msa_sc2901_scm2353-0415 ©Maryland State Archives

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. 13. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1854. No. 27.

NEW FALL AND WINTER Goods!

COLLINS & HYNSON

HAS just returned from *Philadelphia* with a *LARGE ASSORTMENT* of

Very Cheap Goods,

Much cheaper than they have been for some time past.

Our friends and the public generally are requested to call and examine our assortment, which comprises every variety of goods—*DRY GOODS, CROCKERIES CROCKERY, HARDWARE, SHOES, BOOTS, HATS, CAPS, &c.&c.*

Chester Town, Oct. 14, 1854.

THIS WAY! THIS WAY!

IF YOU WANT TO BUY

Cheap Goods!

WM. P. FRANCIS

HAS just returned from the Cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore with a complete assortment of NEW AND ELEGANT

Fall & Winter Goods,

which will be sold much lower than they have been for several years past. His stock of DRY GOODS is as large as any heretofore offered to the public.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR!

Cloths, Cassimers, Cassinets, and almost every description of Pant Stuffs and Vestings; Gentlemen's Gloves and Hosiery, Cravats, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, &c.

Ladies Dress Goods.

Silks of every variety; Cashmeres and Delaines of the most beautiful styles and tissue, French Merinos, Thibet cloths, Ginghams, Ginghams, Ladies Dress Trimmings, Shawls, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Groceries! Groceries!

All kinds—White and brown Sugars, Rice, Teas, Molasses, Salt, Candles, Soap, Tobacco, oil, spice, pepper, nutmegs, Salt, alum, Starch, &c. &c.

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.

Complete assortment on hand, of all sizes and of the latest styles. All Cheap.

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE AND CUTLERY.

All of the above named goods kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap. He respectfully invites all to call and examine his goods, and judge for themselves.

Chester Town, October 14, 1854.

New Fall and Winter GOODS!

B. B. PERKINS

HAS just opened a general and carefully selected stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, among which will found a general assortment of such goods as usually kept in this market.

Many descriptions of Goods

and WILL BE sold 25 per cent less than last season's prices, giving the advantage of the reduced prices to purchasers. He is confident that his stock will compare favorably with any in the market, in style, quality and prices, and examination will not be solicited. Oct. 14, 1854.

New Fall & Winter GOODS.

Large Stock just Received by

W. N. E. WICKES.

NOW OPENING, one of the largest and best selected stocks of goods ever brought to this market—comprising the various styles and qualities of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings,

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

Muslins, Sheetings, Flannels, Linseys, Canton Flannel, Domestics, Blanket and Trimmings, &c. &c., in great variety—in fact a general assortment of DRY GOODS.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Fine colored and black gaiters, walking shoes, Morocco slippers, Gent. & Misses fine and coarse Boots and Shoes, of various qualities—Womens and Girls fine and fine boots and shoes, Childrens shoes, &c.

Styles Silk Hats, "Wide Awake" and "Know Nothing" Hats, Boys and Children's Caps.

A general Assortment of

HARDWARE, CHINA AND GLASS,

Ware, Groceries, Wines and Liquors,

which have been bought advantageously and much lower than last year, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to secure sales. Purchasers will find it to examine before selecting their supplies elsewhere. Oct. 14, 54.

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—Seven copies for $10—16 copies for $20. No subscription received for a shorter period than six month, 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 on them, or they will be published till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications must be post paid.

POETRY.

Written for the Kent News.

TO MATILDA C*****, OF THE BAYSIDE FARM.

Light be around thee, grace be thy guide,
Safe be thy bark, and smooth be thy tide,
Gentle the gale that bearest thee hence,
Cordial thy welcome, thy wanderings done.

Bright be the hearth, may the eyes thou loves best
Greet the long absence again to her rest;
Be thy life like sweet music, that floatest away,
As the breeze lingering over thy rose trees in May.

May always the moments in happiness roll,
Be no dark remembrance left on thy soul;
Be the song of the evening thrice glad on thine,
Then think how thy twilight was past away here.

May ever the shadow of sorrowing be
Light as the dreams of the morning to thee;
One slight recollection one kind thought of mine
May be given to friendship sincere as mine.

WILLIAM T****.

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS' SONG.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

We come the prairies as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West as they the East;
The homestead of the free.

Chorus.—The homestead of the free, my boys,
The homestead of the free,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's Southern line,
And plant beside the cotton tree
The rugged Northern pine!
The rugged Northern pine, &c.

We've flowing from our native hills,
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our mother land
Is on us as we go.
Is on us as we go, &c.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairies swells,
And give the sabbaths of her childhood,
The music of her bells.
The music of her bells, &c.

Upbearing, like the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.
Against the fraud of man, &c.

No pause, nor rest, save where she streams
That fired the Kansas sun,
Save where our Pilgrim banner
Shall float the setting sun.
Shall float the setting sun, &c.

We'll sweep the prairies as of old
Our fathers swept the sea,
And make the West as they the East,
The homestead of the free!
The homestead of the free, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Barnum's Speech on Humbugs.

DELIVERED AT STAMFORD ON THE OCCASION OF THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

It seems to be a most unfortunate circumstance that I should be selected to speak on Humbug, as looking on the ladies, whose profession it peculiarly is, I find it hard to express myself in their presence. Everything is humbug, the whole state is humbug, except our Agricultural Society—that alone is not.

Humbug is generally defined "deceit or imposition." A burglar, who breaks into your house, a forger, who cheats you of your property, or a rascal, is not a humbug; a humbug is an imposter; but in my opinion the true meaning of humbug is management—tact—to take an old truth and put it in an attractive form.

But no humbug is great without truth as the bottom. The woolly horse was a reality. He was really born with a woolly coat. I bought him in Cincinnati for $500 and sent him on to Connecticut, but for a long time I doubted what I should do with him, and feared that he would die on my hands. Just at this time in 1849 Col. Fremont and his party were reported to have been lost among the Rocky Mountains, the public were greatly excited, but shortly news came that he was safe. Now came the chance for the woolly horse.

It was duly announced that after three days' chase upon the borders of the River Gila, an animal had been captured by the quartermaster of Col. Fremont's party, who pertook in a singular degree of the nature of the buffalo, antelope and camel. This story was so far true, that I was myself the quartermaster who captured him, and I charged a quarter for the sight. The picture outside the exhibition depicted the animal as jumping over a ledge of rocks; now if the animal had really leaped as shown in the picture, he must have passed over a space of two miles. To have believed that he could have survived such a leap, would have been one of the grossest humbugs.

But Col. Benton, who understands no humbug but his own arrested my schemes and prosecuted me for obtaining money under false pretences, as the horse was not what it professed to be; but I think wrongly, as the people who saw it were satisfied, and they got the worth of their money.

Now the scientific humbug should know the precise moment to act as I did, or the world would never have been blessed with a sight of the woolly horse.

When the woolly horse arrived from Connecticut, he was put in a stable near Loyejoy's Hotel. One of the boarders who came to see him recognized him as an animal he had seen at Bridgeport.—"Good heavens!" he cried, "I have seen that animal before; it is really an extraordinary humbug." He took upon friend from the same hotel, and after he had seen the animal, let him into the secret and in succession thirty-seven persons were carried up, all of whom took the humbugging in good humor except the last man.

I have not the vanity to call myself a real scientific humbug, I am only an humble member of the profession.

My ambition is to be the Prince of Humbugs; I will resign, but I hope the public will take the will for the deed. I can assure them that if I had been able to give them all the humbugs I have thought of they would have been amply satisfied.

Before I went to England with Tom Thumb, I had a skeleton prepared from various bones. It was to have been made 18 feet high; it was to have been buried a year or so in Ohio, and then dug up by accident, so that the public might learn that there were giants of old. The price I was to pay the person who proposed to put the skeleton together was to have been $225.

But finding Tom Thumb more successful than I thought, I sent word not to proceed with the skeleton. My manager, who never thought as highly of the scheme as it deserved, sold the skeleton for $50 or $75.

Seven years afterward I received from the South an account of a gigantic skeleton that had been found. Accompanying it were the certificates of scientific and medical men as to the genuineness. The owner asked $20,000 or 1,000 a month. I wrote to him if he brought it on I would take it if I found it as represented, or would pay his expenses if not; I found it was my own original humbug come back to me again; of course I refused it, and I never heard of it afterward.

A TURKISH WILL.—A testator left to his eldest son one-half of his horses; to his second son one-third of his horses; to his third son one-ninth of his horses; the testator had seventeen horses. The executor did not know what to do, as seventeen will neither divide by two, three, nor by nine. A dervise came up on horseback, and the executor consulted him. The dervise said, "Take my horse and add him to the others." There were then eighteen horses. The executor then gave to the eldest one-half, nine; to the second son one-third, six; to the third son one-ninth, two; total, seventeen. The dervise said, "You don't want my horse now; I will take him back again."

☞ A poor fellow having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible, on which he remarked—

"Do write and tell father, for he always swore I had none."

☞ A deserted husband in Baltimore advertises his wife as having left his bed and board, and offers a reward of fifty dollars to any man that is white, and has never been convicted of stealing, who will marry her and take her to California.

The First Shot Fired in the Revolution.

The Dutton Chronicle says that the first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington was Ebenezer Lock, who died at Deerfield, N. H., about fifty years ago. He resided at Lexington in 1775. The British regulars, in the order of Major Pitcairn, having fired upon the few rebels on the green in front of the meeting house, killing some and wounding others, it was a signal of war. The minutemen, who came, might be seen coming from all directions, in roads over the fields and through the woods—each with his musket in hand, a horn of powder from stump to his side, and his pocket provided with bullets. Among the number was Ebenezer Lock. The British had posted a reserve of infantry a mile in the rear, in the direction of Boston. This was to the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Lock, who instead of hastening to join the party at the green, placed himself in an old cellar, at a convenient distance for doing execution. A portion of the reserve were standing on a bridge and Mr. Lock commenced firing at them, though there was no other American in sight. He worked valiantly for some minutes, bringing down one of the enemy at nearly every shot. Up to this time not a gun had been fired elsewhere by the rebels. The British, greatly disturbed at losing so many men by the random firing of an unseen enemy, was not long in discovering the man in the cellar, and discharged a volley of bullets which lodged in the wall opposite. Mr. Lock within—remaining within—continued to load and fire with the precision of a finished marksman. He was design as such close quarters, however, by the British on his right and left, that he was compelled at last to retreat. He had just one bullet in his gun, and there was now but one way to escape, and that was through an orchard in the rear. The soldiers were all around him, one of them having gained the orchard. No moment was to be lost—the devil-fired gun at the man near by, fled, and dropped his gun, leaping out of the window through the house. Thus bullets whizzing about him, Lock reached the brink of a steep hill, and throwing himself up on the ground, tumbled downwards, rolling as if mortally wounded. In this way he escaped unhurt. At the close of the war he removed to New Hampshire, where he resided until his death, some twenty years after. He lived in seclusion and died in peace.

THE WAY THEY GET A DRINK AT HARTFORD.—Where men want anything to take, there is no ingenuity they will not perpetrate to get it—where the law says they must not.

A novel mode of supplying the wants of those whose thirst after the water is now in successful operation in Hartford, Connecticut. A person (if a stranger) is conducted by one of the knowing ones into a building in Pearl street, and after going up stairs and down stairs through hallways, and various winding ways, finally arriving in a room, on one side of which is a small round hole in the wall, in which is a small dumb waiter, over it is inscribed "the wheel of fortune." A person wishing to try his fortune, writes upon a small card, and with a piece of money, puts it in the dumb waiter, away goes the waiter, and shortly returns with a glass of Otard punch, or anything you may desire. Inquire who keeps this place, and the answer comes, through the little hole in a hoarse voice, "Know Nothing."

WHAT YOU SHOULD HOPE.—What should you hope? Let us see. Are you a lad? Then

Hope to be sensible, rather than handsome; useful rather than ornamental.

If a gentleman. Then

Hope to be manly. Not a soft, effeminate foo-foo sort of a nothing that dangles upon soft woman's skirts.

Hope to be decent always.

To show yourself equal in any and every position you may fill in life.

Never be a spendthrift.

Never a soaker.

Never a glutton.

Never an utterer of nonsense to man or woman.

To be industrious.

To prosper.

To get fat.

To marry the girl of your heart, and one that fits and yet will not give you to your nurse.

Some other matters which will be given some other time.—*Boston Dispatch.*

☞ An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish.

"I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about to hire him; "but this I know, that you were born in Ireland."

"Och, your honor, isn't that all the same?" said the boy; "small blame to that. Suppose your old kat had kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?"

The boy got the place.

Selling a Hoosier.

We heard a story the other day, which we think merits a wider circulation than it has got yet. The Hoosier went into a fancy store in Philadelphia, in hunt of a situation. The proprietor or head clerk, was sitting in the counting room, with his feet comfortably cocked up on a table, and contemplating human nature through the softening influence of cigar smoke. Our Hoosier friend addressed him as follows:

"Mel you want to hire a lad about your establishment, sir?"

The clerk looked up indifferently, but seeing his customer concluded to have some fun with him, so he answered very briskly at the same time pulling out a large and costly handkerchief and blowing his nose on it.

"Yes sir. What sort of a situation do you want?"

"Well" says the Hoosier, "I'm not particular, I'm out of work, and most anything will do me for awhile."

"Yes, well, I can give you a situation that will suit you, and I'll make another deposit in this magnificent handkerchief.

"What is it. What is to be done, and what do you give?" inquired the Hoosier.

"Well, was the answer, I want hands to chew rags into paper, and if you are willing to set in, you can begin at once."

"Good as wheat, exclaimed the Hoosier, think over your rags!"

"Here" was the reminder, "take this handkerchief and commence with that."

Hoosier saw the "sell" and quietly pushing the handkerchief in his pocket remarking as he turned to go out, "*When I get it chawed, stranger, I'll fetch it back.*"

COOL YET ACCOMMODATING.—A man by the name of Bahr in Sebastian county, was blessed with the peculiar circumstance of his absence from home a year and the name of Rose made the acquaintance of his family, and actually so far transcended the bonds of propriety as to induce Mrs. Bahr to run away from her husband. He started off with her and the two children, after having yoked up Bahr's oxen, loaded the team with the effects about the house, when Bahr made his appearance. He had already heard of his wife's unfaithfulness, and came up weeping.

"Oh, Polly Jane, Polly Jane, are you going to leave me and take away Bob and Susan?"

Mrs Bahr answered not a word, but the attention of Rose was drawn to the lamentations.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bahr" said Rose.

"Polly and the children is going to be separated from me," responded the husband.

"No need of that, Mr. Bahr—no need in that. Come and go along with us, in fact we need one to pack water and chop wood. Cheer up old fellow, we'll get along. Don't look at the dark side of life—you will have a good time yet."

KNOW NOTHINGS.—The following illustrates pretty well how most people are called to answer questions about the know nothings.

A friend, who has no love of the know nothing, asked a Hoosier friend, "Jim, do you think of the know nothings?"

"Reckon and know."

"Do you think you belong to them?"

"I think nothing."

"By tam, dat is short for Yankee."

☞ "Why don't you get married?" said a young lady, the other day, to a bachelor friend.

"I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me, and have been disappointed."

"I guess you have been an uncle, or was this insinuation intended for me?"

☞ A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident, perhaps, and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended, foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love, it is when he runs in debt; it is done with premeditation, and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ruinous to his peace.

BOSS, TO KISS.—Boss, to kiss again, pluribuss, to kiss without regard to sex, singular, to kiss the wrong person, plurabuss, to kiss the wrong persons, dativuss, to kiss all the persons in the room, ablative, to kiss the grass in the yard or in the air, vocative, to kiss the boiler, to kiss the cow.

Bacchus is the wine and sacrificial kiss of love, that is, you have a kiss, and you give it away, and you have it still.

☞ A man who married a widow with a large family, said he was like a man who went into a menagerie, and was bitten by the bear, the lion, the tiger, the panther, the hyena, the wolf, the fox, the monkey, the jackass, the rattlesnake, the hornet, the mosquito, the flea, the bug, the devil, and the boa constrictor.