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THE KENT NEWS.

FRUSTRA, LABAROT, QUI OMNIUS, PLACERE STUDET—"HE LABORS VAINLY, WHO ENDEAVORS TO PLEASE EVERY ONE."

VOL. 12. CHESTER TOWN, MD., OCTOBER 4, 1851. NO. 23.

THE KENT NEWS.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL 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, $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months and no paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid. Single copies 6¼ cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.—Liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid

Negroes Wanted.

I will pay the highest prices, *in cash*, for any number of *NEGROES*, with the slaves for life or for a term of years. Large or small families, or single negroes. I will also purchase NEGROES restricted to remain in the State, that sustain good characters. Families never separated.—Persons having slaves for sale will please call and see me, as I am always in the market with the cash. Communications promptly attended to, and liberal commissions paid by JOHN N. DENNING, No. 5 South Frederick st. Between Market & Second sts

Baltimore, Oct. 27. 1850.

BLACK MITHING,
Horse-Shoeing, &c.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing his friends, and the public that he has commenced the business of Blacksmithing in the house lately occupied by Mr. Thos. Taylor, near the Cross Roads, and at the sign of the Horse Shoe, where he will be pleased to receive the patronage of those who may favor him with their custom.

LEVIN H. SIMMS.

Chestertown, Feb. 1, 1851—tf

The Horse-shoe is his and his husband's Joy

THE CHAN WASHING FLUID.

CLEANSES away entirely with that nuisance, the task of rubbing the clothes upon the washboard. It contains no ingredients which are injurious to the finest fabric or the human skin, and yet purifiers with every one of it, and it does not injure to be received in every such case will be refunded. Full directions for using each bottle. Retail price 12½ cents. Family Right for sale for counties, or for a State. Saving the cost of six times its price in time and labor. Prepared only by I. P. HOYT & Co.

I have made arrangements with George Hennage, Smyrna, Agent for the state of Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Orders received by him wholesale or retail, will be promptly attended to.

June 2, 1851.—3m.

AGENTS WANTED.

BUSINESS MEN to take the exclusive Agency (one in every county) for the Sale of the *German Washing Fluid*, being an article much cheaper and easier than soap, and is warranted to perfectly cleanse any kind of clothing no Potash, Soda-ash, parts of Turpentine, Ammonia, Acids, or any article whatever that will in any manner injure the finest *fabric* or the *flesh*. It is an article which, when once introduced, constant sales can be made with large profits to the Agent. For full particulars (regarding prices, terms, &c., address (post paid) to

I. P. HOYT & CO.,
No 26 South Fifth St. Phila'a.

July 26, 1851—2m

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
—SUCH AS—
Handbills, Circulars, Blanks Cards, Labels, &c.,

Neatly and expeditiously executed, on the most reasonable and accommodating terms, at the Office of the

"KENT NEWS,"
CHESTER TOWN,
MARYLAND

FLOUR! FLOUR!!
GROCERIES.

I have on hand and for sale super fine and family flour warranted good or no sale—Coffee, Sugar, and wares of all kinds kept at low prices Teas, spices, &c.

WM. BACCHUS.

March 15, '51.

HOPKINS & FAIRCHILD,
(*Successors to Orem & Hopkins,*)
MERCHANT TAILORS,
No. 230 Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE.

Always on hand a large assortment of fine and medium CLOTHING. Wholesale and Retail.
☞ONE PRICE ONLY.☜

March 1, 1851.

Young Ladies Seminary,
CHESTER TOWN,
ALBERT E. BASSFORD, PRINCIPAL.

THE exercises of the above institution will be resumed on Monday September 8th.

Terms,

Board and Tuition per annum $125,

EXTRAS,

Music, French and Latin.

Day Scholars,

$20, 30, or 40, per annum.

Aug. 30, '51—4t

WINES, BRANDY and WHISKEY for sale by

WILMER & FRANCIS.

NOTICE.

STATE DEPARTMENT }
ANNAPOLIS, Sept. 19, 1851 }

To all whom it may Concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that application has been made to the Governor for the pardon of SAMUEL CALDWELL, who was convicted at the March term of Kent County Court, 1851, of the crime of Assault and Battery on a certain Ebenezer Watts, and sentenced to confinement in the County Jail of Kent County for five months from the 3d day of June 1851, and to pay a fine of one dollar.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision on or after Saturday the 4th day of October next; until which time protests against the said application will be heard, and the petition, in the case open to inspection, at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor.

THOS. H. O'NEAL.
Secretary of State.

Sept. 27. 1851.—2w.

University of Maryland.

THE next session will begin on Monday, the 15th day of October, 1851, and close 1st March, 1852.

Nathan R. Smith, M. D., Surgery.
Wm. E. A. Aiken, M. D., Chemistry and Pharmacy.
Samuel Chew, M. D., Therapeutics and Materia Medica and Hygiene.
Joseph Roby, M. D., Anatomy and Physiology.
Wm. Power, M. D., Theory and Practice and Clinical Medicine.
Richard H. Thomas, M. D., Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children.
George W. Miltenberger, M. D., Pathology and Anatomy.

The most favorable opportunities for the dissection of Practical Anatomy at a moderate expense.

Clinical lectures four times a week, by Professors Smith and Power, in the Baltimore Infirmary, with the privilege to all students of attending with no charge, to the clinical lectures in the city.

Fees for the lectures $90 or $95, Perpetual Ticket $40; Matriculation $5, Graduation $20.

WILLIAM E. A. AIKEN, Dean.

Baltimore, July 1, 1851.

Aug. 19, 1851—6w

GUANO.

500 tons Peruvian Guano,
150 " Patagonian do.
100 " a superior quality, Ayacucho.

THE attention of Farmers and Planters is respectfully directed to the stock of Guano, which we have now in Store and are daily receiving by direct importations.

Our Guano is warranted to be of the very best quality, weighed and inspected by the State inspector, and the analysis of the various cargoes which we offer for sale, prepared by an eminent chemist of this city, can always be seen at our warehouse.

Having an ample stock on hand, farmers need fear no disappointment in being supplied, if they forward their orders in season. Every attention will be paid to orders received by mail, and our prices and terms will be as liberal as those of any other house in the trade.

P. MALCOM & CO.
Flour and Guano Warehouse,
Cor. Bowly's Wharf and Wood st,
Baltimore

☞Ground plaster, bls, and bone dust.

Aug 16 '51—1m

In Chancery.

13 Sept, 1851.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of Robert S. Welch, made and reported by the Trustee, George Vickers, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the thirteenth day of November next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper, in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the thirty first day of October next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1200 00.

True Copy;
Test.
LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Reg. Cur. Can.

Sept 20. 1851—3w

LUMBER YARD.

A large lot of LUMBER—one, 1½ and two inch WHITE PINE BOARDS, Hemlock joists, studding &c. &c., now landing, and for sale very reasonably. Office at Simon Wickes' Drug Store.

CHAS. H. WICKES.

June 7, 1851.

LOST.

ON Friday, the 12th instant, in Chestertown, fifteen dollars, (a ten and five dollar note.) The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at the Office of the "Kent News."

Sept. 13, 1851.

AYERS Cherry pectoral, for sale by SIMON WICKES

July 19, 1851.

POETRY.

From the Blue Hen's Chicken.

THE BLOOMER GIRLS.

If the public lug will listen
To a word or two, or more,
Will express a brief opinion,
Seldom heard, perhaps, before,
'Tis concerning the 'new fashion'
That our present modest speech is,
Just to show how we do favor
All the ladies who sling breeches.
For the Bloomer girls are beautiful;
The Bloomer girls are sweet;
In their saucy looking trowsers,
To show off their pretty feet.

The 'dress' has great advantages,
Spite all who laugh at pants,—
And its very worse opposers
Are but 'ancient maids' or aunts,
Whose neither limbs are awkward;
Whose *figures* are too funny;
Whose wrinkl's contrast dismally
With plumpness, rich as honey.
For Bloomer girls are beautiful;
The Bloomer girls are sweet;
They almost tempt the bachelors
To kiss them in the street.

If you'll only wear it, ladies,
You will find it light as air,
And instead of frocks and flounces
Spor's the 'Costume' everywhere
Then he crowd will grow more civil,
Though they press to see you now
And the nicest of young fellows
Think it charming any how.
For Bloomer girls look beautiful;
The Bloomer girls do that;
With their rosy cheeks and noses
Stuck beneath a 'Bloomer hat.

And our 'busy men'—'twill bless *them*,
More than either chad's by far,
For their babies won't permit them
To be much where women are;
But *now* when they've s are moments,
They will use 'em—to a man,
To see as much and many
Of the ladies as they can.
For Bloomer girls look beautiful;
The Bloomer girls look nice,
Like sparkling champaigne bottles
Stood to cool, in tubs of ice.

Yet, while this plan enchan's us,
For our cotton' we deplore,
For the 'dearies' won't use busties,
Though they never did—*before*,
But, most fortunate are makers
Of long stays and manly gear,
When the girls have standing collars
And some other *things* we wear.
Still, Bloomer girls are beautiful;
The Bloomer girls are tight;
To have their great wide trowsers
And their coatees fitting tight.

To wind up all, then, gentlemen,
Permit us to address you—
Do favor this encroachment on
The style of *dads* that dress you,
For 'drugged tais' to sweep the ground
Too *long* have been prevaining,
Besides, 'an item' may be saved,
As 'Bloomers' are *curtailing*.
And Bloomer girls look beautiful
Yet—while they look so sweet,
Will the daddies know their daughters
When both 'trowsers chance to meet

MISCELLANEOUS

A COW RE-TAILED AND CUR-TAILED.

A Tale of a Tale.

A cut and shuffle fellow, who had been regularly educated to the profession of card playing, a close student, who at the midnight taper had spent many a silent hour studying out the mysteries of poker, brag, faro, monte, seven up, and of "stone king," "putting up" cards, lately, after an unfortunate game of seven up, found himself hard up in a western city. His shuffling began to be understood where ever he made his appearance, and the consequence was, he seldom shuffled long in any place, before he was obliged to *cut*—On the present occasion he had concluded to make a "sudden and mysterious disappearance" in the night, and having in vain searched about for some trifling tokens by which to remember the friends with whom he was to part so unceremoniously, he took his departure at midnight, unencumbered with baggage, and without a sixpence in his pocket.

It happened that some few miles lay between him and the ferry which he intended to cross in the morning, and while jogging along in the moonlight, studying how to swindle the ferryman, and secure a breakfast on the other side, he discovered a cow, a poor inoffensive beast, which, by some misfortune had lost its tail, lying right in the path before him.

Feeling a little lonely he thought it would afford him company and amusement to drive the cow before him to the ferry, and accordingly he aroused the ruminating quadruped with a stick, and using such persuasions as were likely to be understood, he went forward with his design. The cow seemed to prefer the fields and bushes each side of the road to the road itself, and this occasioned great delay and inconvenience, so that daylight arose and found the cow and he new proprietor still far distant from the ferry.

With the daylight came also another discovery, which by no means agreeable. The cow had no tail! here was a tale unfolded. The cow with no tail would be very apt to prove a tell-tale, and thereby subject the cow hider to a *cow hide*.—What was to be done? to tell a false tale was easy, but to tie on a false tail required genius of another kind. Fortune favored our hero, however, and passing a country slaughter-house he observed the hide of an ox, tail and all hanging on the fence. His bowie-knife soon whipped off the tail and driving the cow into the bushes where he would not be observed he managed to make the dead tail hang to the live stump in a manner very dubious and uncertain. It had to do, however, and fifteen minutes more found the *re-tailed* cow on board the ferry-boat along with the *tail* in who had provided her with a new tail.

Success now seemed certain, when a man appeared, riding in hot haste at the ferry, mounted, upon an old horse that seemed to have been urged nearly to his last gasp. The man dismounted and hurried on board the boat. He marched right up to the cow and his lips were already open for an exclamation of triumph, when his eyes fell upon the tail. A strange mystery now seemed to take possession of him. He walked round the cow, looked at its legs, its horns, its head, and then would give a mysterious glance at the tail. He lifted his left hand, with the five digits of his right, he commenced a sort of phrenological fraction of his pericranium.

Now, the ox' tail was such a miserable deception, and would so awkwardly managed at best, that discovery of the trick seemed inevitable, and the state of perplexity and fear in which the professor of "High, low, Jack and the Game," was placed, may be imagined.

His alarm was probably high, his hopes low, he had missed his trick in endeavoring to turn up Jack, and the Game was up with him. *He* had a dash of impudence, however, always ready at a pinch, and now with admirable assumption of open hearted honesty and impudence, he walked up to the man who was examining the cow.

"Neighbor, I reckon there aint a better cow than that in these part?" said he such a manner as to give his remark the manner of an interrogatory.

"Well I don't know, stranger," replied the man, and he continued his examination of the cow, seeming to grow more puzzled every moment.

"That ere is the finest critter, neighbor, that was ever milked. I say, you seem to fancy the animal, maybe you'd like to buy her.

"*Buy* her!" exclaimed the man opening his eyes with a glare of perplexed astonishment, 'why look here, stranger, if that cow had no tail, I'd swear she was mine!"

"You'd *what*!"

"*I'd sw ar she was mine*!"

A capital idea now flashed upon the professor. He was in momentary dread of the ox's tail dropping off, and a way to remove his alarm and the tail together, secured to him.

"Look here, neighbor," said he, calling a flush of blood to his face, and pretending to be highly incensed, "are you in earnest? I should just like to hear you say that again!"

"Say it again! To be sure I will. I never saw such a resemblance in my life. If the cow had no tail, *I'd swear she was mine*!"

"Well now lets see you swear," said the professor, and he jerked out his knife, whipped off the tail, together with a portion of the live stump, so as to cause blood to trow, and flinging the evidence of roguery as far as his strength would send it into the stream, he exclaimed seeming in a power of passion, "now, stranger, *lets see you swear*!"

The owner of the cow was fairly beaten. He took another look at her, gave a glance after the tail, started at the professor, and then walked a shore and mounted his horse. He turned again to look at the cow, and as the boat put off, he thus soliloquized aloud—"Well, of all the most extraordinary resemblances I ever *did* see! That's my cow's head—there's her old broken horn—I'll swear to her fore legs—I'll swear to her hind legs—I'd swear—d—n me, I'll swear to every inch about her *but her tail*!"

A DOUBTFUL CASE.—There was said to be a vacant tenement in Cuffee's upper story, and as he chuckled his grist of corn into the mill, the miller said, "Cuff they say you are a fool." "Wal massa," replied Cuff, "Cuff know um say so—but some ting he done know." "Well Cuff, what do you know?" "Wall massa, Cuff know dat millers always hat fat hog."—"Well and what *dont* you know?" "Wal, massa—he! he! he! Cuff *done* done know whose corn er hog fat on."

"*Men and women*," says an exchange, have become extinct; they died about sixty years ago and left no heirs." *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* have usurped their places.

If you wish to have a secret kept, never impart it to a friend.

A LONG BET.

One summer evening, last year, we were easily seated in one of those armed chairs at the Clinton Hotel, smoking one of the proprietor's best segars, conversing with friend P——, of Long Island, when he asked us whether we ever heard of a bet that was once made by two young gentlemen who were seated on a former occasion in about the same place which we then occupied.

"No," we replied, "what was the bet?"

"There were two young fellows made a bet, and just then Mr. Hodges, who kept the hotel at that time, was coming down Beekman street, one of them said—"Mr. Hodges, we have just made a bet, which we will leave to your decision. The bet amounts to only two bottle of champaigne, which we will drink to day at dinner, provided you will charge it to whichever you shall decide has lost—and you must join us in drinking the wine."

"I'm agreed," replied old Mr. Hodges.

"You understand the management distinctly, do you?"

"Yes—yes; I am to charge the two bottles to whichever loses?"

"Yes, that's it, and we'll pay you decide the bet, which had better be decided immediately after dinner."

"The dinner came off at the usual hour, the wine was drunk, and Mr Hodges, who had joined them at the table, became somewhat impattient, and asked what the bet was.

"R——, has bet that when Dr. Spring's church steeple opposite falls, it will be in the direction of the East River, and I have bet him that it won't. When you decide who's lost he will pay."

"The amazed landlord looked at the parties, shook his head, laughingly threatened to pay them off for the article they had *sold* him, and sloped. The wine was never charged to either of the young men."

A NEGRO DUEL.

The following is an account of a duel that came off between two "colored gentlemen" some few days ago, not far from New York. The dispute was about a young colored lady, of course. I have learned the particulars from a friend, who was present at the time

They met about six o'clock in the evening. After having taken their stands, one of the seconds noticed that, owing to their positions, the sunbeams set his principal a winking and rolling his eyes. This was This was sufficient ground for interfering, and accordingly addressed the other second as follows:

"I say, I puts my weto on dat position; it's agin all ole de rules ob codes ob onor that I see. De traction ob de sun shines rader too sewere. My principal roll his eyes altogedder too much.

"Why look here, didn'at we chuck up a dollar for de choice of de ground, and didn't I git him myself?"

"Yes, I know you did; but den fair play is a jiel, and I hab no noshun of seeing my feen posed upon, and lose all de wantage."

"Well, I see no noshun as you is, and 'sist on settlin' de matter jis as we is," and at this juncture a friendly cloud settled the once by stepping in betwen the belligerents. The first two took their positions and all the preliminaries being settled, each one took his pistol, ready cocked, from his second. Both manifested a terrible degree of spunk, although a sort of bluish paleness spread just o'er their dark cheeks.

The second who was to give out the fatal order which might send them out of this world, now took his ground, and raising his voice, he began, "Gemmen, your time am cum." Both signified their assent—"Is you ready? Fire, one, two, three, bang." Pop, went both pistol at once; one ball rising the dust in the road, while the other took a slantindicular course among the bystanders, fortunately without hitting any one. It was now time to interpose, and one of the seconds set himself about it. After a little conversation, the challenged darky stepped up and said to his antagonist, "Nigga, is you satisfied?"

"I is."

"So is I; and is glad to git off so, and the next time they caches this cittle out in such a exumbishun as dis, dey will fetch me, dat dey will, for sartin."

"Dem's my sentiments, prezikly," returned the other. "When your immortal is rimint ob del went off, I 'clare I thort I was a gonner; but I'se so happy now—ugph, let's shake hands, and go back to our 'spective aborations."

The two colored gentlemen parted, perhaps to have a fight of a less deadly nature the next time they met at the lady's house

A GIRL WHO WORKED IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—A Cincinnati paper states that three years ago a poor orphan girl applied and was permitted to set type for that paper.

She worked two years, during which time she earned, besides her board about $200, and availing herself of the facilities which the Printing Office offered, acquired a good education. She is now an associate editress of a popular paper, and is engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio. We should be disinclined to credit the above if we did not have so many evidenced of the elevating influence of the Printing Office.

A HARD RUB FOR TRUTH.

Old parson M——, of ——, Worcester county, some time agoed to be absent on a missionary tour

Once on a time, having returned from one of his excursions he found his congregation quite drowsy and wishing to wake them up he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them what he had seen in New York State.

Among the wonders, he said that he had seen musquitoes, so large that many of them would weigh a *pound*. The people were by this time wide awake.

"Yes" continued Parson M——, and moreover they are often known to climb trees and *bark*!

The next day one of the deacons called on him, and told him that many of the brethren were much scandalized by the big stories he had told the day before.

"What stories?" says parson M——.

"Why, sir you said that the musquitoes in York State were so large that many of them would weigh a pound."

"Well," replied the Minister, "I do really think that a *great* many of them *would* weigh a pound."

"But" continued the deacon, "you also said that *they* would climb up on trees and bark!"

"Well sir," says Parson M——, "as to the climbing up trees, I have often seen them do that; havn't you deacon."

"Oh! yes."

"Well, how could they climb up on trees and not climb on the *bark*!"

The deacon left.

TITLE OF FIRMS.

One of the best titles for a mercantile firm that we have seen is *Call & Settle*, which is painted in golden letters on a sign in one of the Atlantic cities. Customers are reminded every time they pass of their outstanding accounts. *Neal & Pray* is the name of another firm. But the following beats all. "Two attorneys," says an old newspaper, "in partnership in the United States, had the name of the firm, which was *Catcham & Chetum* inscribed in the usual manner upon their office door; but as the singularity of ominous juxtaposition of tha words led to many a coarse joke from passersby, the men in law, attempted to destroy, in part, the effects of the old associations, by the insertion of the initials of their Christian name, which happened to be Issiah and Uriah; but this made the affair ten times worse, for their inscription ran thus. *I. Catcham & U. Chetum.*—*Penn. Democrat.*

VALUABLE RECIPE.—The worst cases of cholera morbus, dysentery, and flux, that I ever saw I have repeatedly cured in a few minutes, by a strong tea made of the bark of the Sweet Gum, taken green from the *tree* is best—steep a handful to a pint of water until the liquor is like good coffee. Drink it clear, or sweeten it with loaf sugar, or add a wine glass of good brandy if the shock is severe. It not infalliable, it is remarkable in its effects and well worth being known and tried in every family.—Your friend—SOLOMON ROBINSON.

CHARGE OF A WESTERN JUDGE.—"Brumly, you infamous scoundrel! you are an unredeemed villian—you hain't a single redeeming trait in your character—your wife and family with we had sent you to the penitentiary.—This is the fifth time I've had you up before me, and you have put me to more trouble than your neck is worth. I've exhorted and prayed over you long enough, you scoundrel! Just go home and take glimps at your family, and be off in short order, don't you ever let us hear of you again. The Grand Jury have found two other indictments against you, but I've discharged you on your recognizance, and if I ketch you in this neck of woods to-morrow morning at daylight, I'll sock you right square in jail, and hump you off to Jeffersonville in less than no time—you infamous scoundrel! If I ever catch you crooking your finger at man, woman or nigger, I'll sock you right square in the jug. Stand up, scoundrel! while I pass sentence on you."

☞A poor man at *Hoxton*, England, while removing a cork from a large stone beer bottle by means of his teeth, got it suddenly propelled down his throat owing to the fixed air the bottle contained. He was only relieved by having his windpipe opened.

Prentice says—A writer in the North Carolina Sentinel expresses a wish that the devil had all the South Carolina traitors. We can't see what the devil is to do with them. They are such fire-eaters they would probably eat him out of house and home.

"Young man do you know what relation you sustain in this world?" said a minister of our acquaintance to a young member of the church.

"Yes sir," said the hopeful convert, "two cousins and a grandmother, but I don't intend to sustain them much longer."

A country man applied to a solicitor for legal advice. After detaining the circumstances of the case he was asked if he had stated the facts as they occured;

"O, ay, sir," rejoined he, "I thought it better to tell you the plain truth; you can put the lies to it yourself!"

☞That was a sad slip of the tongue which a lady made a few days since at an intelligence office. She asked for an "honest girl as to whom she could safely trust her *husband* instead of *house* during an absence of a few weeks."

☞The Sun newspaper thinks "that those young ladies who dress up in Bloomers are mighty anxious to show their independence."

All the dignity of man consists in thought.