msa_sc2901_scm2350-0004 ©Maryland State Archives

KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

VOL. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. JANUARY 2, 1847. NO. 36

"SUGAR COATED" PILLS.

Beware! Caution!!

The increasing popularity of Dr. G. Benj. Smith's improved Indian Vegetable Sugar Coated Pills, has induced a number of persons to make something they call Pills and coat them with sugar, in order to sell them for the genuine, while they do not possess a particle of the goodness, nor even assimilate in appearance to the original, Dr. Smith's Pills. In short, they are an intended fraud upon the community.—A minister who at first had an interest in an imitation Sugar Coated Pill, manufactured in Albany N. Y., has given them up, as he says, on account of the miserable dishonest parties concerned in manufacturing them. The same party are now industriously circulating reports calculated to injure Dr. Smith and to affect the reputation of his valuable pills; but rather than notice them in public, Dr. Smith is about to institute legal proceeding against them for their slanders, as he has in another case against a similar party, in which he recovered a large amount of damages. These miserable imitators have to resort to the most abominably means to palm off ther counterfeit pills, as the public know that Dr. Smith's are the original and genuine. Several instances have come to public notice in which life has been endangered by the unfortunate use of the counterfeits. It is *Dr Smith's* Pills that are doing so much good in the country—as the following plainly show.

More Ministers

Use and Recommend Dr. Smith's Pills than all others.

This is to certify that I have used the Sugar Coated Pills, manufactured by G. Benjamin Smith, of New York, for some time, and believe them to be a good medicine; and also, from inquiry in that city, I am persuaded that he is the original inventor, and therefore is entitled to the benefit of the invention.

S. WILLIAMS,
Pastor 1st Baptist Church, Pittsburgh.

From the Blue Hen's Chicken, (Del.)

We call the attention of our readers to the certificate of Rev. S. Williams, Pastor of 1st Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, in relation to Dr. Smith's Pills. We can ourselves bear testimony to the excellence of these pills, one of us having used them and experienced great relief from them.

The above is the best paper in the State of Delaware.

The "Improved Indian Vegetable Pills," (Sugar Coated,) are certainly doing much good in the whole country, and are highly esteemed, if one half is true that people write and say about them. They are so easy in their operation that all like them. The editor of the Northern State Journal, (one of the largest and best papers in the State of N. Y.,) writes as follows:

Watertown, May 31, 1846.

Dr G. Benj. Smith—

Dear Sir: I was laid up with a bad cold some time since my return from from N. Y., and during my my illness I made trial of your pills and I must say I found them excellent. They are the best medicine for the purposes they are intended, that I have yet seen, I seldom take pills, but I found yours entirely free from the objections to which other pills are liable. I hope they will continue to be a source of profit to you as I doubt not they will be a means of relief to be afflicted on a lage scale.

Yours truly,
J. GREEN.

Tonawanda, Pa, Sept. 18, 1846.

Dr G. Benj. Smith—

Dear Sir: Your agent left with me a lot of your Sugar Coated Pills, and I have but a few boxes left. Every box I have sold has given entire satisfaction. I have taken them myself and I consider them the best pills I have ever used; and I am not afraid to recommend them to the public. I wish a further supply at once.

Yours respectfully,
JACOB KIBLER, P. M.

Huntington, Ind., June 21, 1846.

Dr. Smith—

Dear sir: I am most out of your "Indian Vegetable Sugar Coated Pills," and find selling so fast that I think you had send me two gross immediately—give such general satisfaction that come at least twenty miles for them it is generally known I am agent for I would be very sorry to get out.

Yours respectfully.
SAML MOORE & CO.

BEWARE!!!

G. Benj. Smith, be not written with a in the bottom of the box, all "Sugar" Pills are Counterfeit!

Principal Office 179 Greenwich Street, Brick block, N. Y. Price 25 cents a

Sale in Chester Town, by John L.

Carriage and Harness MANUFACTORY.

T. & O. P. JONES,

Fashionable COACH MAKERS,

Would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally they are constantly manufacturing CARRIAGES of almost every description and patern, all of which they will sell up and on accommodating terms.—Those in want of good Carriages are invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere. Old carriages in exchange.

Repairing executed with neatness and dispatch.

Chester Town, May 30th, 1846. tf

HEMSLEY'S WORM DESTROYING SYRUP,

Prepared by R. F. Hemsley, Pharmaceutist, Easton, Md. and by Hemsley & Bros. 47 Ann street, New York.

Various remedial agents have been resorted to from time immemorial for the expulsion of worms. Among the most popular of the present era, and one we may add, without ostentation, destined to stand unrivalled in the class of anthelmintic remedies, is that offered to the public under the title of "*Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup.*" Its qualities have already stood the test of years, and innumerable evidences of the most striking success in its administration have been from time to time furnished. The ingredients are at once safe and efficient, and the composition prepared upon strict chemical principles. The united testimony of eminent medical gentlemen, to whom it has been submitted, is a strong proof of its claim upon general patronage. But a stronger proof of its merits is the fact, that it has never, in a single instance, when properly administered, failed to produce a cure; and whenever it has been introduced, it has become with Physicians, as well as with all others, the only medicine prescribed for worms.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We, the undersigned, having prescribed "*Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup,*" frequently in our practice, and witnessed its uniform success, can confidently recommend it to be a safe and certain remedy for worms, and believe it to be superior to any thing ever used in such cases.

Trist Thomas, MD | Chris. C. Cox, MD
J. A. Muse, MD | Jas. Dawson, MD
W. H. Thomas, MD | H. R. Pitts, MD

I have tried in a desperate case of worms "*Mr. Wm. Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup,*" and it proved immediately efficacious. This case had baffled the skill of a Physician previously, and the disease must have killed the servant. I feel it my duty to give this certificate in favour of this valuable medicine.

SAM'L HAMBLETON, Jr.
Attorney at Law.

Easton, March 30th, '44.

Having freely used "Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup" in my family for more than two years past, I unhesitatingly recommend it as a safe and effectual vermifuge, and decidedly prefer it to any other worm medicine I have ever used.

JOHN TILGHMAN.

PRICE.—25 cts. per bottle, or $2 00 per dozen.

For sale by
SIMON WICKES, Jr. Druggist,
Chester Town.

July 11th, 1846. tf

Dr. H. F. Peery's

Vermifuge, or "Dead Shot," for Worms
A highly concentrated and chemically combined preparation, capable, from the promtitude of its action, of clearing the system in a few hours of every worm

The exceeding small quantity of this medicine required to test the existence of worms or to remove every one from the system, its operating in a few hours, together with its great certainty of effect, constitute it one of the most brilliant discoveries of the age. It seldom needs to be repeated, and never to be followed by any other purge; therefore in urgent cases, as those of fits, spasms or convulsions, caused by worms, its unrivalled superiority is manifest. Few medicines are better calculated to improve the health of children, even where no worms exist; as it removes those masses of crudities that line and closely adhere to the stomach and bowels, giving rise to symptoms that counterfeit every variety of worm-disease. Though prompt and certain in its operation, it is perfectly safe and adapted to the tenderest age. Price 25 cents per vial.

Prepared by Dr. Peery, and sold by S. Wickes, Apothecary, agent for Chestertown and wholesale and retail by Chas. Wiseman Druggist, 331 Market street, next the Globe Inn, Baltimore.

nov'r 28, '46 3m

Too important to overlook!!!
Too profitable to neglect!!!

There is not a man living but may, at some time or other, owe his life to the mighty, saving power,

DALLEY'S
Magical Pain Extractor.

This *wonder of the age*, is capable of curing almost every sort of affliction that assails the human body, as well as relieve and restore it from *all kinds* of suffering and pain, even from the excruciating agony of the severest Burn, Pile, Scald, Rheumatism, Tic Doloreaux, &c. It has saved hundreds of lives in *dreadful cases*, where the Physician has stood aghast, by its imparting instant ease and rest to a victim, and arresting, by its magnetic and electric instantaneous fluid, inflammation and mortification.

It will also prevent Poison taking effect on persons bit by venomous reptiles, or rabid animals, bees, hornets, musquitoes, spiders, or from having come in contact with poisonous plants—*and cure every case.*

Will likewise prevent and cure Broken Breasts, Sore Nipples, chafe and sores in children, cancers and carbuncles.

Sold by S. Wickes, Apothecary, Chester Town, and Chas. Wiseman, 331, Market street, next the Globe Inn, Baltimore.

nov'r, 28, '46. 3m

HARD TIMES—for sale at 12½ cts. by WILMER & NICOLS.

nov'r 14, 1846.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months.

☞For Prospectus, see fourth page.

POETRY.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS.

Written for the Vicksburg Whig.

CLAY.

He speaks!—and viewless chains
Upon a Senate rest;
He ceases!—loo! upon the name
That jem a nation's breast.

WEBSTER.

The calm unbounded deep
Is emblem of his mind;
But roused, its heavy billows sweep,
In grandeur unconfin'd.

CALHOUN.

A loom of curious make
May weave a web of thought,
And he who rends the shining warp,
May in the wool be caught.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Statesman and poet too!—
Philosopher in turn;
Link with the past!—a nation soon
Shall sorrow o'er his urn.

CRITTENDEN.

Now with a giants might
He heaves the pondrous thought—
Now pours the storm of eloquence
With scathings fraught!

BERIEN

With temper calm and mild,
And words of softened tone,
He overturns his neighbor's cause,
And justifies his own.

CORWIN.

The polish'd shaft of wit
Is quivering in the light;
Tis sped! upon its shining tract,
And havock marks his flight.

J. M. CLAYTON.

The lightning's glare may turn
The needle from the pole;
Who ever saw him swerve,
Or bow to low control.

BENTON.

Judgment and tact combin'd,
A mind of knowledge vast,
A walking book-case—on its shelves
The archives of the past.

CASS.

With neat and rounded phrase
He tricks the shapeless thought;
Like hope of power, it charms to-day,
To-morrow it is NAUGHT.

ALLEN.

Ye gods! defend my ears!
Bass-drums around me throng!
Through empty galleries leap and roll
The notes of Chinese Gong.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISTAKES OF A MORNING;

OR

A MURDER CASE IN MISSISSIPPI.

While sojourning for a few days, about the period of the solstice last summer, in one of the marine villages of the State of Mississippi that skirt the Mexican Gulf, an event transpired, which, for a time—a brief time only—started the ha let from its propriety. We shall proceed to give a hurried sketch of this occurrence, with the view of giving it typical notoriety.

The sun, on the morning of the day to which we are about to refer, rose from the Gulf with a rosy glow, and ere long flung forth its rays, polishing its surface as though it were a "monster" mirror. Bilious looking, liver affected gentlemen, in broad brimmed Panama and Leghorn hats, and morning gowns, young ladies in sun-bonnets and "Nova creena" dresses, and older ladies in no particular style of dress; might be seen wending their way up to the hotel, having taken their martin ablution. The birds in the neighboring pine trees had given their first concert for the morning; the sun was fast beginning to absorb the little, crystalized, globular dew drops, which a short time before surmounted the glass-blades, making the lawn in front of the hotel look like an enamelled carpet ornamented with spangles. Dissipated looking gentlemen might also be observed, hurriedly preparing their toilet for breakfast, and little else was to be heard than a call for "boots" from No. 5—a call for soap from No 9, or a missing napkin from No 13, except the hissing of the fish, as half covered with butter they friend in the kitchen.

While those things were in a state such as we have represented them, a tall, thin man, with the nether ends of his trowsers thrust into the legs of his horse skin boots, without any coat, unshaven, and wearing an old conecrowned, gray woollen hat, walked hurriedly, and agitatedly to where a group of boarders were standing at the hotel door, and inquired for the Attorney of the District, who happened to be standing at the hotel at the time. The latter functionary having heard his name mentioned, walked out of his room, and asked, "Jones,"—the man in the horse skin boots—"what the h—l are you after so early? Court don't sit till ten."

Now, Jones knew that to answer this very familiar, though not very polite interrogatory, he would have to open his mouth, and knowing that in opening his mouth he could not retain the quantity of tobacco juice with which it was filled, took the preliminary precaution to expectorate it, before replying to the learned District Attorney, which done, he told him in half mysterious, half astonished tone, "that it was done at last!"

"Jones" says the District Attorney, "you're a living note of admiration!" And Jones, by the way, did not look unlike a standing one. "You're like the dwarf with the two heads, who is so old that nobody can tell his age; you're a perpetual wonder; that is it that's done now, that seems excite your alarm so?"

"Why, Granger has killed his wife at last," sat Jones—who turned out himself to be a limb of the law—being constable, crier of the Court, and subpoena server on every delinquent tax-payer.

"Oh, he has, has he?" said the District Attorney; let me have your tobacco, Jones."

Jones handed the legal representative of the State, or of that certain district of it, his honey-dew, and the D. A. having cut a chunk off it, and deposited it in his jaw, coolly remarked—"You have summoned an inquest, and secured Granger, of course?"

"I have secured Granger," said Jones, "and an almighty tough job I had of it; but I reckon the body must be found first, 'fore there's an inquest. I don't know no law, if the magistrate's manual don't say, in an article on dead bodies, page 106, that there cant be no inquest where there aint no body found."

"Oh, Jones, said the District Attorney contemptuously, "I admit that you're a most profound lawyer; but notice the Judge; tell him I will be in Court at ten o'clock—let him be there to hear this case, and I will be there to investigate it, in the name, and on behalf, of the sovereign State of Mississippi But," descending from his dignity, "Jones, let us liquor before you go."

"Squire," said Jones, "you ought to be chancellor, you ought. It's the first time I shook the dew off my boots this morning."

They liquored, and Jones went to obey the orders of him who had succeeded in ascending a few rounds above him on the legal ladder. Granger's murder of the wife of his bosom was the sole talk at the breakfast table, and, indeed of the whole village. No one knew exactly how the bloody and inhuman deed was perpetrated—nor where the body was but all agreed that it was a most diabolical murder. They knew it would come to that, they said; they were often drunk; it could not be otherwise.—Blood was found on the floor, and upon a knife that was upon the cupboard. But what could have been done with the body? One saw Granger sink a large box in the Lake before day, in which there was something in a sack; and another noticed the earth freshly dug in the woods, at the rear of Granger's house.

Ten o'clock came, and the dingy log-cabin which formed the Court house was crowded The Judge sat on the bench behind a huge pair of iron-cased spectacles; the District attorney was poring over a "dog's eared" edition of Starkey on Evidence. Jones was sitting with his horse skin boots stuck upon the table before him and before the Judge, his feet, of course, in them; and Granger, the most unconcerned looking man in Court, was whittling a stick where he sat, to the right, but in the rear of the bench.

"Are you prepared to proceed with this case, Mr. District Attorney?" said the Judge.

"I am prepared, your honor," said the District Attorney.

"Are *you* ready to proceed to the preliminary trial, William Granger?" said the Judge, with all the assumed, solemn dignity of a marshal; "or if you are not now, when will you?" he added.

"Just whenever you d——n please," said Granger, in a maudlin tone of indifference; "but if Sal had taken my advice this would never have happened. She—"

"Silence! Sir," said the Judge, "in the first place you must learn to respect the Court, and in the next place you are not bound to tell any thing that will criminate yourself. Mr. District Attorney proceed."

Granger muttered, "Criminate hell!"

Jones called silence. The District Attorney then took from bewteen his teeth some masticated tobacco, and proceeded:—

"May it please this Court, I am about to lay before you the skeleton—I say the skeleton for the great body of facts are not yet fully developed. I am about to lay before you, I say, the skeleton of as foul a murder—as in human a murder—as unnatural a murder as was ever recorded in the annals of crime [*Aside*—Jones, give me your tobacco.] Yes, Sir, a murder, which, considering the relations that existed between the murdered and his victim, would as Shakspeare says curl up a nigger's blood, and what is harder still, make his hair stand on end, like the tail of a frightened gobbler! But, sir, although the manner in which this foul deed was perpetrated, is at present shrouded in mystery, of the fact of the murder there is no doubt; the prisoner and his wife were heard quarrelling last evening; she has not been since seen The traces of blood are visible on the floor, and a knife, with clotted gore on it was discovered under the cupboard!"

Granger attempted to say something about the blood on the floor and on the knife being that of a chicken Sal killed the previous evening, but Jones called silence, and would permit him to make no explanation. The District Attorney proceeded:—

"I was saying, your honor, that up to this time the body of the murdered wife has not been discovered. But as 'murder speaks with most miraculous organ,' it will, no doubt, very soon be seen."

And so in truth it was; for the District Attorney had not well finished his quotation, when Mrs. Granger, all alive, protruding her head into the Court, called out—

"Consarn you, Bill Granger, is it there you be, instead of hoein' the taters? But when I was goin' to that ere quiltin' frolic of Mrs. Sharp's, last evenin', I said you wouldn't do nothin' till I come back, and I knew you wouldn't, consarn your picter!"

It is unnecessary to say that the appearance of Mrs. Granger, in propria personæ—in substance not in Shade—in Court, created no little consternation. The fear which what was believed to be her apparition first occasioned, was succeded, on the part of the crowd, by a unanimous burst of humor; but, on the part of the Judge and the District Attorney, a consciousness that they had made themselves ridiculous.

"I think we have proceeded far enough in this case," said the Judge.

"I call for a conviction," said Jones, "I ain't a goin' to be chiseled out of my fees for making the arrest, that way."

"Why, the woman that you charged Granger with killing—his wife—stands before you!" said the Judge, surprised at the absurdity of Jones' request.

"Oh, you can't come it, Judge," said Jones, "I suppose you don't think I never read no law; just hold on a while;" and he snatched up Philips on Evidence, and turning to the 64th page, triumphantly read:—

"As a party on record is not a competent witness—neither is the husband or the wife of the party competent to give evidence either for or against the party!" and throwing down the book, he exclaimed—

"There, I believe that settles the pint. I believe, 'codin to law, Mrs. Granger ain't a competent witness, to prove in favor of her husbund in this case. I reckon not."

The Court was dismissed. Granger and his wife went home, arguing, as usual, by the way; the spectators were convulsed with laughter at the termination of the awful murder case; the Judge and District Attorney attributed mistakes of the morning to that "fool Jones," and Jones swore he would never make another arrest as long as he'd live.

An Alabama Legislator.

A correspondent of the Montgomery Journal tells the following good anecdote on "Fat George, the member from Henry," connected with his first visit to Mobile.—Col. D—— had persuaded George to go with him to Mobile, where the "member from Henry" for the first time saw "sights" calculated to excite emotions of wonder in the unsophisticated mind:

They stopped at the "Waverly," and on the day after their arrival, the Colonel enquired as to the state of George's general health and especially as to how he had rested the previous night.

"Tollable, Bob, leavin' out a chunk of a scare I got last night."

"As how?" asked Bob.

"Why you'll take *notice*," said George, "the room the bar-keeper allotted for me to have, I took particular notice of it—and I wouldn't look at no other, for fear I might get 'em mixed up in my head. Now about 12 o'clock I come home, with about a half grown hummin' in my head, and the very fust thing I found, at the top of them twistin' steps, was my own identical door with the brown paint and light streaks and brass lock handle, all right "Good!" says I and in I busted! Walks up to the bed, I does, and thar I finds one of your long legged, black-whiskered, town fellers—fast asleep Takes him by the whiskers with both hands, and tears him up in the bed, in a sittin' persition, and gives him a small oxhortation—told him to leave or I'd kick him down stairs and didn't want to do that, for I was a patent, double revolvin steam *mule* and once set in motion, never stops till the machineery wears out.

"The feller," continued George, "got up very humble-like, and travelled to the cheer whar his dry goods was, and I sauntered round the room lookin' at the picters, and stud in' over the chances of gittin 'another cocktail before turnin' in. After a while I begins to hurry the feller—says I 'draw on them moccasin skins of yourn *and leave!*" and with that I turned round to give him a final grin, but Bob?"

"What George?"

"Guess what he was doin'."

"Don't know!"

Why, just as true as preachin', he was makin' sight at me, with the most onsarts factory lookin' Bowie knife in his hand you ever saw. I'll go to grass if he wasn't—let's go liquor."

"Well, but what did you do, George when he made at you?"

"Why, nothin' particular—only worked the thing, till I got him from between me and the door, and then——"

"What?"

——"*Then I left!*"

HUMOROUS.

SELLING CRACKERS.—While in West Plattsburg, we were told a circumstance which occurred somewhere in New York, too good to be lost. A quick witted toper went into a barstoom and called for something to drink.

"We do not *sell* liquor," said the law-abiding landlord—"we will *give* you a glass then if you want to buy a cracker, we'll sell it to you for three cents."

"Very well," said the Yankee customer, "hand down your decanter."

The "good creature" was handed down, and our hero took a stiff horn, when turning round to depart, the unsuspecting landlord handed him the dish of crackers, with the remark, "you'll buy a cracker?"

"Well no I guess not; you sell 'em too dear; I can git lots on 'em, five or six for a cent any where else."

WELL ANSWERED.—A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being summoned as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of counsel, who was much given to browbeating the witnesses, asked him what distance he was standing from the parties when he saw the defendent strike the plaintiff? The carpenter replied, "just five feet four inches and a half."

"Pray thee, fellow," said the counsel, "how is it possible that you can be so exact as to the distance?"

"I thought," said the carpenter, "that some fool or other might ask me, so I measured it."

LITTLE FAILINGS.—"My James is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has some little failings, for we are none of us perfect. He put the cat in the fire; flung his grandfather's wig down the cistern; put his daddy's powder horn in the stove; tied the coffee pot to Jowler's tale; set off sqibbs in the barn; took my cap bobbin for fishing lines; and tried to a stick a fork in his sister's eyes; but these are only childish follies."

FASTIDIOUS.—An apprentice in Baltimore complained to a magistrate, that his master was starving him.

"Indeed! what does he give you to eat?"

"Why—why—" lisped the fellow, "nothing but bread and potatoes and beef and mutton and such like."

"Well, what would you have?"

"Why—why—plumb budding and cakes and roast turkey, and such like!"

CLEVER REPLY.—A servant girl in the town of A., whose beauty formed matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street, heard one of them exclaim to his fellows:

"By heaven, she's painted!"

"Yes, sir, and by heaven only!" she very quietly replied, turning round.

The officer blushed and apologized.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—One of our young bloods dining at a fashionable hotel a few weeks since was requested by a gentleman to pass some article of food which was near him.

"Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite.

"No, sir, I mistook you for a gentleman," was the prompt reply.

"I'LL BET a sheep," said old Tom Walker to his better half, "that our boy Elric is going crazy—for he is grinning at the plough, and he is grinning at the corn crib and he is grinning at the table, and he is grinning to himself wherever he goes."

"Poh!" replied aunt Holly, "don't you know he got a love letter this morning."

TRANSMIGRATION—*A New Simile*—We were much amused at the reply of a bald headed friend of ours to the question why he did not extend his whiskers to his chin, "Because," said he, "it would look too much like *transmigration*; it would seem as if the hair had left the top of my head and colonized my under jaw!"

"WHY IS the letter D like a ring?" said a lady, to her accepted, one day.

The gentleman *gave it up*.

"Because," added the lady, with a modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because *we* cannot be *wed* without it.

WITTY.—A young lady was accosted by a clergyman in a lane when going to church; he asked her why she did not go across the fields. Upon which she replied, "They were too *stile-ish* for her."

'An urchin from the country, being asked if he could 'draw an inference,' said he did'nt know how heavy an inference was; but he reckoned his dad had a yoke of oxen that would *start* it.

'SHALL I have your hand?' said a New York exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about commencing. 'With all my heart,' was the soft response.

☞A dutchman bid an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, in gave as his reason, "Dat as he loff to rise early in the morning, had now nudding to do put to bull a spring, and he could wake himself."

"A man can't help what's done *behind his back*," as the loafer said when he was kicked out of doors.