msa_sc2901_scm2353-0006 ©Maryland State Archives

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 ANNUM, in advance.

VOL. 13. SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853. NO. 37.

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.

THE CASE DECIDED.

BY MURPHY, THE MELODIST.

Three beautiful youths, Rory Murdock the weaver,
Pat Brannon the blacksmith, and Shady O'Kefe,
(The last was the darling that handled the cleaver
With grace and dexterity past all belief,)
In love had contended for Flanagan's daughter;
She stood in the bar of her father hotel;
And oft as they swallowed their whiskey and water,
They cock'd up their eyes at the beautiful Belle,

She loved them all three with an equal affection
And it was quite immaterial which she should choose;
For Rory and Pat had no points for objection,
And Shady no sensible girl could refuse.
But the boys were impatient and begg'd a decision;
She blushed like a turtle, as thus she replied:
"Who best of you all shall discharge my commission,
The same shall behold me, on Wednesday, his bride.

"A sprig of the loviest plant in creation
Let each fetch to-morrow; this task, sirs, will prove
Who has the best skill in acute observation,
And that is the man I shall ardently love."
All bowed at these words, and went out from her presence,
And Rory and Pat studied hard all that night;
But Shady, indulging in barley's quintessence,
Was blue as a razor and almost as bright.

The time had arrived for the boys to assemble,
And soon the she-judge called them up to the bar;
You may guess how their hearts with emotion did tremble.
As each took his bitters and lit his cigar.
First Rory addressed her: "Adorable creature,
That which is most useful is loviest too,
And so I have fetched you a sprig of POTATOE,
And my love, like its blossoms, shall yearly renew."

"Very well," said the maid, "and good luck to you Rory;
Now, Pat, it's your turn,"—"Yes, my honey, says he;
"Is there aught in creation more lovely than glory'
And I have brought you a sprig of that very same tree;
Old Rye is the plant that awakens the spirit,
And makes it with ardor and energy swell;
The hero and poet acknowledge its merit,
And faithful affection its vartues can tell."

"Good again," said the maid, "that's a bit of a stumper,
But Shady don't give up too soon to despair.'
"Is it me," answered Shady, "just fill me a bumper,
And I'll settle that matter all snug to a hair.
Potatoes are good in their place, darling—raly,
Old Rye is still betther, but naythor can show
A sprig to compare with this sprig of Shillaleigh,
As Rory and Patrick shall prisintly know.

"Take this, then," he said, "for your 'usefulness,' Rory,"
And fetch'd him a clew along side of the head;
"And, Patrick, take this, if you please, for your 'glory,'"
And vanish, you scoundre's, or, d—n me, you're dead."
"Well done, my darling, superlative Shady!"
The maid thus exclaimed, as his rivals retired.
"I see that faint heart niver won the fair lady,
And yours is the sprig I have chiefly admired!"

PURGATORY VS. MATRIMONY.—By the way, the "ghost of the departed" reminds me of Joe Kelly's ghost coming to his wife.

"Molly," says he. "I'm in purgatory at this present."

"And what sort of a place is it?" says she.

"Faith; it's a sort of half-way house between *you* and heaven," says Joe, "but I stand mighty aisy after leaving you."

MISCELLANY.

Writen for the "Kent News."

Keeping Things in Order.

BY EVA.

"Here, Sue, take these boots out of this chair, and that old hat off the sofa, and throw them I don't care where? I wonder if any body ever had the trouble to keep things in order that I have? as fast as I can have the carpet swept and the furniture dusted, here come a whole genava of men, and then it is tramp! tramp! tramp! all over the floor, each one with dirt enough on his old boots to partly bury him! Bless my soul! I won—— You Dick, wipe your feet, I say! if you come in here with all that mud on your shoes I'll break your head with the broom sti—— Mr. Smith, why in the name of common sense don't you use the spittoon? What on the face of the earth is the use of my killing myself trying to keep things in order, and you going all over the house spit! spit! spurt! here and there and everywhere? I wish the first imp that raised a hogshead of tobacco had been headed up in it and set adrift in Chesapeake bay!"

"A charitable wish that, my sweet honey."

"Don't call me sweet honey, nor no such thing; for I'm not half so sweet to you as that nasty plug of tobacco!"

"Well, my pepper sauce, then, if you like that any better, I should like to have my breakfast and go to work."

"Pepper sauce! now, if you want any breakfast you may get it as you can, Mr. modern Solomon. Betty, why don't you bring in the coffee?"

"Mar, Willia kicked it over, mam; while I was sweeping off the steps, and spilt it every bit."

'Snakes and gingerbread! am I to live this life till death puts a stop to my mortal breath?"

"I wonder if that would put a stop to your tongue?"

"A stop to my tongue, you limb! I suppose I am to sit as still as a rat in a trap, and have every thing in the house turned upside down, coffee pot and all!"

"Please mam, the coffee pot is in the kitchen."

"If you open your tarnal mouth I'll throw this old boot-jack at your silly pate;—for boot-jacks, like every thing else that belongs to good for-nothing people, that have more tobacco than brains, is forever kicking about from pillow to post."

"If I am to have any breakfast this morning I should be much pleased to see it forthcoming. Will, you little rascal, how come you to kick over the coffee pot?"

"I didn't do it at all, now; so I didn't: I only tied puss by the tail, and 'cause I wanted to keep her from running away I hitched the string round the old ugly coffee pot, now; and puss pulled it over; cause I told that tarnal Bett so; so I did."

"Mr. Smith, let the dear little fellow alone. What I wonder do you want to whip the child for? Ten chances to one if Bett didn't put him up to do it, because I abused her about not keeping things in order; and I'll tear her to pieces yet if she don't observe my rules of keeping things in order. Why no longer than yesterday I told her to put the parlor in order, and after two good long hours I went to see what she was about so long, and such a mess of confusion I never saw before! every thing out of fashion—and that was the order she had."

"Well, mam, how could I help it? As fast as I put them in place the children would tear them out and scatter them all over the floor; and they wouldn't mind what I said no how; and so it was no fault of mind: and Mar, Will didn't tie the cat to the coffee pot a bit, so he didn't; cause he tied her to the frying pan and made her haul it all over the kitchen, so he did."

Exit Bett and Mrs. Smith after her with boot-jack in hand; and a short time after Mr. Smith was seen at an eating house, taking his rather late breakfast, and Will was telling his companions that "he did kick over the coffee pot, and would do it again the first time he felt like it, cause if father went to lash him mother wouldn't let him do it, but she was sure to pay it off on Bett, cause she oughter keep things in order."

Kent county, Jan. 1st, 1853.

☞A criminal Judge was once about to pronounce sentence of punishment upon an Irishman, for the perpetration of a theft.

'And is it upon the oaths of thim two witnesses your honor's going to condim me?" asked Pat.

'Certainly,' said the Judge; their testimony was ample to convince the jury of our guilt.'

'O, murther!' he exclaimed, to condim me on the oaths of two spalpeens who swear they saw me take the goods, whin I kin bring forth a hundred who'll swear they *didn't* see me do it!'

Becky Wilson's Courtship.

"Oh, now, Beck, do tell all about it?" ses the gals.

Becky hadn't been married mor'n a month, and hadn't got over her bashfulness.

"Bout what?" ses she.

"Why, about your courtship," ses the gals.

"Shaw." ses she, turning away her head and blushing dreadfully, "you better tell your own courtships yourselves, I reckon."

"Yes, but none of us ever had any bows, Becky, and you'r a married woman. Come, now, do tell us all about it. I do love to hear about courtin' so much," ses Betsy Bowers.

"Oh, yes, Becky, do tell us"

"Well," ses Becky, after a good deal of sushing and twisting about. "I'll tell you all how it was, if that'll satisfy you."

"Well, now," says the gals, all getting round her so they could hear good.

"Well," ses Becky, putting an emphasis on about every word, "John, he cum to ower house to see me," she ses, turnin' away her head and kind o' lookin' down sideways under her arm "Fool! he better go to see his self, I reckon. Gracious knows, I didn't care nothing 'bout him."

"Well," ses the gals.

"Well, John, he sed he loved me Fool, better love his self, I reckon."

"Oh, that's so funny," ses the gals "Go on."

"Shaw," ses Becky, "I won't tell no more."

"Oh, yes, do—do, Becky," ses all of them.

"Well, then John, he ax'd me if I would'nt have him. Hem, fool! better have his self, I reckon."

"Then what did you say?"

"Hem! I never sed nothing. Gracious knows, he wasn't gwine to git nothing out of me."

"O," ses all the gals, "do go on Becky."

Then, John, he ax'd mother, if he mightn't have me. Fool, better have his self, I reckon."

"Well" ses the gals.

"Well mother, she got kind o' flustricated and sed. Yes. Fool! she had better mind her own business, I reckon."

"And then what?"

"Then John, he ax'd daddy if he moughtn't have me; and daddy, he got kind o' flustrated too, and sed yes, too—"

"That's the sort of daddys," ses the gals rubbin their hands.

"Then mammy, she went to town, and got a white frock for me, and white gloves to put on my hands, for me to be married to John. Hem, fool! she better be married to him herself, I reckon."

"Well," ses the gals, "go on Becky."

"Shaw, now I aint a gwine to tell you no more about it, so I aint."

"O, hush gals about sich nonsense."

"O, yes, Becky, do go on! O, do tell all about the weddin' Becky, that's a good soul!"

"O, do now—that's a good soul."

"Well, bimeby, the preacher-man, he cum to ower house, and a whole heap of people to marry me. Fools, they great deal better stayed at home, I reckon. Gracious knows, I didn't want to see 'em."

"Never mind, Becky, go on."

"Well, then, John, he cum to take me up to the preacher-man for to be married. Fool! I never did feel so mad—and then—O, shaw, gals, I can't tell any more."

"O yes, go on Becky."

"Well the preacher-man he ax'd me If I would have John to be my lawful husband. Hem, fool! better have him his self, I reckon. And the—shaw, gals, I won't tell any more."

"O, do, Becky Now, your'e jest comin' to the interestin' part. O, do tell us the rest, Becky?"

"Well, I never sed nothing, and the preacher-man, he sed I must have John. to be my husband, when he was sick and when he was well, and when he was better or worser, and rich and poor, and love him, and stick to him, an mind him, and Lord only knows what a heap of things; and then he said, people what he put together, it was agin the law, for any body to take apart; and so I was married, hard and fast, the fust thing I know'd, to John."

"Well, what then, Becky?" said the gals, getting more and more interested all the time.

"Why, then the preacher-man, he went home, and then all the fellers cum a pullin' and haulin' me, and kissin' me, and squeezin' me, and sich other carryins on as they did cut up Fools! They great deal better kiss their own selves, I reckon."

"Go on, Becky, tell us all about it?" ses the gals.

"Well then, after they all went away John, he—O, shaw," ses she, "I aint gwine to tell you not another word more. When you git married yourselves, you'll know all about it, I reckon."

The Pedlar and the Sheriff.

There is a sheriff now residing in the State of Illinoise who was rather 'taken in and done for' on one occasion. He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish pedlars for travelling through the State without a licence; but one morning 'he met his match'—a genuine Yankee pedlar.

"What have you got to sell? Anything?" asked the sheriff.

'Yaas sartain;" what would you like to hav? Got razors—fust rate; that's an article that you want, Squire, I shud say, by the look o' your *baird*. Got good blackin'; I'll make them cowhide boots of yourn shine so you can shave into 'em e'en amost; Balm o' Klumby, tew, only a dollar a bottle; good for the har and assistin' por human natur', as the poet says."

'And so he rattled on; at length the sheriff bought a bottle of the Balm of Columbia, and in reply to the question whether he wanted anything else, that functionary said he did—he wanted to see the pedlar license for pedling in Illinois, that being his duty as high-sheriff of the State.

'The pedlar showed him a document 'fixed on good and strong, in white and black."

The sheriff looked at it, and pronounced it 'all right.' Then handing back the bottle to the pedlar, he said:

"I don't know, now I have *bought* this stuff that I shall ever want it. I reckon I may as well sell it to you again. What will you give for it?"

Oh, I dont know that the darned stuff is any use to me, but bein it's you, sheriff, I'll give you twenty-five cents for it, ef you raly don't want it."

The sheriff handed over the bottle, at the six shilling discount from his own purchase, and received his change.

"Now," said the pedlar, "I've got a question or tew to ask you Hav you got a pedlar's license about your trowses any whar?"

"No! I havn't any use for the article *myself*," replied the sheriff.

"Haint eh? Wal, I guess we shall see about that potty darned soon. Ef I under the law, it's a clear case that you 've been tradin' with me—hawkin' and pedlin' Balm o' Klumby on the highway, and I shall inform on you."

The pedlar was as good as his word. When he reached the next village, he made his complaint, and the sheriff was fined eight dollars for pedling without a license.

He was heard afterwards to say, that "you might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee!"

Three Chances for a Wife.

When a man has three chances for a wife, it is, indeed, a hard mischance if he should fail. The following is one of those ceses which might have occured down east, but we are rather doubtful if a similar event was ever known in any other part of the world. But let us give the experience of the gentleman, who had three chances, in his own language:

"I once courted a gall by the name of Deb Hawkins. I made it up to get married Well, while we was going up to the Deacon's I stepped my foot into a mud puddle, and spattered the mud all over Deb Hawkin's new gown, made of her grandmother's old chintz petticoat. Well, when we got to the deacon's, he asked Deb if she would take me for her lawful, wedded husband. 'No,' says she, 'I shan't do no such thing.' 'What on airth is the reason?' says I, 'Why,' says she, I've tak'n a mislikin' to you.' Well, it was all up with me then, but I gave her a string of beads, a few kisses, some other notions, and made it all up with her: so we went up to the deacon's asecond time. I was determined to come up with her this time, so when the deacon asked me if I would take her for my lawfully wedded wife, says I, 'No, shant do no such thing.' 'Why,' says Deb, 'what on airth is the matter?' 'Why,' says I, 'I have takin' a mislikin' to you now.' Well, there it was up again, but I gave her a new apron, and a few other little trinkets, and we went up again to get married. We expected then we would be tied so fast that all nature could'nt seperate us, and when we asked the deacon if he would'nt marry us he said, 'No I shant do no such thing.' 'Why, what on airth is the reason?' said we. 'Why,' saas he, 'I have takin' a mislikin to both of you.' Deb burst out crying, the deacon burst out scolding, and I burst out laughing, and such a set of regular busters you never did see.'

A STRANGE DRINK.—An old toper bet that he could when blindfolded, tell each of several kinds of liquors. When brandy, whisky, gin, and other drinks were presented to him, he pronounced correctly what they were. At length a glass of pure water was given him: he tasted it, paused, tasted again, and again considered, and shook his head. At last said he, 'Gentlemen, I give it up, I am not used to that sort of liquor.'

☞A correspondent to the Nashville Gazette who signs herself Sophia, says that woman is twice as good as man, and proves it by the very orthography—W-O-M-A-N—double you, O, man!

A Beautiful Figure.

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that parts asunder if one be broken.—Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit.—The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate its own destruction; the food that nourishes containing the elements of decay; the soul that animates it, by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action: death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it at heart! We see our friends and neighbors die among us, but how seldom does it ocur to our thoughts that our knell shall perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world.

Look out for the Women.

Young man! keep your eye peeled when you are after the the women. If you bite at the naked hook you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive? Or a pretty face even?—Flounces, boy, are no sort of consequense. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smiles of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant. The neat form will be pitched into dirty calico. Another, and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiled sweet smiles and eat your sugar candy.

Keep your eye peeled, boy, when you are after the women. If the little dear is cross and scolds her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the house. If she apologizes for wiping dishes, you will need a girl to fan her. If she blushes when found at the wash tub with sleeves rolled up, be sure, sir, that she is of the codfish aristocracy—little breeding and less sense. If you marry a gal that knows nothing but to commit woman-slaughter on the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find the one whose mind is right, and then pitch in. Don't be hanging round like a sheep thief, but walk up like a chicken to the dough and ask for the article like a man.

TROUBLES OF AN EDITOR.—If he did not fill his sheet with news of importance, whether there be any or not, it is condemned for not being what it purports to be—a newspaper.

If he does not fill at least one column every week with something laughable, his folio is pronounced uninteresting.

If a public nuisance should exist, notice of it would offend; and not to notice it would be censured.

If he does not publish all marriages that occur in 'the world for twenty miles round," whether he hears of them or not he is not fit for an editor.

If every paper does not contain a goodly portion of su cides, hor ible murders, and melancholy accidents, it is dull, and an unwelcome visitor.

If half the gloomy transac ions that occur are recorded, is is spurned as a vehicle only of calamities.

If his papor contains advertisements, the general reader murmers; if it does not, the business man will not patronize it.

If he publishes the laws of the State, old and young maids grumble; if he does not, civilians frown.

If he steers an impartial course, he is said to be on the fence; if he jumps off, he is sure to be besmeared.

If a dozen friends call on him while he is correcting a proof sheet, and one error escapes detection, he is the greatest blunderhead in the world.

☞The following question is now being debated by the Tilletudlem Lyceum: "Which will soonest make a man rich—attending to his own business, or letting other people's alone?"

☞A punster says, "my name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy, to *turn a Somerset!*"

CURING COLDS.—Of all means, fasting is the most effectual. Eat nothing whatever for two days, and the cold will be gone, provided you are not confined to bed—because by taking no carbon into the system by food, but consuming that surplus which caused the disease by breath, you soon carry off the disease by removing the cause—And this plan of fasting will be found more effectual if you add copious water drinking to protracted fasting.

A Yankee Trick.

A wag, a few years since, procured some eye wash of a quack oculist, to be applied to a glass eye which he wore—The oculist, not being very sharp sighted, discovered there was some defect in the eye, but thought it so trifling that he warranted a cure or no pay. The wag took the wash and departed. In a week or so he returned with the empty vial, and apparantly in great distress.

'Oh, doctor! doctor!" said he, "your d——d stuff has wholly destroyed my eye!" at the same time opening the lids of the empty socket with his finger, to the horror of the gaping and staring oculist.

'Is it possible? can it be possible!" exclaimed the eye tinkerer. "I never knew my medicine to operate so before. Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing less than return you your money."

'But you must do more, sir. What is five dollars compared with the loss of an eye!" replied the wag "If you will give me two hundred dollars, I will sign a pledge never to expose you; but if you do not, I will prosecute you forthwith, and you are a ruined man."

The quack forked over a check for the amount and the covey cut stick, perhaps for Texas.

Railroads in the Union.

The following statement we gather from the forthcoming January copy of the 'The American Railroad Guide:'—*N. Y. Tribune.*

On the 1st of January, 1853, there are in the United States 13,227 miles of completed railroad, 12,928 miles of railroad in various stages of progress, and about 7000 miles in the hands of the engineers, which will be built within the next three or four years—making a total of 33,155 miles of railroad, which will soon traverse the country, and which, at an average of $30.000 (a well ascertained average) for each mile of road, including equipments, &c, will have consumed a capital amounting to 994,650,000, as follows:

13,227 miles completed	$396 810,000
12.28 miles in progress	387 840 000
7.000 miles under survey	210 000 000
33.155 Total,	$994.650 000

or in round numbers—1,000,000,000—one billion of dollars, a sum which, at 6 per cent., would yield $60 000.000 annually, or more than sufficient to cover all the expenses of the United States Government and of the Governments of every State composing the Union!—if administered with republican economy. This estimate of the Railroads of the United States differs materially from that published by the census office, and that by Mr. Andrews in his late report to Government, but is based upon actual ascertainment. Both of these documents, however, refer to a date anterior to 1853.

THE PUBLIC DEBT of the U. States, on the first day of January, last year, amounted to $59,161,438, but on the 1st of January just past, it reached $67-431,745, besides which we owe under various Indian treaties, over $6,000,000; and $5,000,000 in stock, not issued, for the Texas debt. Of the total debt, $780,000 is an account of the debts of the corporate cities of the District of Columbia, assumed by Congress. During the last eighteen months $11,912-362 of the principal and interest of the public debt have been liquida ed.

The following verse contains every letter in the English alphabet except E. It is a question whether any other English rhyme can be produced (in print) without the letter "E," which is a letter employed more than any other letters—

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right.

☞An Irishman was once brought before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain. "Plaz your worship," says Paddy, "I was trying to get a good one."

☞The following is a Violin maker's sign board at Limerick:—'New fillins made here and old ones repaired; also new heads, ribs, backs and bellys mad on the hortest notice. N. B. New guts of the best quality. Shoes mended, &c Pat O'Shognassy painter.

USE OF A WIFE.—Ritcher says, "No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife." A very wicked bachelor of our acquaintance says to this "O yes! sufferings and severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

A POSER—A member, in alluding to the bill for the benefit of married women before the Missouri Legislature, asked if it would not be better for the members to do something for the benefit of *single ladies*, and not trouble themselves with *other men's wives.*