msa_sc2901_scm2353-0400 ©Maryland State Archives


# THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

VOL. 15 SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854. NO. 24.



## NEW FALL GOODS!!
### W. N. E. WICKES

RESPECTFULLY calls attention to the invoice of Fall Goods now being opened, and comprising such varieties as are usually wanted at this season. They were purchased much lower than goods have been, and will be sold at small advances for cash or to punctual customers. Sept, 23. 1854.

## NEW
## *Fall Goods!*
## At Reduced Prices!!
### Great Bargains in Fannels, Cassimers, Cassinets, Cloths, etc.
### COME AND SEE!
## T. W. ELIASON

HAS returned from Philadelphia with a large stock of goods for the season, which he is selling so much below former prices that his customers and the public should call early and purchase their supplies.

He has a full assortment of Flannels, Satinets, Black and Colored Cassimeres, Cloths, and of Plain and Plaid Cassimeres for boy's wear, *lower than they have been sold for several years.* Fine and handsome Calicoes.—down to 6¼ cts again—Delanes, Cashmeres, Debage, Alpacas, Black Dress Silks, Plain and Plaid Cambric, Swiss Muslins, Irish Linens, Swiss and Cambric Worked Collars, Edgings, Laces and Insertings, Shawls, Tickings, Canton Flannels, Ginghams, Plaid Domestics, Merino Shirts and Drawers, Silk Cravats and Hkfs. and a general assortment of other dry goods, Also a large stock of

## Boots, Shoes, Hats & Caps,

Men's coarse and fine Boots of good quality; Men's and boys' lace Boots; Ladies Gaiters and Morocco Ties, Ladies Goat and Leather Shoes, Women's and children Boots—all sizes.

Men's Silk, Slouch and Cuban Hats; Men's cloth, plush and glazed caps, Boys' Cloth, plush Glazed and other Caps; Boys' Slouch Hats.

His assortment of ***HARDWARE & CUTLERY*** is larger than usual. Best Cumberland nails, wrot nails, axes, hatchets, good hand saws, knives and forks, scissors pocket knives of good quality; Iron, Britania and Albata tea and table spoons, Butcher and Shoe knives, knob locks, plate, pad, cupboard and other locks; window and door hinges, turnbuckles for frame and brick houses, brass candle sticks, smith, mill saw and hand saw files; horse rasps, sad irons, screws, &c. &c, &c.

He would call special attention to his assortment of

## GROCERIES!

Good sugar 6⅓ cts.; fine brown sugar 8 cts.; crushed, pulverized and clarified sugars, Rio, Laguyra, and Jamaica coffee, superior Porto Rico syrup and W. I. Molasses; green and black teas of good quality; flour, salt, soap, candles, spices, starch, indigo wash soda, Cocoa, &c, &c. He has a large assortment of

**New York Plough Castings,**

Poughs, stocked in the best manner, Tin and Stoneware; Bridles, Collars, Brushes, Saddles, Lines, Traces &c. &c. September 16 1854.

## Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF ABRAHAM COLE.

Maryland, Kent county Orphans Court, September 19, 1854.

On the application of Thomas C. Lynch, Executor of Abraham Cole, late of Kent county, deceased;

Ordered that he gives notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same to be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the forgoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid,

SEAL } I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 19th day of September 1854

Test, JACOB FISHER,

Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Abraham Cole, late of Kent county, Md., dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 8th day of April, 1855, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 19th day of September, 1854.

THOMAS C. LYNCH,
Ex'r Abraham Cole, dec'd.
Sept 23, 1854.—4w.

## HATS!

A GOOD supply of fashionable Hats may be found at the cheap store of A. M. RUSSELL.
aug.5,'54.

NOTICE—All persons indebted to the subscriber will please call and settle the same. No further indulgence can be given. WM. BACCHUS.
Aug 12. 1854.

*WHITE GOODS.*

A good assortment of Swiss, Plaid and Cambric Muslins, just open and for sale low, by T. W. ELIASON.
May 13, 1854.

BLACK DRESS SILKS.

T. W. ELIASON has a large assortment of Black Silks, to which he invites the attention of Ladies wishing to purchase.
July 8, '54.

## Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF PHEBE W. RASIN.

Maryland, Kent county Orphans' Court, September 19, 1854.

On the application of Edward T. Rasin, Executor of Phebe W. Rasin, late of Kent county, deceased,

Ordered that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same to be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper, printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid.

(Seal) I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 19th day of September, 1854.

Test, JACOB FISHER,

Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this to give notice that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Phebe W. Rasin, late of Kent County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 8th day of April, 1855, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 19th day of September, 1854.

EDWARD T. RASIN,
Ex'r Phebe W. Rasin, dec'd.
Sept 19, 1854.—4w.

Shoe Findings

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale at the Cheap Store of A. M. RUSSELL.
Sept. 16. 1854.

I have on hand and for sale, Clothing Flour, Grocery, Liquors, Fruit, Candies, Lines, Traces, Bacon &c.
W., BACCHUS.

LAROQUES ELIXIS OF BARKS always on hand and for sale by WM P. FRANCIS.
Aug 19, 1854.

WHEELER'S SLIPPERS & Walking Shoes, just received and for sale by WM P. FRANCIS.
Aug 19, 1854.

*FOR SALE.*

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

## Agricultural Implements, Seeds, Manures, &c.

THE attention of the farming community is respectfully asked to our stock of

**Agricultural Implements Seeds &c.**

which is one of the most complete in the United States; embracing nearly every article required for farmer's use.—We take pleasure in stating that it has been our aim to supply only such articles as can be confidently recommended both in point of workmanship and practical utility. Every article sold by us, is guaranteed equal to the representations of our salesmen, and as we adhere strictly to the one price system, purchasers may depend upon always securing a good article at a fair price.

We therefore cordially invite Farmers and others visiting Philadelphia to call and examine our establishment, assuring them that an obliging salesmen will take pleasure in shewing and explaining the various articles we have for sale.

We will be pleased to furnish *gratis* on post-paid applications, copies of our large illustrated catalogue.

Orders from a distance, enclosing cash, promptly and faithfully executed.

PASCHALL, MORRIS & CO.
Seed & Agricultural Warehouse,
N. E. Corner 7th & Market sts.
Philadelphia.

Sept 9 1851.—1m

***Guns, Ammunition Fishing Tackle, &c.***

**JOHN KRIDER,**

*Manufacturer; Importer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Shot, Guns, Rifles, Pistols Fishing Tackle, and all kinds of Sporting Apparatus, together with a general assortment of MATERIALS FOR GUN MAKERS,*

N. E Cor. WALNUT & SECOND STS, PHILADELPHIA.

ALL of which, and such other articles as belong to his line of business, will be sold as low as can be afforded by any establishment in the U. States.

In testimony of his skill as a manufacturer, the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, has awarded to him since 1840 two certificates, six silver medals, and one recall premium; and in 1854, the Crystal Palace of New York, awarded to him a medal, the only one awarded for Shot, Guns and Rifles in the United States.

"Krider's Sporting Anecdotes," illustrative of certain varieties of American game, with remarks on the Character of the Dog, Field Dog, Snipe, Woodcock, Rail, Partridge, Duck and Pidgeon match shooting, on the Rice Bunting or Reed Bird, Grass Plover, Bull-headed or Golden Plover, Canvass Back and Red Headed Duck, American Widgeon, Scaup Duck and Canada Goose—Price $1.00.

Address JOHN KRIDER,
Second & Walnut St., Phila.
Aug. 26, 1854.—1y.

## RIDE, LEATHER & OIL Establishment.

GRUPY & STANSBURY,
(SUCCESSORS TO S. H. BLEAKLEY,)
**Corner of South & Water Streets,**
BALTIMORE, Md.

HAVE on hand a large and full assortment of every article that can be called for in the leather line, from the finest morocco to the heaviest sole, harness, bridle, &c. We have likewise made arrangements with one of the largest Finding stores in Baltimore to furnish to our customers any bill of findings, embracing every variety, at as low a price as can be bought in Baltimore, when ordered through us, for Boot Makers and Saddlers, or Coach manufacturers.

N. B.—The highest *cash* price paid for Hides, both green and dry, at all times. ☞All communications in regard to business promptly attended to.
Aug. 12, 1854—3m

## LE FEVRE 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 LEFEVRE,
JAS. J BLACK,
GEO. W. MEARS,
June 17, 1854—1y.

## *Cypress Shingles*

JUST received and for sale by T. W Eliason, lower than they can be had from Baltimore.
July 22, 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 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.


## POETRY.

### MY MOTHER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice! How often creeps
It cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew an the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While 'wildering pleasures madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride;
And night had on her silver wing;
When bursting buds and dewey grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
With wider fleetness crowned the night;
When all was beauty, then have I,
With friends on whom my love was flung,
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed on where evening's lamp is hung
And when the beauteous spirit there
Flung over all its golden chains,
And, resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be—
To rise in heaven like stars by night,
And tread a living path of light.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Waverly Magazine.

### THE DUEL.
### A THRILLING SKETCH.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

They met—the dissolute husband and the faithful, affectionate wife. It was long since they had met together in their own house, to exchange even a few words. He had taken her from her home when she was very young; he loved her, he said, and at that time his behavior did not belie his words; but he had since fallen into dissolute company, and his own quiet home and the society of his affectionate wife were abandoned for theatres, routs, and dissipation. He haunted the gaming houses, he was seen at night-taverns, and he was known at nearly every *genteel* haunt of vice and infamy; and his wife sat up night after night, until her eyes were red with watching, and her brain fevered with anxiety—and for all this she was rewarded with a drunken oath. But now he was sober, and his face was pale with agitation.

"Clara," said he, as if continuing a conversation, "you must not talk to me now. I am not in a temper to be talked to by any one—least of all by a wife," added he, with a sneer.

"And will you go, George," she replied, clinging imploringly to his arm, will you go without telling me what it is that agitates you? It is not often we have met lately," she continued, holding down her head to conceal the tears which suffused her eyes, "surely you can spare a few minutes, a very few minutes to talk with me. There was a time, George, when you said you delighted to hear me talk, when you would listen to me for hours, and never feel tired; and now you cannot stay one minute, to speak or listen to me. What have I done to merit this? I have always loved you; I have known no happiness save in your company; you have always been the idol which my heart has worshipped. Oh, why have you cast me from you? I, who have always doted on you? If you have griefs let me soothe them, or at least let me share them with you, dear, dear George."

"Do not be so weak, Clara. A woman must not know everything. Sit down—come, do not hang about me in this manner—sit down I say. I must leave you—I have business. I cannot be always with you."

"I know," she replied, fixing her eyes mournfully upon him, "that you cannot be always with me, but you are never with me, George. Oh! fly, fly the company you keep. I do not know them, but I know they must be bad, for they separate husband and wife. You will some day suffer for it. Your companions do not love you, dear George; *they* would not cool your fevered brow—*they* would pour water into your parched lips—*they* would not smooth your pillow and minister to your every little wish. Oh, no! whilst you have money and health, they will be your companions; but when money and credit and health are gone, all will fly from you; but I will not, dearest. Oh, do take my advice, leave these people, enjoy your quiet home once more, and all will be forgiven and forgotten."

"Why speak in this way?" he demanded, whilst he in vain strove to conceal his agitation. "It cannot be expected that I should spend every hour in your company, there is business to be attended to—and you cannot think that I—a man of the world—should be content to pass all my spare hours in a chimney corner with you."

"A man of the world! oh, that hateful title! Would we had never left the quiet seclusion of Bloomley Cottage—There, where the sighing of the trees formed our music, and Natures loviest scenes our places of entertainment, where the company we kept was simple, and, like myself, unacquainted with the ways of the great world, oh, then we were happy. George! George! why did you take me from that dear spot, and bring me to this place of dread, where dissipation and vice tread over thousands of broken hearts and ruined fortunes?"

Who could look into that gentle, speaking countenance, now streaming with tears and not feel his heart touched, callous though it might be? No one; and George Harwood felt a poignant pang of remorse at his conduct—but it was momentary; striving to cast off his wife, who now clung closer to his breast, he said in bitter accents:—

'Clara, when I married you, I told you I was rich—well I deceived you.—I married you, partly for your gold partly because I really loved you. 'Tis all past now—your money is gone—gambled away—spent—you would hate me if you knew how. I tell you I am ruined, and—'

'But you love me still—oh! do not say that your love for me is lost. What is money to us? I can work; George I can get employment to maintain us. I will still love you; dearly, dearly love you. Only say that you will amend and that you will love me the same as when you came in the summer evenings to the shades of Bloomley grove, and told me then how deeply you loved me. All else we will forget, and we shall be once more happy."

"Clara!" and the words came icy cold from his lips; "Clara! it is well you know the truth at once. You must in future, depend on your own resources I go to fight a duel with one of my former companions. If you knew the cause, as you will soon, you would spurn me from your presence. Go! I will deceive you no more. I loved you once, but all things are changed. My heart is seared with crime; I love you no longer—go!"

"It is enough," she murmured, as the life blood rushed back to her heart—"Farewell then, forever!"

He took her icy hand in his—hesitated one instant, and then was gone.

* * * *

It was true. He had wronged the wife of one of his associates, had been discovered, challenged, and was now on his way to fight a duel with the injured husband. And she, the cause of this meeting, knowing her husband and lover were seeking each other's life, had fled from her home with another lover.

* * * *

The party were assembled at the edge of a wood; the seconds were busily employed in marking out the ground, and making the preliminary arrangements, with all the coolness of men to whom this was an every day employment. At last the arrangements were completed, and the seconds placed the combatants face to face, and gave them their weapons. There they stood, the villian and the injured husband. George Harwood looked pale, but collected, although a slight twitch of his mouth now and then, gave evidence of inward agitation. His opponent remained calm and easy in his deportment, and was evidently accustomed to such scenes, and was as unconcerned as to the issue of the affair, as if he had been a total stranger to all the parties.

The white handkerchief was raised. Just then the sun shone out brilliantly on the surrounding landscape, illumining the green corn fields, and leaving the deep woods yet more sombre by the contrast. It brought to the mind of the erring one, the green fields where he had wooed and won his own neglected wife, he thought of the happy hours he had spent with her, in the quiet gloom of the old grove at Bloomley; of the bright visions of the future in which they had then indulged, and then he thought of the chilling reality. And by whose means were those visions changed? He thought of his heartless conduct to his wife; his brutal repulse of the advances of her woman's nature; and he thought at last of the cause of his being there, the target of an experienced duelist.—His eyes grew dim his mind wandered, his hand grew unsteady—the handkerchief fell!

"FIRE!"

A flash—a cloud of smoke—a report—the woods reverberated the deadly sounds, the hills caught it up and returned the tale of blood. The peaceful birds rose from their retreats, and fled as that ominous sound met their ears.

The seconds ran forth to where one of the combatants lay. It was George Harwood. The blood streamed from a wound in his breast, and he breathed with great difficulty. The surgeon instantly applied every remedy the case required but when the seconds looked in his calm, business-like face, they saw no token or hope. The other combatant had stepped into a carriage in attendance, and driven off from the scene of blood.

The dying man was lifted from the ground but instantly the blood gushed forth from the wound, and his eyes became dim.

"You may put him down," said the doctor, "He has but a few minutes to live."

A struggle, a groan, a gasp and all was over; the erring spirit had fled to render up an account of its many crimes to its offended Creator. He was cut off in the midst of his sins, and had lavished his affection on unworthy objects, and this was his great punishment.

Such was the end of one who dashed from his lips the cup of happiness when he had but tasted it, and who drained to the dregs the gilded poison of delusive pleasure.

HARD WINTER COMING.—We regret to state that the most indubitable signs of a hard winter are apparent and prevalent. Some of our oldest widowers have perfected the preliminary arrangements for entering anew the matrimonial relation. This class of our population feel the future in their bones' and connecting their premonitions with the high price of coal, have taken steps accordingly. We trust the old bachelors will defer their operations in this line until another winter. Too many frosty unions would reduce the temperature so that we should all get our hearts cracked.

"ONLY ONE."—One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back, and may frustrate all the business of the day.

One whole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One unruly animal will teach all others in its company bad tricks.

One bad habit indulged or submitted to, will sink your power of self government as quickly as one leak will sink a ship.

One drinker will keep a family poor and in trouble.

☞Why is a woman's tongue like a planet?

Because nothing short of the power that created it, is able to stop it in its course.

The man who perpetrated the above conundrum has left for California. He was pursued by forty women; and forty broomsticks were picked up in the harbor after the vessel left—having been aimed at the villains' head and fallen short of the mark.—*Ex.*

☞A husband residing in a small village in the interior, thus announces the departure from "his bed and board" of his dearly beloved:—

"My wife, Anne Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her gets his head broke. As for trusting her, anybody can do so who sees fit—as I never pay my own debts, it is not at all likely that I will lay awake nights thinking about other people's."

☞"Mentally, I am your superior, sir," said a very abusive disputant, "and can crush your humbug to the dust."

"Physically, I am your superior," said the other, "and there you go into the dust."

ABUSIVE.—Somebody assures us that it is really very abusive to knock a man down and then kick him for falling.—Perhaps 'tis.

☞In Austria there are only seven towns which contain printing presses. No wonder it is a despotism.