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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, OCTOBER 7, 1854. No. 23.



## NEW FALL GOODS!!

### W. N. E. WICKES

RESPECTFULLY calls attention to the invoice of Fall Goods now being opened, and comprising such varieties as are usually wanted at this season. They were purchased much lower than goods have been, and will be sold at small advances for cash or to punctual customers. Sept, 23 1854.

## NEW

## *Fall Goods!*

## At Reduced Prices!!

Great Bargains in Fannels, Cassimers, Cassinets, Cloths, etc.

### COME AND SEE!

### T. W. ELIASON

HAS returned from Philadelphia with a large stock of goods for the season, which he is selling so much below former prices that his customers and the public should call early and purchase their supplies.

He has a full assortment of Flannels, Sattinets, Black and Colored Cassimeres, Cloths, and of Plain and Plaid Cassimeres for boys' wear, *lower than they have been sold for several years.* Fine and handsome Calicoes.—down to 6¼ cts again—Delanes, Cashmeres, Debages, Alpacas, Black Dress Silks, Plain and Plaid Cambric, Swiss Muslins, Irish Linens, Swiss and Cambric Worked Collars, Edgings, Laces and Insertings, Shawls, Tickings, Canton Flannels, Ginghams, Plaid Domestics, Merino Shirts and Drawers, Silk Cravats and Hkfs, and a general assortment of other dry goods, Also a large stock of

### Boots, Shoes, Hats & Caps,

Men's coarse and fine Boots of good quality; Men's and boys' lace Boots; Ladies Gaiters and Morocco Ties, Lasts Goat and Leather Shoes, Women's and children's Boots—all sizes.

Men's Silk, Slouch and Cuban Hats; Men's cloth, plush and glazed caps, Boys' Cloth, plush Glazed and other Caps; Boys' Slouch Hats.

His assortment of ***HARDWARE & CUTLERY*** is larger than usual. Best Cumberland nails, wrot nails, axes, hatchets, good hand saws, knives and forks, scissors pocket knives of good quality; Iron, Britania and Albata teaspoons, table spoons, Butcher and Shoe knives, knob locks, plate, pad, cupboard and door locks; window and door hinges, turnbuckles for frame and brick houses, brass candle sticks, smith, mill saw and hand saw files; horse rasps, sad irons, saws, &c. &c., &c.

He would call special attention to his assortment of

### GROCERIES!

Good sugar 6½ cts.; fine brown sugar 8 cts.; crushed, pulverized and clarified sugars, Rio, Laguyra, and Jamaica coffee, superior Porto Rico syrup and W. I. Molasses; green and black teas of good quality; flour, salt, soap, candles, spices, starch, indigo, wash soda, Cocoa, &c., &c. He has a large assortment of

**New York Plough Castings,**

Roughs, stocked in the best manner, Tin and Stoneware; Bridles, Collars, Brushes, Saddles, Lines, Traces &c. &c. September 16 1854.


## Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF ABRAHAM COLE.

Maryland, Kent county Orphans Court, September 19, 1854.

On the application of Thomas C. Lynch, Executor of Abraham Cole, late of Kent county, deceased;

Ordered that he gives notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is a true copy from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid

I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 19th day of September 1854

Test, JACOB FISHER,

Register of Wills, for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Abraham Cole, late of Kent county, Md.,

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the day of April, 1855, they may be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 19th day of September, 1854.

THOMAS C. LYNCH, Ex'r Abraham Cole, dec'd.

Sept. 23, 1854.—4w.


**HATS!**

GOOD supply of fashionable Hats may be found at the cheap store of A. M. RUSSELL

1854.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the subscriber will please call and pay the same. No further indulgence will be given. WM. BACCHUS.

Sept. 2. 1854.

*WHITE GOODS.*

Fresh assortment of Swiss, Plaid Fabric Muslins, just open and for sale low, by T. W. ELIASON.

May 13, 1854.

BLACK DRESS SILKS.

T. W. ELIASON has a large assortment of Black Silks, to which he invites the attention of Ladies wishing to purchase.

July 8, 1854.


## Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF PHEBE W. RASIN.

Maryland, Kent county Orphans' Court, September 19, 1854.

On the application of Edward T. Rasin, Executor of Phebe W. Rasin, late of Kent county, deceased.

Ordered that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same to be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper, printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is a true copy from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid

I have hereunto set my hand and (Seal) the seal of my office affixed, this 19th day of September, 1854.

Test, JACOB FISHER,

Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Phebe W. Rasin, late of Kent County; deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 8th day of April, 1855, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 19th day of September, 1854.

EDWARD T. RASIN, Ex'r Phebe W. Rasin, dec'd.

Sept 19, 1854.—4w.


**Shoe Findings**

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale at the Cheap Store of A. M. RUSSELL.

Sept. 16. 1854.

***Cypress Shingles***

JUST received and for sale by T. W. Eliason, lower than they can be had from Baltimore.

July 22, 1854.

SILK Cravats and Hk'fs, shirt Collars, Irish Linen, men's half Hose; Marseilles Vestings, summer Hats, &c., for sale low by T. W. ELIASON.

July 8, '54.

FOR SALE.—*A BUGGY WAGON AND HARNESS*, newly repaired and in complete order. Apply to W. N. E. WICKES.

Aug 12, 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.


## POETRY.

*Written for the "Kent News."*

### LINES

**Written upon Viewing the Daguerreotype of a Friend in Virginia.**

Bless'd mirror of the pleasing past,
What blissful hours thou bring'st to view;
Which tho' by time in darkness cast,
I still can see, ah! feel anew.

And M—y, tho' far from thee, I lonely stray,
This mirror as pure and bright I see;
And you my friend, tho' far away,
Seem fondly, closely press'd to me.

For thou art modest, mild, serene,
And brightest of the orbs that shine,
Within your sphere, which make you seem,
As if too pure for earth—almost divine.

O! fairest, how swiftly sweet the moments flew,
When hand in hand I wandered with thee,
In Virginia's old domain, where the hawthorn and lily
Bloom'd sportive o'er the bright Lee.

And O! how the wilds bloomed sweetly,
Mid groves and flowery dells;
When the heart, it knew not why,
Heaved love's first sigh, which in this bosom dwells.

I would not barter this sweet hour,
For all the wealth a world could give;
Then dearest, thou hast still the power
To bid these sweet moments live.

We know not what a friend is worth,
Till we pronounce—good bye;
O! then the tear-drop laves the earth,
Aye—then the burning sigh.

Then fare thee well—a long farewell!
Oh! sometimes think of me!
For if this mirror could only speak,
'Twill say I've thought of thee!

BROAD NECK, Oct; 5, 1854. P.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### A KNOW-NOTHING ALARM.

The Waterville Mail tells the following story about the steady old borough of Kendall's Mills:

Mrs. Soberly went to bed precisely at nine o'clock, thinking it passing strange that her good man had not made his appearance ten minutes before. Of course he would be home in a minute and a half or two minutes at the furtherest, and so Mrs. Soberly left a lamp burning on the hall table.—There it burnt and burnt—but she must tell her own story, as she told it next morning to about thirteen of her most confidential friends:

"Well, there that lamp burnt and burnt, til as near as I can guess, 'twas well nigh on to ten o'clock, and that man had not come! What to make of it I didn't know no more than the dead—for he hadn't been out so before since they had such a fuss about the Aroostook war. I warnt no use to speak to the children for they wouldn't know; and so after I had waited till I couldn't wait no longer, I bounced out of bed and down stairs I went I went right into the buttery and raised the window towards Mr. Blank's, and says I, Mrs. Blank? In a minute I heard her jump out of bed and raise the window—and says she:

"Why, Mrs. Soberly, what on earth's the matter?"

"Matter!" says I, speaking low, because I didn't want any body to hear—'matter! Mrs. Blank, do tell me if you have seen anything of my husband."

"Your husband!" says she 'you didn't suppose I had him, did you?'—and and then speaking almost in a whisper says she—"Look here, what on earth does thi mean? Have you seen anything of *my* husband?" Then we both began to think something *had* happened certainly, and in about ten minutes I was dressed and over to Mrs. Blank's. Well, we concluded to step over to Mr. Quiet's and start him out for a search; but we had not got half way across the street, talking along when we heard the window shove up, and Mrs. Quiet says she:

"Who's there?

"It's me," says I.

"Well," says she, 'do for pity sake tell me if you've seen anything of *my husband?*"

'Now wasn't here a pretty pickle? Well to make a long story short, went up that street clear to the school house, and back on t'other side, and not a woman did we find but that was wondering what *had become of her husband!*'

"Well, just as we got to our gate who should we see there but my husband and Mr. Blank! 'Mr. Soberly,' says I a little spunky, 'will you please to tell me what all this means?'

"'What it means,' says he, just as cool as if nothing had happened—'well, Mrs Soberly,—ahem—I should be very glad to gratify you, if I could, but the truth is—ahem—that I dont *know nothing* about it?'

"Well, from that time to this I go to bed when I get ready, without asking any questions; and if I find Mr Soberly there in the morning, that's all I care for—for I'd just have him to know that I'm as good a Know Nothing as he is."

### TECUMSEH'S HONOR.

AN INDIAN'S WORD AND GRATITUDE.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, gives the following among other deeply interesting anecdotes of the great Indian warrior and prophet, Tecumseh:

While the enemy was in full possession of the country around Monroe and Detroit, Tecumseh, with a large band of his warriors, visited the river Raisin. The inhabitants along the river had been striped of subsistence. Old Mr. Rivard (a Frenchman) who was lame, and unable to procure a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of sight of the wandering bands of savages, a pair of ozen, with which his son was able to procure a scanty support for the family. It so happened that while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come over from Malden, met him in the road, and walking up to him said:

'My friend, I must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry and they have nothing to eat. We must have those ozen.'

Young Rivard remonstrated. He told the chief that if he took the oxen his father would starve to death

"Well," said Tecumseh; "we are the conquerrors, and everything we want is ours. I must have the oxen; my people must not starve; but I will not be so mean as so rob you of them I will pay you one hundred dollars for them, which is far more than they are worth, but we must have them."

Tecumseh got a white man to write an order on the British Indian Agent, Col. Elliott, who was on the river some distance below for the money.

The oxen were killed, large fires built, and the forest warriors were soon feasting on their flesh. Young Rivard took the order to Col. Elliott, who promptly refused to pay it, saying, 'We are entitled to our support from the country we have conquered. I will not pay it.

The young man, with a sorrowful heart, returned with the answer to Tecumseh, who said "To-morrow we will go and see."

In the morning he took young Rivard and went to see the Colonel. On meeting him he said.

'Do you refuse to pay for the oxen I bought?"

'Yes,' said the colonel, and he reiterated the reason for refusal.

'I bought them,' said the chief, 'for my young men, who were very hungry. I promised to pay for them, and they shall be paid for. I always thought that white nations went to war with each other, and not with peaceful individuals, that they did not rob and plunder poor people. I will not.'

'Well,' said the colonel. I will not pay for them."

'You can do as you please,' said the chief; 'but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the great king they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the Master of Life and their good rifles. Their hunting grounds supplied them with food enough; and to them they can return.'

This threat produced a sudden change in the Colonel's mind. The defection of the great chief, he well knew, would immediately withdraw all the nations of the red men from the British service; and without them, they were nearly powerless on the frontier.

'Well' said the colonel, 'if I must pay, I will.'

'Give me hard money,' said Tecumseh, 'not rag money,'—(army bills.)

The Colonel then counted out a hundred dollars in coin and gave them to him. The chief handed the money to young Rivard, and then said to the Colonel: 'Give me one dollar more.' It was given, and handing that also to Rivard he said:

'Take that; it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money.'

### A CURE FOR COQUETRY.

Kate Selden was a buxom country lass, fair stout and rosy. With all these attractions it may be imagined that she was the belle of the village, the object of admiration to a dozen or more rustic swains.

Of course Kate was conscious of her power—it did not take her long to learn that—and coquetry came by intuition.

Among her admirers was one William Barclay by name—to whome Kate secretly gave the preference. But she was not going to yield her consent at once—not at all. So, in the true spirit of coquetry, she would now vouchsafe a smile which set his heart to beating faster, and anon put on a look of coldness which filled him with despair.

William got heartily tired of his treatment and determined to bring matters to a conclusion.

"Now Kate," said he, as they sat together one summer afternoon in the kitchen where Kate was engaged in the interesting employment of paring apples for a pudding to be served up the next day. "Kate, why can't you tell me at once whether you like me or not, and whether you will ever marry me?"

"Good gracious! how should I know! I never thought of the subject."

"Well at any rate, you can tell whether there is anybody you like better."

"Let me think—well, may be so, and may be not. I could'nt precisely say. What do apples fetch a bushel?"

"O, confound it, why can't you answer my question?"

"Why, because you hav'nt answered mine."

"Well, two dollars Now—"

'Have you got the brindle cow you used to have last spring?'

'Yes, but—"

'Is she as good for milk as she used to be?"

"Pretty near. But Kate—"

"How warm it is. Do you like apple pudding?"

"Yes, but I like you better, and I can't live without you. Now, that's the long and the short of it too, so if you won't marry me just say so, and then I'll go and jump into the well, at once. There won't be any use in living."

"Don't talk so foolishly."

"But I mean so. I'll wait five minutes and if you don't say yes in that time I'll jump into the well, and you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that I died for you."

Kate did'nt believe this in the least, so she continued to tease him. At the end of the time mentioned, he rose with a sigh, and saying "Farewell, forever," hurried out.

Arrived at the brink of the well, he pushed in a heavy log which lay beside it. Kate heard the splash, and rushed out to the well. William was nowhere to be seen.

"O, William," said she, wildly, "come to me once more, and I will marry you, indeed I will."

On hearing these words, William stepped forward from behind the house, where he had stationed himself, and claimed the fulfillment of the promise.

Kate objected that it was obtained on false pretence, but finally consented to ratify it.

Moral lovers who are on the point of sacrificing themselves upon the altar of affection, are requested to consider whether a log of wood would not prove a more agreeable and equally efficacious substitute.

A VERITABLE DOGBERRY.—A Mayor of one of the communes in France lately made the following entry upon his register:—

"I, Mayor of———, found, yesterday, in the forest of———, a man by the name of Rollin, committing an act against the laws. I commanded him to surrender whereupon he set upon me, heaped me with insult and contumely calling me a ragamuffin, an ass, and a precious dolt, and a scarecrew—*all of which I certify to be true!*"

They dress cool in Lafayette, Ia. A young lady on being asked if she intended to wear that great bustle to church, said she didn't mean to wear *anything else.* So says an exchange.

"That's what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

A techical joke by our oldest compositor—The printer who has nothing but "the devil to pay" may think himself lucky.

### Girls in a Swimming.

"Bob, did you ever see a lot of girls in a swimming?"

"No, never—did you?"

"Yes and such a sight I never expect to see again. They beat mermaids out of sight."

"I 'spect so—but where did you obtain your knowledge?"

"Listen, and I'll propel. You know Siss Dusenbury, of Strawberry Hill.—Yes, of course, you do. Well S—s, the other day, had company, fourteen samples of dimity, that would have infused wicked ideas into the head of an anchorite.

Among the number was Sally Jones, and Beckey Jocelyn. Well, after tea, Sally—beautiful creature—proposed to go bathing. You may want to know how I heard that. I listened through the keyhole. The girls jumped at the idea, and as soon as the "cups and sassers" were wiped, on went bonnets and ribbons, and away went the whole fourteen in pursuit of Coverdale lake, where the immersion was to take place. The right was taken by Sally Jones. I think I have mentioned her name before.—Beautiful creature, lips like cherries and a breast that would do honor to an October partridge."

"Well, what has all that got to do with the story. That fourteen good looking girls went in a swimming I can understand—nothing is more reasonable. But how came you to see them. That's the question."

Bob having said this sucked his cigar and looked as if he had a certain gentleman in a quandary.

"Don't be impatient, my friend, and I will divulge all. The moment the girls left the house, I got an old frock and a cast off bonnet. I dressed myself in these—disguised my looks with a little false hair—stole a market basket half full of apples, and started down the road, looking for all the world like Biddey McShane, the fruit pedlar, who resides in the neighborhood of the Hill."

"Well, go on."

"Keep cool and I will; having equipped myself to my liking, I left the road and struck out for the Lake, through a short cut that brought me to its margin just as the girls had taken their first plunge. Great Venus what a sight.—Don't ask me to apostrophize. No language can adequately express my feelings. In the centre of the maids was Lilly Jones, a glowing ruby in a basin of liquified moon-light."

"Were they all in?"

"All in but two, and they were about to undress, but they were fearful "some men" would come along and frighten them. I assured them that there was no danger that all the men were busy in hay and harvesting, while all the boys were off at school at the neighboring village."

"Did this induce them to take the plunge?"

"On one condition."

"And what was that?"

"That I would hold their "things," and help to "pin up" when they came out of the Lake."

"And you of course consented."

"No, indeed sir—I thought of my modesty, and took the nearest road home."

The scene closed with a prolonged whistle from Bob. Whether this indicated doubt or satisfaction we have never been able to ascertain. When we do—we shall lay the same before our readers.—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

"Zeb," said a chap to his chum, the other day, 'seems to me you did'nt stay very long at Squire Togger's last night.'

'No,' was the reply, 'I was sayin' a few pleasant things to the daughter, and the old man came and gave me a hint to go."

'A hint, Zeb, what sort of a hint?'

'Why, he gave me my hat, opened the door, and just as he began to raise his cowhide boot, I had a thought that I wasn't wanted, and I—I took my leave.'

"Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"Else, sah, he berry good farmer, he makes two crops in one year!"

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Why he sells his hay in the fall, and makes money once; den in the spring he sells all the hides ob de cattle dat die for want ob de hay, and dus make money twice!"

Some milk sop down east has got out a patent to keep cows tails still while they are being milked. Well! we will go up to our neck in ditch water if some other inventive genius will get out a patent to keep the pump handle still after they are milked.

Sammy, Sammy, so! don't stand there scratching your head; stir your stumps, or you'll make no progress in life."

"Why Pa! I've often heard you say the only way to get along in this world is to scratch ahead."