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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., JULY 19, 1851. NO. 12.

THE KENT NEWS.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
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 willbe made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid.

SPRING AND SUMMER
CLOTHING.

EVERYBODY should embrace this opportunity to buy CLOTHING for MEN, YOUTH, & BOYS, at such prices as have never yet been known to this City, at

GEORGE CULIN'S
Clothing Establishment,
South-East Corner of
MARKET AND SECOND STS., PHILADELPHIA,

Embracing a choice of the best, most desirable, and fashionable Dress and Frock Coats, Habit Cloth do., Linen Drilling do., Tweeds, &c.
Together with a great variety of
Boys' Clothing,
Consisting of Sack Coats, Polka Jackets, Monkey Jackets, Vests, and Round Jackets, made of Tweed, Linen Drilling, Cloth, Alapacka, Kersamier Doeskin, &c.

Particular care has been taken to procure the new styles for
MEN AND BOYS'
SUMMER COATS,
PANTALOONS,
VESTS, &c.,
To which he would invite special attention.

Furnishing Goods,
Consisting of Shirts, Stocks, Handkerchiefs, &c.; all of which are offered at the lowest possible Cash Prices, and as cheap as any other Clothing Store in the Union.

Parents who desire Boys' Clothing are earnestly invited to examine the Stock.

Country Storekeepers can be accommodated at very low rates.
GEORGE CULIN,
S. E. Corner Second and Market Sts.,
Philadelphia.
April 5, 1851.—1y.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horse-Shoeing, &c.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he has again commenced the above business in this place, in the NEW SHOP, 2nd door below Mr. John Greenwood's Carriage Shop, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and patrons. Edge Tools made to order, and all other work, in his line, in the best manner. *He* hopes by strict attention to business to receive encouragement.
HENRY H. SIMMS.
Chestertown, Feb'y 1, 1851—1y

Negroes Wanted.

I will pay the highest prices, *in cash*, for any number of *NEGROES*, with titles, slaves for life or for a term of years in large or small families, or single negroes. I will also purchase NEGROES restricted to remain in the State, that sustain good characters. Families never separated.—Persons having slaves for sale will please call and see me, as I am always in the market with the cash. Communications promptly attended to, and liberal commissions paid by JOHN N. DENNING, No. 18 South Frederick st. between Market & Second sts
Baltimore, Oct. 27, 1850.

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
—SUCH AS—
Handbills, Circulars, Blanks Cards, Labels, &c.,
Neatly and expeditiously executed, on the most reasonable and accommodating terms, at the Office of the
"KENT NEWS,"
CHESTER TOWN.
MARYLAND.

HOPKINS & FAIRCHILD,
(*Successors to Orem & Hopkins,*)
MERCHANT TAILORS,
No. 230 Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE.
Always on hand, a large assortment of fine and medium CLOTHING, Wholesale and Retail.
☞*ONE PRICE ONLY.*☜
March 1, 1851.

Wool.

WNE WICKES, Agent for the Swan town mills, will exchange Kersey, Yarn, &c., for wool and will also give the highest marget rates for wool in exchange for goods.
May 19, 1851.

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.

Hats.

LEGHORN, Fancy Braid, China Pearl and other varieties, just opened by
W N E WICKES.
May 21, '51.

Murder Will be Found Out,
AND SO IT WILL BE FOUND OUT THAT
ABEL J. REES

HAS opened at HALE'S CORNER, a large stock of GOODS, which he is selling at city prices.

☞Rio Coffee, 12½ cts; Sugar, 6¼; Muslin, of all grades, from 5 cts to 12½ cts; heavy tw'd Osnaburgs, for negro clothing at 12½ per yard; Cassimeres, Cassinetts, Vestings. Drillings, Checks, strp'd Shirting, Tickings from 10 to 25 cts per yd; Irish Linens, table and towel Diaper, Flannels, &c. together with a variety of fine GOODS, such as Muslin delanes 12½ per yd; Alapacca, Ginghams, Calico, at all prices, comprising a large variety of styles at all prices, &c. &c.
Threads, Cotton, Tresses,
Skein and spool Silk,
Pins, Needles, Buttons, Combs,
Knitting and Tidy Cotton,
Laces Edging and Inserting,
Gloves, Hosiery, of all kinds,
Silk Hankfs and Cravats,
Gingham " "
Ribbons, Cap Stuffs,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
At low prices and of every variety of styles
Hardware and Cutlery.
Cumberland Nails, 5 cts, less by the keg; with a large stock which he would be glad to furnish to those who are building, together with Locks of all kinds, Fastenings, &c Carpenter's Tools, Axes, &c

Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, dye stuffs, &c &c Queens Ware, Tin Ware Stone Ware, Ploughs, Chain Traces, Hames, Collars, Bridles, Halters, Whips, Umbrellas, Oil window Shades, 50 cts; Flour, Bacon, Salt, Brooms, Buckets, Tubs, and various other articles—all of which he offers to the citizens of Kent county, at low prices for CASH or produce, for which the highest market price will be paid.

Hoping to receive a share of public patronage, we have only to say come and see as we will not charge anything for looking nor consider it any trouble to shew goods.
ABEL J. REES,
Hales Corner.
April 12, 1851.—tf

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from the city, with a full assortment of GOODS, consisting in part of the following articles:

Groceries—Loaf, Crushed and Brown Sugar, Coffee, Rice, Teas, Chocolate, Spices, Soap, Candles and Ground Alum Salt, for table use, &c.

FLOUR—Superfine and family FLOUR, and a superior article, cheap for cash.

WARES—Queensware, Glassware, Hardware, Tinware, Woodware and Stoneware.

CONFECTIONARY—Cakes, Candy, Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Rasins, Prunes, Almonds, Filberts, Palmnuts. Mason's best Water, Butter, Sugar and Soda Crackers.

FISHING TACKLES—Rods and Lines, Kirby, Limerick and Sappington Perch and Rock Hooks. Also Bacon and Mackarel.

Liquors—Good Fresh Brandis, Wines, Old Rye and Common Whishey.

Wheat, Corn, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Rags, &c., taken in exchange for goods, at market prices by
WM. BACCHUS.
May 31, '51.

List of Letters,

Remaining in the Post Office, at Chester Town, on the 1st day of July 1851,

Apsley, W John	Jackson, Chas. P.
Austen, Horace W.	Kenard, Henrietta 2
Bullen, Highland	Kenard, John A.
Bates, Susan T	Kenard, Josiah
Benny, Sam'l H.	Kline, William S.
Barnes, John	Kane, Edward (foreign.)
Brown, M. C. Miss	Levictor, Henry
Boyer, John	Merret, Sarah
Carroll, Henrietta	Meredith, Judge
Clements, John	Plummer, Eliza J. 2
Conard, Enoch 2	Pearson, Samuel
Cooke, Jane Louisa	Pennell, Josiah W. 2 Rev'd.
Chapman, W. S.	Palmatory, John C.
Copper, Eliza. Ann	Roberts, Lemuel
Dudly, John H. 2	Raison, James M.
Dill, Benson 2	Stradly, Benjamin
Dorman, A.	Stoops, James
Forgwell Other	Spry, William
Frazier, John	Sutton, Henry
Gordy, James 2	Smith, Samuel
Griffith, Caleb	Titter, Lewis
Gould, Chloe Ann	Wheller, James H.
Hawkins, Eliza	Wheatly, Arthur B.
Harris, Thos. H.	Weibley, J. C. Dr.
Hodges, S. T.	Young, E. S.
Hurley, David	
Harth, James	
Ireland, Sarah E. 3	

J. L. STAM, P. M.
July 12, 1851.

As the new Postage Law went into operation on the first inst no Newspapers will be given out of the office after the first week, unless the Postage is paid in advance, and persons owing me postage effects, are requested to call and settle.
J. L. S.

KELSEY'S Alternating Bee Hives for sale low by THOS. RASIN.
Still Pond, May 14, 1851. 6m.

SPRING AND SUMMER
CLOTHING.
COSTUME HALL.
Cor. Pratt st. and Centre Market Space Baltimore.

THE largest and best stock of READY MADE CLOTHING ever offered in Baltimore. Dress, Frock and Sack COATS, all colors, qualities and sizes, from $2.50 to $5.50 and upwards. *Pantaloons* at $1 to $3.50, and upwards, embracing all styles of fancy, plain and plaid *Cassimeres.*—*Vests* of every variety at corresponding prices. Also a large assortment of *Boys' Clothing.*

Importing our own Cloths direct from Europe, and manufacturing on the most extensive scale, enables us to offer inducements to purchasers not to be surpassed by any Clothing Establishment in the United States. The proprietors are determined to make the Wholesale Rooms the point of great attraction, and have now made up more than 50,000 *Garments*, from the finest qualify to the lowest in price

In the Custom Department will always be found the choicest selection of *Cloths, Cassimeres and vestings*, which will be made up at the shortest notice, and in the latest style, and a fit always guarantied.

☞The one price system strictly adhered to.

Rememember the name and place, corner Pratt st. and Centre Market Space.
H. H. COLE & CO.
April 12, 1851. 1y

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

HAS just received, and has on hand a larger stock than has ever been kept in this place, which he will sell very low for cash or to punctual 12 month custom
March 8, 1851.

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

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

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

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

THE best remedy known for Dysentary, Diarrhoea, Griping Pains and Summer Complaint is Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, for sale by
SIMON WICKES.
June 28, '51.

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

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

DR. FITCHES unequalled Patent Silver Plated Abdominal Supporters just received and for sale by
S. WICKES!

Maryland Register of Debates.

THE subscriber will be prepared in a few days to furnish to Booksellers and purchasers generally, complete copies of the Debates in the late Convention in quarto form, neatly put up in paper covers.

The work embraces four entire volumes made up in one, and as it is the only *official* copy to be obtained, purchasers would do well to forward their orders immediately.

The value of the work is too well known to the people of Maryland to require at the hands of the undersinged any lengthened praise, and in presenting it to the public the subscriber feel confident that he is offering a work of much value to every Marylander.

Orders (post paid) enclosing the cash will receive the prompt attention of the undersigned.

Post Masters and Editors of newspapers throughout the State are authoised to act as Agents for the undersigned.

Terms Cash:—One copy complete (embracing the four volumes) $3 00.

A moderete deduction to the trade,
WM. McNEIR, Official Printer
of Md. Convention Registor.
Annapolis, Md. July 12, 1851. 2w.

For Sale.

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

POETRY.

From the New York Express.

CHANGES, (A VISION;)
OR, RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

BY MAJOR PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."—[BYRON.

Not long ago there came to me
A vision passing strange,
It was a dream of 'sixty-three,
And all around was change.

'Mid desert waste, methought I stood,
And heard swift waters roar;
Anon, I strolled 'mid leafy wood,
Where waters washed before.

Along the rail-road's grassy route
The cars were idle things;
In air baloons men sail'd about,
Propell'd by lightning wings.

Gas-light no longer was the rage,
The streets were lit by "Payne,"
Change was the orber of the age,
And "humbug" had the reign.

Black had turned white, and it did seem
That white was changed to blue—
(Oh! very queer it was—that dream
I'm telling now to you)

The doctor plead the lawyer's cause,
The lawyer put up pills,
The tailor was expounding laws,
The justice working frills.

The farmer, on a raft ofloat,
The boatman held a plow;
What once was nothing seen of note,
Of note—was nothing now.

The tinman—he was selling tape,
The tapeman selling tin—
And all the world was in a scrape
It ne'er before was in.

Where politics had once ran high,
They now ran very low;
And cheeks once flush'd with reddest dye
Were white as palest snow.

The Loco had a WIGGISH touch
Toward his opponent "brother,"
While Whigs themselves had changed so much
They didn't know each other.

The South had sided with the North,
The North with "Southern rights;"
So many from both sides stood torth,
That none were left to fight.

And in a town of 'some' renown,
Not from New England far,
Whereonce a parson doff'd his gown
And raised his 'voice for war'—

The white man was the bonded slave,
The black man, he was free,
And crowds did rave, and cry "God save
'King COAL'—and liberty."

A POLLY fill'd the statesman's chair,
Pouring her wordy flood,
The statesman rack'd a cradle where
The "Polly" should have stood.

And last, not least, through every street,
(Just beat it if you can)—
Each BLOOM-ING GIRL I chanc'd to meet
Zooks! was a BLOOMER MAN.

MISCELLANEOUS

[*From the Albany Dutchman.*]

A NIGHT OF TERROR,
OR
THE DANGERS OF SLEEPING TOO SOUNDLY.

BY PAUS CREYTON.

Frank Brittle had the misfortune to be a sound sleeper, I say *misfortune*—for, although nothing is more devoutly to be desired than deep and peaceful sleep, a man may, on some occasions, sleep too soundly, as the following will go to show:—

One night last winter, Mr. Stinger, (familiar called Ned) Frank's room-mate, having given notice that he would not be at home until the following day, Frank retired to his sleeping apartment, locked the door, and went to bed. When Ned was at home, the door was never locked, for Ned would awake, in case any one should enter the room; but alone, Frank knew that robbers might come and carry him off and cut his throat before he was aware of the danger. Besides, Frank was a very modest man, and he shuddered to think that any of the girls in the house, coming home late, might get into the wrong room, and enjoy a beautiful nap at his side, without his ever knowing anything about it.—So Frank locked the door and went to sleep.

At about midnight, however, from some unaccountable cause, he awoke. It was well he did. In another, minute, he might have been a dead man, not worth awaking. There was a robber getting in at the window! It was a starlight night, and Frank trembling with terror, saw a dark figure rising upon the sill. *He* felt his flesh creep, his hair bristle, and his limbs to shake.

But, terrified as he was, Frank was too brave to abandon the field, without one bold stroke at the robber There was a poker on the stove, a hammer on the mantle-piece, and even a loaded pistol under the looking-glass. *Some* men would have made use of one of these weapons; but Frank thought he would try what virtue there was in cold water. In his trepidation he seized the pitcher, dashed its contents upon the head and bosom of the robber, and—fled from the room!

Closing the door between himself and the midnight visitor, he paused to listen—wishing all the time that he had thought to take the key, so that he might effectually pevent the robber following him, and take vengence on him for spilling his own blood.

Frank, to his horror and dismay, heard the robber uttering deep curses, climb the window sill, and enter the room.

"Thief! murder! robbers!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

"Hush your confounded nonsense!" thundered the man in the room.

Frank started. He knew that voice, he was sure.

"Ned!" he cried, "is it you?"

"To be sure it is! What did you throw that water in my face for? Hang your jaws? I'll pay you!"

At this moment Frank heard movements on the stairs. As he was in the hall in his shirt, he was filled with horror at the thought of being seen in that predicament. He hastened to retreat into his room—but *Ned had locked him out!*

"For God's sake!" cried Frank, in agony, "open the door! The women are coming!"

"The women will have to come then!" replied Ned, cooly. "You locked me out."

"But I thought you were not coming home to-night!"

"Well, I did come! And I knocked away at that door for an hour, but you wouldn't let me in."

"I didn't hear you—I was *asleep!*"

"Asleep! you were too lazy to get up and unlock the door. Asleep!—when I finally went around to get in the window, you could wake up and throw water upon me."

"I thought it was a robber! For *Heaven's* sake," pleaded Frank, "let me in! The women are coming down stairs!—The light is almost here! Do let me in! I'll never sleep so sound again. They're right here! O, Ned! Ned! I've nothing but my shirt on!"

But Ned was inexorable.

"Do as I did, if you want to get in;" he muttered.

"*How* was that?

"Go around the house, and get in at the window."

"O, I can't!"

"Then let the girls find you there!"

Frank saw there was but one alternative. He paused but a moment to consider, and then darted through the hall like a spectre. The terrified boarders—men, women and boys—were already on the stairs—Frank perceived that he could not reach the hall door, without running the gauntlet, in the full glare of the lamps. Then he thought that even if he should get into the street, the watchman might nab him before he could scale his bed room window. Ned might remember his cold bath, and treat him to a shower, perhaps, not quite so agreeable, before he could get safely in. In his perplexity Frank conceived a lucky thought. He dodged into the parlor and shut the door.

At that moment the revengeful Ned rushed out of the room with a light, crying "murder!" "robbers!" in a most excited manner.

"Where?"

"Who?"

"Do tell?"

"When?"

"Is that you, Mr. Stringer?"

In reply to the terrified voices which came to him from the stairs and landing above, Ned boldly shouted——

"*Here*—in the parlor!"

"I saw him run in there!" cried the nervous Miss Milner, almost fainting with terror.

"I'll call a watchman," said Mr. Flimm, looking very white and cold.

"A watchman! fudge!" exclaimed Ned. "There is only one—and it is a shame to call a watch until we have secured him"

How the women admired Mr. Stringer's courage at that moment.

He marched boldly to the parlor door.—Mr. Flimm, ashamed to appear cowardly, followed him, trembling in every joint.—Mr. Moon followed Mr. Flimm. The women, whose curosity overcame their fear, followed Mr. Moon. Unfortunately for Frank, the key was *not* on the inside.—Ned threw the door open, and walk courageously in, at the head of his forces.

By the light of the lamps, Ned looked around, expecting to see Frank squatting in a corner, with his shirt over his knees, or trying to cover himself up with the window curtains.

Much to his disappointment, he could see him no where; and the men, much to their relief, could see no robber. But Ned thought he heard a movement under the piano.

"Here he is!" he exclaimed—"here he is!—catch him! hold him!"

He drew aside the cloth, held down his lamp, and discovered to all eyes, the robber who had taken refuge there! Frank rushed out in a fit of desperation. The men fled, the women shrieked, and Ned burst into a roarer of laughter.

The boarders recovered from their fright and Ned told then the whole story awaking peals of laughter in the usual quiet walls of the old boarding house.

Meanwhile Frank in a fit of rage and desperation, had reached his room, and locked Ned out! So Ned had to sleep on the sofa the rest of the night and the two room mates were not reconciled to each other, until three days afterward. When Frank forgave Ned, Ned forgave Frank; and Ned does not get in at the window any more, and Frank does not sleep *quite* as soundly as was formerly his custom.

ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

My readers are aware that Louis Napoleon, the President of France, anxious to perpetuate his power and enable himself, has been turning all kinds of somersets and playing various other pranks to accomplish his purpose. Among other things, he sought in marriage and was almost engaged to the elder daughter of Maria Christina, the Queen Mother of Spain; with whose hand he was also to receive a dower of ten millions of francs. But, alas! for the hopes of the ambitious Louis, the advantages he looked for by this alliance are all scattered, and his prospect of the lady's hand and ten millions blighted; by one of those strange accidents which are continually turning up in the great lottery of life. The young lady, tired of waiting for a completion of the arrangements which were to make her the wife of the French President, has eloped with a young *cook* belonging to the palace! This discovery has thrown Spain into convulsions, Louis Napoleon into the horrors; and the rest of Europe into fits of laughter. Never mind, Louis—better luck next time.

ELOQUENT FLIGHT.—The following flight was "flew" in a neighboring county, during the last term of the Court of Common Pleas, by a member of the bar. The capability of Biers, the witness, to judge of cows, was doubted, and he raised in Sussex county, N. Y. Said the eloquent counsel,—

"Biers not qualified or capable to judge of cows, and raised in Sussex county, N. Jersey! Why, gentlemen of the jury, if a man from Sussex county was about to close his eyes in the cold embrace of death, and the last breath of life was quivering on his dying lips—and his spirit was winging its way to the New Jerusalem—if in passing over the streets of pearl, he should see inscribed on the arch of the gate of Heaven, in letters of gold, "No cow trading here!" he would back!—back!—gentlemen of the jury, he wouldn't go in!"

A GOOD TRICK.—"My son," said a father, "take that jug, and fetch me some beer." "My son, to get beer with money, any boy can do that, but to get beer without money, that's a trick." So the boy takes the jug, and out he goes: shortly he returns, and places the jug before his father. "Drink," said the son. "*How* can I drink," said the father, "when there is no beer in the jug?" "To drink beer out of a jug," says the boy, "where there is beer, anybody can do that: but to drink beer out of a jug where there is no beer, that's a trick."

☞"Doctor, that ere rats bane of yourn is fust rate," said a Yankee to a village apothecary.

"Know'd it! know'd it!" said the pleased vender of drugs. "Don't keep nothing but fust rate doctor's stuff."

"And doctor," said the joker coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye."

"Another pound?"

"Yes sir. I gin that pound I bought the other day to a pesky mouse, and it made him daeadful sick, and I am pretty sure another pound would kill him!"

☞"Sammy, my boy what are you crying for?"

"Bill hove the bible at me, and hit me on the head."

"Well, you are the only one in the family that the bible ever made the least impression on!"

☞In the Streets of Leicester one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who, staggering against his reverence, said:

"I have been spinning it out."

"Yes," said the Dean, "I see you have, and now you are *reeling it home*."

☞There is a paper in Hamilton county, Ind., called the *Register*, which is edited by a Whig and a Locofoco, each one battling for his own political creed. Their salutation says.

"Every Democrat should take it because it is a democratic paper—every Whig should take it because it is a Whig paper. It will contain facts and arguments for and against the doctrines and doing of both political parties," &c.

☞"Captain," said a ragged country urchin, to a city dandy with an immense shirt collar, "Captain, are you going to haul manure to day?"

"No, you ragged rascal, what made you ask that question?"

"Why, kase you've got such a thunderin' big pair of side boards up."

Hook and a friend came to bridge. "Do you know who built this bridge?" asked he of Hook. "No, but if you go over you will be *toll*-ed."

A MISS IN HER TEENS!—Miss Anges McBurne, of London, is one hundred and *sixteen* years old.

☞Riches got by fraud are dug out of one's own heart, and destroy the mind.

☞Physicians' prescriptions are now called "death warrants" in Latin.