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THE KENT NEWS.

Fiat, labor at, 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, NOVEMBER 26, 1853. NO. 26.

STOVES, TIN-WARE, AND Sheet Iron Ware.

MAHAN & CO.

TAKE this method of informing their friends and the public generally, (whose patronage they respectfully solicit,) throughout Kent and the adjoining counties that in connection with their establishment in Elkton, that they have just opened another in Chester Town Md. where they are manufacturing on the most reasonable prices, all kinds o *TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE* which for quality and workmanlike finish cannot be surpassed in the whole country. Particular attention paid to

ROOFING AND SPOUTING

in which branch they acknowledge no superiors, either in the city or elsewhere warrenting entire satisfaction or demanding no pay, therefore making it to the manifest advantage of those wishing any kind of Metalic Roofs or spouting up on, to contract with them.

They are just receiving a large and beautiful assortment of

Parlor, Plain and Cooking STOVES;

Consisting in part, of the Etna, Girard Liberty and Globe Air-tight; the Metropolitan, a new and very convenient pattern, much such a stove as those sold by the traders now traversing the country, which we sell much below their prices; the improved Complete and Premium, the Nine and Ten Plate, &c Cook Stoves. The Star and Revere Air-tight, the Diamond and Star Radiators, the Improved Jenny Lind, Star Franklin, Octogon, Connon, Flora, &c, Parlor Stoves; to which we invite the attention of all persons wishing to purchase, for as we are selling at city prices we feel assured that we can give them satisfaction.

All Kinds of Repairing

in our respective branches, done at the shortest notice and in the very best manner. Old Stoves and country Produce taken in exchange for new.

MAHAN & CO.

Oct. 15, 1853 —tf.

Latest News.

ABEL J. REES

HAVING just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore—is now opening at "REES' CORNER" a large stock of staple and Fancy Goods which he offers to the citizens of Kent County at low prices, for cash—country produce or Stock. My assortment is very large—consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Wagon and Cart Gears—Drugs, Paints, Oils, Medicines, Looking-glasses, Window-glass, Sash—Baskets, Buckets Stone-ware, Hollow-ware, Castings, Clothing &c., &c.,—call and see them—no trouble to show goods.

Sept. 17, '53

Dry Goods

MUSLINS at 6, 8, 10, 12½ cents per yard, Flanells at old prices (without regard to the advance in Wool,) Satinetts, Cassimers, Vestings, Ladies Dress-goods, Canton-flanels, Stripes, Ky, Jeans, Shawls &c. Fancy Goods Trimings &c. A general assortment of Ribbons, Edgings, Laces, Ladies worked Collars, Handk'fs &c. Hosery, Gloves &c, a great variety dress Trimmings, Gimps, Buttons &c., &c. PERFUMERY: Essences, Extracts, Oils, Eau De Cologne &c. FANCY SOAPS for Toilet Shaving &c, —just received and for sale by ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner Sept. 17, '53

WILLIAM H. GILPIN,

Flour & Grain Factor

And General Commission Merchant,

NO 99 NORTH WATER STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

Aug. 27, 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.

Tailoring.

MRS. CARROLL respectfully inform her friends, that she will make Vests, Pants, and Coats, at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. Her residence is on Cross st., near Mrs. Anderson's.

Nov. 13, 1852.

BAREGE DELAINES.

T. W. ELIASON has a good assortment of *Barege Delaines, Ginghams and Lawns,* for sale cheap.

June 26, 1852.

Clothing.

WE are now opening a large lot, consisting of: Black, Blue and Brown Dress and Frock Coats, Sack Coats-our Coats, Business Coats, short Coats, Pants of all kinds and qualities—Black and Fancy Satten Vests, silk Vests, worsted cotton Vests, also a lot of Kersey Pants and fine kersey Coats, Sacks and Pants, all of which are made up expressly for my own sales—and will be sold at the old prices which we are enabled to do by having the stock lade in before the advance in prices—call and examine for yourself.

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, Sept. 17, '53.

Hardware.

THE largest and best variety ever before opened—consisting of Cumberland Nails, wrought Nails, Ribetts, Screws, brass and common wide and narrow butts, window Blinds Bolts, Knifes and Forks, cuffery, edge Tools, Axes, Planes Chisels, adze, Patent window fastenings, Levels, Wardrobe hooks, Coffee mills, Gimlets, Augers, Braces, Butts &c., in fact we can furnish almost every thing useful in this line, also Shovels, Spades, manure, hay Forks, Grain Shovels, Hames, Chain Traces, Hoes, Cut-Saws, Tea kettles &c.; also 1000 Holloware, —Just received and for sale by

A. J. REES.

Rees' cor. Sept. 17'53

Shell Lime.

THE subscribers having greatly enlarged their means for burning Shells are now prepared to fill all orders for Shell Lime. They therefore would confidently say to farmers that they need not fear getting a supply at any time when it may suit their convenience to order either SHELLS or SHELL LIME.

B. S. & P. HOLT,

Foot of West Falls Avenue.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 10, 1853 —3m.

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.

Lumber Yard.

BOARDS, RAILS, SCANTLING SHINGLES, &c. &c.

A FULL ASSORTMENT of White Pine and Hemlock Boads, Plank, and Rails; White Pine and Hemlock Flooring (some of it suitable for barn and granary floors, *very low priced*) of 1, 1¼, 1½, and 2 inch thickness and full lengths—Siding or ½ inch Weather-Boarding, Joists, Studding, Cypress Shingles, &c., &c., now on hand and for sale on very accommodating terms by CHAS. H. WICKES.

☞Some of this Lumber is thoroughly seasoned and perfectly dry.

July 23, 1853.

New Fall Goods.

W. N. E. WICKES,

HAS just returned from the city and is now opening a fine assortment of

Seasonable Goods,

Consisting of Cloths, Cassimers, Vestings, Ladies Dress Goods. Laces, Hosiery, &c., &c., &c. Groceries, Hardware, &c. Call and examine his stock.

Sept. 24, 1853.

JOS. N. GORDON,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

No. 9 Bowley's Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

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.

SUPERIOR CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Silk and Plush Vesting, Stocks, Scarfs, Cravats, Collars, Merino Shirts and drawers, for sale by

W. N. E. WICKES.

Oct 15, 1853.

YEAST POWDER, a very nice article for family use 12½ cts. per box.

WM. P. FRANCIS.

July 03, 1853

PLASTERING LATHS, for sale by

T. W. ELIASON,

Sept. 10, 1853.

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.

WISHING.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all the amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find,
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed,
My purse was somewhat fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter:
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it.

I wish—that Sympathy and Love,
And every human passion
That has it origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That Scorn, and Jealousy; and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean!

I wish—that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practising was not
So different from preaching.

I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind;
And women ne'er were rovers:
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers!

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good Ideal,
May come, erewhile, throughout the earth,
To be the glorious Real;
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letter from Major Downing.

PRIVATE DE-PATCH TO GINERAL PIERCE

To go though one of the *organs*—the *Union*, or the *Sentinel*, or the *Star*, or one of the other organs, if they've got agoing yet.

DOWNINGVILLE, STATE OF MAINE, November, 8, 1853.

Dear General:—I got back from my tower in Europe yesterday, and found Uncle Joshua and Aunt Keziah, and Cousin Nabby, and Cousin Sargent Joel all well; and I hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing. I'm glad of one thing, and that is, that you a'nt troubled so much about the organs as you was when I went away. There wasn't any organ then, only the *Union*, and that was a disputed one; so I had to send my last despatch to my old friends, Mr. Gales & Seaton, and get them to forward it to you the best way they could. But I understand now that organs is getting to be about as plenty as blackberries; and that seems to be lucky about this time, for if what Uncle Joshua tells me is all true, it will need a good many of 'em to play tunes to suit all parties. If you could manage to have an organ for each member of the Cabinet, it would be a great help; for then each one could play his own tune, and no jarring; and harmony is what we want all around. Mr. Marcy needs an organ all to himself, to fire off his 44 pounders at Austria and the rest of Europe, to keep matters straight over there. And Mr. Guthrie, I am sure, needs an organ all to himself to manage his New York correspondence. And there's Ginerral Cushing, he ought to have a nice organ all to himself that would play military tunes, so that every body, as soon as they heard it, would feel as if they wanted to *march*. And Ginerral Davis ought to have a military organ too; but some say he and Ginerral Cushing might get along very well with one organ between 'em, and that Ginerral Davis could play his flirtations on Mr Guthrie's organ.

And then the different "sections" of the party needs different organs too. I never believed the same tune would satisfy the "Hards" and the 'Softs" of New York; and from what Uncle Joshua tells me it's jest so. He says the organ has been pouring out delightful strains of harmony all summer, but the more they poured 'em out the greater was the discord between the Hards and Softs, till finally it worked them to a pitch of phrensy, and he says they are now fightin and pullin caps like mad. That shows clearly to my mind that the different "sections" ought to all have their own organs, and I don't think there'll be any peace till they have—And that's why I'm glad to find that organs is growing more plenty.

But about my tower in Europe I've got a good deal to say, more than I can get into this despatch, and some of it I think would work well into your Message to Congress next month, if I can get time to bring it, or send it on to you in time. You see, as I had your commission of Minister Ginerral to go on my own hook wherever I pleased, and look after matters jest as I thought best, it gin me a capital chance to work to advantage. And Mr. Marcy's rules too, about dress, worked first rate; for when I thought it best to go a little on the sly, I could just put on my drab surtout and broad brim hat and sagaciate around among the whole boiling of 'em, and they wouldn't mistrust who I was. So when I found out which way the cat was going to jump, and thought it best to hed 'em and bring 'em to a pint, I had nothing to do but to pull my commission out of my pocket and show it to 'em, and that did the business. The fact is, Europe's afraid of us. I think we are fast getting the upper hand—There aint another nation in all creation, without 'tis Russia, that hardly dares to say her soul's her own, for fear we shall be down upon her and take her soul away from her. And even Russia feels a little ticklish for fear that, when she gets into her high falutin with Turkey and the rest of Europe goes to take sides, we shall turn to and lick the whole scrape and annex 'em to our modern Rome. I see some body has put out a book proving as clear as preachin that the United states is modern Rome; so when Ginerral Cushing said in his speech we must march, march, march, and do as old Rome did, he was talking by the book.

About this war business in Europe, if there's any thing to be larnt in diplomatic circles, and I've sifted the whole of 'em, there's to be a tight scratch all round before it is over. The truth is, Russia is in real arnest after Turkey as ever a bear was to get into a cornfield. She clambered over into the field, like a great bear as he is, jest for the purpose of eating her way through from one end to 'tother. But she intended to do it all in a peaceable friendly way, marching cooly and slowly along, step by step, till she got down to the lower end of the field, and then she would swallow Constantinople just as quick as a cat could lick her ear, and poor Turkey never would know what become of her. The Czar intended to do all this in a very friendly quiet way, nibbling along at his leisure, and not have any fuss at all about it. But the foolish Sultan got frightened, and worked himself into a tantrum, and declared war, and told Mr. Bear to clear out of his cornfield in fifteen days or he'd set the dogs after him. Well that made the Czar mad; and now he says, clear the track, for he's going down to Constantinople whether or no, let who will stand in the way, and there shant be a Turk's head left any where, clear from Dan to Beersheba, that is if the other nations will jest form a ring and see fair play, and not interfere. But the Czar is a good deal afraid England and France will be for having a finger in the pie; so he has agreed with Austria and Prussia, who are on his side, to keep quiet and declare themselves neutral, and not stir an inch as long as England and France will keep quiet. But if they begin to meddle, then all hands to fall to and have a regular scratch and pelling caps all round.

Well, now, England and France don't mean to keep quiet. They are watching Russia jest as narrow as ever a cat watched a mouse; and before Russia gets half away down to Constantinople there'll be a terrible, *terrible* fuss. The French rooster will crow, and the British lion will growl and shake his maine, and if the Russian Bear don't get licked or scared and turn tail to and run, but holds on and eats up one end of Turkey, then England and France will clap their heads together and eat up 'tother end, jest to keep it from spiling.

Now, when all this rumpus gets to its highest pitch in Europe, and all the nations get at it pell mell, it'll be jest the time for us to strike and go to annexin, and carry out our manifest destiny in a handsome manner; What's the use of our nibbling about among small fry near home and annexin little patches here and there, sich as Cuba, and little slices off of Mexico, when we might jest as well branch out and do somethin splendid—somethin that old Rome couldn't hold a handle to, somethin that Ginerral Cushing himself could say was quite "up to the occasion?" Who wants to wait for our manifest destiny till one half the present generation has died off? I say no; now's the time; we must strike when the iron's hot. So, when the Czar and all his troops are way down south pepperin Turkey, let us whip round into the Baltic and annex St. Petersburg, and put a navy and an army there that will command all Northern Europe.—By that time England and France will get to quarrelling with each other to see which shall have Constantinople, and that will be the time for us to be down upon them like a thousand brick. Take London, and then we shall have John Bull by the horns; take Paris, and that'll give us all the jining countries. Then sail up the Mediterranean, drive the English and French fleets all afore us, force our way through the Darnin-needles, and get possession of that 'golden horn' they're all about. Then, if I understand geography right, we shall have full sweep all over creation.

What's to be done on 'tother side over the Pacific way, aint much. Commodore Perry has fairly got his wedge into the oyster shell of Japan, and that's half the battle. Just send word to him to annex China on his way round, and on his route home pick up the islands along on the Pacific, which will be jest as easy as to pick up so many birds eggs. And after we get through our manifest destiny, I don't see what there need to be to hinder our enjoying peace and quietness at home and having a good time of it. We shall certainly then have enough for all hands and no mistake; offices enough for all them that wants offices, and spoils enough for all them that's hungry for spoi's. And then let every man of us "set his face like a flint as well against right handed backslidings as against left handed defections which may prejudice or embarrass the onward progress of the Republic." Then there needn't be no more quarrelling between the Hards and the Softs about which gets the most, for there'll be enough for the whole biling lot of 'em.

We ought to be going ahead with this business as fast as possible, for Uncle Joshua says the party has got into a terrible snarl, and nothing but a grand *coupda tat* can get 'em out of it. He says Collector Bronson, of New York, has lost his head, owing to a little misunderstanding between him and Mr Guthrie. They both tried to see which could stand up the straightest on the Baltimore platform, and they both agreed that the platform was the rule, and everything ought to be squared up to it—Mr. Bronson was quite impartial and Mr Guthrie was a good deal more so. When Mr. Bronson took his seat at the head of the custom house table, and all "sections" of the party come crowding and shuffling round to get the best places at the table and alongside the best dishes, he tried to give 'em all a fair chance, but somehow he thought it was no more than right to help round first them that had always stood fair and square on the platform, and if some of them that used to *spit* on it had to wait a little it might do 'em good. But the spitters mad a terrible fuss about it, and kept such din in Mr. Guthrie's ears that he turned round and told Mr. Bronson right hot and down that he musn't show *no partiality*. If a spitter was'nt catched spitting on on the platform *now*, give him his regular meal. This touched Mr. Bronson a little, and he said he was able to do the honors of his own table, and he would attend to the duties of his own office if Mr. Guthrie would his.—Mr. Guthrie said that was *rebellion*; so he brought him to the block and chopped his head off.

Uncle Joshua says it is a very misfortunate business and has thrown the whole party into a high fever. The fever rages the hardest in the "section" of the New York Hards, and looks as though it might prove fatal. But Ginerral Cushing, who is very skillful in such matters, has put a blister plaster to the Massachussetts Softs, in the shapes of drawing out the inflamation from the N. York Hards. But Uncle Joshua says he don't think the party is out of danger yet. But as long as there's life there's hope; so let us all keep a stiff upper lip and go ahead. Your faithful friend and Minister Gen'l.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Fashions for December—Bonnets will be worn on the small of the back.

'WASN'T MUCH ON FIGERS.'

An old lady keeping a so-called "cookey stand," was one day accosted by a wag with—

"How do you sell your oranges?"

"Two cents."

"Well," said he, taking up one, and turning it over in his hand, "how do you sell this cake?"

"The same price."

"Supposing I give you back the orange, and take the cake?"

"Very well."

"Is this pie two cents?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think I'll take this pie, after all instead of the cake. What do you ask for cider?"

"Two cents a glass."

"Take the pie back, and give me a drink of it."

A glass was filled and handed to the customer, who, after swallowing the same, and smacking his lips with great gusto, was walking off, when he was accosted with—

"Please, master, you haven't paid for the cider."

Our friend coolly observed—

"What should I pay for."

"The cider."

"Didn't I give you the pie for it."

"Yes, but you didn't pay for the pie."

"Very well, I exchanged the cake for it."

"Yes, but you didn't pay for that."

"I gave you the orange for it."

"The orange is two cents."

"Well, why should I pay for it; I did not eat it, did I?"

"No matter," exclaimed the dame, "no matter; there's a mistake somewhar, but I can't see it; *I never was much on figgers;* howsomever, you needn't call again."

DITTO.—An honest old farmer, rather ignorant of the improved method of abbreviation, went to a certain store with which he did his trading, to make his annual settlement.

On looking over, he occasionally found charges like the following:

"To 1 lb. Tea." "To 1 lb ditto." Not knowing the meaning of the term 'ditto,' he concluded the account was not correct, and posted off home to enquire into the affair.

"Wife," said he, "this is a pretty business, there is Mr.—— has charged me with pounds of ditto. Now I should like to know what you have done with so much ditto."

"Ditto, ditto?" replied the old lady, "I never had a pound of ditto in my house in my life."

So back went the farmer in high dudgeon that he should be charged with things he never received.

"Mr. ——," said he, "my wife says she never had a pound of ditto in the house in her life."

The merchant thereupon explained the meaning of the term, and the farmer went home satisfied.

His wife enquired if he had found out the meaning of ditto. "Yes," said he, "it means I'm a d—d fool and you are ditto."

☞A poor drunken wretch went to hear a Universalist preach. The preacher argued that no matter how degraded or abandoned a man might be, he would still be saved.

The drunkard became much interested in a doctrine which left him room for hope. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of the argument the speaker's mind became confused, and commenced blundering and staggering, as though about to break down. The drunkard seeing this, deliberately arose, and supporting himself against the wall, cried out:—

"Put her through, bub, or I'm a goner!"

A lot of "Young America" ladies met the other day in Chicago, and passed a heap of resolutions denouncing all young men having an inclination towards the imbibatory process. The fellows followed up the wrinkle and

Resolved, That we will not 'countenance' any young lady who don't countenance us!

Resolved, That we will do our utmost to put down ice-cream saloons, and burst all the soda fountains! that it becomes us to attend church solitary and alone, and while there, we will look towards the altar and worship, instead of across the isleses!

Resolved, That we will not carry the young ladies to ride any more, and shall therefore hereafter discountenance all livery stables, railroads and wheelbarrows.

☞A young lady, recently married to a farmer, one day visited the cow-house, when she thus interrogated her milkmaid. "By-the-bye, Mary, which of these cows is it that gives the buttermilk? and which one gives the skim-milk?

☞"Paly Ho," a celebrated race horse died at Fairfield, Va., last Friday, from eating green corn.