msa_sc2901_scm2353-0178 ©Maryland State Archives

THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra, laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet.—"He labours vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

VOL. 14. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1853. NO. 24.

J. E. GOULD,
(SUCCESSOR TO A. FIOT.)
No. 160 Chesnut St. Swaim's Building,
PHILADELPHIA.

EXTENSIVE Music Publisher, and Dealer in Musical Instruments of every description.

Exclusive Agent for the sale of Hallet, Davis & Co's (Boston) PATENT SUSPENSION BRIDGE *Æolian* and other

PIANOS,

L Gilbert's Boudoir Pianos, Melodeons, Martin's Guitars, Harps, Violins, Sheet Music, Music Books, &c.

Residents of the country will be supplied by *mail* or otherwise with any music they may wish, at as low rates as if purchased in person. Having one of the largest stocks in the United States, I feel confident of satisfying all who may favor me with a call or order

Dealers in Music supplied on the most liberal terms. Pianos to let Second-hand Pianos for sale.

More New Goods.
WM. P. FRANCIS

HAS just returned from the city with a splendid lot of new and SEASONABLE GOODS He invites his customers and friends to call and examine them if they wish to get good bargains. "A word to the wise," &c.
July 30, 1853.

FRANKLIN
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.

THIS old and solid Company, with a surplus fund of $1,315,534 invested to pay losses, will make Insurance against fire, on Dwellings, Stores, and Farm Houses, also on Furniture and Stocks of Goods. Liberal settlements and prompt payments, have characterized the operations of this Company.

Address GEORGE CAREY, Agent, Baltimore, Md
July 23, 1853.

New & Cheap Cash
SADDLE, HARNESS, TRUNK & COLLAR
ESTABLISHMENT.
A. M. Russell & Co,

WOULD respectfuly inform their friends and the public generally, that they have commenced the above business in all of its various branches and will manufacture to order and keep constantly on hand a full assortment of

SADDLES, BRIDLES, TRUNKS, COLLARS, COACH, CARRIAGE, CART, AND WAGGON HARNESS; CARRIAGE, RIDING & CART WHIPS;
FLY NETS, TRACE CHAINS, CARPET BAGS, HALTERS, HITCH REINS,

And all other articles usually kept in our line of business, which we will sell low for the CASH.

REPAIRING DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

They hope, by strict attention to business, to share a large portion of the public patronage, and do particularly solicit a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Chester Town, July 9, 1853

T. McC FFREY,
MARBLE CUTTER,
EAST PRATT STREET,
BETWEEN PRESIDENT AND ALBEMARLE,
BALTIMORE, MD.

MONUMENTS, TOMB & GRAVE STONES, of every description, done in the neatest style, and on the most reasonable terms. All orders thankfully received, and punctually attended to All work forwarded free of charge.

For further particulars see Editor Kent News.
July 23, 1853.—1y.

LINEN TABLE DAMASK
BLEACHED and Brown. Linen Table Damask & Scotch Dipers, for sale cheap by T. W. ELIASON.
July 16. 1853.

LUXURIES.

CEGARS, Tobacco and Snufs, variety of kinds, of the best quality, for sale by
JOHN RUSSELL.
May 14, 1853.

AN Assortment of Plough Casting Hollow ware Spades, Shovels & Forks, at
W. N. E WICKES.
May 7, '53.

TWENTY FIVE Dozen Ladies Linen Cambric Hank'ls from 75 cts. to $6 a dozen—call and look.
WILLIAM P. FRANCIS.
April 30, 1853.

Carriage,
Harness Making, &c

THE undersigned having taken the establishment formerly occupied by Messrs T. & O P. Jones, would inform the public that he is prepared to do

All Work

in his line, in the best manner.
JOHN GREENWOOD.
July 30, 1853
N B.—All persons indebted are requested to call and settle without further notice, as he is in want of money.
JNO. GREENWOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE

THE subscriber has just returned from the city with a lot of fresh
FLOUR—*Family, Extra and Superfine,*
and a fresh lot of
GROCERIES,
and with a good lot of
BRANDIES, WINES, & HOLLAND GIN,
which will be sold low for the cash.
JOHN BORDLEY
July 16, 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.

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.

BLACK SILKS.
W. ELIASON has just opened a good assortment of Black Silks of superior quality.
July 16, 1853.

EAST POWDER, a very nice article for family use 12½ cts per box.
WM. P. FRANCIS.
July 03, 1853

PLOUGHS and Plough Castings, constantly on hand and for sale by
WM. P FRANCIS.
Apr. 30, '53.

A good supply of Bridles, Collars, Traces, lines, Buckets, Tubs, and also fine Table Salt in bags
WILMER & WALKER.

JOS. N. GO DON.
COMMISSION MERCHANT
No. 9 Bowley's Wharf,
BALTIMORE.

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.

BUCKETS, TUBS & BROOMS—a good supply on hand and for sale by WM P. FRANCIS.
July 30 1853

TO RENT.

FOR the ensuing year the BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, on Maine street, (up town) now occupied by Dr. Anderson. Apply to
JAS. W. PHILLIPPS.
Chestertown July 30 '53.

JUST received and for Sale, Liquors at 40 cts., warranted molasses, 25, 31½, 37½ and 40 cents per gallon, by
WM BACCHUS

Friends and Strangers.

PLEASE call on the subscriber when you wish to purchase good ready made CLOTHING HATS and CAPS at low prices.
JOHN RUSSELL.
May 14, 1853.

WILLIAM H. GILPIN,
Flour & Grain Factor
And General Commission Merchant,
NO 99 NORTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Aug. 57. 1853.

BAREGE DELAINES.
T. W. ELIASON has a good assortment of *Barege Delaines, Ginghams* and *Lawns*, for sale cheap.
June 25, 1852.

New Fall Goods.

T. W. ELIASON has returned from the city with a new stock of Fall Goods, and invites his customers and the public generally to call, and see his assortment.
Sept. 10th, 1853.

TERMS OF 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.

POETICAL.

The Farmer.

BY WILLIAM HINE LYTLE.

From golden morn to dewey eve,
When the sky gleams bright and red,
With many a strong and sturdy stroke,
I labor for my bread.
No sickly fits or ill I dread,
My chest is deep and broad,
And though I work the livelong day,
I rise and thank my God.

No lilly hue is on my brow,
No rings on my hard hand,
I wield the axe, I drive the plough,
Or when war shrouds the land,
I seize my father's well tried blade,
And that for freedom's sod
It is my glorious right to bleed,
I rise and thank my God.

And when my daily task is o'er,
And the sun is sinking low,
As faint with work and honest toil,
To my humble roof I go,
I see the purfumed city beau
With his ebony walking rod,
And that I am not a thing like him,
I rise and thank my God.

The widow's prayer upon my ear,
Unheeded never fell,
I ne'er beheld the orphan's tear,
But my own heart's fount would swell.
I never heaven for gold would sell,
Nor for wealth would stoop to fraud,
A poor, but yet an honest man,
I rise and thank my God.

And when the good sun floats with light,
This land of liberty.
And spread around my happy sight,
As in prayer I bend my knee—
That I am strong, and bold and free,
In the land my fathers trod,
With quivering lips, with outstretched arms,
I rise and thank my God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Unintentional Divorce.

The dangers of log rolling with a legislature are graphically described in the following sketch:

One winter there came to Trenton, New Jersey, two men named Smith and Jones, who had both designs upon the Legislature. Jones had a bad wife, and was in love with a pretty woman; he wished to be divorced from the bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman who, by the way, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a bust!—Therefore Jones came to Trenton for a divorce. Smith had a good wife, plump as a robin, and the mother of ten children; and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for a turnpike, or plank road, to extend from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow. Well, with these different errands they came to Trenton and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments; first—suppers, mainly composed of oysters, with a rich background of steak and venison; second—liquors in great plenty, from Jersey lightning—which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquid shape—to Newark champagne. To speak in plain prose, Jones, the divorce man, gave champagne supper, and Smith, the turnpike man, followed with a champagne breakfast—under the mollifying influence of which the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and turnpike bills, and Jones and Smith with a copy of each bill in parliament in their pockets, went rejoicing home. Smith arrived in the evening, and as he sat down in the parlor, his pretty wife beside him, how pretty she did look. Five of the children were asleep over head, and the other five were studying their lessons in the corner of the room. Smith began to expitiate upon the good result of his mission to Trenton.

"A turnpike, my dear. I am one of the directors, and will be president; it will set us up, love. We can send the children to boarding-school, and live in style out of the toll. Here is the charter, honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty wife, who was one of the nicest wives, with plumpness and good dimpling all over her face, "let me see it;" and she leaned over Smith's shoulder, pressing her arm upon his own as she looked at the parchment. But all at once Smiths face grew long. His wife grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath—

"Blast it, wife, these infernal scoundrels at Trenton have gone and divorced us!

It was too true; the parchment he held was a bill of divorce, in which the names of Smith and his wife appeared in frightfully legible letters. Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Here's a turnpike!" said she, sadly; "and with the whole ten of our children staring me in the face, I ain't your wife! Here's a turnpike!"

"Blast the turnpike and the legislature, and—"

Well, the fact is, Smith being reduced to a state of single blessedness swore awfully. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's village had gone to bed, Smith bade his late wife put on her bonnet, and arm in arm they proceeded to the house of the clergyman of their church.

"Goodness bless me!" exclaimed the old man, as he saw them enter, "what's the matter?"

"The matter is," replied Smith, "I want you to marry us two right off."

Marry you?" ejaculated the clergyman, with expanded fingers and awful eyes, "are you drunk or crazy?"

"I ain't crazy, and I wish I was drunk, said Smith, desperately. "The fact is, brother Goodwin, that some scoundrels at Trenton, unbeknown to me, and at the dead of night, have gone and divorced me from my own wife, and she the mother of nine children!"

"Ten," suggested Mrs Smith.

Well, the good minister married them over again, without a fee; grave as he was, he was dying to be alone, that he might give vent to a suppressed laugh; and Smith and his wife went joyfully home and kissed every one of their ten children.

Meanwhile, and on the self same night, Jones returned to his native town, Burlington, I believe and sought at once the fine pair of black eyes which he hoped shortly to call his own. The pretty widow sat on the sofa, a white kerchief tied carelessly about her round, white throat, her black hair laid in silky waves on each rosy cheek.

"Divorce is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her double chin. "The fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll be married tonight. I know how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper did the business for them. Put on your bonnet and let us go to the preacher's at once, dearest"

The widow put on her bonnet and took Jones' arm, and—

Just look how handsome it is put on parchment!" cried Jones, pulling the document out before her. "Here's the law which says that Jacob Jones and Anna Jones are two! Look at it! Putting her plump gloved hand on his shoulder, she did look at it.

"O dear!" she said, with her rosebud lips, and sank back, half fainting, on the sofa.

"O blazes!" cried Jones, and sank beside her, rustling the fatal parchment in his hand—"Here's lots of happiness and champagne gone to ruin."

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was simply, by the Legislature of New Jersey, incorporated into a turnpike company, and which made it worse, authorized (with his brother directors) to construct a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol. When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a mile apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river, you will perceive the extreme hopelessness of Jones' case.

"It's all the fault of that turnpike man, who gave 'em the champagne supper!" cried Jones, in agony. "If they'd a chartered me to be a turnpike from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow, I might have borne it, but the very idea of building a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol bears an absurdity on the face of it." So it did.

"And you ain't divorced?" said Eliza, a tear rolling down each cheek.

"No!" thundered Jones, crushing his hat between his knees, "and what is worse, the Legislature is adjourned, and gone home drunk, and won't be back to Trenton till next year!" It was a hard case.

The mistake had occured on the last day of the session, when legislators and transcribing clerks were labouring under the effect of a champagne supper, followed by a champagne breakfast. Smiths name had been put where Jones' ought to have been, and "*wisey wersey*," as the Latin poet has it.

Temperance.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you the proclamation of the Governor of Michigan, showing the popular vote upon the subject of a prohibitory License Law, upon which the fate of the Bill submitted to them was made to depend. The people of that young State have nobly enacted the Law, and thus set an example to other States worthy to be followed:

"PROCLAMATION.—In pursuance of an act entitled "An act prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating beverages and the traffic therein," approved February 12th, 1853 by which it is made the duty of the Governor to made proclamation of the result of the canvass of the votes cast under the 20th section of said act, I, Andrew Parsons, acting Governor of the State of Michigan, do hereby proclaim that the result of said canvass of the votes cast at the election provided for in said act, was sixty-three thousand eight hundred and sixty-six; and that forty thousand four hundred and forty nine of them had thereon "Adoption of the law prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating beverages and the traffic therein—Yes;" and that 23,000 and fifty four had thereon "Adoption of the law prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating beverages and the traffic therein—No;" and that three hundred and sixty three of them were irregular and void, and that by virtue of the the said act, the same will become a law of said State from and after the first day of December, eighteen hundred and fifty three.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of Michigan to be hereunto affixed, at Lansing, this twenty-third day of August, A. D., 1853. By the Governor, "ANDREW PARSONS.
"ROD. R. GIBSON, Sept. Sec'y of State."

RECAPITULATION.—Whole number of votes, 63,866
For the law, 40,449
Against the law, 23,054
Irregular and Void, 363

Jackson county is not included in the above, owing to some blunder in the returns. The majority in that county was 1,635. This added to the majority in the rest of the State makes the total majority in the State 19,030.

The Old Brown Jug.

Jonas Ricks, of Portland, was emphatically a good fellow, but he had a weakness. It could not be said to be a love of gain, for his heart was free, and his hand could never remain long closed over a sixpence. Neither was it the love of woman or Neal Dow; for at forty he was still a bachelor, and the originator of the liquor law, he regarded with as pure a hatred as he did the law itself.—It was a predilection, and a strange one, for an old brown jug which was always well filled with Otard.

One night, meeting with some 'kindred spirits,' he got his ideas so completely elevated that he was totally unable to 'tread upon the vile earth,' and at length, while attempting to balance matters and find his way home, he pitched into a very quiet looking individual, who, perceiving his situation, kindly assisted him to his apartments in the hotel where Jonas boarded. Being a watchman, and a rigid liquor-law man, upon discovering the old brown jug conspicuous upon a table, he raised his club to demolish it. But Jonas seized his uplifted arm, and thus addressed him:—

'Watchman, spare that jug. Touch not a single drop. It served me many a tug, and I will be its prop. 'Twas my forefather's hand that placed it in his cot. There, watchman, let it stand—thy club shall harm it not. That old familiar jug, whose credit and renown are known to many a mug, and would'st thou smash it down? Watchman, forbear thy blow. Break not its earth brown clay; nor make the liquor flow; but let that old jug stay.'

The watchman could not stand so powerful an appeal, and after leaving a pamphlet of the Maine liquor law, which Jonas used next day for shaving papers, he took his departure.

"Father what does the printer live on?"

"Why, child?"

"Cause you said you hadn't paid him for two or three years; and if all his subscribers serve him in the same way, I don't see what in thunder the fellow has to live on.

"Wife, put this child to bed, and I'll go right off to the printer and pay him. I must not set my children so bad an example as to keep the printer out of his due—that's a fact."

The "*Opal*" for September has the following capital hit on woman:

"*Lovely Woman*—An article manufactured by the milliner:

Who wants but little here below—
But wants that little for a show."

NOT AFRAID OF HOPS.—A big bellied fellow named Rolff, used to frequent an up-town dram shop in Philadelphia, where few wits and any quantity of mutton headed individuals were wont to congregate. Old Rolff was 'death and the pale hoss' on beer; he could drink equal to a London Tapster or a Dutch Burgomaster, and had often taken his pint down at one gulph, easy as falling off a log. One day a few jokers being around, one doubts the capacity of the old man to guzzle a quart of beer at a draught.

'You choost pay for 'em,' says Rolff, 'an by tunder den you see if old Jake Rolff can't swallow a quart of peer mitout winkin.'

'We'll pay for it, daddy,' says one, 'if you'll down with it in one long guzzle.'

'Veri well, fotch on te peer.'

The beer was brought in a large deep brown mug. Before pouring in the beer, a defunct mouse had been 'quietly inurted;' the old man took the mug, foaming to the brim, raised it to the necessary elevation, and down it went.

'How'd it go daddy?' was the cry, as the old man, with bloated visage and distended eye sat down the empty mug.

'How'd it go? Bah! Good! Dar was von tam pig *hop in de bottom, but you tinks I care a dum for dem tings!*'

GUM ARABIC STARCH.—We have often heard ladies expressing a desire to know by what process the fine gloss observable on new linens, shirt bosoms, et cetera, is produced, and in order to gratify them we subjoin the following recipe for making Gum Arabic starch:—

"Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire,) and then having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs in a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give to lawns (either white or printed) a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for white muslin and bobinet."

A physician, writing to the Boston *Journal*, whom Dr. Smith endorses as one of the first physicians in New Orleans, makes the following startling statement:

"The epidemic came down like a storm upon this devoted city, with 1,127 dram shops in one of four divisions in which it has been divided. It is not the citizens proper but the foreigners, with mistaken notions about the climate and the country, who are the chief supporters of these haunts of intemperance.—About five thousand of them died before the epidemic touched a single citizen or sober man, as far as I can get the facts."

A cabin boy on board a ship, the Captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went trembling and crying, and said to the Captain:

"Pray, sir, will you wait until I say my prayers?"

"Yes," was the stern reply.

"Well, then," replied Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll never say them!"

An Irishman went a fishing and among other things he hauled in a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl, he placed it in her bed room; next morning the first that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy with the exclamation of—

"Be jabbers, I've got the divel!"

"What devil?" enquired her surprised master.

"Why, the bull bed bug, that has been eaten the children for the last two months."

NEW SPELLING.—The most original spelling that we have ever seen is the following. It beats phonetics:

80 you be—A tub.
80 oh! pea—A top.
Be 80—Bat.
See 80—Cat.
Pea 80—Pat
See O double you—Cow.
See you be—Cub.
See a bee—Cab.
Be you double ten—Bat
Be a double ell—Ball

Judge B, in reprimanding a criminal, among other names called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied—

"Sir, I am not a thing a scoundrel as your honor,"—here the culprit stopped, but finally added,—"takes me to be."

"Put your words closer together," said the Judge, reddening.

Roast beef, serenity of mind, a pretty wife, and cold water baths, will make most any man, healthy, wealthy and wise.