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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. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. NOVEMBER 13, 1847. NO. 29.



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

Wednesday, the 17th of November, 1847,

at twelve o'clock, Meridian, at the tavern of John McDhniel, Esq., in the Town of Millington, all that

Farm and Plantation,

lying in Kent county, of which the late William Stevens, died seized, called

"CHESTERFIELD RENEWED,"

containing

365 Acres,

more or less.

This Farm lies within two miles of the busy and flourishing town of Millington—adjoins the lands of Messrs. James A. Hazle, Richard Millington, James Smith's heirs, and others, and lying immediately on the main road leading from Millington to Smyrna.

The soil is of fair quality, the Farm is divided into three fields, and is under good fencing.

Nearly one half of this Farm is in



and Timber.

The neighborhood is a good one and the location believed to be healthy.

The Terms of Sale,

as prescribed by the decree are, that the purchaser shall give bond to the trustee with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money in three equal instalments in six twelve and eighteen months, with interest from the first day of January next.

The creditors of the late William Stevens are also notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereof in the Chancery Office, at Annapolis, within 4 months from the day of sale.

GEORGE VICKERS,
Trustee.

Chester Town, }
Oct. 23, 1847. } tds

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

Thursday, the 18th of November, 1847,

at eleven o'clock, A. M. at the tavern porch of Mr. Charles B. Tilden, in Chester Town, about

One Acre of Land,

lying at Goose Hill, in Kent county, formerly the property of Mrs. Rebecca Gilchrist, and on which there is a



frame DWELLING HOUSE, and TWO OTHER SMALL TENEMENTS.

The Terms of Sale,

as prescribed by the Decree, are that the purchaser shall give Bond to the trustee with approved security for the payment of the purchase money in three equal instalments in six, twelve and eighteen months, with interest from the day of sale.

GEORGE VICKERS,
Trustee.

Chester Town, }
Oct'r 23, 1847. }

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE,

THE undersigned will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on THURSDAY the 18th day of November, 1847, at half past 11 o'clock, A. M., at the tavern porch of Mr. Charles B. Tilden in Chester Town,



A BRICK DWELLING and FRAME DWELLING lying at the upper end of Chester Town and formerly the property of Samuel Mansfield, dec'd. The same building is nearly new. The Garden is a fine large one. The property will be rented readily for $100 per annum.

GEORGE VICKERS, Agent.

Chester Town, }
Oct'r 23, '47 }

FOR SALE,



A NEGRO MAN, a slave for life, and an excellent farm hand. For terms &c., apply at this office.

Oct'r 23, '47.

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

Saturday the 20th day of November, 1847,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the tavern porch of S. O. Meginnis, Esq., in Georgetown X Roads in Kent county, a *Lot of Land* lying in said county, formerly the property of Pere Rhodes (free negro) containing from

15 to 20 Acres

more or less, adjoining the lands of Messrs. John M. Armstrong, James Wilson and others. There is a small tenement on the premises.

The terms of sale as prescribed by the Decree are, that the purchaser shall give Bond to the Trustee with approved security, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months in three equal instalments with interest from the day of sale.

GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee.

Chester Town, }
Oct. 18, '47. - } tds

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of seven writs of the State of Maryland, of vendi exponas, two at the suit of John J. Elliott, one at the suit of Thomas Walker and William B. Wilmer trading under the firm of Walker & Wilmer, one at the suit of William M. Gemmell, one at the suit of James Deford, one at the suit of B. B. Evans and one at the suit of Edward Catty. Issued by John N. Usilton and William S. Lassell Esqs., two Justices of the peace in and for Kent county, State of Maryland, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of James L. Bowers, to us directed, we have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim and interest, of the said James L. Bowers of, in and to all that farm and plantation called a part of Hales and Ricketts farms containing **150 acres**, also a part of worton manner containing 12 *acres* more or less, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in worton, Kent county; also 2 head of cattle, 2 head of horses and one wagon and gears.

And we hereby give notice that on *Saturday the 13th of November next* at 2 o'clock, P. M. before the tavern door of Thomas Lusby, Esq., Chestertown, we will offer for sale the property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the said debts, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

A. W. SPARKS, and
JOHN W. CARROLL, Constables.

October 23, 1847.

LEVY COURT.

IN pursuance of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at Dec. Session 1838, I hereby certify that it appears from the return of the Judges of Election in this county, that William Gooding had six hundred and thirty-one votes. Simon W. Boyer had six hundred and thirty one votes, David C. Blackiston had four hundred and eighty seven votes, and John Spencer had four hundred and seventy six votes for the Levy Court of Kent county.

I do hereby publish and declare that William Gooding and Simon W. Boyer, having a plurality of legal votes and the requisite qualifications required by the aforesaid act of Assembly, are duly elected members of the Levy Court of Kent county.

J. N. GORDON, Clerk of
Kent county Court, Md.

October 28, 1847. 3w

New Goods.

THE subscriber has just returned from the city with a good assortment of *DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHOES, &c.* which he will sell as cheap as they can be bought in the county.

BENJ'N H. START.

Worton Heights, }
Oct'r 23, 1847. }

☞The undersigned requests all persons indebted to him up to 1847, to settle their accounts by the 15th November next, otherwise he will be compelled to collect them according to law. B. H. START.

To Rent.

For the ensuing year, the two story Dwelling, Kitchen, Garden, &c., opposite Whaland's Mill, and formerly occupied by Mrs. Harriet Thomas—this property is within half a mile of Chester Town. Apply to

T. H. WHALAND.

Oct'r 23, '47.

FOR RENT.



A good comfortable two story house and garden, near Chester Ferry, with a new shop attached thereto, suitable for a shoemaker or store, and in a good neighborhood for business. It will be rented low to a good tenant—for terms apply to Wm. Primrose at the Ferry, or

J. W. QUIMBY,
Chester Town.

Oct'r 23, '47.

FOR sale by Wilmer & Nicols a lot of coarse lace Boots and long Boots.

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.

THE POOR MAN.

BY ISAAC A. POOL.

His hands are rough, his coat is torn,
His frame with labor sore is worn,
His heart with sorrow sad;
His lonely but is worn and old,
His children suffering with cold,
And naught to make them glad

At times it rains, and hails, and snows,
And rude around his hovel blows
Stern winter's piercing blast;
The fire on his hearth is low,
And want of wood must keep it so,
Long as the cold shall last.

And hunger, with a horrid stare,
Looks in and reigns with terror there,
Amidst the suffering poor;
Whilst happier men, in fortunes tide,
In gold and silver gally ride
Triumphant past their door.

In humble suppliant pray'r they kneel,
An incoherent words they feel
Will up to God ascend;
For He who guards the sparrow's fall,
Will keep his faithful children, all,
And be the poor man's friend.

His wife, sweet partner of his woes,
Around her suffering children throws
A flimsey, threadbare cloak,
And crouching low upon the floor,
They wish the dreary winter o'er,
Or death's relieving stroke.

Then when keen winter's chilling blast,
And storms and cold are safely past,
Their suffering cannot cease;
For still the rolling seasons bring
Fresh terrors, from their tyrant king,
In all save a release.

This is his hardy task of pain,
To work in want and not complain,
From dreary morn till night;
Aye, still toil on from day to day,
E'en though his life-blood oozed away,
And heaven shut out its light.

For on his hands the lives of all
His loved one rest, and if they call
On him for bread in vain,
In helplessness his heart must plead
With sorrow for their woful need;
Better to work in pain.

Each day's return will bring its want,
Which his poor earnings serves but scant
To meet; but there's a hope
For him laid up in heaven above,
That God will in his holiest love
Give Pleasure's wings full scope.

And when his soul departs in bliss,
Dying, he doth bequeath them this—
A better gift for me
Than all the sums of worthless gold
That the vain miser's coffers hold—
A life of poverty!

They know that their "Redeemer lives,"
And in his tender mercy gives
A home beyond the skies;
Where they from want and pain are free,
Yet still to keep them humble, He
His loved ones will chastise.

But they in heaven lay up their store,
Where sorrow can molest no more,
And pain can never come;
Where rest comes to the weary soul,
And ceaseless joys around them roll—
This is the poor man's home!

LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

Come to the window, old man!

Come, and look your last upon this beautiful earth! The day is dying—the year is dying—you are dying; so light, and leaf, and life, mingle in one common death, as they shall mingle in one resurrection.

Clad in a dark morning gown, that revealed the outline of his tall form, now bent with age—once so beautiful in its erect manhood—rises a man from his chair which is covered with pillows, and totters to the window spreading forth his thin white hands.

Did you ever see an old man's face that combines all the sweetness of childhood, with the vigor of matured intellect? Snow white hair, falling in waving flakes, around a high and open brow, eyes that gleam with mild clear light, a mouth moulded in an expression of benignity almost divine?

It is the Fourteenth of November, 1832; the hour is sunset, and the man Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

Ninety-five years of age, a week and trembling old man, he has summoned all his strength, and gone along the carpeted chamber, to the window, his dark gown contrasted with the purple curtains.

He is the last!

Of the noble Fifty-Six who, in the revolution, stood forth, undismayed by the axe or gibbet, their mission the freedom of an age, the salvation of a country. He alone remains!

One by one, the pillars have crumbled from the roof of the temple, and now the last—a trembling column—glows in the sunlight, as it is about to fall.

But for the pillar that crumbles, there is no hope that it shall ever tower aloft in its pride again, while for this old man, about to sink into the night of the grave, there is a glorious hope. His memory will live. His soul will live, not only in the presence of its God, but on the tongues and in the hearts of millions. The band in which he counts one, can never be forgotten.

The last!

As the venerable man stands before us, the declining day imparts a warm flush to his face, and surrounds his brow with a halo of light. His lips move without a sound; he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration—he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work.

All gone but him!

Upon the woods—dyed with the rainbow of the closing year—upon the stream, darkened by masses of shadow—upon the homes peeping out from among the leaves falls mellowing the last light of the declining day.

He will never see the sun rise again!

He feels that the silver cord is slowly, fiently, loosening; he knows that the golden bowl is crumbling at the fountain's brink. But death comes on him as a sleep, as a pleasant dream, as a kiss from beloved lips!

He feels that the land of his birth has become a Mighty People, and thanks God that he has permitted to behold its blossoms of hope ripen into full life.

In the recess near the window, you behold an altar of prayer; above it, glowing in the fading light, the image of Jesus seems smiling, even in agony, around that death-chamber.

The old man turns aside from the window. Tottering on, he kneels beside the altar, his long dark robe drooping over the floor. He reaches forth his white hands—he raises his eyes to the face of the Crucified.

There, in the sanctity of an old man's last prayer, we will leave him. There, where amid the deepening shadows glows the image of the Saviour—there, where the light falls over the mild face, the wavy hair and tranquil eyes of the aged patriarch.

The smile of the Saviour was upon the Declaration that perilous day, the Fourth of July, 1776; and now, that its promise has brightened into fruition. He seems to—He *does* smile on it again—even as his sculptured image meets the dying gaze of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton,

THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

HORSE STORIES.

BY EVERPOINT.

One of the best fellows in Boston keeps a very extensive carriage repository. His vehicles always take the prize at the great fair, and his pleasant humor equally carries off the palm for himself in every company. At his public sale, every Saturday morning, horses as well as carriages are disposed of, upon commission; and in connection with the animals he has a large fund of droll anecdotes, made thrice amusing by his own vivid manner of relation.

"It's a fine gray mare I've got for yer, for to morrow; then!" says a little bleary Irishman, coming up, one Friday morning, with a peculiarly insinuating air of his own; "its a fine grey mare, and, bedad, you'l limit her!"

"Is she sound demanded?" the knight of the hammer.

"Oh, perhaps a spavin, or something of that sort; but she's *sound*—you may warrant her; and she limited, mind."

"Certainly; she ought to be! To how much?"

"Well, thin, say forty dollars; or perhaps thirty; or may be twinty; but she's limited to forty, ye mind!"

At the sale next morning the anxious owner was at the elbow of the auctioneer as he amusingly commented upon the remarkable *points* of he animal then offered to the company. Human ingenuity, however, was thrown away in the case; not a real bid was offered, and when the auctioneer, on his "own hook," declared that the fine grey mare, kind and gentle, and calculated to go in any possible manner, was absolutely *going* for fifteen dollars, the whisper reached him:

"Bedad, you'd better let her go!" Down went the hammer, and off went the Irishman—returning, however, as soon as the catalogue had been run through.

"It's a great sacrifice you made of her, any way," said he, "but I'll take the money."

"Take the money! Why, she was *bought in a for you!*"

"Fot me! when it's ridden myself of the baste, I am! Didn't you knock her down at fifteen dollars?"

"Certainly I did, and to *you*."

"Divil the fifteen *cints*, thin, I'd give for her! A purty thing you've made of it for me! Another week to lie over, and livin' on nothin, for divil a bit she gets out of me!"

The Irishman was going out in a rage when he was overhauled for the usual fee for putting an animal up, whether sold or not. Wrath now turned to horror, and, swearing that the murdering ould baste was ating his life out, he departed, haunted, probably, to the present day, by the ghost of a skeleton grey mare.

M. De la—— is an elderly French gentleman of noble connections, but altered fortues; he sustains himself, however, in a handsome position in society by his talent; and is, withal, a model of gentlemanly deportment and feeling. He, not long since, bought a splendid looking horse for one hundred and fifty dollars, which, however, proved to have a very vile trick of stumbling, and, after three narrow escapes of his neck, Monsieur was obliged to request our auctioneer friend to include the animal in his next sale. The morning came, and this owner, also was in attendance—from a conscientious motive, however. The horse was of fine blood, admirable condition, and the bidding, to the owner's great tribulation, became quite spirited.

"Mon Dieu," he uttered, "tie rascale shame for me not to speak!"

"One hundred dollars—going—*going*; magnificent saddle horse, and kind in harness. One hundred—thank you—hundred and five—going—hundred and ten;—sold for no fault—"

"Broke my neck tree time," said the scrupulous Frenchman, in an agony, and catching the auctioneer by the skirt, the company wondering, meanwhile, what that tall figure behind the salesman was dancing about!

"Hundred and fifteen—twenty—thank you; sound in every particular, sure of gait and warranted—"

"*No*, no, no, *not* warrant!" groaned Monsieur. "Mon Dieu, 'tis swindale! Knock him down wis out de hundred."

The auctioneer, however, considered that his French friend had been swindled, and he determined that he should suffer as little as possible from it. He proceeded—

"Hundred and twenty five—"

"Ten dollars more for me and stop de sale," cried the French owner; but the crowd only saw in him an anxious competitor, and they became more eager.

"Thank you, Monsieur," continued the auctioneer. "Hundred *thirty five*—forty—forty five—five—*fifty*—fifty *five*—the Napoleon breed, gentlemen, *sixty*—"

"Diable! c'nest pas honorable! Stop de sale! You vas have de constables wis me."

The excitement of the tenacious gentleman became extreme; and when the hammer at length descended, leaving him a handsome gainer by the sale, he stole a way to muse upon the gullibility of man, the frailty of horse flesh, and the great probability of his being overhauled for something dreadful and sent to the State Prison, at least! Six hours—the extent of the warrantee—expired, however, without the horse being returned, and Monsieur now rides a finer animal, with an easier conscience.—*St. Lou. Reveille.*

An Eloquent Defence of the Militia.

They are talking about a reform of the militia law of the State of New York, but the advocates of the old system bring to its defence such a power of eloquence that a change need hardly be anticipated. We cannot forbear making an extract from a speech which was delivered recently at Albany, in defence of the glory of militia:

"The militia is the bone and grizzle of the country. It locks, bolts and bars the gatas of creation, and stands sentinel on the tallest ramparts of Nature's dominions. This Republic would be a miserable consarn but for the militia. It keeps the ardent sperrits of military effulgence in a glow of Icelandic feverosity. I'm attached to it myself. I think it's rick. The system *can't* be bettered. Folks call it a farce.—I don't see nothing to laff at in it. It's a plaguey piece of biziness, when you come to hug down to the naked reality on't.—Tain't everybody that can put on the regimentalities, and look like old Mars, the god of war, with a decided touch of Julius Junius Ceazeher thrown in fur effect. No, sir*ree!* There aint a bigger or more important critter afloat than a live militia ossifer, all rigged in the full catouterment of glory, and with strips to his breecheriloons, epelets piled up on both shoulders, brass buttons from head tew foot, silver, silver stars shinin' in the tails of his coat, a cap and plume on his head, and a draw'd sword in his hand. Sich a site's enuff to make fallen man and woman think better of his specie! 'Tis indeed!

I believe the preluscent delirium of this destined Republic is centered in its militia. It cant stand without it. With it, its proud motto is, "*Divided we stand, united we fall.*"

Stop choering, you put me all out.

Gen. Washington belonged to the militia; so did Sippio Afri cane-us; so did Boney-part; did that old Wizzigoth that ravished all Europe, and burnt its fences and stone walls; and so, also, sodgers, do *I!*

I believe if all out doors should burst threw the parafurnailye of the animal economy and slide down the greased plank of ancestral delinquency ker-slum into the broad Savannars of this smilin' land of asses' milk and untamed honey, that nothin' astir could poot 'em out but the militia!—That ar a fact! Three cheers for the militia in ginerel, and the 9999th regiment in perticklar. Sodgers! ground arms!

Who's afeerd? Whar's Mexico, Kaliforniko, and Oreegon? Who's afeerd of them? Sodgers! The mortal 9999th can thrash the life out of that ar yaller, half-Spanish varmint, that Mexico, any mornin' afore breakfast. Our motto is, "*Liberty and Death, now and forever, one and inseparable!*" Whooray for Texas! Down with Texico! Let's lick her!

TAKING IT COOL.

The Sunday Mercury says, the Ravels, besides being very good artists, seem to be good philosophers. They allow nothing to meddle with their business. Antoine and Jerome Ravel were engaged in rehearsing one of their many popular pieces at the Bowery:

"Ah! ah! ladies, have I not tell you more as once or twize to sor?" And Antoine showed them the way. "We sall try again."

At this moment some one rushed on the stage with news of the failure of Prime, Ward & King, into whose house Antoine and Jerome had just paid $7,000, to be remitted to France.

"What is zat?" said Antoine. "Zey have bust, by gar! Now, ladies, recommeneez, eef you pliz! Ah! ah! zat is mosh better—zat is good. Reyhersal tomorrow at ten. Bon jour, ladies."

Meeting sefton, the comedian, shortly after, Antoine said:

"You have heard ze noose? Grand joke eh? Jerome has lost four thousand dollars. Great bust, eh?"

"Yes, but," said Sefton, interrupting Antoine, in a fit of laughter, "*on dit*, that you have lost something too."

"By gar! zat is true—three thousand.—We shall see you at rayhersal to-morrow, Mons. Sefton, eh? Bon jour."

SELFISHNESS.

God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers on the stem—upon the raindrop that refreshes the spring of moss, lifts its head in the desert—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chambers—upon the penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light upon his works he has written—"none of us liveth to himself." And probably were we wise enough to understand these words, we should find that there is nothing, from the cold stone to the death minutest creature that breathes—which may not in some way or other, ministers to the happiness of some living creature. We admire and praise the flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and the tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant, the star that is most useful in the heavens is the star that we admire the most.

And is it not reasonable that man, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man who has the power of conferring deeper misery and higher happiness, on earth—man, who will act like God if he will; it is not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of the living, not for himself but for others?

A GOOD CHAPLAIN.—Mr. Kendall in one of his letters from Tacubaya says:— A great many anecdotes of the individual gallantry of our officers are told, in connexion with the glorious battles of the 20th of August; but until I have more time and obtain more full particulars, I must forbear recording them. I cannot avoid noticing, however, the personal gallantry of Chaplain McCarty' the only chaplain, I believe who has followed the army, and lat, was noticed by all. Ever whose conduct at Churubusco in particu foremost and where the balls were flying thickest, he was not only ready to give consolation to the dying but spur on the living to fresh deeds.

He not only sought the best places for crossing the ditches with which the groung was cut up, but helped our advancing soldiers across as well; and as some of the voltigeurs were wading a ditch more than waist deep, where their flasks were touching the water, the worthy parson pointed out the circumstance and told them to be careful and *keep their powder dry* Such a a chaplain is worth having in a small army like ours. On Sundays he gives us a sound and sensible Episcopalian sermon, and his praise is in every mouth.

A MARTYR OF SCIENCE. Science is evidently no joke in its experimental stages, and unless the pockets keeps pace with the inventive power, a "creauve mind" may find itself in a pretty predica ment. We observed with much sympathy in the papers, the other day, the bankruptcy of a *savant*, who had been spending ten pounds sterling per week in beef, for the purpose of trying experiments how it might be kept, and thus the inventive enthusiasts while theorizing on the means by which meat could be kept, was showing a practical illustration of the art of losing money. If he had put his beef quietly in salt, like any one else, he would have kept him self out of a pretty pickle.

Oh Woman!—The Brooklyn Light Guards should be called "The Women's Own," for their admiration of the sex is unbounded, if woman judge from the following toast given at their late excursion:

WOMAN—the core of our heart—the apple of our aye—the smile of heaven upon us—the spirit of our life—the incarnation of divinity! We love her;.. how we love her!" and he who does not love her' is a God-forsaken wretch

One of our exchange papers tells a story of a gentleman who, wishing to buy a draught horse, bought one of a Quaker, who told the purchaser. It would please him to see him pull. The horse was bought but after numerous fair trials the buyer has given up all hodes of ever being, pleased.'

☞Gov. Mosely, of Florida, has also appointed Thanksgiving on Thursday, November 25. In Kentucky, the same day has been appointed. The number of paupers in England is stated to be 940,295