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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.

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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.

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Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be inserted three times for one dollar and twenty five cents for every 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.

NEW AND CHEAP GOODS!

MAY BE FOUND AT THE STORE OF

J. W. PHILLIPS,

Corner of Main street and the public road leading to Washington College; it being the first store coming into town, and the last leaving, where I particularly invite my friends and the public generally to call and examine my goods before purchasing elsewhere, as I have cheap Lawns at 8 and 12½ cts; Ginghams 12½ cts; Calicoes 6¼ and 8 cts; Brown and Bleached Muslins 6¼ and 10 cts, Ticking 12½ and 18¾ cts.; &c, &c

Queensware, Hardware,

Collars, Bridles, Hames, Halters, Leather Nets, Hitch Reins, &c, &c.

Groceries &c.,

Sugar 6½ cts.; Coffee 12 a 12½ cts; Rice; Molasses 31¼ cts per gallon; Tea 50 cts.; Cocoa, Bacon, Lard, Herrings, Mackerel, Mustard, Pepper, Starch, &c., &c., &c.

BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS.

Ethereal Oil constantly on hand and for sale low.

☞Produce taken in exchange for Goods, at the highest market price.

N. B.—A BOY wanted, that can come well recommended—age from 14 to 16 years.

July 22, 1854.—tf.

Notice.



The Steamer "LADY WILMER," Captain WM. WILLSON Will, until further notice, run as follows:—

Leave Philadelphia on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4 o'clock P. M., for Wilmer's point and intermediate places on the Sassafras.

Returning, leave Wilmer's Point on Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 o'clock, A. M; George Town and Fredericktown at 12 o'clock M; Cassady's and Turner's Creek at 4 o'clock P. M.

Leave Philadelphia on Saturdays at 4 o'clock P M, for Port Deposit. On Mondays leave Port Deposit at 12 o'clock M. for Philadelphia, via Cassady's and Turner's Creek, leaving those places at about 4 o'clock P. M. Thus during the fruit season, the communication from the Sassafras to Philadelphia, will be tri-weekly, viz—on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; and from Philadelphia direct to Sassafras, twice a week viz—on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Every attention will be paid to the convenience and comfort of passengers, and to accommodate and promote the interest of those having fruit or other marketing, or grain to ship to Philadelphia. The patronage of all is respectfully solicited.

EDWIN WILMER.
Aug 5, 1851—tf. President

LeFevre, Black & Co.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain and Produce,

Nos. 71 & 72 South Wharves,

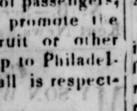
PHILADELPHIA.

☞DANIEL JONES, Esq. our general agent in Kent county, is prepared to make advances upon consignments to our house, or to purchase grain from those preferring to sell.

G H. LE FEVRE,
JAS J. BLACK,
GEO. W. MEARS,

June 17, 1851—1y.

FOR SALE:—A Beautiful *Stallion*, 5 or 6 years old, iron grey, and will go kind in harness, or anything else—he is of fine size form and action. Apply to



W. F. ROEDER.

Kennedy's Farm, Kent Co., Aug. 5, '54

HATS!

A GOOD supply of fashionable Hat may be found at the cheap stor of A. M. RUSSELL.

aug5,'54.

"The Flag of Our Union."

An Elegant, Moral and Refined Miscellaneous Family Journal,

Devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poet gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper.—In politics, and on all sectarian questians, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

AND A WELCOME VISTOR TO THE HOME CIRCLE.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are readily engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER,

the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

The FLAG is printed on fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal pages.

TERMS—Invariably in Advance.

1 subscribe, one year,	$2.00
4 subscribers, " "	7.00
10 " " "	15.00

Published every SATURDAY by
F. GLEASON,
Corner of Tremont & Bromfield Sts.,
Sept 2, '51. Boston, Mass

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

352½ ACRES.

THE subscriber, desirous of removing to the West, will sell his farm known as the

"Everlasting,"

lying and being upon Fairlee Creek one-and-a-half miles from the Chesapeake Bay, and seven and a half from Chestertown, in Kent county, Maryland. This farm may be called in a high state of cultivation, having been limed, ashed and manured very recently. Within the last two years 8000 bushels of lime have been spread, covering about two-thirds of the arable land for the fourth time—one half the balance has been covered three times, and the remainder once. This farm is considered one of the best in the county for grazing purposes, being well adapted to grass, and having running water in every field. It is very conveniently situated with respect to market for all kinds of produce, having two landings upon it, and being within thirty miles of Baltimore. The BUILDINGS



on the premises are in good order ($1000 having been expended upon them the past season) and well adapted to the uses for which designed, viz—Granary, Stabling, Shedding, Loft Room, &c. For School, Church and Mill facilities, this property cannot be surpassed, there being a well conducted grist and saw mill adjoining; four churches within five miles, a school within one and a half miles. There is a pump of excellent water convenient to house and barns. Also a young and flourishing

Peach Orchard

in full bearing, of choice and very early fruit, and many other advantages generally considered minor, but which in reality are a farmer's comfort and his pleasure. There is plenty of



WOOD



AND TIMBER

for farm use, and some young and thriving chesnut and locust.

A FINE MEADOW

can be made with very little cost; in fact, the incipient step towards it has already been taken. All persons wishing to buy land in this county, would do well to come and survey this property.

This farm is offered until 1s day of August at private sale—if not by that time sold, it will be exposed on

TUESDAY,

September 19th, to the highest bidder.

For Terms address the subscriber or Editor of the Kent News.

W. S. WALKER,
Chestertown, Md.

Jy 1, '54.—tf.

A CARD.

DR. JAMES A. PERKINS, offers his professional services to the public. He may be found at his office in Chester Town, on Water street, near the bridge.

March 25, 1854—6m

POETRY.

(From the Baltimore Disparch.)

THE INEBRIATE.

Begone, dull care, corroding care!
Begone, thou monster, grim despair!
Come, glorious wine, dispel the gloom,
And paint my cheek a ruddy bloom.

Though in the liquid serpent hiss,
I'll not deny myself the bliss,
Of quaffing from the brimming bowl
That washes care from off the soul.

Then bring me wine, and yet more wine,
I'll flush my cheek with juice of the vine,
Though in the sparking cup shall glare
Those startling words, "Beware! beware!"

Though on my slumbers demons glare,
And serpents coil among my hair;
Though horrid forms sits on my breast,
And never, never let me rest:

Though health and happiness shall go,
And every joy be turned to woe—
I must quaff the awful wave,
Nor hope for peace e'en in the grave.

Oh! man, beware! touch not the cup,
For deadly poison fills it up;
The sparkling wine may charm awhile,
But soon it will thy soul defile.

Rob thee of peace, rob thee of health,
Rob thee of joy, robbed thee of wealth,
Rob thee of more than tongue can tell,
And send thee where lost spirits dwell.

BE OFF WITH YOU, NOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be off with you now—don't I know
That is's only cajoling you are;
With "cheeks like the rose's soft glow,
And glances more bright than the stars!"
'Tis true that my waist is but small.
And my ringlets may curl like the vine;
But I am not like an angel at all!
Nor am I the lest bit divine!

So be off with you, now—don't I see
You are deluding from eve until dawn!
My step may be bounding and free,
But am not the least like a fawn!
But, 'twas ever the method, we know,
Since Adam in Eden began—
That bosoms were sure to be snow,
And necks were, of course, like the swan!

Come, be off with you now—till you learn
To woo like a plain-hearted youth,
Let your mind, if you love me, discern
To win you must woo me with truth!
I would rather,—instead of those flowers
In which you are ever so rife—
That you promise to love me all hours,
As long as each other had life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ICE VOYAGE;

—OR—

A SAILOR BOY'S FORTUNE.

BY GEORGE S. RAYMOND.

"Joy! joy! Hurrah, mother! You shall have fire, and good things to eat, besides a nice warm dress and stout shoes now!" shouted a chubby, blue-eyed boy of, it may be, twelve years, clad in the humble garb of poverty, flinging wide the door and bounding into a small, comfortless apartment on the third floor of a dingy-looking old wooden build near the canal in the village of Cleaveland, Ohio.

"Come, hurrah, mother, put away that slave work, and go and get you a nice warm dinner right off" continued the little fellow approaching a pale, delicate woman, scantily clad in a thin dress, her face pinched with hungry, and her hands thin and blue with cold.

"What do you mean, my child?" said the woman looking wonderfully up from her work. "Do you know I have no money to buy anything to eat, and I must finish this vest before I can get a stick of wood for our fire, which is almost out."

"Nonsense, mother—let the vest go to some poor woman that has no stout boy like me to earn money for her.—You shan't work this way any longer, mother. Look here," and the little fellow threw down on the table his two handsful of half dollars, while a roguish smile lit up his handsome face as he beheld his mother's look of wonder.

"All right, mother," interrupted the boy and down went another handful of coins. "I'll tell you all about it, mother. You see I went to get my pay of Mr. Denison to-day for my two months cooking on board the Aurora. Well, he paid me $20 all in these pieces and then asked me if I would go for a month in his new schooner, for fifteen dollars. I told him I would, and then when he heard me tell how hard you had to work and how poor and sick you were, he gave me ten dollars more, and said you must get a better room and stop working, besides, he says if I'll stay all the winter in the schooner, and take care of her, I shall have $20 a month, to be paid weekly to you. So hurrah mother, we will have a big fire and fine dinner and—well, Mr. Denison is a good man, after all, if he is a rich old bachelor, as that crab apple old maid, aunt Hetty Johnston calls him.

"Heaven bles you, my noble boy," sobbed out the widow, as she clasped her arms about the boy's neck, her head upon his shoulders and wept like a child for joy, not so much for the timely aid her son had brought her; although her heart was full of thankfulness for that, as for the noble qualities displayed by the brave little fellow in remembering her and bringing home every shilling of his hard earned wages instead of spending it foolishly as many boys of his age would have done.

A month passed away, and again the handsome sailor boy—Frank Merrill, stood beside his mother in a comfortably furnished room, in a more respectable part of the town, while the widow, as she gazed proudly upon her boy, looked full ten years younger, and much happier than she had done only four short weeks previous.

A cheerful blaze was in the grate, every thing about the room was neat and eleqant of comfort, and the widow Merrill, was beutiful in her brown merino dress and black gaiters, with her dark brown hair, so like that of Carlo Delce's St. Cecilia, parted in her classic brow and falling in wavy masses upon her should rs.

Frank thought his mother very beautiful, and so did another person present. That person was Mr. Joseph Denison, the boy's employer, a bluff, good-natured, money-making bachelor of forty-five, who, at the boys request, accompanied him home.

"Mrs Merrill," said Mr. Denison, "your son has been in my employ for past three months, and I am so well pleased with his prudence and general qualities, that with your permission, I would be pleased to keep him all winter on board of one of my vessels which sails to-morrow for Buffalo.

"It is so late in the season that she may not be able to return this winter in which case you can have Frank's wages monthly or weekly in advance, for such is his wish and should you need anything further, your order on me will always be honored."

The widow could only murmur her thanks, and invoke God's blessing on the kind-hearted stranger whom she had never seen before, and who, bidding her good night left her alone with her darling boy.

On the following day, the schooner "Western Trader," left Cleveland with a full cargo of oats and corn bound for Buffalo.

That very night there came a cold north east snow storm, which finally closed the navigation of Lake Erie for the winter.

A whole month passed without any news from the schooner, and then, when everybody had given her up for lost, her Captain and crew came back to Cleveland with the report that she was frozen fast in the ice, some thirty miles to the eastward, and full half that distance from land. That he left her and escaped to the shore on the ice; but all they could do to induce the young boy, Frank Merrill, to abandon her was of no avail.

"No I will not leave her," he said, "I promised Mr. Denison to stay by her and take care of her through the winter."

"God bless the noble boy!" said Mr. Denison as the captain told of the little fellow's fidelity and the exclamation was echoed back by half a dozen business men who happened to be in the office at the time.

Within two hours a more efficient commander with eight fearless fellows, who agreed to stay by the vessel till they get her into port somehow set out from Cleveland to board her; but when they arrived abreast of where she had been frozen in, the ice was broken up to within five miles of the land, and the schooner was gone!

Three weeks passed, and all remained uncertain with regard to the Western Trader, or her brave boy commander, she was heard of again on the Canada side, some fifty miles Westward of her former position. But before relief could be sent to her there came a violent gale from the westward, which broke up the ice, and she was borne down the lake embedded in a field of ice of more than a hundred acres.

Next she was seen off Erie, 100 miles to the westward of Buffalo. With spy glasses, they could even see the boy standing on her but it was almost night; to board her was impossible, and at daylight she had disappeared.

As there was but a small stock of provisions on board when she left Cleveland, people wondered how the boy had subsisted all the time and predicted his death by starvation provided the schooner would live out the fierce gales.

Several times after her appearance off Erie, the Western Trader was seen in various parts of the lake, but always too far to make out anything about her distinctly, only that there was always a smoke seen coming out of the cabin stove.

At last one Sunday afternoon, in the month of April, about a week after the Western part of the lake was clear of ice, a schooner under just the head of her foresail was seen ten miles outside the harbor of Cleveland, and as she came bravely in between the piers, thousands of people on the shore and ranged along the wharves recognized her as the Western Trader, and the brave little fellow at her helm, was Frank Merrill, the winter rover of the Lake, returned in safety from his dreary ice voyage.

Such a welcome as England would accord to Sir John Franklin, should he escape from the ice-ribbed Arctic prison, and return to his native land, was given by the citizens of Cleveland to the ice-voyager, Frank Merrill.

People wondered how he had subsisted, but when they saw his well conditioned face, his liberal supply of boiled and parched corn, and the way he had cut away the joiner work of her cabin for fuel, they wondered no longer.

The young commander of the winter cruiser got his twenty dollars per month besides many a handsome present from those who admired his courage and fidelity, and when the Western Trader was completely repaired, a bill of sale for the one half of her was placed in Mrs. Merrill's hands for her son, by Joseph Denison.

Long before summer was over, there was no Mrs. Merrill, in Cleveland, and those who inquired at her former residence, were directed to a beautiful mansion on the bank of the lake some two miles from town, where they were sure to find the rich Mrs. Denison, just as courteous and happy to meet them as ever the poor widow Merrill had been.

Frank Merrill is at the present time one of the most gentlemanly as well as popular steam boat captains on Lake Erie. And one of the noblest traits of is character is, that he still loves his mother, while Mr. Denison he calls father and loves him quite as well as he could do if he really was his father.

He Got him on the Wool.

"Look a hea, nigger, whar you swelling to?" was the uncermonious salutation of a sable colored gentleman to an excruciatingly dressed darkey whose complexion was not many shades removed from that of a recently polished stove pipe; as the latter "pusson" made a graceful swing from the promenade on Fourth street, where he had been exhibiting himself for a couple of hours, to the envy of the "Bucks" and the fascination of a score of "nuss gals"—into McAlister street.

"Who o-o-o you call nigger sah!" was the indignant response, with a majestic roll of a pair of eyes with a great deal of white and a very little of any other color in them.

"Why, I call you nigger," was the flat-footed reiteration of "sable color," as he recognized in "stove pipe," a gemman who two years ago exercised his genius about town in the wite washing and boot blcking line, but who since that time had been "abroad," and had cultivated a moustache and foreign airs.

"Low me to inform you sah, dat you is labrin under slight delucination, I am't no nigger."

"Yes you is a nigger, nuffin but a nigger, but if you ain't a nigger, what is you?"

"Ise a Quadderroon."

"A what?"

"Ise a Quadderroon, sah."

"How you get to be a Quadderroon?"

"Why my mudder was a white woman, and my fadder was a Spanyid, sah; that how I got to be a Quadderroon."

"Whar you git dat 'plexion?"

"I got um in de Sou', sah—'fect of de climate, every purson in de Souf got um sah."

"Whar you git dat wool?—say whar you git dat wool?"

"I git dat by a—by a-a-a accipum on my mudder's side, sah." (Stovepipe confused.)

"Now, how you git dat wool on your mudder's side, if your mudder was a white woman,—say how you git dat wool!"

"Because she got frightened afora I was borned."

"How she git frighten, eh?"

"Why she git chased by a black man, sah."

"Look a hea, nigger, I dosen't want to be pussonal, but from de 'pearance of your mudder's son, dere ain't no doubt dat de time your mudder was chased by de black, man, she was overtooked!"

A moment after you might played dominoes on the coat tails of the South'n gemman, as he treaked it up McAlister street, and dived into the door way of an aristocratic caravansary for the accommodation of distinguished sun burnt pussons, known as the Hotel Dammas.—*Cin. Daily Com.*

PREDESTINATION.—"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer, to a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him.

"Of course I do."

"And you also believe that what is to be, will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I am glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler ain't to burst then it won't."

Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looked very much like backing out, which the captain observing, he said—

"I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be will be?"

"So I do, *but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place!*"

☞"Where is your house?" asked a traveller in the depths of one of the old 'solemn wildernesses' of the great west.

"House!—I ain't got no house."

"Well, where do you live?"

"I live in the woods—sleep on the Government Purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi. And," he added, "it is getting too thick with folks around here. You are the second man I have seen within the last month, and I hear that there's a whole family come in down the river about fifty miles. I'll going to put out in the woods again."

☞A bachelor friend of ours passing up the street, picked up a thimble. He stood for a moment meditating on the probable owner, when pressing it to his lips, he said, "O, that this were the fair lips of the wearer."

Just as he had finished, a big, fat, ugly black wench, looked out of an upper window, and said, "Boss, jis please throw dat fimble in the entry, I jis dropt it!"

A GOOD ANSWER.—A little girl meeting a countryman with a load of slaughtered swine, dropped a courtesy. The rustic laughed, without returning the civility.

"What," said he, "do you courtesy to dead hogs?"

"No sir," said she, "I courtesied to the *live one!*"

☞"Mr. Brown, you said the defendent was honest and intelligent. What makes you think so—are you acquainted with him?"

"No sir, I never seed him."

"Why then, do you come to such a conclusion?"

"Cause he takes ten Newspapers and pays for them in advance."

Verdict for the defendant.

☞"Oh dear Mary, my heart is breaking."

"Is it, indeed, Mr. Closefist? So much the better for you."

"Why so, my idol?"

"Because when it's broke out-and-out you may sell off the pieces for *gun-flints!*"

☞A chap was asked what kind of a "gal" he preferred for a wife. He replied—

"One that was not a prodi-gal, and fru-gal, and a true-gal, and one that suited his conju gal taste."

☞"Grandma, what'll be the last card playing?"

"I'll sure I don't know—what, dear?"

"Why, when the Angel Gabriel plays the last trump."

☞Whatever we may think of woman's right to vote and legislate, there can be no disputing her right to *bare* arms.

☞"What time is it Tom?"

"Just time to pay that little account you owe me."

"Oh! indeed! Well I didn't think it was half so late!"

☞"Madame, your shawl is dragging in the mud."

"Well, you little buzzy, suppose it is, isn't it the fashion?"

☞Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the devils fires into a flock he will hit some body.

☞Is that a fact, that I C B 4 me? Come let me clutch it.

☞The way to fame is like the way to Heaven—through much tribulation.