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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, AUGUST 20, 1853, NO. 16.

A Card.

DR. WM. H. LASSELL,

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens o Kent county. He may be found at the office of Wm. S. Lassell. Esq., Chester Town.

March 26, 1853.—tf

MONEY WANTED.

IN exchange for Clothing, BREAD, CAKES, CRACKERS, all kinds of Confectionary, Toys, Dolls, variety articles, Nuts, Spices, Patent Medicines, Segars, Tobacco, Snuf, Pipes, best quality Flour, &c. &c. by

JOHN RUSSELL.

May 14, 1843.

Wanted.

ALL kinds of country produce—Rags Feathers, Eggs, Bacon, Lard, &c. for which the highest market price will be paid in cash, or in exchange for goods at low prices by

ABEL J. REES.

R. Corner, May 21, '53,

A FULL ASSORTMENT Hosiry Gloves Canton Matting, Cloth & linen Table covers. Linen and Cotton table Diaper, Towelling, &c., for sale

W. N. E. WICKES.

May 7, 1853.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

MOUSLINS DeBueges—Bereze De Lains, Lawns, Swiss, plain and figured. with a large variety of other goods,—for sale by

A. J. REES.

Rees' Cor. May 10, '53.

SWISS & Cambric, Edgeings & Insertings, Cotton Laces & Edgeings for sale by W. N, E, WICKES.

May 7, 1853.

Hardware.

CONSISTING of Farming implements a very large Variety of Building hardware, Nails, Cultivater plates. og chains and X Cut Saws, Patent Rat Traps &c. for sale by

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner May 10, '53,

JUST received and for Sale, Liquors at 40 cts., warranted molasses, 25, 31¼ 37½ and 40 cents per gallon, by

WM BACCHUS.

LUXURIES.

SEGARS, Tobacco and Snuf, variety of kinds, of the best quality, for sale by

JOHN RUSSELL.

May 14, 1853.

GARDEN SEEDS—A fresh supply on hand and for sale by

ABEL J. REES.

May 21, 1853.

CHILDRENS Bleached and unbleached Cotton Hose all sizes which will be sold low by

WM. P. FRANCIS.

April 30, '53.

N. B. T. Ladies Best Kid Gloves all colours which will be sold at 75 cents a pair by

WILLIAM P. FRANCIS.

Apr. 30, 1853.

A VERY Superior Article of Chewing Tobacco just received and for sale by WILLIAM P. FRANCIS.

April 30, '53

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

TWENTY THOUSAND Assorted Brands of Segars which will be sold to suite the taste of all Lovers of good Segars. WM. P. FRANCIS.

April 30, '53.

TWENTY FIVE Dozen Ladies Linen Cambric Hank'is from 75 cts. to $6 a dozen—call and look,

WILLIAM P. FRANCIS.

April 30, 1853.

WOOL.—The highest market price will be paid in CASH for WOOL, in large or small quantities, by

WM. P. FRANCIS.

Apr. 30, 1853.

Ladies Dress Goods.

BEREGE DE LAINS—Bereges—Challa's Armenia Cloths, Organdies, Lawns, Embroidered, dotted and plain Swiss, Plaid and plain Cambric Muslins &c., a very large assortment, for sale by W. N. E. WICKES.

May 7, 1853.

AN Assortment of Plough Castings. Hollow ware, Spades, Shovels & Forks, at

W. N. E WICKES.

May 7, '53.

SUMMER ROUTES OF THE EASTERN SHORE STEAMBOATS.



THE Steamer HUGH JENKINS, Captain TILGHMAN, and OSIRIS, Captain KIRWAN.

Monday—the JENKINS, to Chester Town and back; OSIRIS, to Cambridge and Easton.

Tuesday—the *Jenkins*, to Cambridge, Oxford and Easton; *Osiris*, from Easton to Baltimore.

Wednesday—the Jenkins to Baltimore, from Easton, Oxford and Cambridge; Osiris, to Chestertown.

Thursday—the Jenkins, to St. Michaels, Miles River Ferry and back—Osiris, to Baltimore from Chester Town, leaving Chestertown at 8 o'clock.

Friday—One boat to Easton, the other lay by

Saturday—One boat from Easton, Oxford and Cambridge; the other to Chester Town and back.

Starting hour 7 o'clock in the morning from each starting place.

On Chester river the boats touch at Kent Island, Queenstown, Corsica. Harrison's and Chestertown. Osiris stops on Wednesdays and Thursdays at Greyson Creek; passage each way $1.—Passage each way on Miles River $1.—On Choptank River—Cambridge, Oxford and Easton; $1.50. The Easton trip going and returning, stopping at Cambridge, Oxford and Easton $1 50.

Company's Wharf, Light Street, near Conway.

ROB'T P. CHILTON, Agent, Office 94, Light street, Balt.

May 23, 1853.

Ice Cream SALOON.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Chester Town and vicinity, that he has his SALOON neatly fitted up, and will keep constantly on hand,

Ice Cream, Lemonade Mineral Water, Cake, &c., &c., &c.

His upper saloon is expressly for the ladies, and for gentlemen accompanied by ladies.

He will also keep during the summer

OYSTERS, CRABS, &c,

and gentlemen can get them served up to their tastes.

Thankful for past favors, his object will be to please all, and he hopes to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

The public's humble servant,

LEVI RODGERS,

may 28, 1853.

New Goods.

I HAVE just returned from the city with a full assortment of goods, consisting in part of the following:

Black cloth frock coats; summer coats. frock and sack, from $1 to $3,25, of all colors; Pants, from 50 cts to $5.00; Vests, from 50 cts. to $6.00; White and black Slouches, with stiff rims; Straw Hats, from 12½ to $1.25; Shirts, from 50 cts. to $1.00; Segars, white and brown; Tobacco of different qualities; Molasses, very superior; Bacon and Lard, Glass, putty, oil, &c; Smoking tobacco, Havana, Principe, and common Spanish Cigars; Young and Old Hyson, Imperial and Black Teas; Candies, nuts, rasins, prunes, &c.; Butter, sugar, soda, and water crackers; Soap candles, and washing soda, &c.; Meal, at 62½ cts.; Family, extra and superfine flour; Lines, traces, Tinware, Queensware, and Stoneware; Looking glasses, from 12½ cts to $1,25; Ink, tacks, mustard, blacking, &c.

My friends and the public are invited to gave me a call. All the above goods will be sold at small profits for cash or produce. Liquors on hand and for sale.

W. BACCHUS.

May 28, 1853.

Now Exhibiting At Rees' Corner,

The Larges' stock of Goods ever before offered, consisting of almost every thing and a few more articles, viz:

Dry Goods,

GROCERIES, Hardware, Queens ware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Saddlery, Drugs, Paints, Oils, Looking Glasses, Window Glass—Sash, Baskets, Stone-ware, Hollow-ware, Castings, Clothing &c. Just received from Philadelphia and for sale low—call and see, —no charge for admission—Children half price.

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, Md., May 10, '53.

PLOUGHS and Plough Castings, constantly on hand and for sale by

WM. P. FRANCIS.

Apr. 30, '53.

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.

(Written for the Kent News)

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! the word is spoken now,
And we must meet no more, forever!
Too fondly I believed thy vow,
And pledged myself thy constant lover;
O woman! stripped of truth's bright garb,
Thy charms have fled, the spell is broken,
And my sad heart no more regards
Thee as of love, its early token.

I loved the not for beauty bright,
For well thou knowest 'tis not thy portion;
One formed alone to please the sight
Could never claim my heart's devotion.
I loved the not for wealth and fame,
For o'er those gifts thou hast no power;
Thy hand could not confer a name,
Nor bring with it an earthly dower.

I loved thee for thy soul and mind,
My fancy painted bright as heaven;
'Twas fancy's tints, alas! I find,
Black falsehood on thy young heart graven.
I loved thee, but must love no more,
No more my heart swells with affection;
Its bright delusive dream is o'er,
Overshadowed by thy dark deception.

But I conjure thee as we part,
When to another one thy vows are plighted,
Remember him whose constant heart
Thy heartless vows have blighted.
Think of thy promises of love,
That tender, fascinating tone,
Which fell like dews from heaven above
On a heart that throbbed for thee alone.

LUBIN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bewitched Clock.

ABOUT half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg envelloped in blue broadcloth "might have been seen" entering Deacon Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was finally followed by the entire person of a live Yankee attired in his Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. It was Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by ordering me not to darken his door's again?" soliloquized the young gentleman "Promised him I wouldn't but didn't say anything about *winders*.—I'm afeared to move about here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or 'nuther, and wake the old folks.—Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here. O, here comes Sally."

The maid descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a card of Lucifer matches. She made up a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy coupple sat down to enjoy the sweet exchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother than elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat hims l with a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, shouting from his chamber door:

'Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

'I can't tell a fib!" said Sally.

"I 'll make it a truth, then," said Joe; and running to the huge, old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up stairs.

"It's just five, according to the clock," said Sally.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

'G od gracious! it's father."

"The Deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe "Hide me."

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"O, I know," said he. "I'll squeeze into the clock case." And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and seated himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I will go out and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better feed the critters first sir, and smoke afterwards?" suggested Sally.

"No—smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the Deacon, who seemed not a whit to hurry in his enjoyment.

"Bur-r-r-r—whiz—ding! ding! ding! ding!' went the clock

'Tormented lightning!" cried the Deacon starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove; "What in all creation is that Sally?'

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally.

"Whiz! ding! ding! ding! ding! ding!" went the clock furiously.

"Powers of Marcy!" cried the Deacon "Strikin' five! it's struck a hundred already.

"De acon Barberry!" cried the Deacon's better-half, who had robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "What is the matter with the clock?'

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before"

'Whiz! bang! bang! bang! bang!' went the clock again.

"It'll bust itself," cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there'll be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't," cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat tails, while his faithful wife clung to the other. "Don't," chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the old deacon, "I ain't afeared of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped out of his coat, and while from the sudden cessation of resistance they fell heavily to the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand upon the door of the clock case. But no human power could open it Joe was holding it with a death grasp.

The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, and then the clock case pitched head foremost and deacon fell headlong on the floor, smashed its fair proportions. The current of the air extinguished the lamp—the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricated himself from the clock, effected his escape in the manner in which he had entered.

The next day, all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and though many believed his version, some—and especially Joe Mayweed—affected to discredit the whole affair, hinted that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

However, the interdict being taken off Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the consent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock till it went as well as it ever did

THE OLD ATHEIST.

Dead! and all his wealth not sufficient to bury him with proper decency Died, doubting to the last, poor old greyheaded Atheist.

Years ago his home was a palace.—His daughters were beautiful; his sons stately and noble. He gloried in his unbelief. 'His eyes stood out with fatness.' It seemed hard to the Christians, and one was tempted to say, 'It is better with the wicked than with the good.'

But by these wet clods, on which the rain drops dismally, lies his pine coffin. And the sexton strikes it with his shovel and coarse jests profane the 'garden of God.'

'Poor old Atheist!' One daughter lies broken hearted in an early grave. One in a foreign land wanders under the weight of his curse. The young son, the 'old man's darling,' rots in jail; the other died drunken.

All were Atheists. Prosperity kept them company long. Their ships sailed in safety. Their orchards were never blighted. Sickness tainted not their beauty; care and disappointment left their hearts alone.

But to-day where are they, with the wealth and glory of prosperity?

Ay! it is true.

'The mill of God grinds late—*but it grinds to powder.*'

A Victim of Love.

"Simon Girty, what brought you here?" said the Mayor to an inebrated individual, this morning as he closed his trials

"A watchman, please your honor," replied Simon.

"What did he bring you for?"

"Ah, sir, that is more than I know.—Since I have become a victim of——"

"Intemperance?"

"No, sir, not of intemperance, altho' I often drown my sorrow in the bacchanalian cup—but of love—of love, sir, ——since I have become a victim of love, I trouble myself but little in regard to what becomes of me."

"Are you in love, Simon?"

"Oh, please sir, don't pierce my heart with such an inquiry! I am a victim—a heart-broken victim to that strongest of all passions which rack the human heart."

"Can you not tell us your tale of sorrow, Simon?" kindly asked the Marshal. "We may have it in our power to relieve you. Here (pointing to the reporters) are a number of gentlemen of the press, and if you only excite their sympathies, they might do something for you."

"You that have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now," responded Simon, as he leaned against the table. as if he intended to tell a long as well as sorrowful tale. "You see, gentlemen," he proceeded, "that I am a fallen man. The fire of energy no longer lights my eyes, the rosy hue of health blooms not upon my cheeks, and my hair is assuming the color of old age. Gentlemen, I am the victim of love. and would be obliged to one of you for a chew of tobacco!"

He was supplied with the weed.

"Two years ago, I first met Mary Mayfield, and oh heavens! how it makes my heart tremble to mention that name. She was matchless in beauty, a queen in action, and was most lovely to look upon. Ah! gentlemen, need I tell you that she stole my heart. That my whole soul was wrapped in her endearing charms, and that I forgot all things saw nothing, felt nothing, save sweet Mary Mayfield! Driven by desperation, I threw myself at her feet, begged her to take me as her slave. Tears were in my eyes. and bowed before her queenly person, I felt utterly powerless. Imagine, gentlemen, my compasion, my horror, my torment, when she gave me a slight push with her delicate foot, and said to me,—"*Go long, you dirty scrub you ain't got money enough for this child!*"

Simon here covered his face with his hands as if to hide his agony. Recovering in a few moments. he proceeded:

"I instantly resolved to drown myself and proceeded at once to put my resolution into operation Having in my childhood days a dread of external application of cold water, I resorted to the slower but more agonizing mode of drowning myself by the internal administration of liquors more congenial to my sense of feeling. I have drank, drank, and drank, but as yet have not succeeded. I am now out of means, and if any of you gentlemen could furnish me with the dimes to purchase a few more drams I think I will be able to accomplish my purpose. Can't you lend me a picayune?"

Beautiful Extract.

Go out beneath the arched heaven in night's profound gloom, and say, if you can, 'There is no God!' Pronounce that dread blasphemy, and each star above will reprove you for your unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God? Who, then, enrolled that blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters, and its expanse of islands and main? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned amid banners of storms the voice of thunders, and unchained the lightnings that linger and lurk and flash in their gloom? Who gave to the eagle a safe eyrie where the tempests dwell and beat strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forests that ever echo to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made light pleasant to thee, and darkness a covering, and herald to the first flashes of morning? Who gave thee that mate less symmetry of sinews and limbs? The regular flowing of blood? The irrepressible and daring passions of ambition and love? And yet the thunders of heaven and the waters of earth are chimed! They remain, but the bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them. And it were better that the limitless waters, and strong mountains were convulsed and commingled together—it were better that the very stars were conflagated by fire or shrouded in eternal gloom, than one soul should be lost while Mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the Altar of Intercession.

The Western Man.

He rolled the prairie up like cloth,
Drank Mississippi dry,
Put Alleghany in his hat;
A steamboat in his eye,
And for his breakfast buffaloes
Some twenty-one did fly.

He whipped the whole Camanche tribe
One day before he dined;
And for a walking cane he took
A California pine;
And when he frowned he was so bleak
The sun it wouldn't shine.

He whipped a ton of grisly bears
One morning with a fan,
And proved himself by all these feats
To be a Western man.

THE PEDLAR'S BARGAIN.

One day a tin pedlar, with an assortment of nicknacks, arrived at a village in Maine, and called at one of the house to sell his wares. After disposing of new articles to the lady of the house, who seemed to live in the midst of children, she declared her inability to buy more for the want of money.

"But, marm, ain't you any rags?"

"None to sell, sir?"

"Well," said he, "you seem to have plenty of children. Will you sell me one for tin ware?"

"What will you give, sir?"

"Ten dollars for one of them."

"In good tin ware?"

"O, yes, marm, the best."

"Well, sir, it's a bargain."

She then handed one of the urchins to the pedlar, who, surprised that the offer was accepted, yet convinced that the mother would not part with her boy, placed him in the cart, and supplied the woman with tins until the sum of ten dollars was made up.

The man felt certain that the mother would rather raise the money than part with her child, seated himself by the side of the boy, who was much pleased with the idea of having a ride. The pedlar kept his eyes on the house, expecting to see the woman hasten to redeem the little one, and rode off in a slow pace.—After proceeding some distance he began to repent of his bargain, and turned back.

The woman had just finished ornamenting her dresser with the tins when the pedlar returned.

Well, I think the boy is too small. I guess you had better take him back again, and let me have my ware."

"No, sir, the bargain was fair, and you shall keep to it. You may start off as soon as you please."

Surprised at this, the pedlar exclaimed:

"Why marm, how can you think of parting with your boy so young to an utter stranger?"

"Oh, sir, we would like to sell off all our town paupers for ten dollars per head."

The boy was dropped at the door, the whip cracked, the tin rattled, and the pedlar measured the ground rapidly, and he never after forgot his pauper speculation.—*N. Y. Revelle.*

A PROPHECY.—A correspondent of the New York Express ventures to make the following prediction:

"The march to Constantinople will commence soon after the freezing of the Baltic, as a barrier of ice will then protect Russia's northern boundary and their navy in that quarter for several months. England and France with their navy will not be able to arrest the progress of 200,000 Russians, who will seize the Ottoman Empire. France will threaten Russia by land, but at this stage, Prussia and Austria will take off their masks and face France. A revolution will break out at this time, and Napoleon will take to his heels and go loafing to America; Henry V. will be enthroned King of France, and peace will be concluded. England will be allowed to continue her commerce in the Mediterranean, and the Baltic, if she keeps the peace, if not, the old continental system of Napolean 1st, will be enforced by the quadruped alliance of Austria, Prussia, Russia and France, and English commerce excluded from their ports."

☞A couple of young gentlemen in the city of Cincinnati, seeking for objects to gratify their curiosity, strolled one evening to the Museum. Having viewed the specimens arranged in the different rooms, they seated themselves, and entered into conversation. Suddenly a bell rang, and the manager called out, "Please walk *up* stairs to the infernal regions." "Ah," said one of the friends, "that's a new idea I always tho't that the infernal regions were *below*," "why," replied th other, "the reason of that is very plain—*the devil has the ascendency in this city.*"

☞Doctor, said a young miss of the high heeled modesty school, ma sent me to tell you that sister Mary Anna Maria Euphemia Dulcy Louise Minerva Rhody Jane has got a sore above the wrist of her left foot, between the wrist and shoulder!