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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, JUNE 10, 1854. NO. 6.

AFFLICTED READ!

PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL HOUSE,

ESTABLISHED TWENTY YEARS AGO

BY DR. KINKELIN,

Corner of Third and Union Sts.,

Between Spruce and Pine,

Philadelphia, Pa.

INVALIDS

Are apprised that Dr. Kinkelin confines his practice to a certain branch of medicine, which engages his undivided attention. He cautions the unfortunate against the abuse of mercury; thousands are annually mercurialized out of life. Recent affections are promptly extinguished.

TWENTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

In the treatment of a class of diseases hitherto neglected and imperfectly understood, has enabled Dr Kinkelin (*Author of a work on Self-Preservation.*) to prove that nine-tenths of the causes of nervous debility, local and constitutional weakness, mental and physical suffering, are traceable to certain habits, forming the most secret yet deadly and fatal springs of domestic misery and premature mortality.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There is an evil habit sometimes indulged in by boys, in solitude, often growing up with them to manhood, and which, if not reformed in due time, not only begets serious obstacles to matrimonial happiness, but gives rise to a series of protracted, insidious, and devastating affections. Few of those who give way to this pernicious practice are aware of he consequences, until they find the nervous system shattered, feel strange and unaccountable feelings, and vague fears in the mind.

The unfortunate thus affected becomes feeble, is unable to labor with accustomed vigor, or to apply his mind to study; his step is tardy and weak, he is dull, irresolute, and engages in his sport with less energy than usual.

If he emancipates himself before the practice has done its worst, and enters matrimony, his marriage is unfruitful and his sense tells him that this is caused by early follies. *These are considerations which should awaken the attention of those similarly situated.*

MARRIAGE

Requires the fulfilment of several conditions, in order that it may be really the cause of mutual happiness. Could the veil which covers the origin of domestic wretchedness be raised, and its true source in every instance disclosed—in how many could it be traced to physical disqualifications and their attendant disappointments! Apply then while it is yet time, in order to have your dustrung and relaxed organization refreshed; revivified and strengthened.

REMEMBER,

He who places himself under Dr. Kinkelin's treatment may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and rely upon the assurance, that the secrets of Dr. K.'s patients will never be disclosed.

Young man—let no false modesty deter you from making your case known to one who, from education and respectability, can certainly befriend you.

Too many think they will conceal the secret in their own hearts, and cure themselves. Alas! how often is this a fatal delusion, and how many a promising young man, who might have been an ornament to society, has faded from the earth.

Strictures upon the urethra are rapidly removed by the application of a new therapeutical agent, and only by Dr. K. Weakness and constitutional debility promptly cured, and full vigor restored.

COUNTRY INVILADS

Can have (by stating their case explicitly together with all their symstoms, per letter enclosing a remittance) Dr. K's medicine appropriated accordingly

Forwarded to any part of the United States, and packed secure from DAMAGE or CURIOSITY.

READ! READ!!

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

A Vigorous Life or a Premature Death.

KINKELIN ON SELF-PRESERVATION,

Only 25 cents.

It is a work eminently required, as a means of reforming the vices of the age in which we live. Also,

Nature's Guide,

With Rules for the Prolongation of Life

Just from the Press.

A letter with a remittance of 25 cents or the value in post stamps, addressed to—Dr. KINKELIN, Philadelphia, Pa., will secure of a copy of either of the above books by return of mail; or 12 copies will be sent free of postage for $1. Booksellers, Canvassers, Travelling Agents, &c., supplied wholesale at the publisher's prices, which admit of a large profit.

☞All letters must be post paid.

May 13, 1854. A

FOR SALE.

READY-MADE CLOTHING. By W. B. WILMER.

May 13, 1854.

Notice.

CHESTER TOWN, SEPT. 20, 1853.

ORDERED by the Commissioners of Kent counnty, that the following advertisement be inserted, once in each week for and during four weeks successively, in the "Kent News," printed in Chester Town, and the "Patriot" printed in the city of Baltimore.

Test, A. W. MELVIN,

Clerk to the Commissioners of Kent County, Md.

A List of Tracts and Lots of Land, in Kent county, chargeable for the payment of Taxes due to Daniel Jones, Collector of said county, for the year 1849 together with the names of persons chargeable with the payment of the same, and there being no personal property in said county liable for or chargeable with the payment of said Taxes, as by return of said Collector to the said Court will appear, viz:

Names.	Tracts of Land.	Taxes Due. 1849 $ cts.
First Election District.		
Browne. James M.	62 acres part Arcadia and Gresham Levels,	8 10
Browne, Julia fn	2 acres, part of Farlie, but of Vancort,	1 19
Cooper, E. S.	20½ acres, part Fairlie and Bishfold	2 22
Eagle, Solomon	63 acres part Maslins Possessions,	6 81
Hurtt, C R	7½ do do	6 33
Hopkins, Isaac fn	5 acres, Forks Addition	1 19
Johnson, Wm fn	8 acres, Maslins Possessions,	2 24
Martin, Oxford	¼ acres, part Kent Lands Resurveyed	2 08
Maslin, John	218 acres, part Maslin Possessions	13 42
Smith, James hrs	2 acres, part Smiths Desert,	2 09
Ward, Henry fn	4 acres, Arcadia, in big swamps	2 52
Second Election District.		
Barrett, Alexander	6½ acres part of Carroll property,	1 80
Chalmers, Alexander	660 acres part Warners Levels Savory and Hermitage,	34 34
Coleman, James hrs	House and Lot, part No, 5, in Chester Town,	6 44
Constable, Albert trustee Mrs Browne.	House and Lots, Nos. 35 and 14 Chester Town	13 28
Carroll. Saml P hrs	Lot No. 84, Chester Town	4 53
Dugan, William W	House and Lot, Nos. 60 and 88, Chester Town	11 75
Foreman. Araminta	12½ acres part Triangle	1 17
Newnam, C M Dr	House and Lots Nos 61 and 53 Chester Town	5 56
Smith William fn	House and Lot, Nos 90 and 91 Chester Town	6 95
Wilson, Nathan fn	House and Lot Chester Town, formerly Dr. Thomas,	1 61
Third Election District.		
Bend, Maria fn	28 acres, part Forks Addition	2 46
Chambers, William in hrs	House and Lot	1 32
Conway, John R	1 1-4 acre House and Lot Millington and 12 acres Forrest	5 08
Cunningham, Isaac	75 acres, part Ringgolds Manor and Adventure	4 08
Hopkins, Nathan fn	House and Lot	1 49
Hynson, Ruth	House and Lot near Head Sassafras	1 31
Jervis, Joseph hrs	House and Lot George Town	1 61
Moffett, Lancelot	183½ acres, part Flower Forrest and Cornwhitton	3 35
Moffett, Lancelot hrs	118½ acres, Forrest and Rumford	10 89
Martin, John	230 acres, part Calders Manor	12 41
Mitchell, James hrs	1-4 acre, Granary and Wharf Georgetown	5 85
McGuire, Hugh	20 acres, House and Lot	2 45
Mann, Abe fn	House and Lot	1 33
Newsom John	40 acres pt Rich Levels	5 13
Newnam, Richard hrs	House and Lot	1 79
Osman William	180 acres, part Palmers Desire and Addition, 288 acres, part Forrest and Chester Grove and 26 acres, part Endeavour &c—balance	16 43
Robinson, Silas	7 acres in Forrest, near Hd Sassafras,	1 32
Scott, Sarah fn	House and Lot	1 46
Strong, Eliza Mrs	House and Lot Millington	5 00
Woodall, Sarah	47 acres, part Smith's Plains, Forrest and Riley's Addition	6 09
Wilmer, Lambert	13 acres part Forrest, and 33 acres, Forrest woodland	4 06

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That unless the charges on said Land shall be paid to DANIEL JONES, late Collector of said county, on or before the

28th day of February next,

or within thirty days after this notice is completed, the lands so chargee as aforesaid or such parts thereof as may be necessary to raise the sum due there n, will be sold to the highest bidder for the payment of the same pursuants to the Act of Assembly, passed November Session, 1797.

By order of the Commissioners of Kent county,

A. W. MELVIN, Clk.

January 28, 1854.—4w

By the County Commissioners of Kent county, Maryland, *Ordered* That DANIEL JONES, Esq, late Collector of said county, after twenty days previous notice, at the Court House door, and at the most public places in said county, and also in the 'Kent News,' (a paper published in said county,) sell to the highest bidder, the foregoing tract or tracts of land, or lot or lots of ground or such part or parcels thereof as may be sufficient to discharge the taxes and legal charges thereon due, and the same when sold, to transfer by deed of bargain and sale to the purchaser thereof.

A. W. MELVIN,

Sept 20 1853 Clerk to Commissioners for Kent county.

☞*In pursuance of the above Order, Notice is hereby given*, That unless the Taxes due on the lands aforesaid, shall be paid to me on or before the expiration of the time above mentioned, the said Lands or such parts thereof, as may be necessary to raise the sum due thereon, together with the cost of advertising the same, will on

Tuesday, 13th day of June next,

be sold to the highest bidder, at the Market House in Chester Town, for the payment of the same. The sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

DANIEL JONES, late Collector

May 20, 1854

RUSSIA AND TURKEY FIGHTING

I WOULD rather our people should Smoke good *SEGARS* and the Pipe of peace, and chew the pure *all love Tobacco*. Call and get those delicacies from JOHN RUSSELL.

April 22, 1854.

WASH SODA, *for sale at 6¼ cents per pound by* T. W. ELIASON

On The Compromise Line,

"Cash Line."

JOHN RUSSELL, can and will sell CLOTHING and all Goods in his line CHEAPER THAN CHEAP, he has just returned from the city with a fresh supply of *NEWLY MADE CLOTHING*, together with many other articles. All Cheap.

April 22, 2854.

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.

Stanzas Composed at Green Mount,

BY MINNA.

How sweet to retire from the busy commotion,
Where noise and confusion forever are rife,
To the deep, silent city, whose inmates, unconscious,
Repose from the toils and troubles of life.

Home of the stern monarch, thy portals of sadness,
I gaze on with awe, yet chastened delight;
While beautiful flowers their blushing heads waving,
Are sparkling like gems with the dew-drops of night.

The hand of affection has planted those flowers,
Which encircle the tombs of the loved and the lost;
Ah! lovely mementoes of the heart's warm devotion,
To those who no longer on life's ocean are tossed.

Thy petals, sweet flowers, seems soft links connecting
The souls of the living with those that have fled;
From the boundaries of time, in the spirit-world dwelling,
While the clods of the valley repose on each head.

Come hither, ye gay and ye thoughtless come hither,
Behold here how many a loved one doth lie;
Cut down in the full tide of youth, hope and beauty—
And learn from the lesson that ye too must die.

And clasped in the arms of the cold rigid monarch,
Thy fair form be bound in his frigid domain;
And the spirit ascend to the father who gave it.
To him when time shall no longer remain

Then come to the city, the deep, silent city,
A sermon on the vanity of earth and its toys;
How many are lying 'neath the white marble pillow,
Who devoted their lives to time's fast fleeting joys.

Could the pleasures of life stay the cold hand of death?
This answer seemed slowly to arise from the tomb:
"Death found us in pleasure und seized on his prey,
In the midst of our glory, in the height of our bloom."

Ah! this is the bed to which we are hastening,
And sunk in deep slumber repose 'neath the sod;
Till the trumpet shall sound and our bodies arise,
To meet with thier spirits in the presence of God.

Baltimore, May 13th, 1854.

Miscellaneous

☞A drunken lawyer, on going into church, was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus:—

"I will bear witness against you at the day of Judgement.

"The lawyer shaking his head with a drunken gravity, replied—

"I have practiced twenty five years at the bar, and have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn States evidence"

☞A young greenhorn was told that if he pressed a certain bashful young lady she would sing. The next evening he asked her to sing and she excused herself.

"Why, Tharsh," said he, "don't you think you could thing if I squeezed you a little?"

☞New Wheat has made its appearance in the Augusta, Ga., market.

A Traveller's Story.

A party of travellers were seated around a blazing fire in a tavern upon the Alleghany mountains. The coach had broken down, and per forch was detained until the next morning. We had finished a substantial Virginia supper, and each one, with his feet on the fender, and a cigar in his mouth, ruminated upon the storm without, and the warm cozy comfort within. Each one in his turn told a story or related an anecdote; and at last the joke came around to a hollow cheeked individual, who, until then had remained silent.

"Gentlemen," said he, fixing a piercing gray eye upon one of the company—a Spaniard—who, uninvited, had drawn his chair up to the fire, "some ten year ago I came near being murdered in this very house."

At this moment the Spariard got up and was going out of the room, when the narrator arose, and locking the only door in the room, took the Spaniard by the arm, and leading him to an old picture, surrounded by the English coat of arms in gilt-work, ran his fingers along the motto:—

"Honi soit qui mally pense,"

and said, displaying at the same time the butt-end of a large pistol—"Evil to him who evil thinks."

The Spaniard smiled, and said he did not feel well, but the stranger swore that no man should leave the room until he had finished his story. Requesting us not to be amazed at his conduct, he proceeded:

"Some years ago," said he, "I was traveling over these mountains on horse back, and stopped at this very house. The landlord was extremely obsequious in attending to my comfort, and, after supper, he requested me to join him in a bottle of wine. Nothing loth, I consented; and before midnight four empty bottles stood on the table end, and he was acquainted with all my business.

I very imprudently remarked in the course of my conversation, that I had a very large sum of money in my valise, and he politely informed me that he would take care of it till morning. Although somewhat intoxicated, I did not approve of leaving it in his charge, and I took my valise in my hand and retired to bed. After I had undressed I placed my pistols under my pillow, and carefully as I thought, examined the room. I laid myself down, and sunk into a fitful sleep.

"I suppose it must have been two hours after when I awoke, and collected my scattered senses. I endeavored to think what I had been about.

"Suddenly I detected a noise under my bed. What was my horror, when I observed a small piece of carpet, stretched along my bedside, move as though something was under it. A cold perspiration started from every pore; but thank God! I had presence of mind enough to prepare for the worst. Grasping a pistol in my right hand and hiding it under my bed clothes, I feigned to be asleep.

"In an instant afterwards I saw a trap door, which had been concealed by a piece of carpet, cautiously lifted up and beheld my landlord with a dark lantern in his hand, directing his eyes towards me. Still I moved not; but as he turned his back to put the lantern on the floor, I fired, and——"

"You killed him, did you?" shrieked the Spaniard, almost jumping from his seat.

"Silence till I have finished it!" said the stranger, and again he touched the butt of his weapon.

"The instant that I fired, the villain fell. I started up, and merely pulling my overcoat on, snatched up the lantern and crept cautiously down, with my valise in my hand, to the stable. It was a bright moonlight light, and soon saddled my horse, I galloped ten miles, when I met a party of wagoners, and in their company I returned to the house; but despite our rigid searce, not even as much as the villain's body could be found. But if I can once put my hands upon him, if it costs me my life, he shall die the dog's death!"

The stranger arose and caught the Spaniard by the throat. Tearing open his shirt collar, he showed the mark of a wound on his neck. We need not say any more. Three weeks after that Joseph Gomez was hanged in the town of Cumberland upon his own confession of having murdered no less than five travellers in that very room.

MR. TWOMBLEY'S MISTAKE.—Mr. Twombley had drank but six glasses of brandy and water, when, being a man of discretion, he returned home at the reasonable hour of 1 a. m, and went soberly to bed. Mrs. Twombley was too well accustomed to the comings and goings of said Twombley, to be much disturbed by the trifling noise he made on retiring, but when she discovered that he had his boots on, she requested him to remove them or keep his feet out of bed.

"My dear," said Twombley, "skuse me! How I came to forget my boots I can't conceive, for I'm just as sober as I ever was in my life."

Mr. Twombley set on the side of the bed, and made an effort to pull off his right boot. The attempt was successful though it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Twombley thought he saw the door open. As he was sure he shut the door on going in, he was astonished; and dark as it was in the room, he couldn't be mistaken, he felt certain. Mr. Twombley staggered towards the door to close it; when to his still greater surprise, he saw a figure approaching from beyond. Twombley stopped; th figure stopped. Twombley advanced, again the figure did the same. Twombley raised his right hand—the figure raised its left. "Who's there?" roared Twombly, beginning to be frightened. The figure made no reply.—Twombley raised his boot in a menacing attitude—the fiture defied him by shaking a similar object.

Cried Twombley, "I'll find out who you be—you sneak!" He hurled the boot full at the head of the mysterious object, when—crash went the big looking glass which Twombley had mistaken for the door.

CURTAIN LECTURE.

BY MRS. FUBBS.

"Fubbs, I want to talk to you a while, and I want you to keep awake while I do it. You want to go to sleep? Yes, you always want to *go to sleep*, but I don't. I'm not one of the sleepy kind. It's a good thing for you, Mr. Fubbs, that you have a wife who imparts information by lectures, else you would be a perfect ignoramus. Not a thing about the house to read, except a Bible that the Christian Association gave you, and a tract that a fellow *called Porter* left one day, entitled 'Light for the Heathen.' It's well he left it, for you are a heathen, Fubbs. You thank God you ain't a mormon? Yes, I understand that insuation, too, you profane wretch! You mean you're glad you hain't but one wife. You never would have known there was a mormon, Mr. Fubbs, if I hadn't told you, for you are too stingy to take a paper! Now, Fubbs? I declare your name ought to be Fibbs, you tell so many of 'em. It's only last week that I lost one dollar and fifty cents on butter that I sold the pedlar, because I did'nt know the market price, which is published every week. (Fubbs groans.) This would have paid for the paper a whole year. And then you are so ignorant Fubbs! Didn't you take your gun the other day, and walk clear down to the Big Marsh a huming, because somebody told you the Turkeys were marching into Rushes? Y-e-s y-o-u d-i-d, Fubbs, you needn't deny it! But the Turkeys were all out to the Rushes, I guess, before you got there. Did'nt kill any, did you? It was a bad day for Turkeys, wasn't it? Ha! ha!"

It is needless to add, that Mr. Fubbs did not presume to eat his breakfast the next morning, until he had written a note with $1,50 enclosed, for the "NEWS."

A TOUGH STORY OF A TOUGH STUMP. Our uncle Ezra is in the habit sometimes of "stretching the truth" a little—a vicious sort of propensity from which the rest of the family are singularly free. We heard him tell Sn—ks a severe tale one day last week, which we have concluded to give to the world:

"When I lived in Maine," said he, "I helped to break up a new piece of ground we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we begun ploughing on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did faith, and I held that plough more than a week—I thought I should die. It's a most killed me, I vow. Why one day I was holding, and the plough hit a stump that measured just nine feet through it, hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done this, than it snapped together, taking a smart hold on my pantaloons. Of course I was tight but I held on to the plow handles and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen could'nt tear my pantaloons nor cause me to let go my grip. At last though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull altogether, and the old stump came out about the quickest—it had monstrous strong roots too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I hav'nt worn any other kind since."

The only reply made to this was—I should think it would have come hard upon your suspenders.

☞We heard a good joke once, of a party of young fellows who found fault with the butter on the boarding house table.

"What is the matter with it?" said the mistress.

"Just you ask it?" said one, "it is old enough to speak for itself."