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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

VOL. 15 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1854. NO. 18.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to Agriculture, Politics, & Gen'l News
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Is payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the six months, or $2 50 at the end of the year—5 copies—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.

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Selected Poetry.

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

"The black bird early leaves it rest,
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest,
From upland, wood, and lawn;
The busy bee that wings its way
'Mid sweets of varied hue,
And every flower would seem to say,
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the pleasant vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snow drop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass;
The ant, within his cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
Writes upon his tiny heap,
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward in their cars;
Nature's wheel is never still—
Progressive as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And summer breezes woo,
Solemn truth to men declare,
"There's work enough to do."

Then, can sleep when all around
Active, fresh and free?
Man—creation's lord—be found
More busy than the bee?
Courts and alleys are the field,
Then would search them through,
Best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

Have a heart for those who weep,
The sottish drunkard win;
Rescue all the children deep
In ignorance and sin;
Help the poor, the hungry feed,
Give him coat and shoe;
See that all can write and read,
"Work enough to do."

Time is short, the world is wide.
And much has to be done;
Won'rous earth and all its pride,
All vanish with the sun!
Moments fly on lightning's wings,
And life's uncertain too,
Be none to waste on foolish things—
"There's work enough to do."

Choice Selections.

A Good Investment;
—OR—
TWO MERCHANTS.

CHAPTER I.

"Can you loan me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man not yet out of his teens, of a middle-aged gentleman, who was poring over a pile of papers in the counting room of one of the largest establishments in our city. The person thus addressed turned to watch the speaker, and regarding him a moment with a look of surprise, inquired:

"What security can you give me, Mr. Strosser?"

"Nothing but my note," replied the young man promptly.

"Which I believe would be under par in market," replied the merchant, smiling.

"Perhaps so," replied the young man; "but Mr. Barton, remember the boy is not the man; the time may come when Henry Strosser's note will be as readily accepted as that of any other man."

"True, very true," replied Mr. Barton kindly, "but you know business men cannot loan money without adequate security—otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury."

At this remark the young man's countenance became deathly pale, and having observed a silence of several moments, he inquired in a voice whose tones indicated his deep disappointment.

"Then you can not accommodate me, can you?"

"Call upon me to-morrow, and I will give you a reply," said Mr Barton; and the young man retired.

Mr Barton resumed his labors again, but his mind was so much on the boy and his singular errand, that he could not pursue his task with any correctness, and after having made several blunders he closed the ledger, took his hat and went into the street. Arriving opposite the store of a wealthy merchant upon Water street, he entered the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Hawley," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was seated at his desk counting over the profits of the week.

"Good morning," replied the merchant blandly, "happy to see you; have a seat? Any news? how's trade?"

Without noticing these interruptions, Mr. Barton said—

"Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington street, and called this morning to secure a loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose.

"Indeed," said Mr. Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement; "but you do not think of loaning that sum, do you?"

"I do not know," replied Mr. Barton, "Mr. S. is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. H., "but I am partly tired of helping these young aspirants of commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered from such a course," inquired Mr. B. at the same time casting a roguish glance at Mr. H.

"No," replied the latter, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind"

"Then there is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than stock in the bank. As for myself, I have concluded that if you will advance him one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum"

"Not a farthing would I advance for such a purpose; and if you make an advance of that kind I shall consider you foolish."

Mr B. observed a silence of a few moments, and then arose to depart.

"If you do not feel disposed to share with me in this enterprise, I shall advance the whole sum myself."

So saying he left the store.

CHAPTER II.

Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceeding chapter, and Mr. B., pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk, as when first introduced to the reader. As page after page of ponderous ledger was examined, his dispair became deeper and deeper, until at last he exclaimed:

"I am ruined, utterly ruined!"

"How so," inquired Mr. Henry Strosser who entered the counting room in season to hear Mr. B's remark

"The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perlent, Jackson & Co., London, who are indebted to me in the sum of $52,000 News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic stricken, are pressing my paper to be cashed. The banks refuse me credit and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again, but it is impossible, my creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep above the tide, replied Mr Barton.

"What is the extent of your liabilities?" inquired Mr. Strosser.

"Seventy five thousand dollars," replied Mr. B

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"

"It would"

"Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk and drew a check for seventy-five thousand dollars. "Here, take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call on me. Remember, that it was from you that I received money to establish in business."

"But the debt was cancelled several years ago," replied Mr. B., as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Mr. S., "but the debt of gratitude that I owe you has never been cancelled, and now that the scale has turned, I deem it my duty to come up to the rescue."

At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Mr B. fairly wept for joy.

His paper was taken up as fast as it was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis and stood safe and secure; his credit increased, and business improved, while several other firms sank under the blow, and could not rally, among whom was Mr. H., the merchant introduced to the reader in the preceding chapter.

"How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Mr. H. of Mr B. one morning, several months after the events last recorded as he met the latter on the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily, indeed, I can assure you," replied Mr B.

"Well, do tell me how, I lay claim to a good deal of shrewdness, but the strongest of my wits did not save me; and yet you, who were by far the greatest sufferer, and whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even better by the storm"

"The truth is," replied Mr. B., "I cashed my paper as soon as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. H., regarding Mr. B. with a look of surprise; "but how did you obtain the funds? As for my part I could not obtain a dollar credit—banks refused to take my paper, and my friends even deserted me."

"A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. B. with a smile, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"What investment?"

"Why don't you remember how I established young Strosser in business ten years ago?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr H. as a ray of suspicion lighted up his countenance, "but what of that?"

"He is now one of the heaviest dry goods dealers in the city, and when this calamity came on, he came forward and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you on the morning I called to offer you an equal share in the stock that it might prove better than an investment in the bank"

During this announcement, Mr. H's eyes were bent intently upon the ground and drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, while Mr. B. returned to his place of business with his mind cheered, and cheerful and animated by the thoughts of his singular investment.

Peppering 'Em

"Did I ever tell you how near I came losing my election as Senator?" said the Squire"

"No, I believe not."

"Well, it was altogether owing to Waterem's not having a sufficient supply of liquor on hand. You see the main strength of our party lies in the upper end of the county—'specially among the inhabitants of the Swamp, as it is called. So you see, about two days before the election, I sends Sam up to the Swampers with five gallons of the real hardware, tremendous stuff, knock a horse down; the last Waterem had on hand. About four hours back came Sam, horse in perpiration, himself in fright, and everything indicating an untoward state of affairs.

"What the matter, Sam?" said I.

"Matter?" said he, "matter enough; you have outraged the feelings of the virtuous Swampers, they swear that any man who expects to go to the Senate for three years and can't afford ten gallons of whiskey, is too mean for the post; they wont vote for him."

"Matters looked squally enough.—Only one storekeeper within a day's ride, and he a Whig. Of course he wouldn't sell any liquor to me so near election."

"What did you do?"

"Called a council of war immediately Lawyer Ross and several more. Ross proposed a letter of apology to the disaffected. Rejected, wouldn't do without the whiskey Cale Alright was the fellow to help us out, always full of expedients. He proposed to water the liquor up to the right quantity. We did so, but on trying it found it much too weak for our friends Such would not go down with them. Cale asked if we had any other spirits; handed him about a gallon of gin; in it went; tasted it; not strong enough. Found a quart of rum, poured it in. Sam tried it; "too weak," said he. We were at our wit's end. "Red pepper," said Cale. I was brought; in went a pound; he stired it up. "Capital!" said he, We tried it and nearly blistered our throats; it would have killed rats. Sam took it up next day, explaining that it was owing to the scarcity of liquor in the neighborhood that a supply of the best "Old Mongohale" had been obtained, and invited a trial of its merits. They mollified, pronounced it the "rale stuff," and I became Senator by a majority of 200 votes.

WIDOWS.

I hate widows. They are the very—deuce. I've heard the heathen called benighted; they have sense enough to burn widows when their husbands die, and that's a step further in civilization than we have taken. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry, it is done. I know one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came up, she would run into Mr. Smith's house (he was a widower) and clasp her little hands, and fly around till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed, and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith, before three storms had rattled over her head. Wasn't that diplomatic?

Then there's that little blue-eyed widdow Wilkins. Did'nt she drop her prayer-book coming out of church for my handsome husband to pick up? And did'nt I see him squeeze her hand when he handed it back to her? And when I told him a long rigmarole of a story going home, to divert his mind from the little minx, did'nt he answer "yes" and "no" at random, and laugh in the wrong place? and didn't he the next morning put salt in his coffee and sugar on his beefsteak? And wont she be Mrs. Samivel Jones, No. 2? Answer me that? I should like to cut her up into inch pieces with a dull jack knife.

But its no use to struggle against fate I shall have to put my pride in my pocket and tell Samivel that he shall marry her when I am gone, and that will "pull wool" over the eyes of the people, and save her credit, for he will have her if an earthquake should be the consequence.

It's astonishing that widows will be so indelicate as to doff their weeds. It's nothing more nor less than a walking advertisement for another husband.—Mrs. Lee was spending a short time at the sea shore, in her new regimentals when one of the ladies at the tea-table stuck with a sudden thought, said, very innocently,—"By the way, Mrs. Lee, where is your husband?" I should have been very sorry to have told where he was, for the way he used to swear when he talked, was awful to mention!

Now what a glorious example I'd be to the sex, if Providence should see fit to make me a widow! I wonder if Samivel will pop off!—I should hate to put my curls behind my ears; but I'd do it, and I wouldn't go much as look at a man unless it was Tom King. Wonder if he'd marry me! Well!—there now I've spoke in meeting! It can't be helped now, as Deacon Smith said, when his daughter surprised him in kissing Widow More—"It's natur, Sally, it's natur!"—*Fanny Fern*

☞During the first twelve days of this month, the arrival of emigrants at New York reached the extraordinary number of 19,618!

SHANGHAE-HEN LINDEN.

A PARODY

In Sing Sing, when the moon was low,
Not many summer nights ago,
A giant Shanghae's awful crow
Broke on the deep tranquility.

But Sing Sing saw another sight,
When Roosters rose at dead of night,
To exterminate in bloody fight
His long-legged Shanghae majesty.

Then rushed the dreadful battle's tide,
Then new the feathers far and wide;
But louder than all else beside,
The Shanghae crowed triumphantly.

In gown and night-cap all arrayed,
The neighborhood awoke dismayed,
And cursed the unusual serenade
In terms of great severity.

Each sleeper started from his bed,
And wished the noisy rascal dead,
And muttered vengeance on his head
With deep, heartfelt sincerity.

The combat deepens. On ye brave!
Devote that Shanghae to the grave!
Wave, Roosters, all your feathers wave
And crow with all your devilitry!

The battle's ended. Now once more
The neighbors slumber as before,
And thanks arise to Heaven o'er
The downfall of the enemy.

'Tis morn—but scarce the larks high note
O'er hill and vale begin's to float,
'Ere that infernal Shanghae's throat
Pours forth its dread artillery.

But longer yet these legs will grow,
If fate lays not the monster low,
And louder yet the wretch will crow,
Unless death seals his destiny.

Ah! few would mourn, nor many weep,
If 'neath some ocean cliff so steep,
About two hundred fathoms deep,
Should be that Shanghae's sepulchre.

Sleep and Death.

The Angels of Sleep and of Death, locked arm in arm wandered over the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a lofty hill, that overlooked the habitations of man. A mournful stillness reigned around, broken only by the evening bells, whose sound came faintly from the distant hamlet. Silent and speechless as is their wont, these beneficent guardian angels of Mankind, lay in close embrace, till night's dark mantle fell around them.—Then the Angel of Sleep rose from his mossy couch, and scattered with noiseless hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening wind carried them to the silent dwellings of the weary husbandman. Soon sweet sleep enfolded in its gentle embrace the inmates of the rural cottages—from the gray haired sire, whose tottering steps a staff supports, to the infant in its cradle. The sick forgot his pains, the mourner his sorrow the poor his cares. All eyes were closed. His task being finished, this benevolent Angel again lay down by his sterner brother's side. "When morning breaks," cried he with happy innocence, "I the world will bless me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! what joy, thus to do good in secret and unseen. How happy are we, invissible messengers of the spirit! How beautiful is our quiet office?" Thus spake the Angel of slumber. The Angel of death gazed upon him in silent sadness, while tears, such as immortals weep, stood in his large dark eyes. "Ah!" said he "would that I, like you, could rejoice in cheerful thanks; but the world calls me its foe and joy destroyer." "Oh! my brother," answered the Angel of slumber; "will not every good man, upon awakening, recognize in thee his friend, and gratefully bless thee? Are we not brothers, and children of one Father?" So he spake. The tearful eyes of the Angel of Death shone with a gleam of pleasure, while he pressed his gentler brother more tenderly to his heart.—*From the German.*

☞Rev. Jacob Gruber, well known as an eccentric, but very useful minister of the M. E Church, desiring to correct an error in the elocution of one of his young brethern, much given to the melodious termination of each sentence with an emphatic "ah," wrote the following queer letter to him:

"Dear Brother-ah: When-ah you ah go-ah to ah preac-ah, take-ah care ah you ah don't-ah say-ah ah-ah!

Yours-ah, JACOB AH GRUBER-AH."

Funnogsities.

A RUSE.—One of our Secretaries of State for the United States struck out a good mode of getting rid of an intruder in a particular case. It appears the doorkeeper of the Secretary's office was remarkably obliging, which proved quite the thing for a rabid office seeker, who managed to get in every day and pother the Secretary. When the annoyance continued three or four days, the Secretary stepped up one morning to the doorkeeper, and asked if he knew what that man came after daily.

"Yes," replied the functionary, "an office, I suppose."

"True; but do you know what office?"

"No."

"Well, then I'll tell you; he wants yout place."

The next morning the scene between the office seeker and polite doorkeeper is said to have been rich from the peculiar manner in which the intruder was informed—"The Secretary is not at home!"

YOUNG AMERICA.—The following is from the "advance sheets" of the forthcoming "Know Nothing Almanac:"

Irish Mother—"Arrah, Johns, and where have yees bin, so long?"

Native Son—"Why, me and the rest of the boys has been licking an *Irishman.*"

Mother—"Wait ye spalpeen, till yer daddy gits home—you'll be afther catching it!"

Son—"Oh, he be blowed! *That's* the man we've licked!"

(Exit Mother, with upraised eyes and a half smoothered "Och hone!"—while Sonny stalks off whistling Hail Columbia)

A VERY MOMENTOUS QUESTION.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent asks a question which comes home to the 'buzzum' of every one who loves "sassingers." Here it is:—*Mr. Ettyter*—That what I witch to ask yo is weather strichnine wot the perleece gives to dogs, wont pizen the heuman being after sassengers has been fride.—Please to put in the paper how this is, fur if fride strichnine is pizen, I go agin sassingers. Yours till pizened.—AN ALLEY BOY.

☞A missionary had once rebuked a South Sea Islander for the sin of polygamy. After a day or two the cambal returned, his face radiant with joy.

"Me all right now; one wife. Me very good Christian.

"What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary.

"Me eat her up."

☞"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not an O attached to it? Your family is Irish and no doubt illustrious."

"No person has a better right to an O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we OWE everybody."

☞A genius at the South who has had the whooping cough for six months past, is about to open a cooper shop.—He thinks he shall have hoops enough to last for a year.

☞"Is that a lightning-bug in the street?" asked a short-sighted lady.

"No, grandma," said a pert little miss "it's a *big bug* with a cigar"

☞"Ned has run away with your wife," said one friend to another.

"Poor fellow! I pity him," was the reply.

☞"Mammy! mammy! I hain't got to live long."

"Why not, you young sarpint?"

"My trowsers are all tored out behind!"

☞"Miss, can I have the exquisite pleasure of rolling the wheel of conversation around the axletree of your understanding a few minutes this evening?" The lady fainted.

☞An affectionate and endearing mother in this town is feeding her daughter on pickles, to prevent her being eaten up by the young men who call her "too sweet to live."

CURIOSITY.—Looking over the affairs of others, and oberlooking your own.