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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 ANNUM, in advance.

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**THE KENT NEWS.**

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS:**

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All communications must be post-paid.



**JAS. A. ARMSTONG & CO'S MARBLE WORKS,**

NO. 154, LEE ST, BALTIMORE.

THE undersigned has been appointe agent by the above firm, for the sa of *MONUMENTS, TOMB-STONES* of every description, &c., &c,

He would invite the attention of the public and all who desire any thing in this line to give him a call. All orders promptly attended to.

E. MANSFIELD.

Chestertown, Aug 10, 1852.—1y.

**Le FEVRE, BLACK & Co.**

**GRAIN & PRODUCE**

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

*No 71 SOUTH WHARVES,*

**PHILADELPHIA.**

We possess every facility to transact the grain business to advantage, and long experience has given us a thorough knowledge of the trade.

By devoting close personal attention to the interests of those who consign to us, we are able to procure the best prices and give good satisfaction

G. H. Le FEVRE.
JAS. J. BLACK,
GEO. W. MEARS

REFERENCES:

Daniel Jones, Esq., Kent county, Md
Dr T. C. Kennard, " " "
G B Westcott, Esq., " " "
Myers, Claghorn & Co., Philadelphia

***Liberal cash advances made upon consignments when stored.

June 26 1852—1y.

**Howell & Brothers,**

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

*PAPER HANGINGS,*

*No. 207 Baltimore St eet,*

Baltimore, Md.

INVITE attention to their very elegant and extensive assortment of Paper Hangings, embracing fine gold and velvet decorations; fine French, in plain and rich colors with an immense assortment of ordinary, satin and common papers. Also curtain papers borders, fine prints, jester and centre pieces &c. H & B. were awarded at the late fair of the Maryland Institute A GOLD MEDAL for the superiority of their paper Hangings.

Feb'y 5, 1853—3m

**WATCHES**

**GOLD & SILVER WARE.**

**L. H. MILLER & CO.,**

Wholesale Watch & Jewelry House

No 227 BALT., ST. S. E. cor. CHARLES ST.,

IMPORTERS of English and Swiss watches and Tools of every description, Watch case Makers and Manufacturers of Fine Gold Jewelry.—We call the attention of Southern and Western dealers in Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, to our very extensive stock, assuring them that in no article in our line shall we allow any establishment to surpass us, either in quantity, or quality or low prices. We are the only Wholesale House in this branch of trade in Baltimore, and shall use every fair means to induce Southern and Western merchants to open accounts with us. Our terms shall be as liberal and accommodating as can possibly be found in the United States.

We will take great pleasure in showing our goods to Southern and Western merchants, whether they open accounts with us or not.

L. H. MILLER & CO.
Importers of Watches, Baltimore.
Feb. 5, 1853—3w

GROCERIES.—New crop New Orleans Sugar and Molasses: prime Rio, Laguira and Maricabo coffee; Salt, Bacon, Flour, Brooms, Buckets, Tub-, Cedar ware, &c.; Oils, Lard, &c., for sale wholesale or retail. A. J. REES.

Rees' Corner, Mar. 3 1853.

HARDWARE—Shovels, Forks and Spades.—T. W. Eliason has a good supply of Shovels, Forks, Spades, Knives and Forks, Scissors, Locks, Hinges, Spoons, &c., for sale cheap.

## ATTENTION.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced the

**Boot and Shoe Business,**

in the SHOP, lately occupied by A. M Russell, and next door to the Post Office, where he is ready to make

*BOOTS AND SHOES,*

on the best style and on the most reasonable terms for CASH

By strict attention to business he hopes to share a part of the public's patronage.

EVAN W. LYNCH.

Jany. 15, 1853—3w

HATS AND SHOES.—T. W. ELIASON has a good assortment of men's Slouch Hats also, of Ladies Jenny Lind Shoes, and of men's boys and children's shoes, just opened and for sale cheap

March 19, 1853.

GROCERIES.—Good Sugar, 6¼ to 8 cts.; Loaf and Crushed Sugar 11 cts; Rio and Laguayra Coffee of good quality; good Molasses and English Bland Syrup; Fine Black and Green Teas, Chocolate, Cocoa, Spices, Rice, Salt, Flour, &c., for sale by

T. W. ELIASON.

Mar. 19, 1853

HOSIERY AND KNITTING COTTON.—T. W. Eliason has just opened a good assortment of Ladies and Misses Cotton Hose, and of Bleached, Brown, and Mixed Knitting Cotton.

Mar. 19, 1853.

**New Goods.**

T. W. ELIASON has returned from the city with a new stock of such goods as are wanted at the present season, which he purchased at the lowest rates for cash, and will sell at moderate prices.

Mar. 19, 1853

DRY GOODS,—Calicoes, Ginghams, Black Silks, Damask table Linen, Cassimere, Satin Vestings, Muslins, Ticking, Osnaburgs, Domestics &c for sale by T. W. ELIASON.

March 19, 1853.

**New Spring Goods.**

*WM. P FRANCIS*

HAS just returned from the city with a large stock of SPRING & SUMMER GOODS, which will be sold low.

His friends are requested to give him a call

March 12, 1853.

*PLOUGHS & CASTINGS*



T W. Eliason keeps a good supply of ploughs made in the best manner, and of New York casti gs, for sale at his usual low prices

Mar. 19, 1853.

**Ploughs for Sale.**



A number of Chamberlain PLOUGHS, a first rate article, just received and for sale low by

SIMON WICKES,
March 19, 1853. Agent

**Dry Goods;**

Consisting of Muslins, from 4 to 10 cts. per yard; Bleached muslins from 5 to 12½ cts; and a few pieces of Sheeting goods 7-4 wide at the low price of 12½ cts per yard: Stripe tickings, drilling, osnaburgs, &c., also a large stock of prints and de lanes, at 12½ to 31 cts, alpaccas and other dress goods at equally low prices;—Sattinets from 31 cts to $1 per yard; calicoes, plain and fancy vestings, serges, &c., &c.

**Flannels, Flannels:**

15 pieces assorted colors, and prices from 19 to 62½ cts per yard—Linseys from 12½ to 25 cts per yard.

***Shawls:***

Bay State, long and square Shawls, at various prices—both plain and fancy styles.

**Blankets,**

Of all qualities, from 1, 25 to $6 per pair.

Trimmings, hosery gloves, comforts ladie's worked collars, ribbons, edgings loces, insertings, Swiss, Cambric and Jackonet muslins &c.—a choice variety or sale by ABEL J. REES.

Dec. 18, 1852.

NEGRO GOODS.—Such as heavy Osnaburg Muslins. Stripes, Cottonades, Navy Duck, &c.—of all grades and prices; for sale by A. J. REES.

Mar. 5, 1853.

*FOR PORT DEPOSIT, FREDERICKTOWN, GEORGETOWN, MARYLAND, & PHILADELPHIA*

**THE STEAMER**



**LADY WILMER**

**Captain William Wilson,**

WILL commence her regular trips between the above places, on Monday the 7th of March, touching at *Craig's Wharf, Port Hermann, Ford's Landing, Turner's Creek, Havre de Grace, Ferryville*, and other intermediate points, and run as follows:

Leave Port Deposit on Mondays at 9 o'clock, A M., for Fredericktown and Georgetown; leave Fredericktown on Mondays, at 4 P. M., for Philadelphia; leave Philadelphia on Wednesdays, at 2 P. M., for Fredericktown and Georgetown; leave Fredericktown on Thursdays, at 9 A. M., for Port Deposit; leave Port Deposit on Thursdays, at 4 P. M for Philadelphia; leave Philadelphia on Saturdays, at 9 A. M., for Port Deposit.

☞ PASSAGE ONE DOLLAR.☜

The Steamer LADY WILMER has been handsomely fitted up for the accommodation of passengers, and is calculated to carry a large amount of freight. All way freights down to be paid by the shipper. All down freights must be delivered on her wharf, (first below Race street) one hour previous to the time of starting.

Wm H GILPIN, Philadelphia,
WILMER & DAVIS, Port Deposit. } Agents

Mar. 19, 1853,—8w.

**WATCHES, JEWELRY, & C., & C.**

*REMOVAL.*

I WOULD inform the citizens of this county, and the public generally, that I have removed my WATCH and JEWELRY STORE to No. 217 Baltimore street, six doors below Charles street, Baltimore, where they will find a large supply of fine GOLD Levers, Lepine, and SILVER WATCHES of every description.—*GOLD LEVERS* from $25 to $100.

Also, a variety of Gold Chains, Keys, Gold Pencils and Pens, Rings, Ear Rings Bracelets, &c., &c. Also, a fine assortment of Silver Spoons, Cups, Butter and fruit Knives, of genuine Silver Coin A variety of Albatia Forks, Spoons, &c., &c Clocks and Fancy Goods. A large assortment of Watchakers tools, Jewels, Hands, and Watch Glass of every kind.

☞ Country Merchants and Watchmakers will find it to their interest to call and examine my goods, as I intend to sell as low as any other house, at wholesale or retail prices.

CHARLES BLAKE,
No 217 Baltimore street, Baltimore.
Mar. 19, 1853.—1y.

**Coach Trimming,**

**HARNESS MAKING &c.**

THE Subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of *Couch Trimming* and *Harness Making;* also *Painting, Varnishing, Cleaning, &c. Bridles, Halters, Girths &c.*, made and repaired. He may be found on Maine street, opposite the residence of Hon. J. B Eccleston, where he will be pleased to see all persons wanting any thing done in his line, which will be done cheap, and at the shortest notice.

'OHN E. LAWRENCE.

Chester Town, April 2, 1853.

**Grocery and Variety STORE.**

S. W. CANADY respectfully informs the public that he still continues to keep a Grocery and Variety Store, at the old stand, opposite the Market House. Confectionary Glass, Queensware, Garden seed, a fine lot of potatos, at 50 cts. per bushel, Flour and Meal, Port, Maderia and Sweet Wines Holland Gin. Brandies, Tobacco at various prices, Segars, Rat and Mouse Traps, Spices, Powder and Shot at different sizes, Bacon and Lard. Brooms, Buckets, Tubs, window glass, Putty, Paint Brushes, Sugar, Nuts and Oranges, Salt, Shaving, Castile, Varigated, and Brown Soaps, and a thousand other articles impossible to mention, all of which will be sold low for cash.

March 26, 1853.

**NEW SPRING GOODS.**

MISS EARLE has opened an assortment of SPRING GOODS, consisting of Delaines, Berage Delaines, Silks, Lace Gimps, Chemizettes, and other Trimmings.

Mar 10, 1853.


## POETRY.

(Written for 'The Kent News.')

### Oh, Don't you Remember.

BY MINNA.

O don't you remember the time, Fanny dear,
When we strolled in the wild wood together,
To cull the sweet flowers which invitingly grew
On the banks of the deep rolling river.

O don't you remember the soft grassy plat
'Neath the shade of the low bending willow,
Where oft we reclined when with roaming fatigued,
And that grass served each one for a pillow.

O don't you remember our childish delight,
While we traced out our paths for the future,
And strewed them with fame, with pleasure and gold,
Or with love, as each thought would best suit her.

Well, well I remember your musical voice,
How my heart at its soft tones vibrated,
While with rapture I listened and hung on your words
As your wild dreams of life you related.

Ah! yes, I remember those fast fleeting hours
Of innocence, childhood and truth,
When my day dreams were bright and my visions at night
Were sweet as the morning of youth.

We dreamed not of sorrows, nor yet did we know
The tempests of life's troubled ocean;
Serene were its waters as they glided by then,
And undimm'd were our young hearts devotion.

Too sweet were those hours, too joyful to last,
Too bright in their golden adorning,
And as quickly they fled as the sun's brilliant rays
Kiss night dew-drops from flowers in the morning.

We parted, dear Fanny, the paths we must tread
Fate pencilled in different directions;
Far different from those our youthful hearts drew
In the wild wood for each other's inspection.

But should we repine? ah, no, Fanny dear,
Though separated in this world for ever,
And the dreams of our girlhood's withered away
Dried and parched up by life's fitful fever.

There's a hope in my bosom; O! 'tis not a dream,
But a hope which can never be blighted,
That where angels in glory sing praises to the Lamb,
After death we'll again be united.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

(Written for the Kent News.)

### LITTLE LULIA.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MINNA.

A beauteous little rose bud fair
(But not on earth to bloom)
Was Lulia, precious Lulia dear,
Who sleeps beneath the tomb.
Ah! does she sleep to wake no more
Low 'neath that verdant sod?
No! Lulia lives, an angel pure,
In heaven with Christ the Lord!!

"Not now, Lulia; why will you be such a tease? I have already told you that I do not intend to take you out this evening, and I am tired of being plagued by you; so now sit still and keep quiet till I come back—do you hear? I am only going in the garden for a few minutes to look for my ring."

"O sis, let little Lulia do; me so tied tying in the house, sis; sis, let little Lulia do."

'I am not going to be pestered with you, I tell you; and if you don't hush and keep still I will send you off to bed by yourself, and let old 'raw-head and bloody-bones" catch you, you little incorrigible tease." And after speaking in this unkind manner to her little sister, off ran Iantha in the pleasant and beautiful garden, leaving Lulia in that close almost suffocating room all alone, and crying as if her little heart would break—this, too, at an hour when twilight was just beginning to cover the earth in her dark grey mantle, which imparts to every thing a sad and sobered hue, and particularly was this the case in that close curtained apartment where sat poor little Lulia sobbing and almost afraid to turn her eyes in any direction lest she should see old 'raw-head' coming to catch her. Iantha did not intend to be unkind to her little sister, but she cared more for her own enjoyment than that of Lulia, who being a weak and delicate child she knew would require her care and attention in the garden, because she was not able to run about and frolick like herself; for this reason she did not wish to be tied down, as she said, to the little snail. There were several girls returning home from school, and in passing by the garden Iantha saw them and insisted that they should come in and play with her awhile, for she had soon found her ring. the children very readily acceded to her request and while playing and amusing herself with the pleasant breezes made fragrant by odoriferous plants and flowers fanning her brow with their delicious coolness she forgot all about Lulia till the voice of her father summoned her from the garden to the house. He met her at the door and said:

"Who did you leave with your little sister, my daughter, when you went out to seek pleasure and enjoyment?"

Iantha quailed beneath the sad and sorrowful expression of the eye of her father and answered not a word.

'Will you go to your sister, Iantha? or will you return to your pleasure and companions in the garden?"

"I will go to Lulia, father; but I should think she is asleep by this time, for I have staid out longer than I intended.

So saying she passed on with her father into the room where she had left her little sister crying and pleading to go with her; but what was her horror on entering the apartment to see Lulia in a raging fever, sitting in the lap of a kind lady, who had stepped in on business, and raving incessantly about "Raw-head-and-bloody-bones," who, she said had come in the dark to catch her; but most was the sorrow of Iantha; she went to her sister and tried to soothe her but the child only clung closer to the lady and cried.

"O! don't, don't, let me go in the dark room where sis said old "raw-head" should catch me." In this state Lulia continued all that night and the next day until evening, when the fever abated, but her mind was entirely gone—and no more knew her dear father; the face of her loved but unkind sister was recognized by her never again. She continued in this state of wild frenzy all that night but the next morning brought a sad but beautiful change—a heavenly calmness spread over her lovely infantile features, and with a voice sweet as the melody of angels, she whispered: "I am going in the beautiful garden," and sweetly fell asleep and was borne by the seraphums of heaven to the bosom of her SAVIOUR; and now in the ever flowering paradisical gardens of GOD, Lulia blooms a flower too pure to be contaminated by earths gross air—she was transplanted on the banks of the crystal stream of life that meanders through the garden of GOD.

But O! how bitterly did Iantha repent of her selfishness and the unkindness with which she had treated her little sister. "O! but for one moment of reason for my Lulia," she exclaimed, "that she might say, "sis, dear sis, I forgive you." But that moment came not, and Iantha saw the little one sink in the cold arms of death with a sweet smile on her innocent, beautiful face, but no words of forgiveness to cheer her heart or at least to mitigate her deep, deep sorrow. Lulia was buried in the pleasant garden beneath the shade of the Sinden tree where white roses and jissamin soften the air with their fragrance; and oft at the evening twilight may be seen the fragile form of Iantha, with clasped hands and upraised eyes, kneeling beside that little mound, the tears of sorrow flowing down her pale cheeks and watering the beautiful flowers which the hand of affection had planted as mementoes of sorrowing love on that hallowed spot.

Iantha is a changed being; grief has subdued her unkindness; selfishness no longer predominates in her heart; she has passed through the burning and fiery furnace and scorching was its flames but she came forth from them purified like the refiners gold from the gross dross of her nature, a better child; and though her heart is often surcharged with grief and her eyes suffused with tears for the late of little Lulia, yet she is comforted with the hope of meeting her in heaven where separation and sorrow can mar her happiness no more forever. Children my little story carries its moral with it—be kind to each other in order to be happy yourselves and make others so.

ROCK HALL MD., 1853.

TURN OVER AND OBLIGE.—We find a capital anecdote going the rounds without credit of a merchant entering his store in the morning, and finding his boy Bobby attempting to throw all sorts of somersets, and kicking up as great a rumpus as a town caucus. "What are you about?" asks the merchant, looking astonished at the wild revolutions of the boy. "Obligin' my gin'l sir," replied the almost exhausted youth. "She's writ me a luscious letter, and at the bottom of the page says, *'turn over and obrige* and I've been going it for mor'n half an hour."

☞ 'Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fuzgerald of her country lover. "I can't say," he replied, "I never ate any; but, I tell you, I'm some on sums."

### Peter Singles Escape from Matrimony.

"We are all subject to disappointment,' says my aunt with a sigh.

"True, we are," I answered; "but you surely don't pretend to call mine a disappointment?"

"What else, you blockhead?"

'Why, an escape, aunt; a wonderful, miraculous and delightful escape,"

'Why, these are strange words, Peter."

"No more strange than true, my good aunt—and every day's observation makes it more so."

"How so?"

'Merely peeping, aunt, looking into their hearts. 'Tis a gift of Heaven, bestowed on man by his Creator—and animated beings free from the thraldom of slavery, sing together for joy—for why—because they are free."

Did you ever hear the reason of our separation, aunt?"

"No!"

"Well I will tell it to you—'tis an excellent joke, I assure you. We were on our way to the church for the awful crime of matrimony, trudging along the path leading to the holy pile, quite loving and affectionate, when all of a sudden Dolly looks up in my face and cries, "Peter, Peter?" "What, Dolly?" says I. Peter, says she, who is to make the fire after we are married? You, of course, Dolly, I replied—that you must be aware is a female's place, her duty. Mr. Single I tell you it is unmannerly, ungentlemanlike, and it is unhusbandlike too, to say I must make the fire.—Do you think I will get up of a cold frosty morning, while you are sleeping in bed and make your fire, sir? Why, Dolly, my dear, this is strange conduct—and I went on to tell her, that I would prepare the wood over night, and have everything ready for her—and Dolly, you know my business will call me out early. I don't know nor I don't care, Mr. Single; make the fire I will not." "You won't make the fire, madam?" "No sir." "Then Dolly, hang me if I have you!" Then, Mr. Single, hang me if I care!"

"And so you parted."

"Yes, on the spot—and I have rejoiced at the event ever since."

A LIGHT BEARD.—"Can you take off my baird here?" said a tall, slabsided Yankee to an Albany barber, feeling his chin at the same time with a noise like a grater; "tu's a light baird, what d'yer tax? Three cents for light baird a'n't it?"

"Yes"

"Waal, go ahead, then."

While the barber was rasping "three cents' worth" from his chin, his "sitter" saw an assistant puting cologne upon a customer's hair, through a quill in the cork of a bottle.

"Look a here, squire," said the Yankee 'can't you squirt some o' that ar' pepper sarse onto my head, tew? Say, can't yer throw a leetle o' that in, for the three cents?"

'I advise you not to get married,' said a middle aged man to one that was about to be married. 'For, if you want to be happy let the world alone; I was married about ten years, and saw but two happy days during that time—one was when I got my wife, and the other when she died.'

Don't care for that,' said the other, 'I mean to have one happy day then, at any rate.

CONUNDRUMS.—What throat is best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A *soar* throat.

What is the difference between a bare head and a hair bed? A bare head flees for shelter; a hair bed's a shelter for fleas.

What city is most opposed to the introduction of gas? Spermaceti

What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes? A and B. because A B C (see) D.

☞ An Illinois editor, speaking of a bankrupt, says that he has broken every bank and Sabbath that they have had in that State for five years.

☞ A worthy minister, noted for his wit on being aked what kind of a person the wife of Mr ——— was, replied, 'I will give you her *grammatical character*. She is a noun substantive, *seen, felt* and *heard*.'

"My broders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd—"in all infliction, in all ob your troubles dar is one place whar you can find sympathy?" 'What! what!" shouted several. "In de dictionary," replied Sambo, and rolled his eyes skyward.

☞ As Father Morris was walking through a parish famous for its profanity, he was stopped by a whole flock of the youthful reprobates of the place who exclaimed, "Father Morris! Father Morris! the devil's dead!" "Is he," said the old man, benignly laying his hand on the nearest urchins, "You poor fatherless children!"