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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.

OL. 15. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855. NO. 40.

ERICAN ARTIST' UNION

E AMERICAN ARTISTS' UNION, ould respectfully announce to the citizens United States and the Canadas, r the purpose of cultivating a for the fine arts throughout the y, and with a view of enabling family to become possessed of a of Engravings,

HE FIRST ARTISTS OF THE AGE, have determined, in order to cre extensive sale for their Engrav and thus not only give employ to a large number of artists and , but inspire among our country taste for works of art, to present ir purchasersof their engravings, 250,000 of which are sold,

00 *GIFTS of the actual cost of* 150,000 *dollars.*

ch purchaser of a One Dollar En ng, therefore, receives not only an aving richly worth the money, but a ticket which entitles him to one he Gifts when they are distributed r FIVE DOLLARS, a highly finished aving, beautifully *Painted* in *Oil Five Gift Tickets* will be sent; or Dollars worth of spendid Engrav can be selected from the Catalogue, sent by return mail or express.

copy of the Catalogue, together a specimen of one of the engrav , can be seen at the office of this er.

or each dollar sent, an engraving ally worth that sum, and a Gift ket will immediately be forwarded.

AGENTS:

he Committee believing that the cess of this GREAT NATIONAL UN TAKING will be materially promoted he energy and enterprise of intelli t and persevering *Agents* have re ed to treat with such on the most *ral terms.*

ny person wishing to become an nt, by sending (post-paid) $1, will ive by return of mail, a one dollar aving, a "GIFT TICKET," a Pros us, a Catalogue and all other ne ary information.

n the final completion of the sale, Gifts will be placed in the hands of mmittee of the purchasers to be ibuted, due notice of which will be n throughout the United States and Canadas.

LIST OF GIFTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Marble busts of Washing-ington, at $100, | $10,000 |
| Ditto, of Clay, at $100 | 10,000 |
| " Webster, 100 | 10,000 |
| " Calhoun, 100 | 10,000 |
| Elegant Oil Paintings, in splendid gilt frames, size 2x3 ft each, at $100, | 5,000 |
| Elegant Oil Paintings, 2x3 ft., each $50 | 5,000 |
| Steel plate engraving, brilliantly colored in oil, rich gilt frames, 24x30 inches each, at $10, | 5,000 |
| 0 elegant steel plate engravings, colored in oil, f the *Washington Monument*, 20x26 in. each $4, | 40,000 |
| 00 steel plate engravings rom 100 different plates now in possession of and wned by the Artists' Union, of the market value f from 50 cents to $1 ea | 41,000 |
| t class Dwelling in 31st t. N. Y. City, | 12,000 |
| ilding Lots in 100 and 01st sts. N. Y. City, each 25x100 ft. deep, at $1000, | 22,000 |
| illa sites, containing each 1600 sq ft. in the suburbs f New York City, and commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, at $500 | 50,000 |
| erpetual loans of cash, without interest or security, of $250 | 5,000 |
| o do do do of $100 each | 5,000 |
| " " " " of $50 " | 5,000 |
| " " " " of 20 " | 5,000 |
| 0 " " " of 5 " | 10,000 |

eference in regard to the Real Es F. J. Visscher & Co., Real Estate ker, New York. Orders, (post paid) money enclosed, to be adnressed

J. W. HOLBROOKE, Sec'y, No 505 Broadway, N. Y.

v 11, 1854.—6M

KERSEY! KERSEY!!

LARGE lot of the same old kind ust received and for sale at the t prices by

ABEL J. REES & Co.

t. 23, '54.

RFUMERY, Kathairon, Pamatum, air Brushes, Combs, and a variety cy articles—for sale by

W. N. E. WICKES.

28.

*Portable Grate.*

CEIVED this week a very large sortment of Portable Grates, suit Parlors and Offices.

ALDRIDGE & STAPLES

21, 1854

JAROQUES ELIXIS OF BARKS ays on hand and for sale by

WM. P. FRANCIS.

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.

## Selected Poetry.

### TALLY-HO! YOICK!

[This glorious old English hunting song was composed so long ago, that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and we have been unable to ascertain the name of the author :]

Keep silence, good folks, now I pray you attend,
I'm no common singer, you'll find in the end.
I'm a hunting physician, and cure every ill,
Disorder, and pain, without bolus or pill.
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho! &c.

Come on, ye old codgers, whose nerves are unstrung,
Only follow the hounds, and you'll hunt yourselves young.
'Twill cure the short cough, and the rheumatic pain—
Only follow the hounds; and you're all young again.
Tally-ho! tally-ho! &c.

Ye lovers who foolishly simper and sigh,
And droop at the frown of a blue or black eye,
Brush up to them quickly and try them again,
For ladies love sportsmen, and sportsmen love them.
Tally-ho! tally-ho! &c.

If chance you are plagued with a termagant wife
Who, instead of the pride, is the curse of your life,
When Madam her 'small talk' begins to 'let go,'
Then pull on your boots, and away Tally-ho!
Tally-ho! tally-ho! &c.

When death, that old pirate, shall after you stride,
Then mount your best hunter and for your life ride;
Ne'er mind his grim looks while your hunter can "go"—
For you'll never be cought while you cry 'T-a-l-ly-ho! Ya-oicks!
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! &c.

## A Choice Story.

*(From Gleason's Pictorial.)*

### MR. SMITH'S ADVENTURE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIANCE.

On a very pleasant June morning, a handsome young man of twenty-two or thereabouts, fashionably attired, and with that pensive, melancholy air, which well became his dark eyes and wavy locks, and which marked him as a poet of the Byron school, a rejected lover, or an unlucky gamester, or a turf defaulter, or a briefless attorney, or whatever you will, for melancholy has many causes, and wraps her dark martel round many shoulders in this weary world of ours;—a handsome, melancholy young man we say, interesting enough to flutter the hearts of a whole boarding school, was strolling along a pleasant lane in one of the rural counties of England. He had come down by the London coach, and while waiting for a conveyance to take him across the country to the place of his destination, though to amuse himself by a brief ramble. He paused now and then to gather a gragrant rose, or a bunch of hawthorn from the hedgerow; but he tossed away the flowers as careless as he culled them.

"Heigho!" he muttered to himself.—"It remains to be seen what will be the upshot of this visit to my rich old bachelor uncle, my only surviving relative. It is all likely the whimsical old humorist, whom I have not seen since childhood, will suit me, or that I shall suit him? A retired man of business, how can I expect he will fancy a good-for-nothing fellow who never did any business in his life—a poet, whose book didn't sell, a dramatist, whose play was a failure; a *literatuer*, who found no favor with the publishers? Will he pay my debts and make me his heir? My whole London life has been a failure; and the only agreeable episode was my trip to Bath. Poor Sophy Wruggles! I believe she loved me sincerely. But I acted honorably. When I found that my heart was engaged, I tore myself away without an explanation. For what had I too offer her?—I, bankrupt, in hope and purse?"

As he mused thus mournfully, he came in sight of a handsome villa facing a broad smooth-shaven lawn, and backed by a pretty garden and park of ornament l trees. As he paused to survey it with the pleased eye of a poet, a smart servant in livery advanced along the road, and after glancing at him sharply, touched his hat and said respectfully:—"Mr. Smith."

"That's my name."

"Thank ye—thank ye, sir," said the fellow, grinning from ear to ear, and turning on his heel, he ran off and disappeared.

"Is that fellow crazy?"

A moment afterwards a dozen or more farmers' boys, armed with muskets suddenly appeared in the road before him, and setting up a loud hurrah, discharged their weapons simultaneously, and then disappeared in the smoke.

"What the deuce is to pay here?" thought Smith. "Is this election day, or fair day? or is that a lunatic asylum, and those fellow madmen?"

He walked on, curious to learn the cause of the commotion. As he advanced, he saw a white flag flying on the lawn, and he heard the distant sound of music. As he approached nearer to the village, a gate in the thick hedgerow opened, and a portly gentleman in black, with a spotless white waistcoat, very rosy gills, and a bunch of flowers in his button hole, suddenly appeared with both hands extended:

"My dear boy," said he, "welcome! You're before your time; but so much the better. It speaks well for your gallantry. But where's your uncle?"

"I hav'n't seen him yet, sir; and I hear he unwell."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman. "I hardly expected him. You don't look quite well yourself—a little pale, nervous. No matter, it will soon be over—hey? Well, you don't look a bit like the old man. I expected to find you shorter and stouter. I thought Sophy must have been mistaken in your appearance."

"Sophy!" exclaimed Smith, more and more bewildered.

"Ay, ay, my boy! She told me all—how she met you at Bath and loved you, and you suddenly disappeared.—You had no idea of entering into an arrangement for life without seeing your intended; and faith I don't blame you for it. When I was of your age, I wouldn't have married a girl to please a thousand uncles, till I'd satisfied myself. But you never let your uncle know about that trip to Bath. Sly dog. But come along,"

So saying, the officious old gentleman seized the arm of the bewildered Smith—who found it impossible to believe that he was awake—and dragged him across the lawn, and ushered him into the drawing room, where a fat woman in a crimson turban rushed into his arms, and saluted him on both cheeks, and then burst into a passionate fit of tears.

"O, dear, dear," said she, "this is the happiest and saddest day of my life! I'm sure you're a very nice young man, and will take the best care of my daughter; and your uncle's a dear good creature. But Sophy is my all—excuse a mother's feelings, Mr. Smith—an only child! O, dear!"

"Mrs. Wruggl s! Mrs Wruggles, compose yourself," said the gentleman.

"Sophy Wruggles is really the girl, then after all!" thought Smith. "My uncle is certainly an older man than even the world has given credit for—to manage such a surprise for me; and to tumble me into happiness, without the least suspicion of the felicity before me.

But his meditations were cut short by the entrance of the fair Sophy attired in virgin white, and looking lovingly as an angel. Mr. and Mrs. Wruggles led her forward, and then discreetly left the room. As she seemed overcome by emotion, Smith caught her in his arms, and her head reclined upon his shoulder.

"My dear angel!" cried Smith. "Tell me if I owe this happiness to your own free will, and not to your filial obedience?"

"Can you ask me, William?" replied the bride, blushing and looking up in his face.

Smith pressed the lips of his adored.

"What a strange courtship ours has been," said Smith, "carried on in the language of the eyes alone."

"Yours were *so* expressive!" said Sophy. "Do you remember Bath?"

"Can I ever forget the pump room?" cried the lover.

"How I trembled when I handed you your glass."

"How I thrilled when you drank it!"

"And the ball at the assembly rooms," suggested Smith.

"And the waltzes and the polkas!" replied the bride.

"Decidedly we were formed for each other."

"Sophy," cried the voice of the paternal parent.

"Coming, mother!"—Excuse me, dearest!" cried the bride; and tearing herself from her lover's arms, she sped out of the room.

"Of course this is a dream!" said Smith. But its very pleasant while it lasts."

"For you, sir," said the livery servant Smith had met in the lane, entering and presenting a package and a letter on a silver salver.

Smith dismissed the man, opened the letter and read:—

"*Mr. William Smythe:*—Your uncle has begged me to write, because he has got the gout in his hand, and can't hold a pen. He begs me to say, that he wishes you all sorts of happiness, but he can't think of being present at the ceremony. He sends you herewith a hundred guineas and a letter of credit on his banker at Paris, and will expect you as soon as the honeymoon and your tour on the continent is ended. Humbly wishing you joy, for myself, I remain

Yours to command, SIMON SLOW.

"I don't know this Simon Slow," thought Smith; "but I suppose he is my uncle's steward. This fellow thinks to compliment me by spelling my name Smythe; but plain Smith is good enough for me. It's a respectable family, but contains too many John."

Of course, he pocketed the money without demur, and prepared to go thro' the ceremony with the easy grace and nonchalance of a man of the world.—He was introduced to a great many people and shook hands so many times, that his shoulders ached. After breakfast the carriage was announced. The leave-taking was hurried through, the happy couple escaped from their friends and took their seats, the postilions plied whip and spur in anticipation of liberal fees, and away they flew behind four spanking bays at a rattling rate down the same road up which the unconscious bridegroom had strolled in melancholy mood that very morning.

As he glanced out of the window, he saw a fat pedestrian in drab gaiters, wiping his perspiring forehead, and toiling through the dust. Smith smiled. If anything can add to the gratification of being whirled along in an easy running carriage, it is to contrast it with the toils of predestarianism on a dusty road. But little did Mr. Smith suspect who that unfortunate was. While Mr. and Mrs. Smith are speeding on their bridal tour, let us follow up the little pedestrian.—Overcome with the heat of the weather, and his own exertions he sat down on a stone.

"Vot an 'ot day!" he exclaimed, in purest cockney vernacular, as he mopped his crimson forehead with his thick bandanna. "'Ot enough to roast 'an 'Ottentot! Vot a go! to think of that hengine runnin' off the rail and spillin' half the passengers! Vot a hescape for me! Vonder if I ham in the right direction? That looks as if it might be the 'ouse. 'Ullo, you, sir!"

The last words were addressed to the servant in livery whom we have before encountered, and who was now strolling along, vissibly affected by champagne before breakfast.

"Who are you speaking to?" said he, loftily.

"To you!" was the reply. "Whose 'ouse is that?"

"Mr. Wruggles's."

"I thought so. He's your master, hey?"

The servant nodded.

"Vell, you're expecting somebody aint you now?"

"No," replied the servant.

"Nobody?" asked the pedestrian, coaxingly, and placing a 'fip' in the hands of the servant.

"Vhere's your young lady!"

"Gone off," said the servant.

"Vhere? and vith whom?"

"With her husband."

"Er 'usband! it aint possible!" cried the cockney.

"I tell you it is, though—I seed 'em with my own eyes!" exclaimed the servant.

"Vat's your name?" cried the cockney.

"Sam."

"Then, Sam, show me to your master—I must see 'im hinstantly! hinstantly!" cried the little cockney, with a tragic air.

There was something so imperative in his manner that the servant did not hesitate to comply with his demand.—He took him into his house, and ushered him into the presence of Mr. Wruggles. There is nothing very jolly in parting with an only daughter, and even Mr. Wruggl s, who was one of the happiest of mortals, left alone in his drawing room; while his wife had gone up stairs to have a good cry, was not in the best possible humor. So after motioning his guest to a seat, he inquired somewhat sourly:—

"Pray, sir, to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"Vy, sir," replied the little cockney, with the same phraseology of politeness and frigid severity of manner, "I simply came to pay my respects, and to hinquire after the 'ealth of your family."

"Sir, I am much obliged to you for your solicitude," replied Mr. Wruggles. "My family are pretty well, I thank you."

"Hincluding your daughter, I 'ope," said the cockney.

"Including my daughter," said Mr. Wruggles. "You are aware, perhaps, that she was married this morning."

"Married!" cried the cockney, starting to his feet. "Married! I'll trouble you to repeat that expression, Mr. Wruggles."

"My daughter was married this morning," replied the bereaved father, with a savage air, intended to say 'what's that to you?'

"Vill you 'ave the hextreme kindness, Mr. Wruggles," said the cockney, "to hinform me whom your daughter married?"

"Nothing can afford me greater pleasure, sir," replied the father, bitterly.—"The name of my son in law is William Smith."

"Is it?" cried the cockney, trembling violently.

"Yes sir—William Smith," replied Mr Wruggles, calmly.

"Smith vith a *y*, and a *he*, or Smith vith a *hi* and a *haitch*?" inquired the cockney, furiously.

"What is it to you how he spells his name?" cried Mr. Wruggles, getting angry.

"Heverything!" replied the cockney, furiously thrusting a letter into Mr. Wruggles' hand.

Mr. Wruggles read it and turned pale.

"From your uncle, sir," he said.

"Yes, from my uncle—whom you've been a foolin' as you've been a foolin' me."

"O, why, why—" cried Wruggles, rising and pacing the room, "why did'nt you get here sooner?"

"Vy!" screamed the cockney, whom we must now call by his real name of William Smythe, "vy! because the hingine run off the track—and that's the reason. You're a nice man, Mr. Wruggles—you 'ave gone and given your daughter to a himposter a hadventurer."

"If you'd been named Jenkins or Brown, this would'nt have happened," said Mr. Wruggles.

"It's mighty easy to throw the blame on that, retorted Smythe. "'Ow can I 'elp my name? Besides, I spell it with a *y* and a *he*."

"My daughter was a party to the plot—if plot there was," said Wruggles, thoughtfully; "for she knew this gentleman—met him at Bath. Were you ever at Bath?"

"Never!" said the cockney.

"And you never saw her?"

"Never!"

"I have probed to the bottom. You can assist me, perhaps. Will you stay and dine with us?"

"No sir! I vont rest another minit under this roof. But you shall hear from me again, sir—through my attorneys; sir Chit and Chaffer's Hinn—hi'll 'ave redress if there's such a thing as law in Hingland."

And the cockney banged away to take the next train for London.

This scene threw Mr. Wruggles into a fever of apprehension and perplexity. His daughter had married the wrong man. Yet she knew him—he was gentlemanly and well dressed, and as far as person was concerned a much fitter mate for beauty than the vulger Smith. He trembled to inform his wife of the mystery.

While thus harrassed, his servant handed him a card, on which he read, "William Smith!"

"Another Smith! the world is peopled with them!" cried poor Mr. Wruggles. "Bring me no more Smiths!"

"The gentleman is waiting in his chaise at the door, sir—says he's lame and can't get out; and will you have the goodness to go to him?"

Mr. Wruggles went out into the avenue, and there found a portly gentleman with his legs swarthed in voluminous folds of flannel, seated in a pony chaise. He bowed low.

"Mr. Wruggles," said he, "we have never met, though I have been in the neighborhood some weeks, having purchased Hawthorn Hall,—a property with which you are, of course, well acquainted."

Mr. Wruggles bowed.

"I hope to be better known to you sir, for many reasons—and the most important is that a nephew of mine, whom I have determined to adopt and make my heir (I expect him from London to-day a very fine young fellow, I hear,) fell deeply in love with your daugher at Bath, and behaved very honorable, I understand; for having no fortune he did not venture to propose, and he has been endeavoring to cura himself of his passion."

"He's in a fair way to cure himself," said Wruggles, smiling, "for he married her this morning."

"Married her!" cried the old gentleman. "How dared the rascal!"

"Don't judge him too harshly," said Wruggles. "It is very evident that there have been mistakes on both sides, owing to an identity of names and I have no doubt the whole affair is susceptible of explanation. I have not the least doubt that in marrying my daughter, strange as it may appear, your nephew thought he was obeying the orders of his uncle. I like the young man's appearance much—much better indeed than that of my intended son-in-law—Smythe with a y and e, who has since turned up. At any rate if the young folks are happy I don't see why we should mar their felicity, or even let them know there was any mistake about it. I know how to satisfy Mr. Smythe, senior—the uncle—for there are four Smiths, two nephews and two uncles, involved in this affair, and my word for it, all will turn out well."

"I hope so," said Mr. Smith, as he drove away with a promise to call again soon.

Mr. Smythe with a y and e was finally pacified—the mony the other Smith appropriated through mistake was made good, and when the bride and bridegroom returned, they were received with open arms at Hawthorn Hall, nor did either of the old people ever let them know that their felicity was the result of a mistake.

☞A countryman in one of the Western States with a load of meal, drove up to a lady's door when the following brief conversation took place:

"Do you want to buy any meal to-day ma'am?"

"What do you ask me for a bushel?"

"Ten cents, ma'am, prime."

"O, I can get it for a fip."

"Dear lady will you take a bushel for *nothing*?"

"Is it sifted?"

"No, ma'am."

"Drive along then."

☞A story is told of Sully the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle, who was a great favorite:

'Ah,' said he, 'she has a mouth like an elephant!'

'Oh, oh, Mr Sully, how can you be so rude?'

'Rude, ladies! rude! what do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it is full of ivory.'

☞John Jones has no objection to the lick her law when applied to Jane. Jane Jones contends stoutly for the liquor law as applicable to John. Jane's argument is simple and conclusive.—When John does liquor, he does lick her. When John don't liquor, he don't lick her; therefore, if John can't liquor he won't lick her, the conclusion she wishes to reach.

☞An Irishman going to market met a farmer with an owl.

'Say mister, what'll you take for your big eyed turkey?'

'It is an owl, ye beast," replied the astonished farmer.

'Divil a bit do I care whether it is ould or young, price the bird, ye spalpeen.'

☞A witness in a recent gambling case, in reply to a question of the court, said:

"I do not consider liquor as an article of value." There was a laugh, upon which he added—"I never knew a man to get rich by using it." There was much for reflection in those words.

☞"Is that clean butter?" asked a grocer of a boy who had brought a quantity to market.

"I should think it out to be," replied the boy, "for marm and Sall were more than two hours picking hairs and motes out of it last night."

☞One morning I noticed in my school room a boy I had not seen there before. To the inquiry, 'have you ever been at school before to-day?' he replied:

"No ma'am, not in this world, but I have in St. Louis.'

☞'Have you much fish in your bag?' asked a person of a fisherman, who was returning home.

"Yes; a good *eel*," was the slippery reply.

☞Why are the Russians like players at ten pins?

Because they are rolling balls on alleys (allies.)

☞"My dinner don't agree with me," said a man to his wife, after an extraordinary hearty meal.

"I don't blame it, my dear; I saw you *jawing* it so hard."

☞"Sam why is your head like the moon?" 'I don't know Jim, Give it up." "Because it is supposed by some to be inhabited. Yah! yah!"