents per bushel, by
WM. BACCHUS.
April 26. 1851

Wanted.

A pair of young Steers, for which the highest cash price will be given. Enquire at this office.
May 17. 1851.

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

ESTATE OF GEORGE W. CACY.
Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, May 20, 1851.

ON the application of Jno. E. Cacy Administrator of G. W. Cacy, late of Kent county, dec'd.

Ordered, that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and (SEAL) the seal of my office affixed, this 20th day of May, 1851.
Test,
E. WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Geo W. Cacy, late of Kent county deed. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 21st day of December, 1851, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.
Given under my hand, this 20th day of May, 1851.
JOHN E. CACY, Admr.
Geo. W. Cacy; decd.
May 31, 1851.—4t.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM ROLPH.
Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, May 20, 1851.

ON the application of Mary A Rolph, Administratrix of William Rolph, late of Kent county, dec'd.

Ordered, that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased' estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my (Seal) hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 20th day of May, 1851.
Test,
E. WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of William Rolph, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 21st day of December 1851, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.
Given under my hand, this 20th day of May, 1851.
MARY ANN ROLPH, Admx.
William Rolph, decd.
May 31, 1851.—4w

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

A CARD.

THE subscriber respectfully offers his service to the people of Chester Town an vicinity, for repairing clocks and watches, and doing all other work in his line of business.
LOUIS DUCUMMON.

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

LEVY COURT NOTICE.

THE LEVY COURT of Kent county will meet at the Court-house, in Chestertown, on TUESDAY the 15th and WEDNESDAY the 16th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue to meet at the same place an hour, every Tuesday and Wednesday until WEDNESDAY the 18th day of June next.

All persons who have sold or transfered any assessable property since the first day of June last, are particularly requested to attend at an early day, and have their tax accounts adjusted. After the 18th day of June next no alteration in the assesment will be made during the present year.

THE STANDARD KEEPER

will be appointed on WEDNDSDAY the 30th of April.

Supervisors and Constables

are requested to bring in their accounts and renew their Bonds on or before TUESDAY the 29th of May next. All accounts presented to the Court will be required to be under oath. Supervisors and Constables neglecting this Notice will be considered as having resigned, and the Court will proceed to fill the vacancy.—All new applications for pensions must be in writing, stating the residence, condition and circumstances of the applicants; signed by two or more persons having a knowledge of the facts therein set forth.

All new applicants for the office of Constables, must also be in writing, with a recommendation from the immediate neighbourhood of the person applying, stating that the public convenience requires said appointment.

Any Executor, Guardian or Trustee, who shall hereafter fail to inform the Levy Court of the transfer of any property belonging to any deceased person, ward, or estate in trust, of which he or she may be Executor, administrator, Guardian or Trustee, will be liable for the tax or the same, until the Levy Court shall be properly notified of such transfer.

J. F. GORDON,
Cl'k of the Levy Court of Kent co.
Chester Town, } t. 18 June.
April 7. 1851.

Maryland,

Kent County to Wit:

I hereby certify that PEREGRINE L. LYNCH, gave notice to me the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace for the County aforesaid that he had taken up as a stray trespassing on his enclosures a red horned COW marked with a crop in the left ear, and an under bit from the right.

Given under my hand and seal this 21st day of May, Eighteen hundred and fifty one.
WM. S. LASSELL, [SEAL]

NOTICE.

THE owner of the above COW is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away.
PERE. L. LYNCH.
Kent County, }
May 24, '51 }

NOTICE.

A gentleman in this county, has about $2000, which he will loan or exchange for acceptable paper. Enquire at this office.
May 31, 1851.

N. B. Intending to quit dealing in Jewelry, he will close out his stock on hand at first cost.
L. D.
March 15, '51

HATS FOR SALE.

A good assortment of HATS for sale cheap by
WILMER & FRANCIS.
April 12.

A choice lot of Superfine and WHITE WHEAT FAMILY FLOUR just received and for sale by
WM. BACCHUS.
Feb.22, 1851.

POETRY.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

Keep it before the people,
That the earth was made for man,
That the flowers were strewn
And fruits were grown
To bless and never to ban:
That sun and rain
And corn and grain
Are yours and mine my brother—
Free gifts from Heaven,
And freely given
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people,
That famine and crime and wo
Forever abide
Still side by side,
With luxury's dazzling show,
That Lazarus crawls
From Dives' halls,
And starves at his gate, my brother—
Yet life was given,
By God from Heaven,
To one as well as another.

Keep it before the people,
That the laborer claims his meed—
The right of soil,
And the right to toil,
From spur and bridle freed:
The right to bear
And the right to share,
With you and me my brother,
Whatever was given,
By God from Heaven,
To one as well as another.

MISCELLANEOUS

ADVENTURES OF A WOODEN LEG.

I am one of those unfortunate wights who have found themselves obliged to call on the carpenter, for the purpose of mending their mortal *frame*. I was born complete—as sound as a pumpkin; with a pair of as sturdy limbs as ever kicked. I stumped about merrily on both of them during my youth, never dreaming that I should one day be indebted for the same faculty to a stick of wood.

During the last war with Great Britain I served in our army on the frontier. I was in many battles, but managed throughout nearly the whole of the conflict to keep lead and cold iron out of me. I began to think myself bullet proof—but never was a conjuror more mistaken as I soon found at the battle of Plattsburg, by the help of a cannon ball, which took off my leg below the knee. This happened the beginning of the action, and I fell into an enemy's hands. We got the victory at last, as is well known; and when the British retreated, I was duely reported by the American returns 'among the missing,' and my friends all imagined me dead.

After lying some time in the British hospitals I was sent to Montreal, where I met an ingenious French mechanist, who fitted me with a new limb, so admirably constructed with springs and hinges, that after a short practice, I found myself able to manage it with so much dexterity that it passed with the world for 'real bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.' I was sent home to Boston after the peace and received by my friends as one risen from the dead. They little imagined on seeing me safe and hearty, that I had one foot in the grave.

Now, though I might have claimed and received a pension for the loss of my leg, yet I resolved to keep the matter a secret—as who would not? Nobody wishes to be pitied for his wooden shins, when he can have the credit of owing a pair of real live stumpers. No one of my acquaintance suspected that I had a sham leg, and I resolved to take no pains to divulge the secret but if I got a kick upon my wooden shin; even a scratch where it did not smart.

The pertinacity with which I stuck to this determination, had led me to the oddest adventures. I was kicked by a horse on my factitious limb, and to the astonishment of every body walked home after it, without so much inconvenience as a sprained ancble. I was bitten by a mad dog most furiously in the same place, and every one prophesied that I should die, but I got well of the bite and amazed them all. A cart wheel run over my foot and jambed it into a cocked hat; no one but admired the fortitude with which I bore the pain. Walking home one cold day with a doctor, I stepped with one foot mid-leg deep into a puddle of water. The doctor was positive that I should take cold in consequence of it, and I won a wager of him by not coming off hoarse the next morning to his utter astonishment.

But this unfeeling limb of mine, has sometimes brought me into awkward scrapes. I never shall forget how supremely foolish I felt one evening, when I had been ridiculing most unmercifully a certain foppish, conceited, pragmatical fellow about the town, all this I did in the presence of his two sisters, whom I did not know to be such, and never imagined my friend Walter who sat next me, would let me run on in such a strain, without apprising me of the blunder I was committing.

'Why, you incomprehensible fellow,' said he to me as soon as he came away what the vengence possessed you to keep on talking in that style, when I was treading upon your toe every instant, to make you stop!'

Once, indeed, I came very near being detected, and the artifice by which I escaped detection had the strangest effects.—Who would believe the ghost of a wooden leg could break off a match? Or that by saving my limb I made Beau Babbleton loose his mistress! I will tell the story, for it is seldom that a wooden leg has kicked up such a dust.

One very dark evening I was walking homeward through a street where the sidewalks were somewhat narrow, and the cellar entrances projected quite out to the curb-stone. One of these happened to be covered with a wooden grating, and in walking over it I trod in the dark on a defecting part; and my foot broke through. It was my wooden leg, and in my endeavors to extricate it, the unfortunate limb broke loose, and fell into the cellar

Here was a terrible awkward situation for a gentleman to be in. There was no way of getting my leg out of its limbo in the dark, and to apply for help would discover me. Luckily I had my walking stick, and with the help of that made shift to hobble to my lodgings, where I arrived undiscovered, thanks to the darkness and lateness of the hour. But the difficulty was not over. I had lost my leg and no one could make me such another; or, if it could be done, the thing could not be effected without delay of many days, and the story would infallibly get wind. What should I do? I knew the house into which my stray limb had slept, but I was not on the right terms with the occupant to trust him with the secret. This was the most unlucky circumstance of all; he was Joe Clackabout, a person with whom I was involved in a quarrel, and was, moreover, an errant busy-body. In short, he was no man to entrust with the secret of a sham leg.

At last a thought struck me of a method to get my leg and save my credit, for I saw plainly that my leg must be had immediately, or else the cat would be out of the bag. I thought of Beau Babbleton, the the fobbish fellow mentioned above, as a person on whom I might, with some conscience, play the trick of fathering my lost limb; I had got myself into a bad odor with his sisters, and two or three of their gossiping female acquaintances, by means of his foppery and the insensibility of my timber toes; and I determined now to be revenged upon him by means of the same intractable members.—The plan was this—to send by a trusty servant a note to Mr. Clackabout, requesting the leg in the name of Beau Babbleton, by which means I should get my limb again, without being suspected, and Beau might accomplish for the superfluity of shin bones in his own animal economy as well as he was able.

The plan succeeded to admiration, and much better than I looked for. For I had the luck to see a derkey passing under my window in the morning, and him I sent off with the note. You must judge of the surprise and astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Clackabout and his two sisters, as they sat at breakfast, when they received the following:

'Mr. Babbleton's compliments to Mr. Clackabout, and he requests he will have the goodness to despatch him his leg by the bearer; it will be found in the cellar.—Mr. B. hopes to be excused for stepping through Mr C.'s cellar door last evening.'

Nobody knew what to make of this strange epistle at first. One thought it was a hoax, but on sending into the cellar to examine, the leg was found sure enough, and the breach in the cellar where the misstep had been made. And then what a staring and wonderment there was among the Clackabouts, at the discovery of Beau Babbleton's artifice. Who would have thought it? they exclaimed—a tip top dandy, a buck of the first water, and irresistible creature among the ladies! and yet doing all this with a wooden leg! Oh, monstrus!

However, after a pretty close scrutiny of this unfortunate limb, it was delivered to Cuffy, who passed for Beau Babbleton's servant, as no question was asked, and my strange appendage bought without any discovery being made. Now I was Richard himself again again; but Beau Babbleton absolutely beside himself. Mr. Clackabout chanced to meet him the same afternoon and wished him joy on the recovery of his leg. Beau replied that his leg had never been ill.

"Not ill to be sure," said Mr. C, "but terriable out of joint."

"Out of joint! out of joint, sir? What do you mean?"

"Oh, I don't mean that it was hurt in breaking through the cellar door, indeed I believe it was sent in good order; truly you walk very well with it—one would never suspect."

"Never suspect? I don't understand you; pray, what do you mean?"

"Of getting the boot on the wrong foot, for you needn't think to mystify me.—What! brave it out in this fashion when you left it in my cellar last night, and I sent it to you this morning."

"Really, Mr. Clarabout, you talk like a man who has lost his senses."

"Mr. Babbleton, your effrontery is to much to bear. You will make a *lame* peice of work of it, and get yourself into a hobble. I advise to show a little more *understanding*."

And with these punning allutions to Beau's fancied infirmity, Mr. Clarabout walked off.

Poor Babbleton was utterly confounded at being snubbed and brow beaten in this uncomprehensible manner. But this was cakes and gingerbread to what happened afterwards; for the Misses Clackabouts kept the secret of Beau's wooden leg in the customary way; that is, they told it in confidence to all their acquaintances, and the consequence was, the greatest route and stir among the *beau monde* that was ever in Boston.

Miss Tifetaffy, whom Beau had engaged to marry, being his seventeenth flame, was so shocked at hearing the intelligence, that she called for hartshorn, and vowed she would never see him again. The match was therefore broken off, for nobody could ever persuade her the story was incorrect, as she knew him to be guilty of false whiskers, and a buckram and whalebone waist; and a sham leg was a horse of the same color. Beau was obliged to put up with his ill luck; but he never could endure the sight of anything that reminded him of a wooden leg afterwards. Even to this day, he never sees a person with a hitch in his gait without heaving a sigh.

CASE OF MONOMANIA.

The Pennsylvanian tells the following story of an eccentric old monomaniac in Philadelphia. It is the strangest case, and at the same time the funniest we have read for a long time:

A hypocondrical old fellow named Aaron Simms, who was lately engaged in the grocery business somewhere in Filbert St., has conceived the ridiculous idea that he is the "Old Scratch." Some time ago he gave orders to a sign-painter to prepare him a board with the following inscription: 'Satan, Grocer and Tea Dealer," in large gilt letters. The sign was painted according to directions, but the friends of monomaniac interfered and prevented it being put up. His customers not liking the idea of dealing with the devil, dropped off, except one knavish old negro named David Candle, who by humoring the lunatic, contrived to swindle him out of goods to a considerable amount. A cousin of Mr. Simms who thought it expedient to keep a watch over the conduct of his insane relative, was in the back part of the store one evening, when Simms, alias Satan, stood behind the counter. At this time the negro, Dave Cattle, happened to come in, and the cousin not being perceived by him, commenced conversation with the following purport:

"I say, old boss devil, I want a few more things on that account, you know."

It's all squared up, Dave," answered Simms—"here it is posted in my ledger—'Dave Cantle debtor to 5 pounds of sugar, 48 cents—4 pounds of coffee, 64 cents—2 gallons of molasses, 60 cents'—and so on, about 40 different items, the sum total just 25 dollars. And here on this side—"Dave Cantle credit by one soul, to be taken out in trade." That account is closed old fellow; you can't get no more goods here, unless you've got another soul to trade away on the same terms."

"Look here boss," answered Dave in a tone of expostulation, "I often herd the devil has no conscience, and now I begin to believe it. You are going to allow me only twenty-five dollars for that soul, an' it's worth fifty."

"I have given you what we agreed on," replied Simms—"besides I can buy lots of souls for half the money."

"But mister devil, you must consider that I took it out in trade; that make a difference. A nigger's soul is a cash article; but I just want what is right; so you must 'bleege me with two gallons more o' 'lasses, an' four quarts more o' peas, and I'll in the soul of my wife. Then you will get a first rate bargain."

At this juncture Mr. Simms' cousin thought proper to interfere. He sprang out and seized the swindler, who was after handed over to the law. The friends of the monomaniac deemed it expedient to shut up the store, and they have taken measures to place the imaginary satan under guardianship.

"What an age of improvement," said Mrs. Partington, as she held before her a bottle of Chlorion Lustrale. "In my days, the gals and fellers slicked up their hair with hog fat and candle ends, but now they are crazy about this Gloryhorn Lustyrail. Dear me, how different thing is on the outskirts of society. Al I guess I'll try a bit of this slickeryfying stuff and see." The worthy lady "slickek" her hair with Chlorion Lustrale, went down stairs, and was ogled by all the beaux, as a fine looking widow, at the least. Poor soul, she went home "highly indigent" as she said, at such rude behaviour.

☞ When truth offends no one, it ought to pass out of the mouth as natural as the air we breathe.

From the Yankee Blade.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.

The eloquence of Western lawyers is much noted and the following specimens will give the reader a tolerable idea of the appeals sometimes made to accidentel juries:

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury. I feel gentlemen that although I am a great deal smarter than any of you, or even the learned judge upon the bench, I am wholly incompetent to present this ere case in that magnanimous and heart-rending light which the importance of the subject demands.

My opponant on the other side, gentlemen, will no doubt endeavor to heave dust in your eyes. He will tell you that his client is a man of function—a man of unimpeachable veracity—a man who would scorn to fetch an action agin another merely to gratify his personal corporosity! But gentleman of the jury let me retreat of you to beware of all spacious reasoning like this. I myself apprehended gentlemen if that man's heart could be seen, and the motives that propelled him to bring this suit could be Ann Eliz'd, such a picture of moral turpentine and heart felt ingratitude would be brought to view as was never before exhibited since the Falls of Niagara.

Gentlemen of the jury here is my client who has a numerous wife and children dependent upon him for their daily bread and butter with costs, wantonly and egregiously brought up and arranged before an intellectual jury on a charge of hooking, yes mark the idee! gentlemen—of hooking six quarts of sour cider!

You gentlemen, have all of you been placed in the same situation and know how to feel for the misfortunes of my heart broken client. The law expressly declares gentlemen in the beautiful language of Sheakspear that "where no doubt exists of the guilt of prisoner it is you duty to lean on the side of justice and bring him in innocent.

If you do this gentlemen you will have the honor of making a friend of him and all his relations. But if you set at nought my eloquent remarks and disregard the first principals of the law and bring him in guilty, the silent twitches of concience will totter you over every fair corn-field! Yes gentlemen and more than that—he and his son John will be in an almighty pucker, I can tell ye and they'll be pretty apt to light down on you some dark night like an American Eagle lightin down on the halls of the Montezumy."

MRS PARTINGTON ON THE NEW DRESS FOR LADIES.—"A new custom for ladies," said Mrs. Partington, when a friend spoke to her about the proposed innovation in dress. The sound of "costume" came to her ear indistinctly and she slightly misapprehended the word: "a new custom for ladies! I should think they had better reform many of their old customs before they try to get new ones. We're none of us better than we ought to be, and"——"Costume, ma'am, I said," cried her informant, interrupting her; "they are thinking of changing their dress." "Well for my part I don't see what they want to make a public thing of it for, changing the dress used to be a private matter, but folks do so alter! They are always changing dresses now, like the caterpillar in the morning that turns into a butterfly at night or the butterfly at night that turns to a caterpiller in the morning, I don't know which."—"But" again interrupted her informant: "I mean they are going to have a new dress." "Oh, they are, are they?" replied the old lady; "well I am sure I'm glad of it, if they can afford it; but they don't always think enough of this; a good many can't afford it; they can't. But did you hear of the new apperil for wimmin that somebody is talking about?" "Why, my dear Mrs. P." said she smiling, "that is just what I was trying to get your opinion about. "Then," replied she "why did'nt you say so in the first place? Well, I don't know why a woman can't be as vertuous in a short dress as in a long one; and it will save some trouble in wet weather to people who have to lift their dresses and show their ankles. It may do for young critters as spotive as lambs in a pasture, but only think how I should look in short coats and trousers; shouldn't I? and old Mrs. Jones who weighs three hundred pounds, would'nt look well in 'em neither. But I say, let 'em do just what they please as long as they don't touch my dress; I like the old way best, and that's the long and short of it."

LEGAL WIT.—We feel that the lawyers of the present are getting rather rusty.—We seldom find on record any specimens of the wit which used to flash around the bar. The best thing we have heard from them lately, was a remark made by Chas. Chapman, of Hartford, Ct. A Babtist Clergeyman was on the witness stand, and Squire C. who knew his profession, commenced his cross examination in the following manner:

"What is your occupation?"

"Oh! sir! I am a humble candle of the Lord."

"Ah! yes—a dipped one, I believe," said the wicked lawyer.

A WESTERN DIVORCE.—The following is a perfect copy of a document recently issued by a justice of the peace at Galena, Illinois:

"This is to certify that B—— D—— and his wife *was parted before me* on the — day of June 181– on account that they could not agree with each other, and each party gave consent to do, never more to interfere with each other unless by consent of each other; therefore *if you should be consent to be* joined together again, *you have to come before me* to be put *together again*."

Witness my hand S—— R—— *justice of the piece and Attorney to law*. Dated at Galena, Ill., Davis County.