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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, JANUARY 20, 1855. NO. 38.

RATCLIFFE MILL.

THE subscribers most respectfully inform the public that their MILL is now in very superior order, having undergone a thorough repair. The wheat Burs, Bolting cloths, and smut machine, is of the best quality that could be procured in Philadelphia, with flour and wheat elievators, and all the improvements of the most modern and approved plan. They have a good miller, industrious and attentive to business, polite and accommodating to customers We have every facility, and there can be no good reason, why we should not be able to do the work as well as it can be done in the State or elsewhere.

We also expect to have in full operation in a short time, a Plaster Mill, Clover Mill &c, detached from the grist mill, and shall be highly gratified to accommodate all who may see proper to send, the most strict attention shall be paid to all branches of the business, as we are determined that there shall be no cause for complaint, if any should arrise we would like to be notified.

THOS. H WHALAND.
JOHN W. WHALAND.

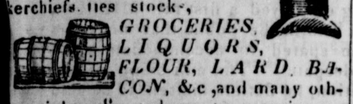
August 5, 1854.

More New & Cheap GOODS!

I HAVE just returned from the city with a full assortment of

FALL & WINTER CLOTHING,

consisting in part of the following:—Black Satin and Silk Vests, German and fancy ditto, all at reduced prices for cash; Coats from $2 50 to $10.00; fine white shirts, Canton flannel drawers and shirts, worsted, blue and red ditto; from 50 cts. to $1.25—with full assortment of *HATS, CAPS*, handkerchiefs. ties stock-,



GROCERIES, LIQUORS, FLOUR, LARD, BACON, &c ,and many other articles t'o tedious to mention.—Corn, Wheat, Rye, Beans, Oats, Buckwheat, Rags, Butter; Eggs, &c., taken in exchange for goods at the highest market price.

W. BACCHUS.

Oct. 7, 1854.

On the Equity side of the Circuit Court for Kent County,

DECEMBER 22d, 1854.

ORDERED by me, James F. Gordon, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county, that the sale made and reported by George Vickers, Trustee for the sale of Moses Kennard's heirs' real estate, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the first day of March next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the first day of February next'

The report states the amount of sales to be $2116 00

JAS. F. GORDON, Clk.

True copy; Test:

JAS. F. GORDON, Clk.

Dec. 23, 1854.—3w.

Domestic Goods.

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, osnaburgs, 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. 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 Deed and drawing paper for surveyors use, with a full assortment of envelopes, some extra sizes, school books, ink-stands, pens, wafers, wax, sand

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

Oct. 14.

Fluid Lamps.

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

ALDRIDGE & STAPLES.

Oct. 21, 1854.

OILCLOTH and Linen Table Covers, Table Damask, Irish Linens &c.— for sale by W. N. E. WICKES.

October 24.

SPORTSMEN ATTEND.—Several very superior Duck and Bird Guns received and for sale by

A. J. REES & CO.

Nov 18 1854.

CONSUMPTION

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED BY INHALATION OF MEDICATED VAPORS!

BY JOHNSON STEWART ROSE, M. D, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and for years Senior Physician in the London Royal Infirmary for diseases of the Lungs.

In the treatment of Consumption by Inhalation, I have obtained the results which warrant me in asserting, that it is now as curable as diseases of the Stomach and Liver.

Breathing medicine directly into the Lungs is certainly the rational mode of attacking the disease, and like many other great and beneficent discoveries, if seems strange why such treatment was not resorted to long ago. Where there is life, there is now assured hope for the most seemingly hopeless cases, as thro'out all the stages of this insidious disease, the wonderful and beneficent effects of this treatment are soon apparent. In cases also of Bronchitis, Asthma, &c., the inhaling of powders and vapors has been eminently successful, and to those suffering under any of the above named complaints, I can guarantee speedy and certain relief. I have pleasure in referring to 207 names, residents of New York and neighborhood, who have been restored to vigorous health. About one third of the above number, according to the patients' own statements, were considered hopeless cases.

The Inhaling method is soothing, safe and speedy, and consists in the administration of medicine in such a manner that they are conveyed to the Lungs in the form of vapor, and produce their action at the seat of the disease. Its practical success is destined to revolutionize the operations of the medical world, and establish the entire curability of consumption.

Applicants will please state if they have ever bled from the Lungs, if they have lost flesh, have a cough, night sweats and fever turns—what and how much they expectorate, what the condition of their stomach and bowels.—The necessary Medicines, Apparatus, &c., &c., will be forwarded to any part.

TERMS—$5 consultation fee. Balance of fee payable only when patients report themselves convalescent.

Dr. Rose's Treatise on Consumption—price $1.

Address

JOHNSON STEWART ROSE,
Office 831 Broadway, New York.

Dec. 16'54-6m.

Cook Stoves!

☞*If you want the most economical Stove in use, get "THE BELLE OF THE STATES"*

We are selling a great many of them, and they have never refused to give satisfaction in a single instance. We never saw an *Oven* that would bake better. In a word, we warrant them to please in every respect, or the money refunded and the stove removed.

ALDRIDGE & STAPLES.

Chestertown, Oct. 7. 1854.

Parlor Stoves.

THE Wood, Parlor, Franklin and Air Tight combined, with Sliding front doors, which can be converted into an open front or air-tight wood parlor.—It is a neat and elegant pattern, and will compared favorably with any thing in market. In store and for sale by

ALDRIDGE & STAPLES.

Oct. 21, 1854.

To the Voters of Kent!

TIME and again have appeals been made to you for your support. I have just returned from the city with a large, good, and very cheap assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, and many other articles, all cheap. Deposit your ballots in my box—vote the V's and X's; then the country will be safe.

JOHN RUSSELL.

Nov. 18, 1854.—tf.

For Sale.



The Frame Dwelling in Chester Town now occupied by Mr. Joseph Middleton; also the Frame Dwelling occupied by Mrs. Clayton; also the one now occupied by Mr. Joseph Deford. For terms apply to

J. W. PHILLIPS.

Nov, 18, 1854.

LAROQUES ELIXIS OF BARKS always on hand and for sale by

WM P. FRANCIS.

SIX Dozen Corn Baskets, just received and for sale by

A. J. REES & Co.

Nov. 18, '54.

GREAT GUNS!—100 kegs and half kegs of Powder of the same old kind, just received and for sale by

A. J. REES & Co.

Nov. 18, 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.

MR. EDITOR.—I found the following clipping among some scraps the other day, and a lady said, "it should be pickled." I therefore send it to yon to be *put up*. S.

Thus says the Prophet of the Turk,
"Good musselman, abstain from pork;
There is a part in every swine,
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication."
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debar'd,
And set their wits to work to find,
What joint the Prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose,
Some choose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said,
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at the doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus conscience freed from every clog,
Mahometans ate up the hog.

You laugh! 'tis well, the tale applied,
May make you laugh on t'other side.
"Renounce the world," the preacher cries;
"We do," a multitude replies,
While one, as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game of cards,
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play.
A third one you may meet by chance
Who cannot but approve a dance.
Some loves a concert, some a race,
And others shooting and the chase;
'Tis desperate sin to be a scold,
But there's no harm in wearing gold.
Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,
Thus bit by bit the world is swallowed.
Each think his neighbor makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he.
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from snout to tail 'tis eaten.

Miscellaneous.

Romance of Real Life.

THE MOTHER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Mr. Abbott, in his admirable papers on Napoleon Bonaparte—as published in Harper's New Monthly Magazine, gives a chapter in the history of the great captain, the principle facts of which will be read with particular interest at the present time. It is stated that Josephine contemplated the extraordinary granduer to which her husband had attained, with intense solicitude. She saw that more than ordinary regal power had passed into his hands and she was not a stranger to the intense desire which animated his heart to have an heir to whom to transmit his name and his glory. She knew that many were intimating to him that an heir was essential to the repose of France. She was fully informed that divorce had been urged upon him as one of the stern necessities of State'—One day, when Napoleon was busy in his cabinet, Josephine entered sofily, by a side door, and seating herself affectionately upon his knee, and passing her hand gently through his hair, said to him with a burst of tenderness, 'I entreat you, my friend, do not make yourself king. It is Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him." Napoleon smiled upon her kindly, and said, "Why my poor Josephine, you are mad. You must not listen to these fables which the old dowagers tell you. But you interrupt me now; I am very busy; leave me alone."

Josephine was at times almost delirious in apprehension of the awful calamity that threatened her. She knew the intensity of her husband's love.—She also knew the boundlessness of his ambition. She could not be blind to the apparent importance, as a matter of State policy, that Napoleon should possess an heir. She also was fully aware that throughout France marriage had long been regarded but as a partnership of convenience, to be formed and sundered almost at pleasure. "Marriage," said Mad. de Stael, "has become but the sacrament of adultery." The nation under the influence of these views would condemn her for selfishly refusing assent to an arrangement apparently essential to the repose of France and of Europe. Never was a woman placed in a situation of more terrible trial—Never was an ambitious man exposed to a more fiery temptation. Laying aside the authority of Christianity, and contemplating the supject in the light of mere expediency, it seemed a plain duty for Napoleon and Josephine to separate. But gloriously does it illustrate the immutable truth of God's word, that even in such an existence as this the path that the Bible pointed out was the only path of safety and grace. "In separating myself from Josephine," said Napoleon afterwards, 'and marrying Maria Louisa, I placed my foot upon an abyss which was covered with flowers."

Josephine's daughter, Hortense, beautiful; brilliant, and amaible, then but eighteen years of age, was strongly attached to Duroc, one of Napoleon's aids, a very fashionable and handsome man. Josephine, however had conceived the idea of marrying Hortense to Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon's younger brother. She said one day to Bourrienne, "My two brothers-in law are my determined enemies. You see all their intrigues. You know how much uneasiness they have caused me. This projected marriage with Duroc, leaves me without any support. Duroc, independent of Bonaparte's friendship is nothing. He has neither fortune, rank, nor either reputatian. He can afford me no protection against the enmity of the brothers. I must have some more certain reliance for the future. My husband loves Louis very much. If I can succeed in uniting my daughter to him, he will prove a strong counterpoise to the calumnies and persecutions of my brothers-in law." These remarks were reported to Napoleon. He remarked, "Josephine labors in vain. Duroc and Hortense love each other, and they shall be married. I am attached to Duroc.—He is well born. I have given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Le Clerc. I can as well give Hortense to Duroc.—He is brave; he is as good as the others, he is general of division. Besides, I have other views for Louis."

In the palace the heart may throb with the same joys and griefs as in the cottage. In anticipation of the projected marrage Duroc was sent on a special mission to compliment the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. Duroc wrote often to Hortense while absent. When the private secretary whispered in her ear, in the midst of the brilliant throng of the Tuileries, "I have a letter," she would immediately retire to her apartment. Upon her return her friends could see that her eyes were moistened with the tears of affection and joy. Josephine cherished the hope that could she succeed in uniting Hortense to Louis Bonaparte, should Hortense give birth to a son, Napoleon would regard him as his heir. The child would bear the name of Bonaparte, the blood of the Bonapartes would circulate in his veins; and he would be the offspring of Hortense, whom Napoleon regarded as his own daughter, and whom he loved with the strongest parental affection. Thus the terrible divorce might be averted. Urged by motives so powerful, Josephine left no means untried to accomplish her purpose.

Louis Bonaparte was a studious, pensive, imaginative man, of great moral worth, though possessing but little force of character. He had been bitterly disappointed in his affections, and was weary of the world. When but nineteen years of age he had formed a very strong attachment for a young lady whom he had met in Paris. She was the daughter of an emigrant noble, and his whole being became absorbed in the passion of love. Napoleon then in the midst of those victories which paved his way to the throne of France, was apprehensive that the alliance of his brother with one of the old royalist families might endanger his own ambitious projects. He therefore sent him away on a military commission, and secured by his powerful instrumentality, the marriage of the young lady to another person. The disappointment preyed deeply upon the heart of the serious young man. All ambition died within him.—He loved solitude, and studiously avoided the cares and pomp of State. Napoleon, not having been aware of the extreme strength of his brother's attachment, when he saw the wound which he had inflicted upon him, endeavored to make all the amends in his power. Hortense was beautiful, full of grace and vivacsty. At last Napoleon fell in with the views of Josephine, and resolved, having united the two, to recompense his brother, as far as possible, by lavishing great favors upon them.

It was long before Louis would listen to the proposition of his marriage with Hortense. His affections still clung to the lost object of his idolitry, and he could not, without pain think of union with another. Indeed a more uncongenial alliance could hardly have been imagined. In no one thing were their taste similar. But who could resist the combined tact of Josephine and power of Napoleon. All obstacles were swept away, and the maiden, loving the hilarity of life and its gayest scenes of festivity and splendor, was reluctantly led to the silent, pensive scholar, who as reluctantly received her as his bride.—Hortense had become in some degree reconciled to the match, as her powerful father promised to place them in high position of wealth and rank. Louis resigned himself to h's lot, feeling that earth had no further joy in store for him. A magnificent FETE was given in honor of this marriage, at which all the splendors of the ancient royalty was revived Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who, as President of the French Republic, succeeded Louis Phillippe, the King of the French, was the only child of this marriage who survived his parents.

LOVE THE WOMEN.

A PATENT SERMON.

Love the women—if not spoilt in the making up, you cant help it. The man who does not have the real love of the women inwrought in his very bones, is fit for any and every species of meanness; his birth was a blunder, and he ought to be kicked out of creation by old maids, and then compelled to hold squalling babies forever. Father Adam first loved our common mother, and shined up to her at once, so all his true children take to calico as readily as an Irishman to a pick, or a duck to water.

Take a little good advice. Mind now—the creation of the milliner's shop is worthless, a cheat, a counterfeit, made up of dry goods and whalebone, and has more cotton than heart in his bosom; to love such a specimen is a real calamity; better go to your funeral than to have one of them. Nay, the girl that behaves best is the prettiest. Hearts filled with all that's pure, noble and truly womanly—women who have such are the real gold, and help meets to man, not beautiful moths. They spin more yarn in the house than in the street, and never carry their wealth like a snail, on their backs. They never leave their own work undone at home to pry into other people's business. They do not withhold the sympathies of our common humanity from an erring sister, and at the same time pet the he-devil who caused her to err. They do not despise that labor which is the foundation of wealth and honor. They respect the aged, and never titter at their tottering steps or old fashioned speech. They speak kindly to them, and joy to reach for the staff in the corner, set the arm chair, or give an arm for them to lean upon. They are not afraid of dishwater or dough. They can be the lady in the parlor, or the accomplished housewife in the kitchen.

Such are the pretty woman—it is good for man to go sucks with such. Single them out from the counterfeits, avoid a hell upon earth, and prosper in all things. Love such and never give them cause to regret the co-partneship. Never spend your time at the taverns, drinking rum, or chew tobacco and spit all over her hearth and andirons. Such men deserve broomsticks and sour bread in life, and a she-devil in Tophet. Look for gi ls who are made up of a full pattern, and so shall wealth, honor, domestic happiness, twin babies, and green old age be yours, and a death as calm and attractive as the ending of a summer day.

AN IRISH LETTER.

The following letter, says an exchange paper, from an Irishman in this country to his wife in Ireland, was handed to us, a day or two since, by a venerable Irish gentleman, to make it public. The letter is superscribed as follows:

To my wife at Tim Flaherty's in Ireland.
If gone to be forwarded.

My dear Judy May the two--1847.

I commenced this letter yesterdy. If it doesn't come to hand you may allow that I am not here but gone to Quebec—Teli Barney that his brothers family is all dead entirely barren the cow God bless her—I'd write you more but as there is no means of sending this, I will just let it go as it is—Remember me in your prayers and to all the Flaherty's. No more at present from your loving husband if alive Thady O'Riley, and if dead, God rest his soul.—P. S.—If this letter doesn't reach you, you must let me know by return of post, and don't wait for another until you hear from me again, but write me immediately and let me know how your coming on.

N. B.—I have altered my mind and won't send this letter after all, so you can answer or not just as it plazes you—Give my love to the children—When you come to the end of this letter, don't read any more of it, but just answer, by the first post office yours until death and after it not before.

Your own Thady O'Riley, as in duty bound I ought to be.

HUSBANDS

Assist your wives in making home happy; preserve the hearts you have won.

1. When you returned from your daily avocations, do you find your habitations alluring? Do not sit down in a corner, silent and sullen, with cloud-brow, and visage repulsive! Meet your beloved ones with a smile of joy and satisfaction; take them by the hand.

2. Never indulge in coarse, harsh, or profane words. These, to a woman of refinement, of delicate and tender sensibilities, are exceedingly disgusting, and tend to grieve her spirit. Let the law of kindness dwell upon your lips; write it upon the tablets of your hearts. Modesty and delicacy are gems of priceless value; keep them polished like burnished gold.

3. Husbands, be exceedingly cautious never to say or do any thing that will tend to mortify the feelings of your wives in company. Here, if possible, show them more marked respect than when alone.

4. Give your wives to understand that you esteem them above all others, make them your confidants; confide in them, and they will confide in you; confidence begets confidence, love begets love, and sweetness begets sweetness.

5. Above all sympathise with the wives of your bosom in the hour of affliction. Rejoice with them when they rejoice, and weep with them when they weep. Who, if not a bosom companion, will wipe from the cheek the falling tear of sorrow!

6. Finally; husbands, remember that death will soon sever the combined cord! When you behold her, with whom you lived, and toiled, and wept, and rejoiced, cold and lifeless, laid in the coffin—

Think of the happiness so deed and tender,
That filled thy heart when wandering by her side;
Think how her faintest smile had power to render
The darkest moment one of love and pride.

Will you then regret that you studied always to promote her happiness? that the law of kindness and love dwelt on your lips evermore? Oh! think, and be now her ministering angel!

'DOESTICKS' ON RHODE ISLAND.

Doesticks thus describes a brief excursion which he made into the Providence plantations:

"Got tired of New York, although it is a place of considerable importance. Wanted to see the world; so I started for the seven by nine State of Rhode Island, where they shingle the houses all over, outside and in, and put the windows in the roof; where they make their fences out of cobble stones; where the ducks roost on fences, and hatch their young ones on the tops of cherry trees; and where the men look so much alike, their wives often kiss the wrong individual, (my friend says it's a way women have all over the world.) Went to the city of Providence, where all the men make jewelry, and all the women believe in spirit rappings; where they've got a bridge wider than it's long, and Macadamized on both sides; where all the plaster busts of great men have gray wigs on; where they light the gas in the middle of the afternoon; where they drive five horses tandem; where the apples grow as large as wash-tubs, and the oysters obtain the immense size of three cent pieces. Went into the woods after chesnuts; couldn't find any, but discovered a magnificent tree in the distance—rejoiced exceedingly thereat—started for it—three quarters of a mile away; went ahead over stones, ditches, snakes, briars, fences, and stone walls, until at last I reached it, and found it was an elm tree; no chesnuts on it—got very mad; walked round the State a couple of times, and took the first train for home."

☞A boy, while spreading hay in the meadow, was stung by a yellow jacket or bumble bee. Grasping a wisp of hay and giving chase to his tormentor, he succeeded in knocking him into the grass; then holding the wretch down with a stick by one hand, and taking a pin from his pocket with the other he commenced partaking the sweet morsel of revenge. "I'll let you know, old feller," said he, giving his victim a thrust through the body, "I'll let you know (another jab) that *there is a God in Israel yet.*"

THE WORST ISM.—"Harry," inquired a friend the other day "which do you consider the worst 'ism" now prevalent?"

"Abolitionism?" inquired his friend.

"No."

"Socialism?"

"No."

"Nativeism?"

"No, no,"

"Then I must give it up," replied he "Expound."

"Why Rheumatism."

☞"I say, ptinter do you take Indian money?" "No." "What's the reason ain't it good?" "Yes." "Why don't you take it then?" "Can't get it."

Interrogator mizzled.