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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JULY 8, 1848. NO. 11.

TO THE PUBLIC!!

Carpentering, &c.

THE undersigned would respectfully return his unfeigned thanks to his friends for the patronage extended to him, and would adopt this method of informing the public, that he still continues to carry on the

CARPENTERING BUSINESS,

in all its various branches, at his old stand, on the corner of High and Fish streets, where it will give him pleasure to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms. He is ready, at all times, to execute any orders with punctuality, and flatters himself from an experience of a number of years in his business, he can render entire satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage.

Coffin Making.

This department of business will be promptly attended to by the subscriber, whenever called on. Coffins, of all kinds, made as cheap, if not cheaper, than can be done elsewhere, and a HEARSE furnished (free of charge,) for their conveyance to any part of the county.

May 6, '48. JNO MANSFIELD.

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from Baltimore and Philadelphia with a general assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots and Shoes, Hats, &c., all of which have been selected with great care and will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

☞All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

WM. VANNORT,

Turner's Creek, Kent co., Md.

N. B.—The undersigned has a good assortment of seasoned Plank and Shingles which will be sold on moderate terms.

April 29—6w. W. V.

FOR SALE.—A number of light Carriages, of different kinds, for sale low.

W. V.

SPRING FASHIONS!



THE subscriber embraces this opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally that he has removed his Shop to the corner of Queen and high streets, directly opposite of Mr. J. Russel's store, where he intends carrying on the TAILORING business, in all its various branches. He has on hand an assortment of

Ready-made Clothing,

and is prepared at all times to make up WORK, at the shortest notice, to please the most fastidious, as well as the man of *plain habits*. He will execute with the greatest promptitude all orders that may be confided in him, and in *all cases a good fit will be warranted*.

Those calling on the subscriber will have their GARMENTS made in the most substantial and fashionable style, (he having recently received the latest fashions,) and from a practical experience in the business, he feels confident that all those who favor him with their patronage will be served in a manner NOT TO BE EXCELLED by any establishment in the county.

His terms will be found so exceedingly moderate that they cannot fail to be satisfactory to his patrons.

April 29—1y. EBEN. NEAL.

WICKES & BRO.

WOULD call the attention of their friends and the public, to their present stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS;

which have been selected with great care and purchased at VERY reduced prices.—The public will find it to their advantage to give us a call as our goods are sold very cheap. We offer you

Calicoes at 4 cts. worth 6.
do 12½, worth 18¾.
Rough and Ready Shirting 4 cts.
Sup. bl'd muslins 10, heretofore ch'p at 12½
Heavy Lowell drillings, 11½ to 12½.
New Orleans SUGAR, 3, 5 and 6 cs.
Thick bright MOLASSES, 25 cts. per gallon such as has been bringing 37½.
Sup. Hams, only 8 cts.
All other GOODS in proportion.

April 29, 1848.

☞The highest prices will be paid for country produce.

Lumber, Shingles, LIME, BRICKS AND HAIR

For sale very low cash or on a short cred it. A. W, SPARKS.

may 27, '48.

Good Tobacco, just received and for sale by WILMER & NICOLS.

WOOL CARDING AND MANUFACTURING.

THE subscribers thankful for past favors, begs leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they still continue at the old stand, Swantown Mills, to Manufacture CLOTHS, KERSEY'S BLANKETS 8-4 wide, FLANNELS and LINSEY'S at moderate prices, or exchange CLOTH for WOOL. They also card WOOL into ROLLS. For the convenience of those at a distance WOOL may be left with the following gentlemen:

Messrs. Hodges & Bro. Hale's Corner.
Jos. Harris, Rock Hall.
Wickes & Bro. Chester Town.
Geo. Crossley, Hepbron Town.

With instructions from which places it will be forwarded to Mill, made to order and returned.

Our Machinery having been thoroughly repaired this Spring and is in excellent working condition, with experience workmen, and a knowledge of the business ourselves—and by paying strict attention to business we solicit a share of public patronage.

All orders in our line will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

MAY & SAVIN.

Swan Town, Kent co. Md. }
May 6, 1848. } 13w

NOTICE.

I hereby notify all persons indebted to me as Administrator of my deceased brother Jno. W. Walker, and the late firm of Walker & Wilmer, that unless they call on A. W. Sparks at the Masonic Hall, Chester Town; or on myself at Millington, on or before the *TENTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT*, and liquidate their respective obligations. After that day all who neglect to attend to this notice may, without respect to persons, expect to be dealt with according to law. It has been nearly four years since I administered on my brother's estate, and two years since the books and accounts of Walker & Wilmer were placed under my control. I think that no person can complain of not having been liberally indulged. I owe it to myself to my bondsmen and to the heirs of my brother to close up his estate. In conclusion, I hope no person or persons will ask indulgence beyond the time above named—as it will be unpleasant for me to refuse them, but refuse them I will.

THOS. WALKER, Admr.
of J. W. Walker, &c.

June 17, '48. 3w

ESTATE OF JAMES P. GALE.

Dividend Notice.

BY Order of the Orphans' court of Kent county, the creditors of

JAMES P. GALE

late of said county, deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims against the said James P. Gale deceased, with the Register of Wills of Kent county, on our before TUESDAY, the 11th of July next, and to attend before the Orphans' Court of said county, on Tuesday, 18th of July 1848, when a dividen on the personal estate of said deceased will be made and paid according to law.

JA'S B. RICAUD.

Adm'r of De Bonis Non of James P. Gale.

June 17th, 1848.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned Commissioners appointed by Kent county Court to open and locate a public road through the lands of Joseph Usilton and the heirs of the late Samuel G. Kennard, and to establish a public landing on Worton Creek on the lands of said heirs; hereby notify all persons whom it may concern that they will meet on the lands above described, MONDAY the 17th day of July next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of examining the duties required of them as aforesaid.

DAN'L JONES,
WM. B. WILMER, } Com'ers.
ISAAC GALE.

June 17, 1848. 5w

Ploughs, &c.



The subscribers have been appointed agents for the sale of E. Whitmans, Agcultural Implements and have on hand, Prouty & Mears, Centre draft Ploughs—No. 3 and 4 Wiley Ploughs Minor & Horten 2 and 3 furrows ploughs, cultivators, cornshellers, &c. The above will be sold at manufacturers prices for cash. WILEY & PERKINS.

May 6, 1848.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

A good assortment Barages, Plaids, Valencia's, Lawns, Ginghams, Calicoes, &c., for sale by WICKES & BRO.

LIME! LIME!

MR. E. J. COOPER, who is largely engaged in the Lime business in Baltimore, has appointed me his Agent for the sale of Lime in this county.

May 6, '48. A. W. SPARKS.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS,
Is Published every Saturday.
Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞All communications must be postpaid.



POETRY.

VERSES.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post,

BY G. M. L. BURNSIDE.

How peaceful is their rest who lie within an early grave,
Whose souls undimmed by time and toil returned to God who gave;
Though long untouched, and tuneless quite, my harp at last is strung
To sing *their* melancholy praise who died when they were young.

Let not the happy and the proud, of health and hope unshorn,
In careless gaiety regard this lay of mine with scorn;
And one kind wish shall be for all these lines may go among,
That they may never count them blest who died when they were young.

They lie beneath their grassy knolls, 'mid foliage green and dim,
Near where the mingled sounds of prayer and praise ascend to Him,
And nightly weeps the willow, where it long has wept and hung,
Above the quiet graves of those who died when they were young.

They never walked on life's highway, so dusty and so dry,
With aching head, and eyes that quail'd beneath the brassy sky,
But like a drop of dew exhaled from the leaf to which it clung,
With morning's freshness on them yet, they died when they were young.

Sweet are the earnestness of youth, and childhood's holy trust,
Ere friendship's store of hope is turned like Dead Sea fruit to dust;
Nor 'neath a visage calm and pale, and strictly guarded tongue,
Were hid the burning thoughts of those who died when they were young.

But out upon repining, and with faith both meek and bold,
Trust the great Master will requite the feeblest of His fold;
Forgive this momentary doubt, this strain from misery rung,
I call it back, nor envy those who died while they were young.

The Courage of a Rebel Parson.

The regions of the Delaware are noted for their natural elegance, and have always been famed for their romantic attributes and delightful disposition. In the revolution, when the Delaware and everything thereabouts were even more beautiful than now the extreme rage of politics were seen in all places. Here, where nature was so lavish of her charms, and where one might have been tempted to say in the words of Moore—

"If there's peace in this world to be found,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here,"

some of the bloodiest scenes of the tragedy of the new continent were enacted and devised. Notorious loyalist lurked there, with there hirelings, to do deeds of violence, and meat out oppression, like the snakes and other unclean things which choose the loveliest flowers to hide beneath and watch the prey.

Among the bands of tories which quartered in the vicinity through 1782 and 1783, was one called "The Plunderers," led and commanded by a Capt. Brooks. This man united the size of a pigmy with courage that, for disregard of results, was unequalled. His strength, for one as small as he was, astonished all who witnessed its scope. He could bend a bar of iron, half an inch thick, across his knee, (so say the chronicles,) and hold an antagonist so firmly that resistance was substituted by tame or constrained submission.—His character was singular. At one time he would be all ferocity and cruelty, at another he was as facile and generous as the most peaceful of the community. To day he would take a man's hand as his friend—to morrow burn his house and slaughter his family. Those who knew him intimately pronounced him to have been partially insane, which no doubt he was. His great strength may have been from the unnatural tension of the muscels so frequently visible in those whose wits are disordered.—Religion was his scoff, and to profess adherance to any faith was to mark him your bitterest foe.

The Methodist itinerant clergymen who flourished during our war, were, with a few exceptions, antiloyal and animated the people to resistance whenever opportunity offered; bidding them to fight against the king's representative in obedience to the will of the Almighty. Not unfrequently the preacher would be found with a prayer-book in one hand and a sword in the other. The Methodist clergy, at that day were rare divines. They would sermonise and fight, as opportunity offered, and were quite as capable of cutting short a man's mortal career as of changing him with proper consideration of the destiny of his moral attributes. Joel Sawyer, who lived along the Delaware, was one of the finest specimens of this politico religious class and Capt. Brooks hated him with more than a deadly spice of malice. The captain and Joel had never encountered each other, however, where there was hope for strife; and, although their names and characters were familiar to them, they did not know each other's persons. B. had sworn to kill Joel, and Joel declared that he meant to keep out of his way and prevent him from indulging in that luxury. Fate, however, would not permit the preacher to escape so easily.

One day in the summer of 1783, he was journeying, solitary and alone, in a wood in the vicinity we have spoken of, and suddenly came upon a man who instantly demanded to know his name.

"My name is Joel Sawyer," answered that person, meekly.

"Oh! Hum! Mine is Captain Brooks.—Your time has come. I've been looking for you two years."

"Man, meddle not with me," cried Joel, with a sanctimonious snuffle, "for we are but two, and I may give thee a sharp tussle."

"We'll try as to that," said the captain, as he seized the minister, who had taken off his coat.

At it they went, and tore and tugged until they were both in rags and contusions, perspiration and scratches.—Neither had resorted to other aid then that which nature's weapons allowed them, until Brooks felt Joel's gripe about his throat, when the former feeling for and obtaining his pistol, struck the latter just back of the ear, and felled him. He then blew a whistle which hung about his neck, and waited patiently, after repeating the signal several times, until his men should arrive. They came in about five minutes, when Joel was beginning to recover from the stunning effects of the blow.

"Here!" cried the captain to his comrades, who numbered four, "the Plunderers have got the canting preacher, Joel Sawyer, at last. What shall we do with him?"

"Kill him—that's all!" said one of the fellows, who seemed prepared to accomplish that laudable suggestion with a short sword which he flourished.

"Not yet," said the captain, interposing; he's fought with me, and he must enjoy a little honor for that before we swing him."

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!" snuffled Joel, who had regained his feet.—"If it be his will that I shall now yield my unworthy life, so be it."

"D—n you, no preaching!" exclaimed one of the men.

"Yes, that's it," shouted the captain in an ecstacy of delight; "he shall preach.—He shall preach us a sermon, and he shall preach it against the whigs, too. Hurrah! a sermon is a novelty and we'll hear it."

"Preach against my brethren?—denounce my own cause? If I do I am not Joel Sawyer."

"You will," exclaimed the captain, energetically, "or I'll whip you to death!"

"I will not!" was the prompt reply of the wounded preacher.

"We'll try and make you!" was the equally prompt response of his enemy.

Accordingly he was seized and stripped, His wrists were made fast together, and he was *faced up* against an oak of respectable dimensions. A long grape-vine rope was tied to his wrists and fastened to the tree in such a manner that he stood on his toes, with the principle weight of his body upon his hands A number of heavy switches were now procured, and a revolutionary flagellation was begun. A dozen lashes were administered, and Joel was then asked if he would preach against the Congress. He was firm in his refusal. Again the cruel switch fell, and the quivering flesh exhibited bluesh red streaks. Two dozen had fallen, yet he would not yield. Three dozen! No answer. The blood was streaming to his heels, and ozing from beneath his blackening finger nails. Sixty!—And yet his only answer to all questions put to him was—I will not preach against the Congress!" Seventy strokes had been given ere he fainted. The murderous torturers did not unbind him then—not they, indeed. In the true spirit of toryism they ran for water, procured it, and dashed it over him until he revived. Still he was firm in his original determination not to belie his sentiments.

"Will you preach a sermon without making allusion to the war, then?" inquired Captain Brooks, who appeared exceedingly anxious for a sermon of some kind.

"No, I will not disgrace the Word of God and my calling by expounding a holy text to such as thee!"

"By G—, I'll make you!"

The captain then laid on thirty lashes with all the terrible effect of his unnatural strength, and again the poor Methodist fainted. The ablutionary process of restoring the wounded man was at this juncture employed without effect. He was insensible bleeding, and as the plunderers thought, dying.

"Let's finish him!" suggested the gentleman with the sword, who had before spoken of killing.

"No!" was captain Brook's remark; if you do, I'll finish you!"

He was impulsively generous. One of his fits of *magnanimity* was upon the tory leader, and he determined that he would break his vow recorded against the life of Joel Sawyer. He ordered his men to put Joel on the grass, untie his wrists, and bathe him with rum, which they had in their flasks. This treatment partially restored him to his senses, but his mental faculties remained in too obscure a condition to serve him. The plunderers could make him understand nothing, and so they left him. Captain Brooks declaring that preachers were a great deal better men than he had taken them to be. All that day and night, and until late in the following day, the poor itinerant Methodist lay where his tormentors had left him. It was not until the evening of the next day that, lacerated, clothingles, and half famished, he was enabled to crawl to a place of shelter and human succor.

Four months after his flogging he travelled into Pennsylvania, after the story of his courageous resistance had reached every 'rebel' fireside, and it was his good fortune to preach, with a beneficial effect it is hoped, to the largest kind of congregations. Revivals were the result—revivals throughout the State. Captain Brooks never forgot Joel, and after peace was declared and ratified he sought him out and entreated his friendship. Joel, who "never bore malice," he said, gave him his hand, and retained it with a friendly hold until the movements of the authorities compelled the captain to fly, with others of his villainous, bloody and antipublican stamp, to the British province of Nova Scotia.—*Noah's Messenger.*

A COUNTRY LAWYER ON HAND FOR HIS CITY FRIEND.

Five-and-twenty years ago, when this Western region was sparsely settled,—when the country bar-room was the place of common resort, and before those old fashioned bar-room stories and songs had yielded to the gossip now generally heard in all drinking saloons, there was a certain set of good-humored, free-and-easy individuals, whose custom it was to "foregather" at the "inn" of old———, in Ellicottville, Cattarangus county. Conspicuous among this set was Counsellor G———, whose "rough" yet "ready" wit had spread his fame abroad throughout all that region of "ked'n'try." Another member" was a gentlemen whom we'll call X———.

These with others, whiled away many a winter evening, telling stories, smoking the pipe, and puffing mugs of hot *flip*—a "fluid" now almost forgotten.

But time separated this jolly company, as it does others, and the subsequent history of the Counsellor and worthy Mr. X———, was as diverse as their fortunes G———, plodded on with his "capiases" and "sash-er-rare-ers," at Ellicottville.—X ——, in due time, became engaged in responsible duties here.

Legal business, at distant intervals, called the lawyer to Buffalo, and he was, of course, glad to see his old friend; but X———, engrossed in business, or for reasons of his own, had not much time to talk over "old times," and without intending it, probably, gave him the cold shoulder. The man of law noted this indifference, and possessing in wit what the other did in wealth—in readiness what the other did in rhino—determined to ascertain whether X———, really meant to "cut him" or not. meeting him next day in the street, he said:

"X———, my old friend, how d' do?"

"Well, very well; how are you?"

"I say, X———, I've noticed several times lately, that you've rather avoided me than otherwise, and I ain't going to stand any such gammon.

"Why, what—"

"We used to be mighty good friends up in Ellicottville, and I don't know why we shouldn't be here."

"But, my dear sir—"

"Oh it's no use talking; just go in here, now and 'treat' as you used to."

"Why, I've just had my breakfast and don't want anything; besides, I'm in a hurry to get to my business; but I'll treat you, if you want."

"Well, let's go in."

And they entered a small "one-horse grocery," where the "cheap and nasty" was dealt out by the small. X———gave a nod to the 'mixer' behind the bar, and said—

"Just give *my friend* here some beer *and what crackers and cheese he wants, and charge it to me.*" Turning to G———, he remarked: "You must excuse me now, I've a great many things *to attend to*, and cant stay any longer," after which he left.

"Well, if that isn't cool," says G———, "then I'm no judge." Having dispassionately imbibed his beer, he stopped a minute or two to consider.

"I say, bar-keeper."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got *plenty* of crackers and cheese?"

"Yes, sir!"

"How much will the cheese weigh?"

"About sixty pounds a piece."

"Full sixty?"

"Sixty, and no mistake."

"Well, just send over to the Farmer's Hotel, where I stop, *four* of those cheeses, and *three* barrels of crackers, and charge them to Mr. Y———, will you; you heard him say I was to have what crackers and cheese I wanted?"

"Yes, sir."

"And send them down soon, because I expect my team. I'll be there in a little while, and I shall want 'em all ready."

"Certainly, sir."

The four cheeses and the three barrels of crackers were sent down, and in due course of time Mr. X———, was presented a bill for the same, which he paid, confessing at the same time, that although *rather* expensive, the joke was nevertheless a good one. He never afterwards gave the cold shoulder to Counsellor G———.

VOTING ON BOARD A STEAMBOAT.

The practice of deciding the popularity of a candidate by taking the vote on board the steamboats and railroad cars is pretty well hit of in the following veritible story

After taking the votes of most of the passengers on board a steamboat, the tellers came to a party of German emigrants.

"Are you for Cass or Taylor?" inquired the Democrat, addressing a little German.

"Yaw, me *dailor*," he said.

The Democrat now asked the little German to sign his name to the candidate's list in whose favor he had declared himself.

"Oh, nix—nix fershata—no, no write—nix, nix!"

He had learned enough English to keep his signature from papers which he could not read.

"You say you are for Taylor?" inquired the friend of the old General.

"Yaw, me *dailor*," answered the German.

"Well s t him down as one, any how," said the former.

"Aint you for *Cass*, now?" inquired the Democrat.

"Yaw me *cash dailor*, answered the German.

"Aint you all for Cass?" further inquired the Democrat, making a sign encircling the whole deck load.

"Yaw all for *cash!*" repeated the emigrant.

"I know'd it," said the democrat, and he instantly counted the party, and added them to his list. Holding the scroll to the German's face, he finally inquired—

"All right, aint it?"

"Yaw, *cash!*" answered the German.

It was not until the vote was decided in favor of Cass, that it was discovered to German was a *tailor*, and meant to do work for the *cash*.

☞The City Item (Philadelphia) thinks that none but a hardened wretch could write after the following spirited fashion. "We shudder at the thought," says the editor, "of one man's drinking a whole quart of punch, and never even asking a friend to assist him." But to the lines:

"I wish I had a quart of punch;
Of ice a half a pound;
Into the punch the ice I'd launch,
And stir it round and round.
And when I'd stirred it round enough,
And cool'd it to my mind.
I'd lift the cup and drink it up,
Not leave a drop behind!"

THE FEMALE TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. Is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night wearried and worn by the toils of the day, and how sothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterise the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there.—Study then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It it more valuable than gold, it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all of its freshness and power.—*Heber.*

☞"John, did you leave Mr. Jones' umbrella at home?" said a fond mother to her first-born.

"No, ma," said John.

"And why did you not, my son?" Did I not tell you to?" said the mother.

"Yes, you did, ma," said John; "but didn't you always tell me to keep something for a rainy day, and as it looks as if to morrow would be wet, what better thing can I *keep* than an umbrella?"