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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.

VOL. 14. SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853. NO. 8.

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.

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POETRY.

THE WIDOW'S MUSINGS.

Alone on life's tempestuous ocean cast,
A widow ere the morn of life be past,
Oh! by what skill shall I those rock avoid,
Which breaks the foaming waves on every side.
My much loved protector now no more appears,
To sooth my follies and subdue my fears—
With skillful hand my feeble bark to guide,
And bid the threatening danger all subside.
My God! henceforth do thou my pilot be,
And guide me safely through this troublous sea.
When the world frowns, and woe to woe succeeds,
When folly triumphs, and when virtue bleeds,
Let not my soul despond, but fixed on Thee,
Pursue the prize of a blest eternity.
Firm to that view let me superior rise
To all the ills of life and claim the skies.
And when death o'er me waves his potent wand,
Oh! may I join the great celestial band,
To all eternity to sing thy praise,
And know no end of happiness or days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From Gleason's Pictorial.)

MARRYING WELL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'And so, dear,' said Mrs. Warning to her beautiful niece, Fanny Lovering, 'you are about to become a bride.' The aunt spoke tenderly, and in a manner that instantly broke down all barriers of reserve.

'And a happy bride, I trust,' returned the blushing girl, as she laid her hand in that of her aunt, and leaned upon her confidingly.

'Pray heaven it may be so, Fanny.'—Mrs. Warning's manner was slightly serious. 'Marriage is a very important step; and, in taking it, the smallest error may become the fruitful source of unhapiness.'

'I shall make no error, Aunt Mary,' cried the lovely girl. 'Edward Allen is one of the best of young men; and he loves me as purely and tenderly as any maiden could wish to be loved. O, I want you too see him so much!'

'I will have that pleasure soon, no doubt.'

'Yes, very soon. He is here almost every evening.'

'Your father, I understand, thinks very highly of him.'

'O, yes. He is quite a pet of father's,' replied Fanny.

'He's in business, then, I suppose.'

'Yes. He keeps a fancy dry goods store, and is doing exceedingly well—so he says.'

Mrs. Warning sat silent for some time, lost in a train of reflection suddenly started in her mind.

'You look serious, aunt. What are you thinking about?' said Fanny, a slight shadow flitting over her countenance.

'Mrs. Warning smiled, as she answered:

'People at my age are easily led into serious thoughts. Indeed, I can never contemplate the marriage of a young girl like yourself, without the intrusion of such thoughts into my mind. I have seen many bright skies bending smilingly over young hearts, on the morning of their married life, that long ere noon were draped in clouds.'

'Don't talk so, dear aunt!' said the fair young girl. 'I know that life, to all, comes in shadows as well as sunshines. But while the sky is bright, why dim its brightness by thoughts of the time when it will be overcast. Is that true philosophy, Aunt Mary?'

'If such forethought will prevent the cloud, or provide a shelter ere the storm breaks, it may be called true philosophy. But forgive me, for thus throwing a shadow, where no shadow ought to rest. I will believe your choice a wise one, and that a happy future awaits you.'

'You cannot help believing this when you see Edward. He will be here tonight; then you will be able to estimate him truly.'

As Fanny had, said the young man called after tea, when Mrs. Warning was introduce. Allen responded to the introduction somewhat coldly. In fact, he was too much interested in Fanny herself to think much or care much for the stranger, even though named as a relative. But, though he noticed but casually, and passed only a few words with Mrs, Warning, that lady was observing closely, and noticing every phrase of character that was presented for observation, and, ere he left her presence, had read him far deeper than he imagined.

'And now, Aunt Mary, tell me what you think of Edward,' said Fanny Lovering as soon as the young man had departed, and she was alone with Mrs. Warning.

'I must see him two or three times more, ere I can make up my mind in regard to him,' said Mrs. Warning, with something evasive in her manner.—'First impressions are not always to be relied upon,' she added, smiling.

'Ah! I understand you,'—Fanny spoke with a sudden gaiety of manner—'you only wish to tease me a little.—Now confess at once, dear Aunt Mary, that you are charmed with Edward.'

'I am not much given to prepossessions,' answeared Mrs. Warning. 'It may be a defect in my character; but so it is. Mr. Allen no doubt is a most excellent young man. You are sure that you love him, Fanny?'

'O, Aunt Mary! How can you ask such a question? Are we not soon to be married?'

'True. And this being so, you certainly should love him. Now, can you tell me why you love him?'

'Why, Aunt!'

My question seems, no donbt, a strange one, Fanny. Yet strange as it may appear to you, it is far from being lightly made. Calm your mind into reflection, and ask yourself, firmly and seriously, why you love Edward Allen. True love ever has an appreciating regard for moral excellence—and knowledge must preceede appreciation. What do you know of the moral wisdom of this young man, into whose hands you are about placing the destinies of your being for time—it may be for eternity? Again let me put the question—why do you love Edward Allen?'

Fanny looked bewildered. No searching interrogations like these had been addressed to her, even by her parents; and their effect was to throw her whole mind into confusion.

'I love him for his excellent qualities, and because he loves me,' she at length said, yet with a kind of uncertain manner, as if the reply did not spring from a clear mental perception.

'What do you mean by excellent qualities?' further inquired Mrs. Warning.

Tears came into Fanny's sweet blue eyes, as she answered:

'A young girl like me, dear Aunt Mary, cannot penetrate very deeply into a man's character. We have neither the the opportunities, nor the experience upon which, coldly, to base an accurate judgement. The heart is our guide.—In my own case, its instincts, I am sure, have not betrayed me into a false estimate of my lover. I know him to be good and noble; and I am sure his tender regard for the maiden he has asked to become his bride, will ever lead him to seek her happiness as she will seek his. Do not doubt him, aunt.'

Yet, Mrs. Warning could not help doubting. The young man had not impressed her favorably. No word had fallen from his lips during the evening unmarked by her—nor had a single act escaped observation. In vain had she looked, in his declarations of sentiments, for high moral purposes—for something elevated and manly in his tone. In their place, she found only exceeding worldliness, or the flippant commonplace.

'No basis there, I fear, on which to build,' said Mrs. Warning, thoughtfully, after parting with her neice for the night. 'Dear, loving, confiding child! The heart of a maiden is not always her best guide. Like the conscience, it needs to be instructed, must be furnished with tests of quality.'

On the day following, Mrs. Warning went out alone. Without seeming to have any purpose in her mind, she had asked the number of Mr. Allen's store, whither she went with the design of making a few purchases. As she had hoped it would be, the young man did not recognize her as the aunt of his betrothed. Among the articles she wished to obtain was a silk dress. Several pieces of goods were shown to her, one of which suited exactly, both color and quality.

'What is the price of this?' she asked.

The answer was not prompt. First ticket-mark was consulted; then came a thoughtful pause; and then the young storekeper said:

'I cannot afford to sell you this piece of goods for less than a dollar thirteen.'

'A dollar thirty, did you say?' asked Mrs. Warring, examining the silk more closely.

'Yes—yes ma'am,' quickly replied Allen. 'A dollar thirty. And its a bargain at that, I do assure you.'

Mrs. Warning raised her eyes and looked steadily, for a moment or two into the young man's face.

'A dollar and thirty cents,' she repeated.

'Yes, ma'am. A dollar thirty,' was the assured answer. 'How many yards shall I measure off for you?'

'I want about twelve yards.'

'There isnt a cheaper piece of goods in market,' said the young man, as he put his scissors into the silk—'not a cheaper piece, I do assure you. I had a large stock of these silks at the opening of the season, and sold two thirds of them at a dollar and a half. But, as they are nearly closed out. I am selling the remainder at a trifle above cost. Can I sell you anything else, ma'am?'

'Not to-day, I believe,' replied Mrs Warning, as she took out her purse.—'How much does it come to?'

'Twelve yards at one dollar and thirty cents—just fifteen dollars and sixty cents,' said Allen.

Mrs. Warning counted out the money, and, as she handed it to the young man, fixed her eyes searchingly upon him.

'Shall I send it home for you?' he asked.

'No—I will take it myself,' said Mrs. Warning, coldly.

'What have you been buying; aunt?' inquired Fanny, when Mrs. Warning returned home with her purchase.

The silk was opened, and Fanny and her mother examined and admired it.

'What did you pay for it, sister?' asked Mrs. Lovering the mother of Fanny.

'A dollar and thirty cents was answered.

'Not a dollar thirty?' Marked surprise was indicated.

'Yes. Dont yon think it cheap?'

'Cheap!' said Fanny. 'It isn't worth over a dollar at the outside. Mr. Allen has been selling the same goods at ninety and ninety five.'

'You must certainly be in error,' replied Mrs Warning.

'Not at all,' was the positive assertion. 'Where did you get the silk?'

A somewhat indefinite answer was given; to which Fanny returned:

'I only wish we had known your intention. Mother would have gone with you to Edward's store. It is too bad that you should have been so cheated. The person who sold you the silk is no better than a downright swindler.

'If it is as you say," replied Mrs. Waring, calmly, 'he is not an honest man. He saw that I was a stranger ignorant of current prices; and he took advantage of the fact to do me a wrong. I am more grieved for his sake than my own. To me, the loss is only a few dollars; to him—alas! by what rule can we make the estimate?'

Much more was said, not needful here to repeat. In the evening Edward Allen called to see Fanny, who spoke of the purchase made by Mrs. Waring.—Her aunt was present. The silk was produced in evidence of the fact that she had been most shamefully wronged by some storekeeper.

'For what can you sell goods of a similar quality?' was the direct question of Fanny.

The moment Allen saw the piece of silk, he recognized it as the same he had sold in the morning. Turning quickly and with a flushing countenance to that part of the room where Mrs. Waring sat, partly in the shadow, he became at once conscious of the fact; that she was the purchaser. The eyes of Fanny followed those of her lover, and then came back to his face. She saw the o'ermantling blush; the sudden loss of self possession; the quailing of his glance beneath the fixed look of Mrs. Waring. At once the whole truth flashed upon her mind, and starting up, she said, in a blended voice of grief and indignation:

'Surely, surely, Edward, are you not the man!'

Before Allen could reply, Mrs. Warring said, firmly:

'Yes it is too true. He is the man!'

At this, Fanny grew deadly pale staggered towards her mother, and sunk sobbing wildly upon her bosom.

Too much excited and confused for coherant explanation, and too clearely conscious of his mean dishonesty towards a stranger, Allen attempted no vindication or excuse, lest matters should assume even a worse aspect. A moment or two he stood irressolute, and then retired from the house. As he did so, Mr Lovering entered the room where his little scene had just transpired, and was quite startled at the aspect of affairs.

'What's this? What has happened? Fanny, child, what in the name of wonder is the matter? Where's Edward?'

Mr. Lovering spoke hurriedly. As soon as practicable, the whole affair was related.

'And is that all?' exclaimed Mr. Lovering, in surprise. 'Pooh! pooh! I'm really astonished! I thought that some dreadful thing had happened.'

'Don't you regard this as a very serious matter?' inquired Mrs. Waring.

'Serious?' No! It's a thing of everyday occurrence. If you are not a judge of the goods you attempt to purchase, you must expect to pay for your ignorance. Shopkeepers have to make up their ratio of profits in the aggregate sales of the day. Sometimes they have to sell a sharp customer at cost, rather than lose the sale: and this must be made up on some one like you.'

'Not a serious matter' replied Fanny's aunt, 'to discover that the betrothed of your daughter is a dishonest man?'

'Nonsnse! nonsense! you don't know what you are talking about,' said Mr. Lovering, fretfully. He's shrewd and sharp, as every business man who expects to succeed must be. As to his trade operations, Fanny has nothing to do with them. He'll make her a kind husband; and provide for her handsomely. What more can she ask?'

'A great deal more, replied Mrs. Waring. This I speak thoughtfully and solemnly; and I pray you take it to heart, ere conviction of what I assert comes upon you too late. But I may have said too much.

Something in the last remarks of Mrs. Waring had startled their minds into new convictions. As for the daughter, she soon retired to her own apartment, and did not join the family again until next morning, then her sad eyes and colorless face too plainly evidenced a night of sleeplessness and suffering.

By a kind of tacit consent on the part of each member of the family, no allusion, whatever, was made to the occurrences of the day previous. Evening came, but not as usual came Allen.—For a whole week his visits were omitted.

Greveous was the change which, in that time, had become visible in Fanny Lovering. The very light of her life seemed to go out suddenly; and for a while, she had groped about in the thick darkness. A few feeble rays were becoming visible; but from a quarter of the heavens where she had not expected light. Wisely, gently and obstrusively had Mrs. Waring, during this period of gloom and distress, cast high truths into the mind of her suffering niece—and from these, as stars in the firmament of thought, came the rays by which she was able to see a path opening before her. When at the end of the tenth day of uncertainty, came a note from Allen, in these brief words: "If it is Miss Lovering's wish to be free from her engagement, a word will annul the contract"—she replied, within ten minutes, "Let the contract be annulled; you are free."

Two weeks later, and Mr. Lovering brought home the intelligence that Allen was to be married in a few days to a certain Miss Jerrold, daughter of a man reputed wealthy.

"To Miss Jerrold! It cannot be?" said Mrs Lovering, in surprise.

'I will not believe it, father." Fanny spoke with quivering lips and a choking voice.

"Who is Miss Jerrold?' asked Mrs. Waring.

'A coarse, vulgar-minded girl, of whom many light things have been said" replied Mrs Lovering, indignantly.—"But, her father is rich, and she is the only child."

'He never loved you, dear,' said Mrs. Waring to Fanny about a week later, as the yet suffering girl laid her tearful face on her bosom. The news had just come that Miss Jerrold was the bride of Allen. The flame of the girl thrilled for a moment or two; then all was calm, and she replied:

"Not as I wished to be loved, O, aunt! what an escape I have made! I look down the fearful gulf on the very brink of which my feet were arrested, and shudder to the heart core. If he could take her, he never could have appreciated me. Something more than maiden purity and virtue attracted him. Ah! how could my instincts been so at fault!"

'Dear child," said Mrs. Waring, earnestly, "there can be no true love, as I have before said to you, without appreciation of quality. It is a man's virtues that woman must love, if she loves truly.

Two years later, and results amply justified the timely interposition of Mrs. Waring, and demonstrated the truth of her positions. Her beautiful true-hearted niece has become the bride of a man possessing all the external advantages thought to be obtained by Mr. and Mrs. Lovering in the proposed marriage with Mr. Allen, and what is more and better, of one whose love of truth and goodness is genuine.

Alas! how different it is already with Edward Allen and the woman he led to the altar, where each made false vows the one to the other. Through sharp practices in business, Allen is rapidly adding to the fortune already acquired by trade and marriage; but, apart from the love of accumulation, which keeps his mind active and excited during business hours, he has no pleasure in life. He does not love the woman who presides in his elegant home, and she effects nothing in regard to him. They only tolerate each other for appearance sake. Sometimes, Fanny Lovering, now Mrs.——, meets them in public; but never without an almost audibly breathed "Thank God, that I am not in her place!" as her eyes rests upon the countenance of Allen, in which evil and selfish purposes have already stamepd their unmistakeable meanings.

Cure for Virulent Small Pox or Scarlatina and Measles.

A merchant and ship owner of this city has had the following sent him from England, where it was furnished by Mr. L. Larkin, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and who vouches for it as a "medicine that will effect a revolution in the healing art, as regards the prevention and cure not only of small pox, but also of measles and scarlitina, however malignant the type, in a manner more efficient and extraordinary than could ever have been hitherto anticipated even by the most ardent philanthropist:"

"On the first appearance of fever or irritation ushering in attacks, whether occurring in families or large communities, the subjoined mode of treatment should at once be entered on: Take one grain of powdered foxglove or digitalis, (valuable in the ratio of its greenness—dark should be rejected,) and one of sulphate of zinc, (this article is commonly known as white vitriol.) These should be rubbed throughly in a mortar or other convenient vessel, with four or five drops of water: this done, noggin (or about four ounces) more, with some syrup or sugar should be added. Of this mixture a tablespoonful should be given an adult, and two teaspoonfuls to a child, every second hour, until disease vanish.

"This conducted, convalescence, as if by magic, will result. The rapidity of an event so auspicious will equally delight and astonish. It may, however, be necessary further to note, that should the bowels become obstructed in progress of the disease, an evil by no means common, then a drachm of the compound powder of jalap (formed of two parts cream of tarter with one of jalap,) and one grain of the herb, treated as above, formed into a pasill with syrup or sugar, should be given to an adult, and half the quantity to a child. This simple medicine shuts out every other form or article whatever, as totally unnecessary, if not pernicious.

"The *methodus medeni* of these medicines, capable of effecting results so gigantic, remain now only to be given, and appears to be as follows: The herb, by its anti-febrile properties, lays hold at once of the fever, the prolific source of woe, which it immediately strangles, while the zinc acts the part of a tonic, instantly restoring the equilibrium."

Mr Larkin adds: "No, emigrant or government vessel should hereafter be allowed to put to sea without a few pence worth of these protectors; and it is further ardently hoped that, as the dearest interest of our common humanity are so vitally involved in this discovery, the press of all countries will give publicity to this announcement.'—*Boston Courier.*

☞ Militia officers are not the proudest men in the world, we always believed, and the following anecdote goes far to prove that their humility is occasionally well imitated, in its perceptive sense:

'Cuff," said one of those dignitaries to a negro at his side, as he prepared to swallow his fifth invoice of "hardware"—"Cuff, you are a good, honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man what's lived an honest life, if he is black, you shall take a little o'sumthin' to drink with me, eh?"

'Well, captain," replied Cuff, wiping his mouth with the nether end of his shining coat sleeve, "I'se berry dry, so I won't be ugly 'bout it. Some niggas is too proud to drink with a milishy ossifer,—but I tink a milishy ossifer—when he is sober—is jest as good as a nigga—'specially if de nigga is dry!"

☞ A droll fellow being in a tavern, was asked by an old woman to read the newspaper, and taken it up began as follows:

"Last night yesterday morning at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon just before breakfast, a hungry boy bought a penny custard, and threw it through a stone brick wall made of iron, and jumping over it fell into a dry mill pond and was drowned. About forty year afterwards, the same day, a high wind blew down the old Dutch church, and killed an old sow and two dead pigs at Boston and a monstrous male cat kittened a large turkey, and a man with no arms knocked a blind man's eye out."

☞ The Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvanian, has heard an amusing definition of "old fogy." It is one who sits on the shirt tail of progress and cries—wo!

Spiced Vinegar.

In the winter of '47 while residing in New Orleans, a youth who stood almost five feet eleven and three-quarters in his stockings, who hailed from somewhere up the Wabash, was invited by a friend to dine at the same house where I was boarding. This was the Hoosier's first visit away from home, and he told his friend, who was in the produce business there, and had purchased his cargo of corn, as they took their seats at the table, that he expected he would show him all the sights in town, as he wanted to let all the folks at hum know about it. The servant brought him a plate of soup, and observing a gentleman nearly opposite, put considerable catsup in his dish, our Hoosier pointed to a bottle of pepper sauce and asked his neighbor what it was.

"Spiced vinegar,' was the reply.

"Wal, spose you 'blige a feller by handin't along."

"Certainly," was the answer.

The Hoosier took the bottle and commenced dosing into his soup; but as the sauce did not flow very freely, he took out the cork, and at the same time observing to his friend:

"Kinder close folks yer stoppin' with to put such plaguey little hole in that to prevent a feller's takin' much of the stuff. I spose it comes high, don't it?"

During this time he poured nearly a wine glass full into his soup, and taking his spoon, he dipped it full, together with several peppers, and put it into his mouth. The next instant he spouted the contents across the table into a Frenchman's bosom, and bawled—

"Water! water! snakes and wild cats, give me some water! I'm all afire!"

"By gar, sair," exclaimed the Frenchman, in a rage, jumping up from the table, "you have spoiled my shirt, my vest, sair,. Spoil everything, sair. By gar, I shall see about this, sair."

In the meantime the Hoosier had seized a pitcher containing water, and had taken a tremendous drought. Setting down the pitcher, he eyed the Frenchman a moment, and then yelled—

"Dod blast yer old shirt! Spose I was goin to burn my inards out for you or yer shirt? you mean cuss! Come down to the boat, and I will give you one of mine."

It was with much difficulty that the Hoosier's friend could allay the Frenchman's rage and set matters straight again. But ever afterwards, "Spiced Vinegar" was a by-word, and sufficient to set a whole table in a roar.

Remarkable Physical Phenomenon.

A Sleeping Giant—A Rip Van Winkle.

The Rochester Democrat gives the subjoined account of a Rip Van Winkle in that neighborhood:

Our attention was called to a most extraordinary phenomenon. A full grown man, six feet two inches tall, 37 years of age, has slept nearly five years, with only occasional and brief intervals of wakefulness. The name of this man, subjected to so remarkable a suspension of the ordinary faculties of the race in Cornelius Broomer. He is the son of a farmer living in the town of Clarkson, in this county, in whose family only this single and singular instance of somnolency has ever occured. The subject of notice first fell into this long sleep on the 19th of June 1848, and since that time has been awake, at different periods, from a few hours to four months at a time.—It is remarked that when he comes out of this catalepsy, he appears to have no knowledge of the laps of time, or of circumstances taking place while he sleeps. The fit comes upon him instantly, without so far as is known, any warning.—His eyes close, his jaws are set, his muscles contract, and his whole frame is rigid, so that if standing, he continues in that attitude partly bent over; and it is not easy to pull him down. He has continued in this condition for months together, unable to speak or move.

Various experiments have been tried to restore him to consciousness, without effect. The man sleeps on, lives, eats, retains perfect health, with a pulse at 80, and without variation. When asleep he may be placed upon his feet, and he will stand for days together, as he has been known to do for three days and nights in succession. In order to feed him, it is necessary to pry open his firmly-set jaws, and in that manner but little food is introduced into his stomach. He is not, however much manciated, keeps his natural color, and appears entirely without disease, excepting that which produces his strange sleep. When he awakes, he comes out of his trance suddenly, his rigid muscles relax at once, he asks for meat or drink, and eats voraciously.—If asked why he sleeps so much, he appears to regard it as an imposition, just as any active man would receive an intimation that he was considered sluggish.

☞ "Say, Sammy, why don't your mother mend that rip in your breeches?

"Oh! she's gone away to the sewing circle to make clothes for poor children."