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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra,laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet---"He labours vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANUM, in advance

VOL. 13. SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852. NO. 11.

SWANTOWN Woolen Manufactory

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he still carries on the

SWANTOWN MILLS.

He has taken the machinery through a thorough repair, with the addition of some new machinery and from his long experience in the business feels confident that he will be able to render satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. The following description of goods will be kept constantly on hand, which will be sold on reasonable terms or exchanged for wool as usual, viz: All wool and Cotton Kersey, Tweeds, Blanketing, Flannel; linsey, and Stocking Yarn of all numbers &c.

Also Carding, Spinning, Weaving, and Fulling done in the best manner.—Wool left with following Agents to be manufactured, Carded &c., will be taken to the Factory, made up to order and returned free of any extra charge, viz; *Messrs. Wm. F Smyth & Co., Millington, Kent Co. Md.*

W. N. E. Wickes, Chestertown " "

Messrs. E. H Pearce & Bro., Sudlersville, Queen Ann's Co., Md

The above gentlemen will keep a good assortment of the above goods on hand, which they will exchange for wool or sell at the manufacturer's prices.

E. M. FOWLER.

May 29th 1852—3m

COLEMAN & RICHARDSON,

GROCERS,

FLOUR, FEED AND PRODUCE STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Commission Merchants,

No. 95 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

WE will pay particular attention to selling Tobacco Grain &c. Also to purchasing Clover Seed, Plaster, Guano Coal Lime, Bone Dust, &c.

May 29, 1852.

Baltimore, May 21, 1852.

Having this day associated ourselves in the Grocery and Commission business, under the firm of Coleman & Richardson, we take this method of informing our friends in the country, that our intentions are to sell at the lowest cash prices, Groceries of all kinds and of the best qualities. Also, a Commission and Produce Store, for the benefit of Farmers residing on the Eastern and Western Shores; so that produce of all kinds may be consigned to us with safety, and the proceeds remitted promptly as ordered by Captains of vessels, or owners of produce may require. We intend charging a small commission on all marketing, so that the Farmers will get more for their produce than they have been getting heretofore.

We shall also pay strict attention to the sale of Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce generally, also the purchasing of Clover Seed, Plaster Guano, Lime Coal, Bone Dust, Ashes, &c., and we respectfully solicit your consignments or Orders, assuring all that no effort shall be spared on our part to give entire satisfaction.

COLEMAN & RICHARDSON

GARRITT COX & SON,

COACH & HARNESS

MANUFACTURERS,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

CARRIAGES of every description constantly on hand and at all times punctually made to order; which for neatness, durability and style, can not be surpassed. No expence being spared, none but workmen of acknowledged skill and celebrity are employed, and all the materials used are invariably the best that can be obtained in the market. The whole conducted under the immediate superintendance of the Proprietors, whose constant study is to give the highest satisfaction.

Orders executed with precision and dispatch and repairs carefully done

WARRANTED TWELVE MONTHS.

Mch 6, 1852.—6m

This certifies that we have appointed JOHN PERKINS, to dispose of carriages for us throughout the State of Maryland.

GARRITT COX & SON.

Middletown, Del., April 2, '52

Wool! Wool!

50,000 Pounds of WOOL wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid, either in merchandise or in exchange for Kersey; being agent for Messrs. Mallham & Brothers.

A. J. REES.

Rees' Corner, May 15, 1852.

TOILET and shaving Soaps, Treple Extracts, Pomenades, Hair oils and Perfumerins &c., for sale by

W. N. E. WICKES.

F. E. FOREMAN,

PRODUCE & COMMISSION MERCHANT

BALTIMORE.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he is still at the old stand No. 93½ Light st. Wharf, opposite the wharf of the steamers Hugh Jenkins and Osiris, and within a few yards of the wharfs of the steamers Champion, Cecil, and Dupont, being the most central place for an Eastern Shore Depot for trade and business of all kinds, and to travelling community that can be found; and where the undersigned has succeeded in building up a market for all kinds of trade that the farmers of the Eastern Shore may send to our market, and from his promptness and business capacity he flatters himself to be able to please all who will patronize him.

He will sell grain of all kinds—Fruit, such as Peaches, Apples, Plums, &c.—Potatoes will receive his special attention and all kinds of produce will be made to bring the highest market prices. He will also fill all orders for merchants or farmers, (accompaning the cash) with despatch, for Groceries, Lumber, Lime, Plaster, Bone, Flour, Guano, Clover seed, &c., &c., at the lowest price. He wishes the public to bear in mind that having five years experience in the active part of the above business, that their property has not been, nor shall be sacrificed, if consigned to me, and that prompt sales and honest returns will invariably be made, as heretofore, that he has as much store room as can be found on the wharf, to store whatever may be ordered, and at the same time keep as much goods constantly on hand in this city; and it is well known that I have labored hard to build up a house, yes the house for the interest of trade, and by so doing, Produce has acquired a notoriety not before possessed, and the interest of farmers has been promoted. I therefore solicit the patronage of a generous public.

The public's obedient servant,

F E FOREMAN.

June 12, 1852—3w.

Thomas Lusby vs. Edward Carty } Judgment before William S. Lassell, Justice of the Peace for Kent county, April 22, 1851. Judgment by confession in favor of Plaintiff, for $80 00 debt, with interest from 1st January 1851; and 83 cents cost of suit.

Aquilla A. Usilton, vs. Edward Carty. } Judgment before Wm. S. Lassell, Justice of the Peace, for Kent county, 28th of May, 1851, for $6 12½ debt, with interest from date of Judgment and cost of suit.

THE subscriber having purchased the Real Estate of Edward Carty, the defendant abovednamed, at a sale thereof in virtue of Executions and Venditionis issued upon the forgoing judgements made on the 7th day of February 1852, by John W. Carroll Constable, hereby gives notice that he intends to apply to the Circuit Court of Kent county at its next session to be held in Chestertown on the 3rd Monday of October next for a confirmation of said sale, when and where the said defendant or his creditors or any other person or persons claiming any interest in the matter, will have an opportunity of making their objections, if any they have, why the said sale should not be confirmed; and for that purpose are hereby warned to appear.—the property purchased by the subscriber consists of a house and lot of ground lying in Chestertown part of No 11—which said lot of ground was sold by G W. T. Perkins Esq., to said Edward Carty.

NATHANIEL WILEY.

June 26, 1852

Debt, Judgment, 23rd January, 1852 before Wm. S. Lassell, Esquire, a Justice of the Peace, for $70,31 debt, with interest from the first day of January 1851, till paid, and 83 cents cost. The subscriber having purchased the Real Estate of George Hynson, fn., the defendant above named, at a sale thereof, in virtue of an execution, Fieri Facias, issued upon the foregoing judgement, made on the first day of May 1852, by William H. Hamilton, Constable, hereby gives notice that he intends to apply to the Circuit Court of Kent County, at its session to be held in Chestertown, on the third Monday of October next, for a confirmation of said sale, when and where, the said defendants, or his creditors, or any other person or persons, claiming any interest in the matter, will have an opportunity of making their objections, if any they have, why the said sale should not be confirmed, and for that purpose are hereby warned to appear. The property purchased by the subscriber consists of a House and lot of Land, in Still Pond, adjoining the property of Joshua Clark, and which was sold to the said George Hynson, fn. by Joshua Clark.

Joshua Clark, vs. John Wilson, security for Geo. Hynson fn

JOHN WILSON.

May 22, 1852.—3m

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l 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 for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications must be post-paid.

POETRY.

(From the North American and U. S. Gazette.)

CAMPAIGN SONG.

Old Chippewa.

AIR—"*Rosin the bow.*"

We are up! Don't you hear the Whig thunder?
We come with a hearty huzza!
What foe ever heard without terror,
The war-cry of Old Chippewa?
Chorus—The war-cry, &c.

From Queenstown, where nobly he battled,
Niagara, where gory he lay,
The people re-echo the thunder,
And gather for Old Chippewa.

From Mexico's snowy sier as,
Her vales where they bask in the day,
Comes the voice of his valor and virtue,
The glory of Old Chippewa.

North, South, East and West, it arises,
No faction that thunder can stay;
Its hails, with the blessings of freemen,
Their champion and choice—Chippewa.

His breast has been ploughed by the British,
And forty campaigns make him gray;
But we'll wreath his high brow with the laurel,
And glory in Old Chippewa.

When Mexico's millions were offered,
From his country to win him astray:
"*Tho' poor, I'll love, live and die by her!*"
So answered Old Chippewa.

The hero that cant lose a battle,—
Win Field wins the field in each fray;
We'll be—while Scott fights for our freedom—
Scott free, with our Old Chippewa.

A Lundy's Lane *fuss* with the British,
A *fuss* on Chepultepec's day,—
Thus the *feathers* will fly from the Locos,
When they come across Old Chippewa.

'Tis strange, tho' in stratagem able,
He can't make a *feint* in the fray;
A fall—save when ridden with bullets—
Ne'er happens to Old Chippewa.

With the high soul of honor to serve him,
And good soup his stomach to stay,
Come Mexicans, British, or Locos,
They're nothing to Chippewa.

The Locos selected a leader,
But their managing Masters said *nay*;
So they straw suffed the coat of a hero,
And set it against Old Chippewa.

Poor fellows! they're tir'd of their fetters,
And shrink from the trick with dismay;
All true hearted Democrats spurn it,
And rally round Old Chippewa.

Home-toil, with the iron of England,
Free-trade Pierce would pierce and would slay
But Scott likes the ore of the Keystone;
He used it at Old Chippewa.

No despot will dare to insult us,
No traitor our Union betray,
With him who has bled to defend us,
Our President—Old Chippewa.

The pure and the wise and the noble,
His country's best guardians and stay;
In camp or in cabinet peerless,
Oh, who is like Old Chippewa.

Make way! for a torrent is coming,
The millions in battle array;
Their glad shouts will soon cleave the welkin,
For Victory and Old Chippewa.

FOR SCOTT, BOYS, HURRAH!

BY ONE OF THE BOYS.

The Old men all remember—
As 'twere but yesterday—
When Britain sought, on Freedom's soil,
Again to plant her sway;
The Old men all remember
Who hurled her back again—
'Twas Winfield Scott, at Chippewa,
'Twas Scott, at Lundy's Lane!
So fling for Scott the banner out,
And sing for Scott hurrah;
With him we can the Locos rout,
And win for Chippewa.

The Young men all remember—
'Twas not five years ago—
Who led our troops to victory,
And conquered Mexico.
The young men all remember
How Cherubusco's field,
And Vera Cruz, and Contreras,
Were made by Scott to yield!
So fling for Scott the banner out,
And sing for Scott hurrah;
With him we can the Locos rout,
And win for Chippewa.

The Old men and the Young men—
With Scott to lead the fight—
From hill and dale, from shore and wave,
Will rally and unite;
The Old men and the Young men—
With Scott to lead them on—
Will make the hero of two wars,
Their Chief at Washington.
So fling for Scott the banner out,
And sing for Scott hurrah,
With him we can the Locos rout,
And win for Chippewa.

Written for the Kent News.

Is there any Reason in it?

BY EVA.

It appears to me as though some gentlemen think that all the patience which has ever descended and smiled upon this little planet that we inhabit, should be crowded into the bodies of their own wives, be they large or small, this is a matter of no importance.—Wives must be perfect Jobs, under all circumstances; while the husband fancys himself privileged to imitate Herod the great, or to pattern after old Nick himself, if you like it better, if he feels disposed to do so; and, acting under the impulse of this perfect liberty, they will cut up all manner of strange pranks and freaks; say all the bitter and sarcastic things which anger can suggest or passion prompt them to utter; and all this must be swallowed by the wife without a wry face or a frown, as if it was candy or a cup of coffee sweatened with loaf sugar. He is constantly flying off the handle for some trifling occasion or another, and often without any occasion at all; and in the warmth of his excitement gives his coat, shirt, or inexpressables, a violent jirk, as if at a loss for something to wreak his vengance upon; and now off flies the unfortunate buttons, which have been more than once a bone of contention; and then he comes blustering into the presence of his wife, who is perhaps engaged with the sick baby that is screaming in most melodious concert with her lulaby; or mayhap she is engaged in some household duties, such, for instance, as preparing his breakfast, dinner, or something of equal importance; all these things must be attended to, of couse—and so must his buttons.

"Here," he exclaims at the top of his voice; "these confounded buttons are always droping off my clothes are always neglected, for it is impossible for me to get an article to put on that has half the buttons upon it, or that is not out of repair some other way; every thing can be attended to but me, and I am put off until I will stand it no longer; here are strings broken and tied up in knots till they can be tied no longer; 'tis no use, if you do not keep my clothes in order I will get somebody else to do it;" and down he will throw the exulting buttons, which spin and whirl all around the room as if to express their unbounded joy at the happy deliverance from their confinement, and the irksome duty of holding together the garments of so unreasonable a biped, while he marches off to the tune of "every body can be waited on and attended to but me, and I'll be hood winked if I'l stand it any longer." In the mean time the wife must hear all this without murmuring, and patiently gateer up the truant buttons or knotted strings; neglect her other business, if she is not endowed with the power of performing all at once, to again sew on these buttons or strings for the dozenth time, to be jerked off again the first time this kind husband, (as he boasts himself to be,) sees fit to get into his tantrums. And now the breakfast or dinner happens to be a minute or two too late, and then he storms and rips as if he was about to raise a young hurricane in the dining room, or throw himself out of the same with the charitable wish that she was compelled to swallow the whole concern table and all. And now who has the most to contend with? the wife has all this to endure, or the husband who thinks himself authorized to inflict whatever he pleases upon the unfortunate sharer of his joys and sorrows, though he takes care to engross the greater share of the joys himself and leaves his wife to combat with the sorrows alone. The poor wife sits down and cries until her eyes look like they had been pickled for a month in salt petre. Presently in walks her tyrant and intoduces a friend; he affects to be terribly surprised and confounded at the woe-begone appearance of his wife, and says:

"For God sake, my dear, what is the matter? Has any thing happened to the children, or what is it that distresses you. Love?"

She smiles through her tears and feigns some cause for her trouble, other than the true one; and for what? Merely to screen from censure one who has no regard for her feelings or comfort.—And is this right? I answer no, not according to my ideas of right and wrong. For in her dissimulation, she has to make a sacrifice of conscience and utter an untruth; and no liar can ever enter into the kingdom of heaven. We must please God rather than man—the opinion of our husband to the contrary notwithstanding—and in cloaking his unreasonable conduct, she encourages him to continue in his villiany to the end of the chapter.

I do not say that the above is the character of all husbands, but I contend that it is true with regard to a majority of them; and whenever a meet with men of this description, (and that is not seldom) I feel like sending them off to Calafornia and making them dig in the mines of filthy lucre, which I consider as next to being with the very old Harry himself. Good day, friends

Kent county, Md., July 3, 1852.

Selling a Bachelor.

BY THE "LITTLE 'UN."

The hero of my sketch must be described to give the reader an idea of what kind of a *subject* the *girls* had to work at. He was not a very dressy persen; he never wore such plaids as the fashionable legs of Gothan' are encased in, nor was his coat such as worn by *Snipedom*, therefore 'Go it, Bob tail,' was not addressed to him He did not wear a collar of he pattern such as would be suitable for a flying jib for a wheel-barrow to beat up hill with. So much for the outward Frank was not in the habit of sampling, groceries, generally; thus he was not accustomed to sing—

"On the wings of love I fly,
From grocerce to grocerr."

Nor was he ever known to preambulate the streets 'at midnight hour,' informing the the sleepless *Stars*, that he had not the most remote idea of returning to the paternal mansion 'until the aurora of morn had illumined the eastern horizon.'

A quite moral person was Frank though the girls appeared to think that he had neglected the sex to long, and to get even they 'set' em up' for him'

One morning after breakfast, Frank entered the parlor, where several country cousins,' (roguish girls) were assembled, laying down his bundle he entered into conversation with one of them; his bundle being near the door, two of the girls got up and left the room with it, but returned a few moments after, depositing it on the chair. Shortly after, Frank got up to go. Scarcely had the street door closed than peal after peal of merry laughter arose from the girls. Frank, meanwhile, all unconcious of the game, dropped into a tailor's and, handing him the package, remarked—

'Here's a coat of mine that wants overhauling—put on a new set of buttons, velvet collar, and I think, the *tails* wan relining.

While the tailor was unrolling the parcel, Frank turned to examine some cloth. Unroling it, he held it out at arms length, and exclaimed with surprise—

'*Gals cuch che-chem Shirt, by thunder!*'

Frank turned, and as his eyes fell on the garment, the fancy fixins and lace trimmings he reached for the door with one hand and with the other (he had an awful long reach just then) he grabbed *that drapery* and dashed out of the shop, amid the roars of the inmates exclaiming something that sounded like—

'Sold—off at the knees—gals—cuss my pictur—did't make four times that hand,' and so on.

Down the street he went with a looseness, and at a rate of speed that would have surprised old Suffolk herself, that white drapery in the wind like a white pennant in a nor'-wester. On, went Frank, stricking an awful lick as he rounded the turn coming down the home stretch. A juvenile exclaimed to him—

'Say legs, where are you takin that fellow;'

'Clear the track,' shouted Frank and on he went; coming up the next street was an image vender, with his two story tray on his head. He had just opened his mouth to cry 'Images!' as Frank swung round the turn, head on which he planted square in the 'bread basket' of the Italian and his exclamation of images ended with *ugh!* as he was doubled up; as scientifically as Dickens' Biler (in David Copperfield) would have done it; both came down together all of a heap, the crash of the falling goddesses graces, &c., was remendous. Kossuth and Napoleon were pitched into the arms of the Graces—Venus, just from her seabath, returned to one in the gutter.—Mars was knocked *hors du combat*, and Juno pitched head first into the snow bank. Frank, white with plaster, that babby 'cove in,' and out of wind, dashed into the house, and threw himself on his bed vowing eternal enmity to all females in general and country cousins in particular.

The tailor lost a customer, and if any one want to 'see stars and have a free admission to the fire works' just let them ask Frank if the '*tails want re-lining*'"

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS—*The Humbug Detected.*—The Cincinnatti Commercial gives the following lucid explanation of this hitherto inexplicable subject:

"The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the taps is the physiological defect of the membraneous system. The obtuseness of the abdominal indicator causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into a diphragm and compresses the duodenum into the flandango. Now, if the taps were caused by the vogation of the electricity from the extremities, the tympanum would also dissolve into spiritual sinctum and the olfactory ossificator would ferment, and become identical with the pigmentum."

This seems to us entirely satisfactory; but a carping "graduate of one of the northern universities" joines issue with the philosopher of the *Commercial*, through the columns of the *Georgia Journal*. The "graduate" differs in toto from the idea that "the depression of the duodenum into the flandango," could, by any possibility, have produced the effect described, and submits the following as a more rational hypoth sis:

"The vibratory motion communicated to the tunicia albugenia by the parturition of the alveola process effectually disintegrates the pericardiac influences of the epigastrium; and produces a compound corpuscular movement of the lymphasic glands; which abnormal and diagnostical state of the nervous system deteriorates a preponderance of the lacteal fluid to the posterior portion of the cerebellum, and predisposes the preternatural distention of the auricular membraneous orifice; in which case the rappings become painfully and distinctly audible."

The Pocket Book.

SCENE FIRST.—A young Gent discovered surrounded by his friends, who are jesting with him, regarding his attentions to a certain young lady.

Young Gent.—'Boys, I'll just tell you how it is. You see I care nothing for the girl—it's the old man's pocket-book that I'm after."

Chorus of Friends—"Ha! ha! ha!

SCENE SECOND.—A parlor. Time 11 o'clock, P. M. Young lady seated.—Young gent rising to depart. Hesitates as if bashful, and then slowly remarkes:

"Miss Matilda, excuse me but you must be aware that my frequent visits—my attentions—cannot have been without an object—"

Young Lady.—"Ah, yes, so I've heard, and shall only be too happy to grant what you desire [*Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolding it displays an old-fashioned and empty morocco pocket-book.*] *This*, I have been informed, is that object. Permit me to present it, and congratulate you that you will in future, have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions.

Young Gent swoons.

A Young Man's Opinion.

Who would dare say that the girls do not go to church prompted by the best motives, and with a view to worship?—Not I But it is my opinion that they go more with a view to see and be seen, than otherwise. For, how often do we hear them, after returning from church, say: Well, did you ever see such an odd looking bonnet as Miss so, and so had on; and that handsame young man, who sat just to the right of me, did you notice how steadily he eyed me? I wish I was acquainted with him—oh! he is so handsome! I wonder if he is engaged. Me, I really do not know how some of the young men can have the impudence to sit and stare at us as they do, now there was Mr. Such and Such an one, who renders himself disgusting by staring at us girls.

Well, poor girls! I can only name one way of stopping such doings, and that is, don't you look at the FELLERS, as you call 'em, and my word for it, you will never see them *staring* at you.—Fact, (says I.")

Treachery of Woman.

When you see a pretty young lady, whose very look bespeaks innocence and kindness, busy with her needle, who would think that her thoughts were running on subjects absolutely the most horrifying. How peaceful in its character and tendancy her employment seems at the time. But oh! the thoughts that are occupying her mind! Judge of them by these few scattering words which tell the dreadful tale of blood and thunder. Stilettoes, bodkins, gatherings, surgings, hemmings, gorings, cuttings, lacings, whippings, cullings, runnings, basting, bindings, battings, and the like. Oh! horrible! It is enough to make one's blood run cold. Yet these are mere trifles compared with the venomous words uttered by the tongue of an angry female.

Why does a dog wag his tail when he sees his master coming?—Because he has got one to wag!

Why is a haunch of venison like a dandy?—Because its a bit of a buck.