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THE KENT NEWS.

Prætra, 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 27, 1853. NO. 17.

Boots & Shoes.

T. W. ELIASON has men's fine Boots of good quality at $2.50.—Women's Slippers at 50 cts; Gaiters at $1 25 per pair. Men's and boys' Lace Boots and Children's Shoes of all szies

July 16, 1853.

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 *Coach 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.

JOHN E. LAWRENCE.

Chester Town, April 2, 1853.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good one story FRAME HOUSE, with an ACRE of ground attached, a good post and rail enclosure.—The house is in good order, lined and sufficiently large for two rooms down stairs. It is within a mile and a half from town.

For terms apply to the EDITOR.

May 28. 1853.

Saddles.

A large assortment on hand at prices from $4 to $15. Also Bridles, Martingales, Halters, Head Reins, lead and britch Gears, Cart Saddles, Hames, back and belly Bands. Collars, etc. for sale low by ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, May 21, '53.

SUPERIOR SEGARS & TOBACCO For sale by

WILMER & WALKER.

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 wil be sold low by

WM. P. FRANCIS.

April 30, '53.

M. 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. Eliason 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'fs 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.

LUMBER.

T. W. ELIASON has a good stock of White Pine BOARDS, and 1½ and 2 inch PLANK; also, Hemlock *BOARDS, FENCING, FLOORING, and JOISTS*, of good quality.

He will sell at moderate prices for cash or on credit, and will charge interest from day of sale on all bills not settled in ninety days.

Jun 11, 1853.

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.

ROBT P. CHILTON, Agent,
Office 91, 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 foll wing:

Black cloth frock coats; summer coats frock snd sack, from $1 to $3 25, of all colors; Pants, from 50 cts to $5.00; Vests from 50 cts to $6.0; 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.

Is it Anybody's Business?

(The following is submitted for the consideration of a species of viperous bipeds called backbiters, eaves-droppers, or intermedler who are always interesting themselves in the affairs of others, with the hope that it may be productive of good results.

Is it anybody business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or—to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know—
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

If a persons's on the side-walk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
As he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated would be this:
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
If it is; or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we are certain if it is'nt,
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we join the rabble
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers
Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we act the teacher,
Until each medler learns
It were better in the future
To mind his own concerns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

"Pledge with wine! pledge with wine,' cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker: her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of ettiquette, in your own house act as you please, but for this once please me."

Every eye was turned upon the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivalist, but of late his friends noted the change in his manner and the difference in his habits, and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with temping smiles towards Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back she gracefully accepted the crystal and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by the piercing exclamation of "Oh how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was regarding it as though it was some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing her jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description, and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot: tall mountains crowned with verdure arise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful wave to the airy motion of the birds but there—a group of Indians gather. They flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek, his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels—for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—oh, the high, holy, looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls; see him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion; imploring to be saved! Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shriek for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant land.

'See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrunk back, the wine in their trembling grasp and the judge fell overpowered upon his seat—'see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays how wildly for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping. Awe stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a sob from some bosom. The bride yet stood upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the edge of her eyelashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled waves, came slowly to the range of her vision. She spoke again. Every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

'Is is evening, now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispered the name of father and sister; death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands, and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, and her lips quivering faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they coop him a grave, and there, without a shroud they lay him down in that damp reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, and no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my *father* son—my own *twin brother!* a victim to *this* deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears raised down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name—no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wine glass was transfered to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragments of the crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "Let no friend hereafter who love me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Nor firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour; and buried the dead wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve—will you not my husband?"

His glistening eye, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The judge left the room, and when after an hour he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guest, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impressions so solemnly made,—many from that hour foreswore the social glass.

☞The Chataque Democrat tells a good story concerning the Post Office in Westfield. A letter was put into the box, the appearance of which denoted that the writer was unaccustomed to the use of stamps, and failed to make one stick at all. He had tried and vainly tried, but the inveterate portrait of Benjamic Franklin would curl up. At last, in despair, he pinned it to the envelope and wrote just under it—"PAID, *if the d—d thing sticks!*"

That's the end of my tail, as the tadpole said when he turned into a bull-frog.

The Sick Bachelor.

Here I am, a doomed man—booked for a fever, in this gloomy room, up four flights of stairs; nothing to look at but one table, two chairs, and a cobweb; pulse racing like a locomotive; head throbbing as if it were hooped with iron; mouth as parched as Ishmael's in the desert; not a bell-rope within reach; sun pouring in through those uncurtained windows, hot enough to singe my eyelashes; all my confidential letters lying loose on the table, and I couldn't get up to them if you held one of Colt's revolvers to my head. All my masculine friends (?) are parading Broadway, I suppose, peeping under the pretty girls bonnets, or drinking "sherry cobleis" A sherry cobbler! Bacchus! what a luxury, I believe Satan suggested the thought to me.

Heigho! I suppose the Doctor (whom they have sent for) will come before long; some great, pompous Æsculapius, with an owl phiz, a gold-headed cane, an oracular voice, and callous heart and hands; who will first manipulate my wrist, and then take the latitude and longitude of my tongue; then will punch me in the ribs, and torment me with more questions than there are in the Assembly's catechism; then he'll bother me for writing materials, to scratch off a hieroglyphic humbug prescription, ordering five times as much medicine as I need; then I shall have to pay for it; then, ten to one, the apothecary's boy will put up poison by mistake! Cæsar, how my head spins round; Hippodrome racing is nothing to it.

Hist! there's the doctor. No! it is that little unregenerate cub, my landlady's pet boy, with a bran new drum (as I'm a sinner,) upon which he is beating a crucifying tattoo. If I only had a bootjack to throw at him. No! that won't do; his mother wouldn't make my gruel, I'll bribe him with a sixpence to keep the peace. The little embryo Jew! he says *he won't do it under a quarter!*—Twitted by a little pickaforе! I, Tom Halliday, six feet in my stockings! I shall go frantic.

"Doctor is coming!" Well, let him come. I'm as savage as if I'd just dined off a cold Missionary. I'll pretend to be asleep, and let old Pill-box experiment.

How gently he treads: how soft his hand is: how cool and delicious his touch! How tenderly he parts my hair over my throbbing temples! His magnetic touch thrills every drop of blood in my veins: it is marvellous how soothing it is. I feel as happy as a humming bird in a lilly cup, drowsy with honey dew. Now he's moved away. I hear him writing a prescription; I'll just take a peep and see what he looks like! Cæsar Aggripina! if it isn't a *Female Physician!* dainty as a Peri—*and my beard three days old!* What a bust!—(Wonder how my hair looks?) What a foot and ankle! What shoulders; what a little round waist! Fever? I've got *twenty* fevers, and the heart complaint besides. What the mischief sent that little witch here? She will either kill or cure me, pretty quick.

Wonder if she has any more *masculine* patients? wonder if they are handsome? Wonder if she lays that little dimpled hand on *their* foreheads, as she did on mine? Now she has done writing. I'll shut my eyes and groan, and then, may be, she will *pet* me some more; bless her little soul!

She says, "poor fellow!" as she holds my wrist, "his pulse is too quick." In the name of Cupid, what does she *expect?* She says, as she puts my forehead with her little plump fingers, "Sh—'sh! Keep cool" Lava and brimstone! does she take me for an iceberg?

Oh, Cupid! of all your devices, this feminine doctoring for a bachelor, is the *ne plusultra* of witchcraft. If I don't have a prolonged "run of fever," my name isn't Tom Haliday!

She's gone! and—I'm gone, too!

FANNY FERN.

Tried and Acquitted.—A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order:—"Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under:—"Has been tried and acquitted."

☞"Father," said a little four year old boy, "I think you're a fool." "Why, child?" Because you have brought that baby here when mother was sick, and you have got a woman to *nuss* it."

☞A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, a short time since, that the wearing of wiskers was unprofessional. "Right," responded the friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

☞There is a man out west so confounded mean that he won't plough his corn ground for fear the crows will get some of the grub-worms.

HOW TO GET A SWEETHEART.—Offer your arm to a lady and whisper "Ice cream"

Anecdote of Gen. Taylor.

We have heard of an amusing story told in which Old Zack figured when President. He had been but a short time in the White House, when, finding that ladies would call at hours when it was not convenient to see them, he gave orders to the door-keeper to not admit them at certain times. The door-keeper was formerly a soldier, and knew the old hero well; but nevertheless he disobeyed orders one day and permitted three ladies to see the President. After their interview was over, down comes the old man in a rage—so much so that a gentleman who was present, and who tells the anecdote, was roughly told, as the General met him at the foot of the steps, to "go into the room," waving his hand in a military manner to the room he meant. General Taylor then approached the trembling janitor, and, fixing his feet in a firm position, exclaimed, "Why didn't you obey my orders, sir? What did you send those women up to me for, sir? I'll court martial you, sir!" and before an answer could be given, he raised his right foot, and gave the derelict doorkeper a kick which landed him on his back two or three yards off. Old Zack then moved off, calling to the gentleman "Come to my room, come to my room!"

By the time the President arrived there, however, he was somewhat cooled down, and taking the visitor's right hand in both of his said—

"What can I do for you, sir—what can I do for you?"

The interrogated was something of a wag and thinking that Taylor would relish a joke, replied—

"Well, General, you can give me one of them interesting things you just now gave the door keeper."

No sooner said than done—the General up foot and planted a blow in the wit's posterior, which sent him out into the passage, and locking the door he returned to the business he was at, when interrupted by the ladies.

The kicked visitor, in passing the doorkeeper remarked—

"The old man kicks hard—don't he?"

"Oh, sir, he kicks like a jackass!"

"You had better go and tell him so."

"Not me, by the powers, sh; but I mane in the hardness of the kick, and all I cared about it was the indignity, sir."

"But that was not half what I cared for," said the retiring gent to himself 'for I shall feel so sore for *that* joke that I shall take care how I try to be funny with Old Zack again, as long as I live."

☞An Irishman lost his hat in a well and was let down in a bucket to recover it; the well being extremely deep, his courage failed him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above him, they kept a deaf ear to all he said, till at last, quite in despair, he bellowed out, 'By Saint Patrick, if you don't draw me up, I'll cut the rope.

We overheard a poor weather bound individual, the other day, who was caught in the rain, humming to himself in a doorway—

'Twas ever thus from childhoods hour,
That chilling fate has on me fell,
There always comes a soaking shower,
When I haint got no umbrell!

☞Ike,' said a rusty old heathen of the desk, 'how do astronomers measure the distance of the sun?'

'Why replied the young hopeful, they just guess at one fourth of the distance, and multiply by four.

☞'You flatter me,' said an exquisite, the other day, to a young lady, who was praising the beauties of moustache.—"For heaven's sake, ma'am,' interposed a Hoosier, dont make that chap any flatter than is now.'

☞In the Senate of the United States recently, a pension was granted to Betsey Norton, a widow of 90 odd years, to continue for life, unless she marry again.'

☞Where have you been this week?
Fishing.
Catch anything?
Yes—a cold.
Where were you last night?
Ducking.
Get any?
Yes, one.
Where?
In the river.
How?
Tumbled in.

☞As winged lightnings dart from the clouds, when Jupiter has unbarred their bolts, so does a fat darkey run like blazes when a big dog gets after him.

☞"I have a good ear, a wonderful ear," said a conceited musician course of conversation a a," replied

BACCHUS.