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# The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 18. CHESTER TOWN, MD., SEPTEMBER 5, 1857. No. 17.



THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPE

*Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, & General News*

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. To Clubs—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.

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Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

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**Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.**

AT the request of many citizens, the undersigned has located in Chestertown, and will repair

WATCHES,

*CLOCKS, JEWELRY,*

ALL KINDS OF

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

&c., &c.

He may be found in Market Space, next door to Mrs. Simms Millinery Store, and near McDaniel's Hotel. All work guaranteed.

Jy 11, '57. tf A. SEEMAN.

*A Certain Cure for Ague and Fever!*

DR. KRAMER'S DEAD SHOT!

IN every case where it fails to cure and the directions have been strictly followed the money will be refunded. The proprietors in offering this medicine to the public are sure of its success, as they have never known it to fail in any case, those who have tried it recommend it highly, many after spending their money and finding no benefit have been induced to try this medicine, and to their great astonishment and delight have been cured. Price One Dollar.

Prepared and sold by

S. K. KRAMER, Druggist,

Cor. Pratt st., and Bowly's Wharf,

*Baltimore, Md.*

☞For sale by A. M. RUSSELL, Chestertown and most of the country stores.

aug 1, '57

**Guano---Guano.**

THE undersigned asks the attention of Farmers, Planters and Dealers to his stock of best quality Guanoes, all of which he will sell at the lowest market rates.

"A" Peruvian Guano of the latest importations and best quality.

"AA" Mexican Guano of the best cargoes imported.

Columbian Guano, very rich in phosphates.

Also, Super-phosphate of Lime, Bone-Dust, &c.

Purchasers may rely on having their Guano shipped in prime order, and in superior bags. The general satisfaction heretofore given by all Guanoes sold by the subscriber, he hopes will be a sufficient guarantee that all articles sold by him will be found as represented.

WILLIAM ROBINSON,

Nos. 4 and 6 Hollingsworth street, near Pratt Street Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

july 4, 1857—3m

*TAXES! TAXES!*

THE undersigned would inform the tax-payers of the Third Election District of Kent county, that his books are made out and that he is prepared to receive the Taxes for 1857 5 per cent off State Tax if paid in July.

L. S. VANSANT, Col 3d District.

Near Georgetown X Roads, July 18, '57

***Lumber.***

T. W. ELIASON has on hand a large stock of Lumber emoraceing the everal varieties wanted.

COMMON CULLING,

PICKED and SELECT CULLING,

1 inch Boards and 1½ and 2 inch plank.

1¼ inch PINE FLOORING,

PINE FENCING and

HEMLOCK BOARDS and FENCING,

HARD PINE FRAME STUFF

4-4, 4-5, 4-6, 4-7 and 4-8 inches,

*Hemlock Joists and Scantling,*

Hemlock Post Rails,

BEST HEART SHINGLES,

*Good Sap and Heart Shingles,*

Superior Plastering Laths,

Pales, &c.

He has had considerable experience in the Lumber business, gives it his personal attention, buys principally in first hands and consequently has every advantage as to prices and quality that other dealers have whether in this or the Baltimore market, and he can supply those wanting Lumber as low as it is sold either here or in Baltimore. Purchasers are invited to see his Lumber and prices. Aug. 1, 1857.

*Notice, Notice.*

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber will please call and settle their accounts as no further notice will be given. My Mill is broken and it will take money to repair it.

Jy 4, 1857. W. BACCHUS.

*NOTICE—To all whom it may Concern:*

THE subscriber expects to be at "Wilmer's Point" on THURSDAY of each week.

July 18, '57. EDWIN WILMER.

N. B. Correspondents are advised that my address hereafter is Elkton, Md.


## POETRY.

### RHEUBEN AND PHEBE.

A PATHETIC POEM.

BY MR. H. B. PIPKINS.

In Manchester a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Phebe Brown;
Her checks were red, her hair was black,
And she was considered by good judges to be by all odds the best looking girl in town.

Her age was nearly seventeen,
Her eyes were sparkling bright;
A very lovely girl was she—
And for about a year and a half there had been a young man paying attention to her by the name of Reuben Wright.

Now Reuben was a *nice* young man
As any in the town;
And Phebe loved him very dear—
But on account of his being obliged to work for a living he never could make himself agreeable to old Mr. and Mrs Brown.

Her parents were resolved
Another she should wed;
A rich old miser in the place,—
For old Brown frequently declared that rather than have his daughter marry Reuben Wright he'd sooner knock him on the head.

But Phebe's heart was brave and strong—
She feared no parent's frown;
And as for Reuben Wright so bold,
I've heard him say more than fifty times that (with the exception of Phebe) he didn't care a —— for the whole race of Browns.

So Phebe Brown and Reuben Wright
Determined they should marry;
Three weeks ago last Tuesday night,
They started for old Parson Webster's determined to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, though it was tremendous dark and rained like old Harry.

But Captain Brown was wide awake,
He loaded up his gun,
And then pursued the loving pair;
He overtook 'em when they'd got about half way to the Parson's and then Reuben and Phebe started off upon a run.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim
Towards young Reuben's head,
But oh! it was a bleeding shame,
He made a mistake and shot his only daughter and had the unspeakable anguish of seeing her drop right down stone dead.

Then anguish filed young Reuben's heart,
And vengeance crazed his brain;
He drew an awful jack knife out,
And plunged it into old Brown about fifty or sixty times so that it is very doubtful about his ever coming to again.

The briny drops from Reuben's eye's
In torrents poured down;
He yielded up the ghost and died.—
And this melacholy and heart-rending matter terminates the history of Reuben and Phebe and likewise old Captain Brown.

## MISCELLNAY.

### A True Love Story.

When Mary Dasert was nineteen or twenty years of age, her mother, guardian—whatever you please to call her—resolved that she must be taught to speak German, and took her to Footunder, as the best German speaking city in the fatherland; and as possessing some traditional knowledge of English cookery, which had been taught to all the court cooks by his late royal highness the Duke of Gobble, when viceroy of Footunder for his brothers Fuddle and Diddle. The ladies went to a fashionable boarding-house, which was on a garden, as Germans phrase it; and thither one day, during their stay, came a certain Mr. Saxton Wornton, *en route* for Bierburg, from London, and idling in the capital in order to pick up a few words by which to face that dreadful university. He engaged a room took off his hat to everybody about, and strolled into the garden, feeling very sad and lonely; so young among so many strangers, the most accomplished of whom so far as his first introduction had gone, only knew, of the English language that the Vicar of Wakefield "vash always hoping on dat," etc. etc—meaning to quote as Germans will from the first lines of the great Irish poet's beautiful book which is the first lesson in English for all foreigners.

As he strolled about the extensive garden he saw a young lady unaffectedly up among the branches of a cherry tree. She was eating the ripe cherries with great assiduity. She was showing her ancles and stockings in a shocking manner. Her mass of golden hair was all in disorder strewed over her stained muslin covered shoulders, and entangled in the branches of a tree. Her grey eyes were startingly purely bright, as she stared down at the stranger. The fair sweet face would have struck you, even if you met in the proper way, in a ball room. Saxton thought of pictures he had seen of nymphs lying in Italian landscapes among branches of red grapes, and clusters of black Pacchuses and heaps of green leaves. He thought he says, in telling the story, of a variety of things which are more or less credible.

"*Wollon Sie!*"—said she at last, after a long, calm, unruffled stare. She held out some cherries, thinking that he might like some.

She thought he was a German, and he thought she was a German. He shook his head and said—"Can't speak German."

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "an Englander! What a comfort!" And she sat down on a branch and left off eating. "Except to the chaplain in the king's chapel" (this was in Ernest's time, for he adhered to the forms and ceremonies of the faith of his father, George the Third and would never go into the Luthern churches of his subject,) "and his wife, I have'nt spoken to an English person for six months."

He did not know what to say. At his age gentlemen are not at ease with ladies. We get over it; but a youth's horror of a woman should guide him in his manhood!

She took another stare at him, while she tied up her hair, and that done, she said, "please help me down Minna was to have come, but I won't wait. She helped me up?"

There was no bashfulness about her. To get her down, he had to put his arms around her, in the way that Paul carried Virginia across the rivulet, and so land her; and when her feet were on the ground, she said, without the least confusion—

"Thank you! You are stronger than Minna. Am I heavy?"

"Heavy! He was only too happy. To find a countrywoman—unexpected pleasure! "So beautiful, too."

"They say I am pratty. I am glad you think so. But how did you come here?"

He explained—just arrived—brought there by the commissioner from the British hotel.

"I am glad you're come So will mamma be. Come in the house."

"With pleasure,—will you take my arm?"

"Oh, that is not done in Footunder! They would think we were engaged lovers."

"I am sure I wish we were, then," burst out the boy.

"Do you really? That's strange! I should like to be engaged to you. Let's ask mamma?

Saxon was overwhelmed, and felt the blood in his head with stinging sudenness. Here wne a young lady, whom he had not seen five minutes, accepting a compliment of the idlest sort as a proposal of marriage; and he was being straightway led into the presence of that young lady's mamma.

His impulse was to run away back to the hotel. But his character was adventurouse, and he resolved to see it out.—Perhaps there was no resolution in the case. He couldn't help himself. We are always talking of our resolutions when we relate our accidents.

She walked by his side up the long walk, looking a great deal at the ground but a great deal at the young geatleman. His comely English face was a novelty to her. Before they reached the door they were arm-in-arm.

He whispered—"Had you not better delay mentioning anything to your mamma? She will be surprised."

"Yes, she will be surprised!" was the answer, quite collected, unaccompanied by any laugh. "But I'll tell her, of course."

The directness about this young lady abashed Mr. Saxon Wornton.

They passed into the house and up stairs, entered a room in which sat an elderly lady, dressed in half mourning. There are women who are always in mourning, and to whom the garb looks natural; this was one of them. She was a little old lady with black bright eyes, massive black gray hair, surmounted by a little slate colored ribboned cap; long white hands. She was writing—copying music.

The young lady went up to her and kissed her.

"Mamma, here is a young gentleman from England, come to lodge. I was glad to see him, and I thought you would be. He said that he would like to be engaged to me."

She sat down on a stool at her mamma's feet.

"Engaged to you! What is this? Tell me who you are sir, and what you have said to my daughter?"

She rose astonished; and when ladies are bewildered they are rather hot and angry.

Saxon had a tendency to run down stairs. He felt like a fool, and humiliatingly confused. He had never met such an imposing little lady—so powerful in the dignity of a thorough lady.

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know how it happened. I meant no wrong. I helped your daughter down from a tree, and she was so frank that—I suppose I was indiscreet."

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am Saxon Wornton, ma'am. My father is Wornton, of Wornton Hall, Staffordshire. I have just come from Hamburg, and am going to Bierberg. There are my letters, ma'am to Mr Blind, the Minister here."

"I take your word, sir, of course, for the letters." She was quite mollified.—"In fact, as you are the son of Mr. Wornton, you are the grandson of the Mr. Wornton who was my trustee, and we are great friends. Very odd to meet you that way. But pray, explain how you came to propose to my daughter? You cannot have known her half an hour: it is not so long since she left this room to walk in the garden. It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of! How did it happen?"

"I—I—have no notion. I don't think it was a proposal altogether—I would'nt have been so rude, so soon; merely a compliment."

The young lady now took her fine eyes from the young man, looked up into her mamma's, and repeated the precise words of what he had said, and what she had answered."

"My dear child—how extremely wrong—what childishness! Pray, sir, how old are you?"

"Nearly eighteen, ma'am."

"Why you are younger than she is." The old lady smiled and was thoroughly amused. "What a pair of innocents? Come, sir, sit down and let us talk. Do you know who we are?"

"Have'nt the honor," said Saxon, seating himself and feeling more comfortable.

"That's excellent! You proposed to a lady whose name you did know. Talk of first love, indeed! There never was anything like this."

The old lady laughed happily till the tears came to her eyes. Saxon joined with great zest. The young lady did not laugh in the least.

"But, mamma," she said, with great deliberation, "you have often told me that first love is the real love. You want to see me settled. If Mr. Saxon Wornton"—she had caught the name very accurately—"wishes me to marry him, and I would like, why do you laugh?"

The laughers were immediately grave.

"Will you go into your bed-room for a few moments, my darling?"

"Yes, mamma,' and she rose. He rose too; and she went over to him and offered her hand, which he took and pressed with confused gallantry. She then left the room.

Miss Dasert, the elder, had no great knowledge of the world. She was not shocked by her daughter's behaviour, and saw nothing in it to shock any one else. She had no conception of the bewilderment of Saxon. Sweet, foolish Miss Dasert!

"You will of course understand," said she to him, that I cannot sanction any conversation whatever on what he passed until you have made inquiries in respect to us. If you stay here you will see a good deal of us, and you will always be welcome in this, my part of the house.—Young marriages (she spoke musingly) are generally the happiest, I think. We shall see."

And then they gossiped about the house and inmates, Footunder, England, German students, German dishes; and in half an hour the old lady was in a state of enchantment with the boy, while he was quite happy.

When the ladies, after his departure to his own room, conversed together, the indiscreet old gentlewoman expressed her charmed astonishment of the interview in the garden, her admiration of the young man, and her perfect faith in his moral character and respectability of social position.

This inflamed the simple girl, and when she went down to the *table d'hote*, she considered that a great change had taken place in her life and that she was a "Verlobte." In Germany all girls are, and she took it as she had taken the most natural transitions in her physical life.

He occupied at dinner a seat between the two ladies. The gentle creatures almost waited on him in pressing food, and were farther delighted with his tone of talk. He was so smart in his sayings, and took such bold views of things, that to the young lady his conversation was like the acquisition of a new language.—Such a beautiful, bold lover! she was quite content with him; and the content was thrown to him out of her large caressing eyes.

She was very happy and ate very little and was very rude to to the company in general. Saxon was puzzled that she only laughed with her eyes; but he admitted that he had never before seen such grand eyes.

After "Essen" they sat at the table under the linden and took coffee, and Saxon in that new scene, on the gentle summer evening, with a beautiful woman in love with him, thought that God was very good.

And they stole away to a walk among deeply leaved trees, and the serpent arm crawled around her waist and he pressed her to his heart, and kissed her mouth and eyes, and looked up to the saddening sky and swore to her, and would try to make her happy. When he said this, his eyes filled with tears; and she wondered at him, but adored him, and was very calmly happy.

The poetical have no right of the above matter of fact account of an event which doubtless is susceptible of poetical treatment. It could do no harm to make our lovers talk the traditional ecstatic idiotcy in vogue, at any rate from the time of Mr. Shakespeare to that of Mr. Alexander Smith. But a report is not a poem. It is doubtful if Mr. Shakespeare addressed Anne Hathaway in the manner that Mr. Romeo addressed Miss Juliet; though clearly, the man who could conceive Romeo and Juliet, had the poetical materials in him which explode in a frenzy. Anne Hathaway would not have understood it; so he probably said, after a few kisses, that her eyes were good and that it would be convenient to put the banns up.

Disingeneous and well behaved persons will not credit that a young lady could behave so absurdedly as Mis Dasert (the second) is represented to have done.—They must however, consider, that "the young party" was quite unaccustomed to love making, and had been brought up to think honestly, and to tell the truth.—Making all allowances for the Italian nature of Juliet, thed do not believe that a young lady could ever have been so rapidly affectionate as Juliet was; and they have some reason for their distrust on the point, since the authentic Shakespeare makes the nurse and mamma talk grossness to the young lady, and gives us an impression that she foreknows her functions as a spouse, while she herself confesses her conviction that the process of declaration and acceptance was much slower than she and Romeo made it. Shakespeare has not made Juliet innocent, and it is only an innocent girl would be so extremely silly as the poet tells us she was. This must be Miss Dasert's excuse. She knew nothing of the art or of the statistics of love—no mother, no grandmother elder sister or female friends were there in her case to render her knowledgeable. It is incredible that there might be a woman under twenty years of age with a soul unsoiled by any speculation either as to sentiment or the sensation of love?

"Ah, mamma!" exclaimed the young lady after she had said her prayers at the maternal knee, and was setting her head on the pillow, "I am so happy!—He is so hand some, and kind, and wise, mamma—I should like to sleep all night with my head on his shoulder!"

"Oh, my dear Mary! you must not say that till you are married; and you must not be certain that I can give you to him; you may have to wait—he is very young."

"Dear mamma, you must let me say, now as ever, the thoughts that come into my head. I only want to have him with me. To be married, and to live in a house of my own together, that is not what I care for I can wait. But you must let me have him with me always—him and you dear mamma, I love you I think more now, that I love him too."

And the old lady philosophized, as well as she could, about the tender passion, and the duties of a young maid suffering from it; but the truth is, she knew very little about it, and thus she did no good to her daughter. They were such a very innocent pair:—and the eldest was, on the whole, by far the most flurried and excited by this new development in their lives.

There are young females, even in excellent circles, who do accept and plunge into passion for the first smooth faced or smooth spoken gentleman that addresses himself at their hearts and such young lady might be dispose to make excuses for this tenderly bred and sweet spoiled child, Miss Dasert. But so it happens in her favor that she had no less than seven very good offers; not to mention the bad ones from two successive singing masters, who, deceived by that gentle pliant nature, thought that it was without will.—She had refused them all quietly, without understanding what they felt or affected to feel; and only now and then experiencing some regret, because of the incessant talk of her mamma about the necessity of settling in life. But her mamma always told in her old maiden romantic manner, that marriage without love was a sin; and the young lady had been waiting patiently for the divine visit of passion.

The Misses Gobus would consider that one so innocent must be a fool. When they did meet her, they said so; for she didn't understand their coarse theories at all, and didn't blush when an impropriety was said; not knowing poor girl the catalogue of improprieties. Girls who have had boarding schools French governesses, French novels, elder sisters and flirtatious since their fourteenth year with young gentlemen in their fortenth year set down simplicity and idiocy as identical mental phenomena.

Miss Dasert had never bought shoes or dresses for herself, or cooked or bought meats, or made any sort of worldly, mercantile, or domestic calculation. She had been brought up like a pet, a plaything, most useless no doubt; and when she lost her mamma, was very helpless on earth; all the more so from her fortune.

These facts explain the unfavorable impressions she produced on smart women in England, France, Germany and Italy, who at the same time, were not quite so pretty as she was. They likewise explain why elderly men could not understand at all, and never will; and why the boy who made love to her in a childish way, won her at once. And yet, from some points of view, she had presentions to considerable cleverness. All the accomplishments of a modern lady had been mastered several instruments, all the right languages including Latin. Taste, memory, and sensibility distinguished. She had read all the books that her aunt would allow her to read, and they had been very numerous, and had given great insight into literature and human affairs. She could draw exquisitely, though she could not caricature. Her love of flowers had led in to much study of botany, and she knew so far the theory of marriage—the espousals of petals. Had she been a school girl she would have been the boast of professors; but her mamma was her governess, and never boasted; and Saxon was the first discover the resources of her intellect, as he was the only one who had ever touched the treasure of his heart.—She wanted the manner of society; could only sing in a room; and when she sang thought merely of giving simple pleasure. For she was not a lady who sought friendship or alliances, who giggled and flattered. So I suppose Miss Gobus who would think it indelicate to read the Bible; and has the worst book by heart—*is* right, and that Mary *is* a fool.

### INTERESTING WEDDING PARTY.

In the city of Lexington, the evening of August 5th, was witnessed such a wedding party and such a marriage ceremony as perhaps never occurred in the United States, certainly not in the State Kentucky. Mr. John Blount, the bridegroom, is a deaf mute, who was brought up in Alabama, but received his education at the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Danville, where he is at poesent an accomplished and highly esteemed instructor. He is a tall and fines looking specimen of a man, and is a gentleman in every sense of the word. Miss Lucretia Ann Hoagland the bride, is also a deaf mute. She was educated in in the institution at Danville, and would pass for a beautiful and accomplished lady in any circle of society. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hoagland, the parents of the bride, at whose house the marriage took place, are also both of them deaf mutes. They received their education some twenty five or thirty years since at the same institution. They have three other children, two of whom hear and talk; their youngest, a little boy of nine years old, is, like the bride, a mute, and expects before long to go to the same institution to obtain that inestimable blessing—a good education—which his father, mother, and sister have received before him.

The attendant of the bride, Miss Mary Boyd, from Harrison county, was as modest, beautiful, and elegantly-dressed a lady as adorns any drawing-room. She was formerly a class-mate of the bride.—Other young ladies who were mutes were present, who attracted marked attention by their personal charms as well as by their superior intelligence. Young gentlemen also were not wanting, of fine appearance, education, and manners, to lend interest to the occasion, in addition to the mutes who were present, from intercourse with the family of the bride or in some other way had become familiar with the sign language, so that the conversation of the evening was held chiefly in the beautiful pantomime of the deaf and dumb.

There was also present, as invited guests, some twelve or fifteen educated mutes, all of them present or former pupils of the above-named institution.

But that which perhaps gave the most peculiar interest to the occasion was the fact that the marriage ceremony was celebrated in the sign language of the deaf and dumb. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. S. B. Cupee, Vice-Principal of our State Institution at Danville. Not a word was heard during the whole ceremony—the prayer, the propounding of the marriage covenant, the benediction and the blessing at the wedding feast were all performed in the graceful and eloquent though voiceless language of gesture, which may be termed the vernacular of the deaf and dumb. It was taken altogether, emphatically a mute festival, in which all parties present were delighted, and which furnished a striking exemplification of what has been done and can be done for the unfortunate mute.—*Lou. Jour.*

Brands of Brandy.—The Sunday Times publishes the following "nut for brandy drinkers." "The best No. 1 brandy is made of oil of brandy, a poisonous ether oil of bitter almonds, (as poisonous as prussic acid,) ethereal wine, alcohol, sugar and Malaga wine. No. 2, oil of brandy acetic ether, tamarinds, cherry juice, sugar, all colored with burnt sugar. No. 3, oil of brandy, ethereal oil, bitter almonds, elder flowers and tamarinds.—The lowest quality is composed of oil of brandy, acetic ether, oil of peach and alcohol."

☞An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve our affairs, than a month's moaning.

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his poor mother an orphan.