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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet:—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. NOVEMBER 21, 1846. NO. 30.

AUCTION SALES

POSTPONED TRUSTEE'S

SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the High Court of Chancery, the undersigned as Trustee will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on

MONDAY, the 30th day of November, 1846, at the tavern porch of Capt. Carl L. Strandberg, in Chester Town, at half past one o'clock, P. M. all that

Farm and Plantation,

late the property of Nathaniel Copper, dec'd, commonly called "BECKWORTH," "BECK'S ADDITION," and "SAVOY FARM," containing in the whole

129 Acres,

more or less—lying near Worton Heights, adjoining the lands of Dr. Thos. G. Wroth, J. L. Bowers, and others.

There is a very superior MEADOW, of from 20 to 25 acres, on this farm, which grows grass very finely

The soil is fine and grows clover very well.

There is a sufficiency of Fuel for the farm and a considerable quantity of young and thriving CHESNUT.

The BUILDINGS consist of a one story dwelling in good comfortable condition, with a cellar. There is an excellent Meat House Corn House and Stable; and an excellent spring of water near the dwelling.

The situation is considered healthy.

THE TERMS OF SALE,

as prescribed by the Decree, are that the purchase money be paid in three equal instalments in six, twelve and eighteen months, from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the trustee.

The creditors of Nathaniel Copper, dec. are notified to file their claims against the deceased with the vouchers thereof, in the Chancery office, within four months from the day of sale.

GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee.

Chester Town, Nov. 7, 1846 } tds

POSTPONED TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the High Court of Chancery, the undersigned will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on MONDAY, the 30th of November 1846, at 10½ o'clock A. M. at the tavern porch of Capt. Carl L. Strandberg in Chester Town, about.

47 1-2 acres,

land, the propety of Dobbs Joiner dec'd, lying near Mt Bacchus' mill, in county, adjoining the mill pond, and east side of the road leading from Air, and near the farm of George S. Hay, Esq.

three fourths of the land is arable residue in *fuel.*

THE TERMS OF SALE

as prescribed by the Decree are that the purchase money shall be paid in six, twelve and months, from the day of sale, in equal instalments, with interest from day of sale, to be secured by the bond purchaser, with approved security.

GEORGE VICKERS, *Trustee.*

Chestertown, Nov'r 1846. } tds

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the late firm of Walker & Wilmer, are requested to come forward and close their respective accounts settlement is not—those neglecting to attend to this request, will be proceeded against after the first day of January, 1847. All persons any ways indebted to the estate of J. W. Walker, dec'd, are again reminded that the estate is largely indebted, and it is actually necessary that they should pay their respective dues, or a part thereof. It will be very disagreeable for me to be compelled to resort to the law, but it will be my duty. A. W. Sparks, at the Masonic Hall, is authorised to attend to the settlement of the said firms.

THOMAS WALKER.

Oct. 3, 1846.

Eastern Shore Bacon

FOR SALE.—A lot of Hams, at 10c per lb—Middlings at 8, and Shoulders at 6 for the cash, by

WILMER & NICOLS.

September 12th, 1846.

CALICOES

Large stock of beautiful figure and fine texture—just opened and for sale at 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 18 cts. &c. by

WICKES & BRO.

Oct. 3d, 1846.

GREAT BARGAINS,

IN HATS AND CAPS,

At the old established

CHEAP HAT AND CAP STORE,

No. 196 *Market st. 2d door below Sixth,*

PHILADELPHIA.

We extend a general invitation to the citizens of Chester Town and its vicinity, as well as to all others, to our store. We have on hand a large and complete assortment of Hats and Caps of every style and variety, which we are selling full one-fourth lower than the usual prices, namely:

Extra superior	Beaver Hats,	from	$2.50 to $3.50
" "	Brush "	"	2.00 to 3.00
" "	Silk "	"	1.25 to 2.00
" "	Moleskin "	"	2.50 only, usual price $4.

Good hats as low as $1.25 and upwards. Also, a complete stock of Caps, cloth, fur trimmed, glazed, silk oil cloth, velvet and fancy Caps; fine otter, Shetland fur seal, musk rat, hair seal caps, &c. &c. at lower prices than they can possibly be had elsewhere. From our extensive sales, we can sell for a smaller profit than others can.—Call and be satisfied, it is to your interest.

Merchants, Storekeepers, Hatters and others, who buy to sell again, supplied on reasonable terms. Be sure and call at No. 196 Market street, 2d door below Sixth st.

GARDEN & BROWN.

September 5th, 1846. 3m

New Wholesale

DRUG-STORE.

CANBY & BARTLETT beg leave respectfully to inform dealers and others, in this vicinity, that they have recently established, at the *N. W. corner of Light and Lombard streets, Baltimore,* a WHOLESALE DRUG ESTABLISHMENT where they have now on hand, and intend keeping, a complete and extensive assortment of entire fresh Drugs and Medicines, as well as Paints, Oils, Glass, Dyestuffs, &c. laid in at prices that will enable them to furnish persons dealing in Drugs, &c. with every article in that line, on certainly as good terms, and of as fine quality, as can be obtained from any other establishment, either in Baltimore or elsewhere.—They are also the manufacturers and venders of Dr. Chapman's Worm Mixture, Wright's Worm Mixture, and Lee's Family Medicines.

THOMAS Y. CANBY, late of the firm of Stabler & Canby.
WM. A. BARTLETT.

September 5th, 1846. 6m

FALL

DRY GOODS.

WE have now on hand a desirable assortment of FALL DRY GOODS, which have been selected in this, and the eastern cities, and which we will sell low for cash, or on the usual terms, to punctual dealers. Country merchants and dealers generally, are invited to call and examine our stock before making their purchases. In our stock wi be found the following goods, viz:

Super and extra cloths and cassimeres
Merino, velvet, valencia silk and satin vestings
Pilot and beaver cloths and flushings
Cadet, steel mix'd, blue, drab and brown sattinetts
Kentucky jeans, fulled linseys and kerseys
Plaid and striped linseys and baizes
Geno cords and buffalo cloths
10, 11, 12 and 13-4 rose and Whitney blankets
Heavy white and colored blankets for negroes
Bl'k, colored and shaded alpacas
Twilled and plain Earlston ginghams
Cashmeres and mouselin de'lains
Linen cambric and linen cambric hdkfs
Brown and white table cloths and napkins
White, red, yellow and green flannels
Brown and white Canton flannels
Hosiery, gloves and suspenders
Gilt, lasting and bone buttons
Madrass, Britannia and domestic hdkfs
Silk and col'd bordered linen cambric do
Barcelona and Italian cravats
Stay bindings and galloons
Pins, needles, tapes and bobbins
Cap edgings and nettings
Blanket, mouselin de'lane and cashmere shawls
Splendid Turkeri and Edinburg do
Bed ticks, checks and plaids

Together with a large assortment of prints and brown and white shirtings and sheetings.

SIMMONS & BROTHER,
corner of High and Gay sts. Balto.

Sept. 19th, 1846. 3m

STEAM REFINED SUGAR CANDIES,

12½ *cents per pound, Wholesale.*

J. RICHARDSON, No. 42 Market st. Philadelphia, takes pleasure in informing the public, that he still continues to sell his very superior steam refined Candy at the low price of $12 50 per 100 pounds, and the quality is equal to any manufactured in the United States.

He also offers all kinds of goods in the *Confectionary* and *Fruit* line at corresponding low prices, as quick sales and small profits are the order of the day.

Call or send your orders, and you cannot fail to be satisfied. Don't forget the number, 42 *Market street, Philadelphia.*

September 5th, 1846. 4m

OIL CLOTH TABLE COVERS,
For sale low by

T. W. ELIASON.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months.
☞ For Prospectus, see fourth page.

POETRY.

Song of the Sword.

A PARODY ON THE "SONG OF THE SHIRT."

Weary, and wounded, and worn—
Wounded and ready to die—
A soldier they left all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
Whilst, with a sad and terrible tone
He sang the song of the Sword.

Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die,
Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand children cry;
Fight! fight! fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament,
And fight! fight! fight!
Whilst millions of money are spent.

Fight! fight! fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that's gained is an empty name
And a tax too great to bear;
An empty name and a paltry fame,
And thousands lying dead;
While every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.

War! war! war!
Fire, and famine, and sword;
Desolate fields and desolate towns,
And thousand scattered abroad—
With never a home and never a shed,
Whilst kingdoms perish and fall,
And hundreds and thousands are lying dead,
And all—for nothing at all.

Ah! why should such mortals as I
Kill those whom we never could hate?
'Tis obey your commander or die,—
'Tis the law of the Sword and the State;
For we are the veriest slaves
That ever had their birth;
For to please the whim of a tyrant's will
Is all our use upon earth.

War! war! war!
Musket, and powder and ball;
Ah! what do we fight so for?
Ah! why have we battles at all?
'Tis justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honor to keep:
Alas! that justice is so dear,
And human life so cheap!

'Tis sad that a Christian land,
A professedly Christian State,
Should thus despise that high command—
So useful and so great—
Delivered by Christ himself on earth,
Our constant guide to be:
To "love our neighbors as ourselves,
And bless our enemy."

War! war! war!
Misery, murder and crime,
Are all these blessing I've seen in thee
From my youth to the present time;
Misery, murder and crime,
Crime, misery, murder, and wo;
Ah! would I had known in my younger days,
In my hours of boyish glee,
A tenth of its misery;
I now had been joining a happy hand
Of wife and children drear,
And I had died in my native land,
Instead of dying here.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE BARREL MOVEMENT.

A SKETCH OF LIFE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

Written for the St. Louis Reveille.

When the St. Louis Legion was encamped on the island at the mouth of the Brazol Santiago, the boys began, for the first time, to feel the inconvenience of "Uncle Sam's fodder and arrangements—not that they expected to find "chicken fixens" every morning, but they at least felt confident that the *beans* would be nourishing. About 11 o'clock, A. M., every day, the little round vegetables were put in the camp kettles, and in an hour, or probably an hour and a half, were served out. To those skilled in the matter of dried beans, we need not explain how little effect one hours boiling would have upon them. The different messes cracked away, however, chewed the hard pebbles up, and left their meals in a very unsatisfied manner. A few days had scarcely elapsed when a general grumble was set in circulation against the commissary department of Uncle Sam, and his *beans* in particular. One tall volunteer swore, in the mess, that he would cross to the main land and supply himself with provisions if he had to eat a live *ranchero,* before he would starve on such fare.—His comrades chimed in with his rebellious resolve, and all of them asked leave of the captain to take a short excursion for a few hours in search of game. Leave was granted and off the party started. In the course of a few hours one came strolling into the camp with a bundle under his arm, and as he passed the sentry on the way to their tent, he was accosted with—

"Jo, what luck had you?"

"Oh," says Jo, "I only killed a *gutter snipe!*"

"Well," says the sentry, "that is the largest snipe, judging from the buudle, I have ever seen. Let me look at his *bill?*"

Joe uncovered it, and there was the snout of as fine a young *pig* as ever poked his nose into a swill tub. Both winked at each other, exchanged quiet grins, and then the *snipe* was carefully covered and carried to quarters. In a few moments along came another of the mess, who reported that he had *only* secured a haunch of a "*slow deer,*" i. e. a young *calf;* and to wind up the captured game of the party, three more appeared, carrying a quarter of a "short horned *elk,*" which some envious members of the messes declared looked as if it might have been the *slow deer's* mammy. The spoils were put together and covered over, after which the mess went into a council of war upon how to get something to wash down the game and make the whole affair a comfortable one.

"Do you think you can execute a *barrel movement,* boys?" said an orderly belonging to the mess.

"What is that like?" was the general inquiry.

"Simply this," says the sergeant; "the commissary general is landing stores down at the beach, among which is some first rate *brandy* for the officers, and if we could only make one of his half barrels keep step in a hollow square, we might easily execute the new march of a *barrel movement.*

All the mess expressed themselves ready for duty instantly, and, having added a few more rank and file to the enterprise, off they started on a commendable earnest march to practice the new drill. The hollow square was admirable formed and reformed half a dozen times before they reached the beach, and advancing in line towards the commissary's, with a rapid evolution they formed around a liquor cask, and commenced their march back across the island. The drill was now full of interest—it was new—and one of the lieutenants, attracted by the strange manoeuvreing, approached them just as they were performing a hollow square *countermarch.* He observed one of the men carrying two muskets, and thought it queer, but a glance at the centre of the sqad explained the secret. A strong volunteer was keeping the barrel rolling in the inside—they were representing a square retreating with stores, and it was really beautiful, the skill with which they did it it. Now the barrel roller would get tired, and the squad would countermarch while another took his place; again, a discovery would threaten, and they would close up to receive a charge of cavalry; and thus; moving with caution and steadiness, they reached a small sand hill in the rear of the camp. Now commenced some brilliant slow movements, all in one spot, which were followed by the squadron forming line and moving into camp. At the spot where the square broke, a fresh hillock of sand *might* have been discovered, by those only, however, who knew the former loveliness of the spot.

The lieutenant, who had critically watched the manoeuvreing of the men, congratulated the orderly on the perfection of their drill. The subordinate looked him in the eye, and knew by the slight curl in the muscles of his face that he "smoked" the new tactics; so, touching his cap politely, he asked the officer if, when they cooked their *game,* he would accept a slice?"

"If the cook in your mess seasons it carefully, and it is not *overdone,* I would not mind tasting it," said the lieutenant smilingly.

The orderly winked, and they separated. It was refreshing to an old campaigner just to see how "gutter-snipe," "short-horned elk" and "slow deer" were disposed of that evening in the mess which executed the above described strange drill; and ever after that night it become a by-word, when a volunteer was seen moving in zigzag fashion, that he was practicing the Legion's new march called the "*barrel movement.*"

An Excellent Story.

We find the following story going the rounds of the press. We must copy it because it is well told—the only thing that takes away from its genuineness is the very *immaterial* fact that Mr Jenifer does not live on the Eastern Shore, which is very necessary he should do, in order to make him a party to the story: but no matter for that, it is a very good story and will be laughed at by our Eastern Shore friends the same as if it were true.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

CORWIN VS. JENIFER.—During a former session of Congress, Messrs Corwin of Ohio, and Jenifer of Maryland, were very intimate. The latter, like all Marylanders, believe the "Eastern Shore" is the Paradise of the world, and he was in the habit as often as opportunities offered, of "poking fun" at Corwin about the "Buckeye" and the State of Ohio generally. Corwin bore this persecution patiently for a while, usually, however, returning shot for shot; until one day while dining at the President's Jenifer came down upon him so hard, that Corwin resolved to silence him forever; so rising from his seat, he remarked, that he was not in the vein for story telling, but he would relate an incident that occurred during the early part of his professional career, in a Court House in the interior of the State of Ohio.

He said that the Judge had just taken his seat upon the bench, and a case was about to be commenced, when a very white-haired old gentleman came tottering into the court room, upon a cane in each hand. The old man was a soldier of the revolution, and had come in to procure a lawyer to prepare his papers, that he might get his semi annual payment. This service was always of course rendered gratis.

The papers, continued Mr. Corwin, were handed over to him, and after asking some of ther othe necessary questions, he enquired the age of the pensioner.

In a tremulous, shrill voice, the old man answered "F-o-r-ty f-i-v-e."

"You do not understand me, old gentleman," said Mr. C. "I wish to know how old you are?"

"I am f-o r t y-f-i v-e, young sir."

"My dear sir, I do not wish to know how old you were when you left the service, or when you entered it—but I want to know how old you are now."

"I told ye forty-five."

Mr. Corwin then looked up to the Judge, (who was himself getting out of patience,) in despair, and his honor taking the matter in hand, in a peremptory manner remarked to the old gentleman—"The Court cannot be detained in this way—the counsel is endeavoring to render you a gratuitous service, and you must not trifle with his time. Answer his question directly. Now, sir how old are you?"

"I am forty-five, Judge," again spoke out the old soldier.

"I will not bear this contempt any longer," said the Judge. "If you do not answer the question the next time it is put, you shall be committed, aged as you are. Now sir, again I ask, how old are you?"

"I am forty-five!" the old man provingly repeated.

"Mr. Sheriff, take him to jail; the Court will see whether that will do him any good."

The old gentleman was led away, but just as he was going out of the door, he raised up his hand, and partly turning around on his sticks, towards the Court, said:

"Judge, the first thirty-seven years of my life, I lived on the Eastern Shore of Maryland! You surely don't think God will count *them* against me!"

Mr. Jenifer has not been heard to say "Ohio" since.

An Infidel on his Death-Bed.

[Written for the Boston Watchman.]

The writer of this was called about midday to visit a young man in the last moments of life. He was a professed Infidel, and refused any spiritual aid, or the service of a minister. On entering the room—the scene was awful—the young man was dying—near the bedside sat his widowed mother and sister. He was struggling to hide his fears, and appear calm and collected in the conflict with death. As I approached him, the window was slightly opened to admit sufficient light; he turned towards the window, and as his eye rested for a moment on me—it was only a moment, however, for he quickly turned away with his face towards the wall—seemed determined to prevent my conversing with him. I took his hand, he withdrew it; I asked him to look at me, and talk about his latter end; he groaned and hid himself beneath the bed clothes. Again I held his hand, and by gentle force turned him towards me. His countenance was intelligent, and his features good; his appearance indicated twenty or twenty-one years of age.

"Shall I pray with you, my friend?"

"No, no," said he, "I don't believe in prayer."

"Shall I read a portion of God's holy word?"

"No. O don't bother me; I don't believe the Bible. Why add to my sufferings with such things? I tell you I am an infidel, and all I ask is to be left alone."

"Do you know you are dying, my young friend?"

"Yes, I know it well enough—I shall never see that sun rise or set again—I wish it was over—I wish I was dead—I wish you would leave me—I did not send for you—mother, mother, send this man away. It is useless to talk with me."

"Oh, my boy!" cried the almost heart-broken mother, "do listen to the word of truth. You will soon be beyond its reach—you are fast hastening to the judgment—Oh, my child, it is a fearful thing to meet God unprepared!"

Her sobs choked her utterance. I knelt by his side and prayed for God's Spirit to bring the wanderer back. He rolled and tossed in his bed, and constantly interrupted me during prayer. I then read from the Bible such verses as I thought would lead his mind to right reflection. He hid his face, placed his fingers in his ears, and begged me to desist, and groaned so audibly as to alarm those in the room. After several ineffectual attempts to get him into conversation, I rose to leave the room. As I passed towards the door, I grasped his hand and said, farewell my friend. He raised his eyes towards me, and seemed to be willing to listen.

Suppose, said I, we were on board a ship together, and in some vielent storm the ship was wrecked—I had secured a plank, and as I clung to it for safety, refused to let you take hold. What would you think of me?

Think of you? said he, I would think you were a selfish wretch.

We have been wrecked—here (pointing to the Bible,) is the plank on which I rest; the billows of death are riding over you, and will you lay hold before it is forever too late? Before you is the shoreless ocean of eternity; the voice of mercy may yet be heard. Turn you, for why will you die? Your infidelity is no security for such a storm. Think of your Saviour—O look to him as your only staff, your only sure support.

He kept my hand; the tear started in his eye his whole soul was centred in the gaze of agony. It is too late, too late; there is no mercy, no hope for me, I am lost, forever lost.

Before the sun set, his soul was in eternity; gone to the audit. At twelve years of age, he left the Sabbath school; commenced his apprenticeship, associated with infidelity, and drank the poison. At twenty summoned to the bar of God, without a ray of light to cheer the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death. Young men, think of this sad story; flee from sin to holiness and God.

AGRICULTURAL.

Remedies for Diseased Cattle.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

Murrain.—Two ounces corriander seed, bruised; half pound common salts; one ounce gentian powder. The whole to be mixed and administered in water.

Garget, sometimes denominated "milk fever," may be effectually cured in a few days by administering half an once *nitre* every other morning. The following recipe has been handed us by a friend, who speaks confidently of its efficacy in every stage of the disease. Brimstone, two ounces, diapente, one min-seed, powdered, one ounce. This is to be administered daily in a little gruel, and the udder rubbed daily with goose oil.

Diarrhaea.—Powdered catechu, half ounce; opium ten grains: mixed in a little gruel.

Embrocation for Strains.—Spirits of hartshorne, four ounces; sweet oil, eight ounces; oil of thyme, half ounce.

Yellows.—Diapente, two ounces; cummin-seed, finely pulverized, two ounces; fenegreek, powered, two ounces. These ingredients should be thoroughly boiled in a close pipkin, or kettle, for the space of fifteen minutes, and administered daily in a little lukewarm gruel.

Bolts—Worms.—Epsom salts ½ pound; corriander seed, bruised, two ounces; in a quart of water.

Purges in cases of Vegetable Poisoning.—A very safe and effecual purge is found in epsom salts, the dose being from half a pound to twelve ounces, given in water gruel. In many cases of poisoning from the ground and water-hemlock, laurel, and the yew, linseed oil has proved a valuable purge; the quantity administered being from a pint to a pint and a half, according to the constitution of the patient.

Spavin.—Copperas and vinegar, equal parts, make an embrocation, and rub the affected part, keeping the animal dry and stirring him smartly, till you effect a cure.—Another excellent medicine for this troublesome, and, as many suppose incurable ailment, is made by casting a quantity of rusty iron into a pail full of urine. The vessel containing these should stand for three or four days in a warm situation and be frequently agitated or stirred. The liquid should be applied twice a day, morning and evening, with a sponge and well rubbed in. Great relief, if not a radical cure, will result from this application.

I send you, Mr. Editor, the foregoing for insertion in the *Telegraph.* Should it prove serviceable to only one of my agricultural friends, I shall be repaid fully the labor of preparing it for your columns.

Bensalem, Bucks county, Oct. 2d, 1846.

"Susan, stand up and let the gentlemen see what you have learned at school.—What does c h a i r spell?"

"I don't know marm!"

"Why you ignorant critter, what do you always sit on?"

"Oh, marm, I can't tell!"

"Why what on earth is the matter with the girl?—speak, I tell you."

"Oh, I didn't think you know'd it—it was Bill Cross's knees—but he never kissed me but twice!"

THE EDITOR of the Mercury says he knew a man once, who was so little that when he got a fever he died, because he was so small it couldn't *turn in him!*

WHEN a man stops his newspaper on account of pecuniary forbodings, we consider him moboot as bad a case as if he should conclude to stop his daily bread for fear he should come to poverty.

"LOOK HEA Sambo," said a negro who was hoeing in a garden, "Why is I like an officer of de guberment? Does you gub it up? Kase I am de bearer of *dese-patches* dat is it!"

TINDER.—A this rag—such, for instance, as the dress of a modern female, intended to caten the sparks, raise a flame and light up a match.

CURE FOR THE GOUT.—Take a hundred dollars worth of printers Bills and collect them!

THIEVES AND pickpockets are said to be uncompromisingly opposed to the "right of search."