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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. 16. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1854. No. 28.

A PROCLAMATION

BY THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND

WHEREAS, it is a prevailing custom with the people of all Christian States, annually to set apart from the time usually employed in the labor and business of life at least one day to be observed as a day of general praise and thanksgiving to ALMIGHTY GOD, the High and Mighty Ruler of the Universe: for his manifold mercies and blessings; AND WHEREAS, it is well that to this duty one day in the year should be given, that the united voices of a whole people may be poured forth in fervent prayer to that God who holds at his will the destinies of men, that we may be delivered from all evil; that a continuance of his mercy and goodness may be vouchsafed to us; that we may be permitted long to enjoy the enduring benefits of peace; that pestilence and famine, sedition and conspiracy, civil strife and dissension, may be put away from us; that the bonds of our National Union may be maintained and strengthened; that the high state of freedom, both civil and religious, which has so long marked our political condition may be preserved to us, and the generations that may succeed us, until time shall cease, and that all such other temporal blessings as to him may seem meet for his people may be bestowed on us; AND WHEREAS, the day thus to be observed as one of prayer and thanksgiving to God has usually been designated by the Executive authority of the several States—

Now, therefore, I, T. WATKINS LIGON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do, hereby, designate and set apart THURSDAY, the 23d day of November next next, as a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God, to be kept and observed by the people of the State of Maryland, whom I earnestly exhort carefully to abstain on that day from all secular employments, and to devote themselves to such devout services and exercises as are appropriate to a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

Given under my hand and the great Seal of the State of Maryland, this ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-four. By the Governor,

L. S.

T. WATKINS LIGON.

NATHANIEL COX, Sec'ry of State.

(oct.17,1854.)

NOTIONS.

B. PERKINS has a general variety of Notions consisting in part of childrens cotton, wool and moreno Hose of all sizes and qualities, childrens garters, combs, handk'fs, Gloves, Hats Caps, &c., Cotton, wool, cashmeres and silk hose shreds, buttons bobbins, braids sewing silk, spool cotton, tape, knitting needles, tidy needles, socks, pins, sleeve protectors, ladies vests, and many other articles in this line. Also a general variety of Groceries, brown and white Sugars, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Flour, Starch, Nutmeg, Spice, pepper, Saltpeter, Salaratus, wash soda, Ginger, Molasses, vinegar, tobacco, oil adamantine, and mould candles, brown soap, with a large assortment of Hardware, Queensware, Tinware, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Wooden ware, Brooms, Hollowware, Castings, Bridles, Collars, &c.

Oct. 21, 1854.

Domestic Goods.

B. B. PERKINS has just opened a large stock of domestic goods consisting in part of ½ Bleached and brown Sheeting, bleached and brown Muslins Irish linens Wool and Cotton flannels. Linen and Cotton Table Diaper and clothes, dinner and tea Napkins; Russia and Birdeye Diaper, Crash, bleach'd and brown Muslins, Tickings Checks, plaid, domestic, linseys, osmaburgs, blankets, Spreads, Quilts, Rag Carpets, and many other goods which will be sold at the very lowest prices for Cash. Produce or to punctual dealers.

Oct. 21, 1854.

Stationary.

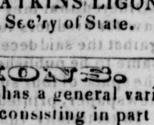
B. B. PERKINS has just opened a new lot of school Books and Stationary, consisting in part of English and American Letter and Note Paper, plain and guilt edge, small and full size cap, deed and drawing paper for surveyors use, with a full assortment of envelopes, some extra sizes, school books, ink, ink-stands, pens, wafers, wax, sand &c.

All the above goods were bought on the best terms and will be sold at a small profit. Come and see.

Oct. 14.

FOR SALE,

A FIRST RATE



MARE; she is first rate Carriage, saddle and work horse. She will be sold cheap. Apply to the Editor of the *Kent News*.

Oct. 14 1854.

Fluid Lamps.

IN store and for sale, a beautiful assortment of Fluid Lamps, of all sizes.

ALDRIDGE & STAPLES.

Oct. 21, 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.

Selected Poetry.

The Dance of the Autumnal Leaves.

Borne by the restless winds along
Where the sorrowful woodland grieves,
Hither and thither a fitful throng,
Merrily dance the autumn leaves.

Upward they mount to the murky sky,
Downward they plunge to the earth below,
Now in a giddy whirl they fly,
Now in a madcap chase they go.

Tinkling gaily, their feet advance
Over the graves in thoughtless glee;
And the music to which they dance,
Hark! 'tis a dirge's melody.

Onward merrily they go
Through the wood and over the wave,
Till they find in the wintry snow,
Chilly and dark, their lonely grave.

Borne by the tempter's power along,
While kind Heaven in pity grieves,
Giddy pass the humam throng,
Thoughtlessly as the autumn leaves.

Upward they mount in fancies high,
Downward they plunge in pleasures low;
Now in the passions whirl they fly,
Now in Ambition', chase they go.

Merrily still their feet advance
Over the graves in thoughtless glee;
And the music to which they dance,
Hark! 'tis a dirge of melody.

Onward! giddily they go,
Over the earth and over the wave,
Till they find in the depth below,
Chilly and dark, their lonely grave.

On a Printer.

Here lies a form—place no imposing stone
To mark the bed where weary it is lain;
'Tis matter dead!—its mission all being done—
To be distributed to dust again.
The body's but the type, at best, of man,
Whose impress is the spirits deathless page;
Worn out, the type is thrown to pi again.
The impression lives through an eternal age.

A Choice Story.

The Eleventh Commandment.

T. S. ARTHUR tells a good story about a loving couple in New Jersey, who belonged to the Methodist Church. A new presiding elder, Mr. N., was expect in that district; and as the ministers all stopped with brother W. and his wife, every preparation was made to give him a cordial reception. The honest couple thought that religion in part consisted in making some parade, and therefore the parlor was put in complete order, a nice fire was made, and the kitchen replenished with cake, chickens and every delicacy, preparatory to cooking.

While Mr. W. was out at his woodpile, a plain-looking, coarsely-dressed, but quiet-like pedestrian came along and inquired the distance to the next town. He was told that it was three miles. Being very cold, he asked permission to enter and warm himself. Assent was give very grudgingly, and both went into the kitchen. The wife looked daggers at this untimely intrusion, for the stranger had on cow-hide boots, an old hat, and threadbare, but neatly patched coat. At length she gave him a chair beside the Dutch oven which was baking nice cakes for the presiding elder, who was momentarily expected, as he was to preach the next day at the church a mile or two beyond.

The stranger, after warming himself, prepared to leave, but the weather became more inclement, and as his appetite was roused by the viands about the fire, he asked for some little refreshment ere he sat out for a cold walk to the town beyond. Mrs. W. was displeased but on consultation with her husband, some cold bacon and bread were set on an old table, and he was then somewhat gruffly told to eat. It was growing dark, and hints were thrown out that the stranger had better depart, as it was three long miles to town. The wife grew petulant as the new preacher did not arrive, and her husband sat whistling the air "Auld Lang Syne," while he thought of the words of the hymn—"When I can read my title clear," and felt as if he could order the stranger off without any further ado.

The homely meal was at last concluded—the man thanked him kindly for the hospitality he had received, and opened the door to go. But it was quite dark, and the clouds denoting a storm filled the heavens.

"You say it is full three miles to D?"

"I do," said Mr. W., coolly! "I said so when you first stopped, and you ought to have pushed on, like a prudent man. You could have reached there before it was quite dark."

"But I was cold and hungry, and might have fainted by the way."

"The manner of saying this touched the farmer's feelings a little.

"You have warmed and fed me for which I am thankful. Will you not bestow another act of kindness upon one in a strange place, and, if he goes out in the darkness, may lose himself and perish in the cold."

The particular form in which this request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered, put it out of the power to say no.

"Go in there and sit down," he answered, pointing to the kitchen, "and I will see my wife and hear what she says.

And Mr. W went into the parlor where the supper table stood, covered with a snow white cloth, and displaying his wife's set of blue-sprigged china, that was only brought out on special occasions,

The tall mould candles were burning thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful fire.

"Has'nt that old fellow gone yet?" asked Mrs W. She heard his voice as he returned from the door.

"No, and what do you suppose? He wants us to let him stay all night?"

"Indeed, we'll do no such a thing—We can't have the likes of him in the house now. Where could he sleep?"

"Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. should not come."

"No, indeed!"

"But really I don't see, Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn't look like a very strong man, and its dark and cold, and full three miles to D——."

"It's too much; he ought to have gone on while he had daylight, and not lingered here, as he did, till it got dark."

"We can't turn him out of doors, Jane, and its no use to think of it. He will have to stay somehow."

"But what can we do with him?"

"He seems like a decent man at least; and does not look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere."

"I wish he had been at Guinea before he came here!" said Mrs. W. fretfully. The disappointment, the conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive, occasioned her to fret, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as the stranger, completely unhinged her mind.

"Oh, well, replied her husband, in a soothing tone. "never mind, we must make the best of it. He came to us tired and hungry and we warmed and fed him. He now asks shelter for the night, and we must not refuse him, nor grant his request in a complaining or reluctant spirit. You know what the Bible says about entertaining angels unawares."

"Angels! Did you ever see an angel look like him?"

"Having never seen an angel," said the farmer, smiling, "I am unable to speak as to their appearance."

"This had the effect to call an answering smile from Mrs. W. and a better feeling at her heart. It was finally agreed between them that the man, as he appeared to be a decent kind of person, should be permitted to occupy the minister's room if that individual did not arrive, an event to which they both looked with but little expectancy. If he did come, why the man would have to put up with poor accommodations.

When Mr. W. returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that they had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in a few words his grateful sense of their kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful. Soon after the farmer's wife, giving up all hope of Mr. N.'s arrival, had supper taken up, which consisted of coffee, warm short cake, and broiled chickens. After all was on the table, a short conference was held as to whether it would do not to invite the stranger to take supper. It was true they had given him as much bread and bacon as he could eat, but then, as long as he was going to stay all night, it looked too inhospitable to sit down to the table and not ask him to join them. So, making a virtue of necessity, he was kindly asked to come to supper—an invitation which he did not decline. Grace was said over the meat by Mr. W., and coffee poured out, the bread helped, and the meat carved.

There was a fine little boy, six years old, at the table, who had been brightened up, and dressed in his best, in order to grace the minister's reception. Charles was full of talk, and the parents felt a mutual pride in showing him off, even before their humble guest, who noticed him particularly, though he had not much to say. "Come, Charley," said Mr. W., after the meal was over, and he sat lounging in his chair, "can't you repeat the pretty hymn mamma learned you last Sunday?"

Charley started off without further invitation, and repeated very accurately two or three verses of a new camp-meeting hymn, that was just then very popular.

"Now let us here you say the commandments, Charley," spoke up the mother, well pleased at her child's performance.

And Charley repeated them with the aid of a little prompting.

"How many commandments are there?" asked the father.

The child hesitated, and then looking up at the stranger, near whom he sat, said innocently—

"How many are there?"

"The man thought for some moments, and said, as if in doubt, "Eleven, are there not?"

"Eleven," ejaculated Mrs. W., in unfeigned surprise.

"Eleven!" said her husband, with more rebuke than astouishment in his voice. "Is it possible, sir, that you do not know how many commandments there are? How many are there, Charley? Come, tell me—you know, of course."

"Ten," replied the child.

"Right, my son," returned Mr. W., looking with a smile of approval on the child. "Right; there is'nt a child of his age within ten miles who can't tell you there are ten commandments."

"Did you ever read the Bible, sir?" addressing the stranger.

"When I was a little boy I used to read it sometimes. But I am sure I thought there were eleven commandments. Are you not mistaken about there being only ten?"

Sister W. lifted her hands in unfeigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Could any one believe it? Such ignorance of the Bible!"

Mr. W. did not reply, but rose, and going to one corner of the room where the good book lay upon the small stand, he put it on the table before him, and opened at that portion in which the commandments are recorded.

"There!" he said, placing his finger upon the proof of the stranger's error, "look for yourself."

The man came round from his side of the table and looked over the stranger's shoulder.

"There! ten, d'ye see?"

"Yes, it does say," replied the man, "and yet it seems to me there are eleven. I'm sure I have always thought so."

"Doesn't it say ten here?" inquired Mr. W. with marked impatience in his voice."

"It does certainly."

"Well what more do you want? Can't you believe the Bible."

"O yes, I believe the Bible; and yet, it strikes me somehow, that there must be eleven commandments. Hasn't one been added somewhere else."

Now this was too much for brother and sister W. to hear. Such ignorance of sacred matters they felt to be unpardonable. A long lecture followed, in which the man was scolded, admonished and threatened with divine indignation. At its close he modestly asked whether he might not have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night. This request was granted with more pleasure than any of the preceeding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to the little square room, accompanied by the Bible. Before leaving him alone, Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him to spiritual things, and he did so, most earnestly, for ten or fifteen minutes. But he could not see that his words made much impression, and he finally left his guest, lamenting his obduracy and ignorance.

In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr. W., asked him if he would be so kind as to lend him a razor, that he might remove his beard, which did not give his face a very attractive appearance. His request was complied with.

"We will have prayers in about ten minutes," said Mr. W. as he handed him the razor and shaving box.

The man appeared and behaved with due propriety at family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and parting, went on his journey.

Ten o'clock came, but Mr. N. had not arrived. So Mr. and Mrs. W. started for the meeting house, not doubting that they would find him there. But they were disappointed. A goodly number of people were inside the meeting house and a goodly number outside, but the minister had not arrived.

"Where is Mr. N—?" inquired a dozen voices, as a little crowd gathered around the farmer..

"He hasn't come yet. Something has detained him. But I still look for him—indeed, I fully expected to find him here.

The day was cold, and Mr. W. after becoming thoroughly chilled, concluded to go in and keep a good lookout for the minister from the window near which he usually sat. Others, from the same cause, followed his example, and the little meeting-house was soon filled, and one after another came dropping in.—The farmer, who turned towards the door each time it was opened, was a little surprised to see his guest of the previous night enter; and come slowly down the aisle, looking on either side as if searching for a vacant seat, very few of which were now left. Still advancing, he finally got within the little enclosed altar, and ascending to the pulpit, took off his old gray overcoat and sat down.

By this time Mr. W. was at his side, and had his hand upon his arm.

"You musn't sit here come down and I will show you a seat," he said, in an excited tone.

"Thank you," replied the man, in a composed voice. "It is very comfortable here." And the man remained unmovenble.

Mr. W., feeling embarrassed, went down intending to get a brothe. 'official' to assist him in making a forcible ejection of the man from the place he was desecrating. Immediately upon his doing so, however, the man rose, and, standing up at his desk, opened the hymn book. His voice was thrilled to the finger ends of brother W: as, in a distinct and impressive manner, he gave out the hymn beginning—

"Help us to help each other Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel a brother's care."

The congregation rose after the stranger had read the entire hymn, and had repeated the first two lines for them to sing. Brother W. usually started the tunes. He tried this time, but went off on a long metre tune. Discovering his mistake at the second word, he balked and tried it again, but now he stumbled on short metre. A musical brother here came to his aid, and led off with a tune that suited the measure in which the hymn was written.

After singing, the congregation kneeled, and the minister—for no one doubted his real character—addressed the Throne of Grace with much fervor and eloquence. The reading of a chapter in the Bible succeeded. Then there was a deep pause throughout the room in anticipation of the text, which the preacher prepared to announce.

Brother W. looked pale, and his hands and knees trembled. Sister W's face looked like crimson, and her heart was beating so loud that she wondered whether the sound was not heard by the sister who sat beside her. There was a breathless silence. The dropping of a pin might have buen heard. Then the fine, emphatic, tones of the preacher filled the crowded room.

"*And a new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another.*"

Brother W. had bent forward to listen, but now he had sunk back in his seat. This was the Eleventh Commandment.

The sermon was deep, searching, yet affectionate and impressive. The preacher uttered nothing that could in the least wound the brother and sister of whose hospitality he had partaken, but he said much that smote upon their hearts, and made them painfully conscious that they had not shown as much kindness to the stranger as he had been entitled to receive on the broad principles of humanity. But they suffered most from mortification of feeling. To think that they had treated the Presiding Elder of the District after such a fashion, was deeply humiliating; and the idea of the whole affair getting abroad, interfered sadly with their devotional feelings throughout the whole period of service.

At last the sermon was over, the ordinance administered, and the benediction pronounced. Brother W. did not know what it was best for him to do—He never was more at a loss in his life. Then Mr. N. descended from the pulpit, but he did not step forward to meet him. How could he do that? Others gathered around and shook hand with him, but still he lingered and held back.

"Where is brother W.?" he at length heard asked. It was the voice of the minister.

"Here he is," said one or two, opening the way to where the farmer was standing.

The preacher advanced and catching his hand, said—

"How do you do, brother W., I am glad to see you. And where is sister W.?"

Sister W. was brought forward, and the preacher shook hands with them heartily, while his face was lit up with smiles.

"I believe I am to find a home with you," he said, as if it was settled.

But before the still embarrassed brother and sister could make a reply, some one asked—

"How came you to to be detained so late? you were expected last night. And where is brother R.?"

"Brother R. is sick," replied Mr. N. "and I had to come alone. Five miles from this my horse gave out, and I had to come the rest of the way on foot.—But I became so cold and weary that I found it necessary to ask a farmer to give me a night's lodging, which he was kind enough to do. I thought I was still three miles off, but it happened that I was very much nearer my journey's end than I supposed."

This explanation was satisfactory to all parties, and in due time the congregation dispersed, and the presiding elder went home with brother and sister W. One thing is certain, however, the story never got out for some years after the worthy brother and sister had passed from their labors, and it was then related by Mr. N. himself, who was rather eccentric in his character, and, like numbers of his ministeral brethren fond of a joke, and given to relating good stories.

POPULAR MELODIES.

"Should old acquaintance be forget," as the constable said to the poor debtor, when he arrested him.

"Flow, thou regal, purple stream," as the play actor said when he pricked his finger.

"From noise and bustle far away," as the member of the "swell-mob" said when he found himself in limbo.

"Though love is warm awhile," as the new married gentleman remarked when the Calithumpians aroused him with a tin-kettle serenade on the night of his wedding.

"Oft in the stilly night," as the gentleman replied to his landlady when she asked if the bugs ever troubled him.

"Pray, Goody, please to moderate," as the sweet tempered man exclaimed to his wife when she knocked him down with the warming-pan.

"When lovely women stoops to folly," as the black woman said when she kissed Tom Thumb.

"Hope told a flattering tale," as the old gentleman said to the young one when he remarked that "he *hoped* his practice on the bagpipes didn't disturb him."

"Thou, thou reignst in this bosom," as the lady said to the cotton batting.

"Is *there* a heart that never love?" as the tragedy gentleman said to the butcher when he tried to sell him a bullock's.

"If a body meets a body coming thro' the rye," as the two flies said when they fell into the whiskey punch.

THE THIEF AND THE DUKE.—The great duke of Marlborough, passing the gate of the tower, after having inspected that fortress, was accosted by an ill looking fellow, with—

"How do you do, my lord duke? I believe your grace and I have now been in every jail in the kingdom?"

"I believe, my friend," replied the duke with surprise, "this is the only jail I ever visited."

"Very likely," replied the other, "but I have been in all the rest."

☞A young lady, of extraordinary intellectual capacities, recently addressed the following letter to her cousin, living in a neighboring village:—

"Deer Kussin the weather whar we is air kold and I suppose whar you is it air kolder we awl is well and mother has got the his Terricks and brother Tom has got the Huppin Koff an Sister Susin has got a Baby an I hoap these fu lynes will find you in the same condishun rite sune yore affecshunate Kussin.

☞"I say, nigger, how do you sell dem brooms so much cheaper den dis individual can do, when, between you and me, I steal de stuff to make dem wid?"

"Why, you brack fool, Pomp, I steals dem ready made."

☞A dying West India Planter, groaning to his favorite servant sighed out, "Ah, Sambo, I'm going a long, long journey." "Never mind, massa," said Sambo, consoling him; "him all the way down hill, and you soon reach the end."

☞A town meeting in Warham, Mass. recently took action upon the dog question, and according to the town records, it was voted, "That all persons within the town, owning dogs, shall be muzzled!"

☞The people of Delaware thought they saw a comet on Wednesday last, it turned out, however, to be a redheaded woman chasing a book pedler down the road for squiting tobacco juice on her Sunday carpet.