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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. 15 SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1854. NO. 2.

County Commissioners'

NOTICE.

THE Commissioners of Kent County will meet at the Court House in Chester Town on Tuesday the 14th and Wednesday the 15th inst., at 10 o'cl'k, A. M., and will continue to meet at the same place and hour every Tuesday and Wednesday until Wednesday the 24th of May next.

All persons who have sold or transferred any Assessable property since the first of June last, are particularly requested to attend at an early day, and have their Tax accounts adjusted. After the 24th of May next no alteration in the assessments will be made during the present year.

Any Executor, Guardian, or Trustee, Constable or Sheriff, who shall hereafter fail to inform the County Commissioners of the transfer of any property belonging to any deceased person, ward or estate in trust, of which he or he may be Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee, will be liable for the tax on the same, until the County Commissioners shall be properly notified of such transfer.

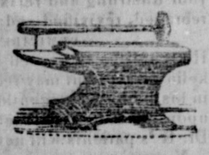
All persons having accounts against the County are requested to bring in the same on or before the 3rd of May next, otherwise they will not get unto this year's levy.

All accounts presented to the Court will be required to be under oath

All new applications for pensions must be in writing, stating the residence, condition, and circumstances of the applicant, and signed by two or more persons having a knowledge of the facts therein set forth.

A. W. MELVIN, Cl'k
to Commissioners for Kent Co.
Mar. 11, 1854—10w.

BLACKSMITHING.



Having just returned from the city with a good assortment of IRON and putting up an extra pier, all persons can be accommodated at the shortest notice. Having three experienced hands at the business *TOMLINSON HOWARD & WISE* is the workmen. Horse shoeing done as it ought to be done in the best manner. They have on hand a good assortment of gun lock works and a first rate lot of tubes for guns. All kinds of brasing done, and all kinds of carriage irons neatly mended and springs mended, wheels neatly hooped. All persons having cast steel axes to set up can have them exchanged at a small advance. The shop adjoins the carriage shop of Howard & Co. carriage makers, the shop recently occupied by Mr. John Greenwood.—Old iron, copper or brass taken for work or cash. Thankful for past favors they solicit a continuance of the same.

S. TOMLINSON & HOWARD.
April 22, 1854.

Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed Examiners by the County Commissioners on the petition of Edw'd Ringold and others, to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires the following road to be opened to wit: Beginning at a stake planted near a large sas-afras tree standing on land belonging to the heirs of John Thomas dec'd, on the public road leading from Chestertown to Bel Air, and running thence in a straight line thro' the lands of John Thomas' heirs, S E. Baker, Wm. T. Baker, Edw'd Ringgold, E. Sudler and the lands of Duncan Stones heirs to the public Road leading from Chestertown to St. Pauls' Church, from thence through the lands of Wm. Leverton and the heirs of J. F Brown dec'd, to or near the head waters of the N. W branch of Lang ford's Bay—hereby give notice that they will meet at the above proposed begining of this road, on the 26th day of May next, and then and there commence to discharge the duties devolved upon us by said appointment and Commission.

HUGH WALLIS,
JAS. H EDES, } Examiners.
ISAAC GALE,
Apr. 22. '54.

THE STEAMER
HUGH JENKINS,
CAPTAIN JAMES TILGHMAN,

WILL leave her wharf, Light street, Baltimore, at 7 o'clock, A. M., every Monday and Thursday, for Kent Island, Corsica, and Chester Town, returning same day.

☞PASSAGE ONE DOLLAR.☜
April 15, 1854.—tf.

Notice.

THE undersigned hereby give notice that they and others, intend to apply to the County Commissioners; at their first meeting held thirty days after the date of this notice, to extend and straiten the road, intersecting the road leading from Still Pond to Worton Heights, and running through the farm of John H. Gemmill, late the property of Mary Ann Bell, to the Union Church. They desire that the said road may be so situated that it may run in a direct line across the land of Wm. W. Parks, from the end of the post and rail fence of the said John H. Gemmill, which divides his Mansion House farm from the farm of the late Mary Ann Bell, which he recently purchased, (and which road now runs along the said post and rail fence to the lands of said Parks; it will rebuire a road only of about six or seven hundred yards) till it reaches the main road leading from the Union to Lynch's Corner.

JOHN H. GEMMILL. H. T. JUMP.
JOS M. CARROW, GEORGE GALE
ABEL MERRITT, WM. W. GEMMILL
JOHN KELLY, HENRY MASEEN.
April 29, 1854.

Take Notice.

I respectfully inform my friends and the public that my mill is now in complete order and running. I have put in new corn and wheat Burrs, two new bolting cloths, and have put every part of the machinery in comple order, wite addition of new Corn and Cob Grinder. I can do with dispatch all the work the public may be disposed to send I can grind one hundred and fifty to two hundred bushels per day, and as "time is money," interest dictates to farmers to send where they can get the greatest dispatch, the larges quantity, and the best quality.

W. BACCHUS.
April 29, 1854.

Carpentering

Made Easy to Employers.

THE subscriber thankful for past favours and patronage, would state that he is prepared to do

CARPENTERING

to suit the public. He will work by contract, measurement or by the day, and guarantees to use every effort on his part to give entire satisfaction. He does not confine himself to any particular distance; his determination is to "keep the ball moving. From an experience of fifteen years he flatters himself to be able to render such such satisfaction as the merits of the job may require.

T. C. RINGGOLD.
Millington, April 15, 1854.—tf.

$300 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber, on or about the 24th of October 1850, a NEGRO MAN named

JOE WRIGHT.

Said negro is about 24 or 25 years of age, dark skin, about 5 foot 4 or 6 inches high, well made and regularly featured. He is believed to be either in Delaware or Pensylvania.

I will give the above reward for the apprehension of said negro if taken out of the State of Maryland; $200 if taken out of the county, and $150 if taken in the county—in any case to be lodged in the jail at CHESTER TOWN.

JAS H. GALE, Still Pond.
Kent county, Md.
April 22, 1854.

Boots & Shoes.

T. W. ELIASON has just opened a large stock of Boots and Shoes. He has Men's fine and thick Boots and Lace Boots; Boys' and Children's Lace Boots, and Ladies Gaiters, Morocco Ties, Welts, Buskins and Boots.

Mch 11, 1854.

Carriage Making &c.

THE undersigned have taken the shop recently occupied by Mr John Greenwood where they intend carrying on the above business

Carriages, Harness &c., made to order—all kinds of Repairing will be done in the best manner and with despatch.

ASBURY HOWARD.
BENJ FIDDIS
April 1' 1854.

WHITE GOODS.

A good assortment of Swiss, Plaid and Cambric Muslins, just open and for sale low, by T. W. ELIASON.
Mch 11, 1854.

House-Keeper Wanted.

A GENTLEMAN living in the country wishes to employ a good House-keeper. Liberal wages will be given. Apply at this office.
April 15, 1854.

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.

Select Poetry.

YOUNG AGAIN.

An old man sits in a high backed chair,
Before an open door,
While the sun of a summer afternoon
Falls hot across the floor,
And the drowsy click of an ancient clock,
Has notched the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out,
From the scented summer air,
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,
And now it lifts his hair;
And the leaden lid of his eye drops down,
And he sleeps in the high backed chair.

The old man sleeps and the old man dreams;
His head drops on his breast,
And his hands relax their feeble hold,
And falls to his lap in rest;
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
And in dreams again is blest.

The years enroll their fearful scroll—
He is a child again;
A mother's tones are in his ear,
And drifts across his brain,
He chases gaudy butterflies
Far down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild rose in the woods,
And gathers eglantine,
And holds the golden buttercups
Beneath his sister's chin.
And angles in the meadow brook
With a bent and naked pin.

He loiters down the grassy lane,
And by the brimming pool,
And a sigh escapes his parted lips,
As he hears the bell for school—
And he wishes it never was nine o'clock,
And the morning never were full.

A mother's hand is pressed on his head,
A kiss is on his brow—
A summer breeze blows in at the door,
With a toss of a leafy bow,
And the boy is a white-haired man again,
And his eyes are tear-filled now.

A Pleasing Story.

FRED LAWRENCE

A SKETCH OF HIS COURTING DAYS

BY MISS SARAH M HOWE.

"Lucy," said merry Kate Myrtle, addressing her cousin Lucy Lawrence, "where do you think Fred has spent his evenings for some time past?"

The lady addressed looked up, some what surprised at Kate's question, but in a moment answered:

"In his own room poring over those old volumns of ancient history."

"You are much mistaken, Miss Lucy," replied Kate, her merry eyes sparkling with mischievous humor; "he would not be studying those musty, fusty old books while there is so pretty a young lady as the widow Marston's daughter in the village!"

"What has Fred to do with Anne Marston?" asked Lucy, as she endeavored to read the very puzzling expression that rested on her cousin's good humored face. It was some moments before she received an answer to her question, when Kate with a light laugh replied:

"Why, cousin, he's in love with her!"

"In love with Anne Marston? I don't believe it," exclaimed Lucy in a tone of surprise and curiosity.

"Well, I will tell you something, and then you may believe it or not, just as you please," returned Kate with a serio-comical air, as she raised her eyes and fixed them intently upon Lucy's face. "Night before last, it was rather late when we retired, you recollect, and I was suffering with a severe headach. You were soon asleep, but I was unable to rest with pain, and with a hope that the night air would cool my burning brow, I left the house by the back window, and walked slowly down the garden path. By some means, I chanced to turn my eyes in the direction of the widow Marston's dwelling, and as the moon shone brightly, I could plainly see that there were two figures standing upon the steps. One, I was sure was Anne, and the other a young gentleman, as I supposed. I was sure I didn't know. They stood upon the steps for several moments, when Anne entered the house, and her companion, who I thought looked wonderfully like Fred, walked down the street. As he came nearer, I was sure it was no other than Fred Lawrence. He entered the garden and as I concealed myself behind the rose-bushes, he did not observe me. He cautiously approached the window from which I had made my egress, opened it, ssepped in, and then closed it. From such unaccountable cause my headache entirely left me, and in a few moments more I returned to the house. I knew that the person I had seen on the steps with Anne was your brother Fred, and no one else, and I was quite sure also, that the old volums of history hadn't been disturbed that evening!"

"And do you really believe that Fred spends his evenings with Anne Marston?" asked Lucy, as Kate ceased speaking and laughed merrily.

"Certainly I do. Last night I watched him as he left the room after tea, and I saw that he slipped out and was in a few moments at the widow Marston's. It was nearly midnight when he returned, for I heard the window open and shut a few moments before the clock struck that hour."

"What motive could he have in being so secret about these visits?"

"He knows we should be continually teazing him respecting Anne, and doubtless prefers to keep his secret safe from our knowledge."

"There can be no other reason," returned Lucy, laughing in spite of herself at the novel manner in which Kate's headache had been cured.

"We must punish Fred for doing so, Lucy," said Kate as her cousin seemed to comprehend the affair, "and I think we can prevent him from staying so late with Anne, wasting lights and fire for nothing, as old uncle Joe would say."

"How do you think we can punish him severely enough to keep him at home?"

"I do not think we can prevent him from visiting Anne, but we can, I think, prevent him from staying later than ten in the evening. Indeed, I am quite sure we can."

"How?"

Kate bent her head and whispered for a moment in the ear of her cousin, and after a few more merry words both sprang up and left the room.

That night just as the clock struck twelve, Fred Lawrence parted with his "lady love" on the steps of her mother's dwelling and with a light heart turned his steps in the direction of his own home. To tell the truth, dear reader, Fred was in love with Anne Marston, and it is no less true that Anne Marston was in love with him. He dreaded the mischievous teazing of his cousin Kate Myrtle, and feared it too, more than he would have done the displeasure of a king, and the cutting sarcasm of his sister Lucy were by no means pleasant. He had determined to keep his engagement to Anne unknown to them, if possible, until he felt better prepared to endure their persecution.

It was but a short distance from the widow Marston's to his own home and he was soon standing before the identical window at which Kate had seen him enter two evenings before. He slowly raised the sash, but ere he had succeeded in getting it up the requisite height, a difficulty occurred. The sash would not move up another inch, and supposing it had struck something accidentally placed there, he renewd his efforts to raise it. But to his surprise and consternation, as he pressed harder upon the sash, down fell a brass kettle, several tin pans, and the shovel and tongs upon the floor with a ringing crash, loud enough to awake every one in the house Fred started back, and turned pale.

"How *could* those things have got there?" he muttered as he listened attentively to see if the noise had aroused any one. The sash was now easily raised, and he sprang into the room, but not without kicking against one of the pans in his haste and sending it across the floor, making considerable noise.—Intent upon reaching his chamber before any should arise to discover the cause of the uproar, he hastened through the room and quickly opened the door leading to the next one. Unfortunately there happened to be a couple of chairs placed near it, and as it was hastily thrown open, they were upset, and being full of tin dishes, spoons, knives, and everything that could be placed on them that would make a noise, you may suppose, dear reader that there was a crashing!

"The duce take it!" muttered Fred, as he rushed through the room, upseting chairs, work-stands and he knew not what in his flight. He thought that all the furniture in the house must have been placed in the room, and that he must have upset certainly three-fourths of it. At length he reached the stairs leading to his own chamber, and was in hopes that his trials were now at an end. He sprang up two or three of the steps when his forehead struck against something which had been hung from the ceiling above, and he sprang back almost stunned by it. Ring-a-ting-ting, went the great dinner bell, and the sound echoed through the house making more noise than anything yet had done. Fred was desperate. He rushed up the flight of steps, again striking his forehead against the bell, causing it to ring louder than before. He had nearly reached his chamber door when he suddenly stoped and gazed full upon an object that stood before him. There, between himself and the door, stood a motionless silent figure, perfectly realizing his idea of that object of rather doubtful existence in our enlightened days, namely a ghost. The moonlight streamed in upon the floor, and plainly revealed the outlines of the white robed figure to the distracted gaze of Fred Lawrence. He continued gazing at it for just two minutes, then with an exclamation of fear and terror, dashed down the flight of stairs. Again the ring of the dinner bell sounded louder than it had yet done, and in another moment the almost distracted Fred was leaping over the tables and chairs in the next room, with the intention of making his exit through the window.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs Lawrence, appearing with a light, just as Fred vanished from the room.

"What is the matter?" cried Lucy Lawrence from the head of the chamber stairs.

"What is the matter?" spoke the supposed ghost, throwing off the white robe and disclosing the face and form of Kate Myrtle.

It is almost needless to say, dear reader, that the girls were at the bottom of the whole affair. They had determined that Fred should be cured of coming in at *that* window, and also of staying so late at the widow Marston's. Kate and Lucy laughed immoderately at their success in frightenig Fred; Mrs. Lawrence looked grave and the servants who had all been aroused by the uproar, surprised and astonished. The girls explained all and their reasons for doing it.

In less than an hour the furniture was replaced, the bell taken down, and silence once more allowed to reign. But it was two more hours before Fred again entered that room, and then he didn't attempt to by that window.

The lesson had the desired effect, and Fred afterwards returned from the widow Marston's before his mother and the girls had retired, and instead of making use of the window, entered properly by the door. And about two weeks afterwards there was a wedding at the widow Marston's and Miss Anne Marston became Mrs. Fred Lawrence. Kate and Lucy explained the cause of that night's adventure, and Fred declared that he was never more vexed, surprised and frightened all at once, than on the night when the cunning girls so successfully cured him of staying late from home.—Though many years since then still Fred Lawrence has not yet forgotten this incident in his courting days.

A Yankee Wedding in New York.

Chancing to visit the office of Alderman ——, the other day, we witnessed a hymenial ceremony, that will bear relating.

The bridegroom was a weather-beaten countryman, a perfect picture of good nature, but so tall that in entering the portals of the office an involuntary obeisence was necessary; while the artificial holly-hocks on the summit of the bride's bonnet just touched the elbow of her expected lord. Their entrance was preceeded by an urchin with dilapidated garments, who claimed and received three coppers as his fee for guiding them to the spot.

'What can I do for you, my good friends?' asked the urbane Alderman as if in utter ignorance of the object of their visit. 'Pray be seated, madam.'

'Well, Squire,' answered the groom with a complacent glance at the filagree breast-pin that fastened a dashing ribbon around the lady's neck, 'old Mrs. Pettibone down to Lynn—you've heard tell about her, I reckon?'

'Well, really, I think—I hardly know—I guess not.'

'Not heard tell of her, Squire! why she makes the best punkin sass you ever put in your stummik, I reckon—slips deown jist as slick as a greased cat crawlin' through a jint of stoves pipes.'

'Very happy to be introduced to her, Sir—but don't let me interrupt you.—Pray proceed.'

'Jes' so, jes' so. Well, old Mrs. Pettibone gin me Dinathy here, to git spliced to. She's a widow woman, and old Deacon Pettibone made a rope of money in the shoe peg business when he was alive, and I larnt the business with him—so yew diskiver that nat'rally I fixed the gal, and the old lady gin consent—so, ef you'll pronounce the ceremony, your money's ready.'

'So you wish to be married, eh?' enquired the Alderman, willing to spend a few moment's leisure in conversation. 'May I venture to ask what induced you to break through a bachelor's life?'

'Sartin, Squire, sartin. Yew see its nat'ral. Who ever hearn tell of a bachelor chippin' bird or a bachelor bob o-link,—I reckon nobody has. And then ain't *doublin* kinder nat'ral? Ain't double roses, and double mornin glories and double pinkes the pootyist, and don't every body like em better than single ones. The amount on it is, nature teaches it Squire, clear through the programmy, beginning with the robins aud ending with the apple blossoms.'

'Very true, my good sir—a very philosophic view of the subject. (Turning to the lady.) And you, madam, have you given this subject the attention it merits?'

'Never mind her, Squire, jest let me settle that air business—'taint no kinder use to trouble your bowels about Dianthy. Jest you fetch out your books and fire away.'

The ceremony was soon performed. Our 'Reform' Alderman has carried improvement even into that department of his duties—and a two dollar bill was duly placed in his palm by the newly-made husband. After he he had congratulated the pair, and wished them success, Jonathan exclaimed:

'Squire, you're a regular trump, you are, and if you ever come to Lynn you'll find a stoppin' place with me, and a rousin' welcome. But, Squire,' and Jonathan facetiously inserted his fore-finger in the region of the Alderman's ribs, I'M DONE WITH ONE-HORSE BEDSTEADS, I am. Good bye, Squire.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Scene in a Court at San Francisco.

Enter Captain in custody of Marshal.

Judge—Captain there are very grave charges brought against you. Spitting in a man's face—pulling his nose—and kicking him. Are they true?

Captain—(Hesitating, not liking to say no, as it might be telling an untruth; and not liking to say yes, thinking of a heavy fine)—Will your honor allow me to ask you Marshal a question?

J.—Nodding assent.

C.—Mr. Marshall will please to state to the Court whether the person who made this complaint was armed or not when he came on board my ship, accompained by yourself?

M.—He was armed, for I handed him a revolver myself, which he placed in his pocket.

C.—Does your Honor think that a man with a six barrel revolver in his pocket would allow another to spit in his face, pull his nose, and kick him?

J.—(fired with indignation)—No sir! and if he did he did he deserved it.—Captain, you are honorably acquitted of the charges. Good bye, sir, (shaking hands) I wish you a pleasant and prosperous voyage.

C.—Adieu! most wise and righteous Judge.

AND MY HEART TOO.—A few years ago when it was the custom for large girls and larger girls and larger boys to attend district schools, and when flaggellations were more common in schools than at the present time, an incident took place in a neighboring town which is worth recording. One of the largest plumpest, and fairest girls of the school happened to violate one of the teacher's rules. The master a prompt and energetic fellow of 26, summoned her into the middle of the floor. After interogating the girl a few moments, the master took a ruler, and commanded the girl to hold out her hand. She hesitated, when the master in a full blaze of thundered out—"Will you *give* me your hand?" "Yes sir and my *heart* too," promptly replied the girl, at the same time stretching forth her hand to the master and eyeing him with a cunning look. A death-like silence reigned for a moment in the school room; a tear was seen to glisten in the masters eye; the ruler was laid upon the desk, and the blushing girl was requested to take her seat, but to remain after the school was dismissed. In three weeks after the school finished, the teacher and the girl were married.

☞We remember being at a conference meeting once, in Yankee Land, when one of the deacons came around asking the people if they wanted salvation. Near me sat a butcher's boy of 19 years old, about as amenable to salvation, as a lamb in his hand would have been to mercy.

'Do you want salvation?' said the Deacon, looking into his brutal face.

'No, darn you—I want Sal Skinner, and the sexton won't let me take her out till meeting's over.'

Then was the time we roared.