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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JUNE 16, 1849. NO. 7.

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.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH COTTON, fn.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, May 29, 1849.

On the application of Hugh Wallis, Executor of Joseph Cotton, late of Kent co. deceased.

Ordered, that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chester Town.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the procedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and [Seal] and the seal of my office affixed, this 29th day of May, 1849.

Test. E. WELCH
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Joseph Cotton, fn. late of Kent county, decd. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 9h of December 1849, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 29th day of May, 1849.

HUGH WALLIS, Ex'tr
Joseph Cotton, dec'd.

June 9, 1849.

Book, Paper, and Stationary
Store.
J. W. BOND & CO.
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KEEP constantly on hand, a large and well selected stock of School and Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Paper, Commercial and Law Books Stationary, &c. All of which they are prepared to sell, wholesale and retail, at the very lowest prices, on the most accommodating terms.

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☞Orders from any part of the United States or Canadas will meet with prompt and strict attention.

☞The Lowest prices and most liberal terms may be relied on in all cases.

March 3, 1849. 6m

TAKE NOTICE!

The undersigned, grateful for the patronage received from the public, takes this mode of apprising it that he has declined renewing his Bond as Constable, the present year, and must now, of necessity, close and settle all official business in his hands. He has a large amount of unsettled business on hand—a very considerable number of Executions and Levies, and as the law requires an early settlement, and his duty and interest, as well as the interest of the claimants, will make it imperative upon him to close all his cases promptly and speedily, he therefore invites all persons against whom he has claims, to come forward immediately and liquidate them.

The parties will now see that further indulgence is impossible—business has already accumulated to a great extent on his hands, in consequence of promises unredeemed, and failures to meet engagements made to him. If any prove delinquent after this notice, they may expect a decisive and legal course—to be pursued, without delay or respect to persons. The subscriber has no right to defer in this matter and his duty must now be performed promptly and efficiently.

JOHN LEE.

Millington, May 19, 1849.

WOMAN WANTED.

A colored woman or girl, for which a liberal price will be paid. Any person having one to dispose of can do so on good terms, without incurring any risk of sending her out of the State, or most probably out of the county. Enquire of the Editor.

August 12, '48—tf2.

POETRY.

THE LOVE QUARREL.

Written for Sartain's Magazine,
BY EDITH MAY.

Nay, I'm sure you've not forgotten, though you fain would have it so,
I know you've not forgotten– shall I tell you why I know?
For all Maud lingers at your side and Blanche is bending low
To listen to your whispers till her breath is on your brow,
For all you smile when Lelia smiles, your smiling mocks at glee,
And by that token I believe you're thinking now of me.

As you lie there in the shadow, with the sunlight on your hair,
With the misty, floating curtains looped around you drooping fair,
The velvet sinking to your limbs, the only murmur near
The music of a woman's voice, low-toned to meet your ear,
You're thinking how, one sunny noon, when summer suns were warm,
I watched beside your half repose, and your head lay on my arm.

Then I sang you quaint love ballads, sang you rhymed and measured words,
But your own were ever sweetest; and the singing of the birds
From the garden chimed in softly, but I thought your voice was best,
And wished the ballad ended and the little birds at rest,
So I might hear you speak again—you're thinking of it still!
Let Blanche's golden tresses sweep your forehead at their will!

And how we jested softly, while your breath upon my brow
Fell warmer than another's kiss, and your lightest word sank low,
Low through the full tides of my heart, as a jewel that is thrown
'Mid the waters still lies hoarded, when the ripples are all gone—
Without a willow trailed its words along the mossy eaves,
And your heart was full of love words, as the tree was full of leaves.

The leaves are shaken from the tree—to bud i' the April rain,
And your lips are very silent now, but their music comes again,
And we'll marvel in our summer love why thus with cold delay
We kept the sunshine from our locks when our hearts were warm as May.
Yet give your pride free rein the while, all wilful though it be,
For I'd rather ten times bend to you than you should bend to me.

Though Maud still kneels beside you with her white hands glancing where
The cushion's silken tassels owing beneath your floating hair,
And though Blanche is bending lower, while with smiling upturned eyes,
You have wooed her head still nearer by your indistinct replies,
I can look the while securely, I can smile the while to know,
That you have not yet forgotten, though you fain would make it so.

THE GOOD ANGELS.

"Come, Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her two little girls about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been setting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle work.

'Papa hasn't come yet,' answered Ady.

'No dear; but it's getting late, and is time you were in bed. He may not be home for an hour.'

Ady laid aside her work and left the table, and Jane closed her books and put them away in her school satchel.

'You can light the little lamp on the mantlepiece,' said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments. looking around as she spoke when she saw the children had both put on their bonnets, and were tying the warm capes close about their necks. She understood very well the meaning of this; and therefore did not ask a question, although the tears came to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she said,

'It is very cold out to-night, children.'

'But we don't feel it, mother,' replied Ady. 'We'll run along very quick.'

And the two little ones went out, before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say a word more. As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upwards and murmured,—

'God bless and reward the dear children!"

It was a bleak winter night, and as the little adventurers stepped into the street, the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back against the door. But they caught each other tightly by the hands, and bending their little forms to meet the pressure of the cold, rushing air, hurried on the way they were going as fast as the feet could move. The streets were dark and deserted, but the children were not afraid. Love filled their hearts, and left no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a distance of several blocks; they stopped before a house over the door of which was a handsome, ornamental gas lamp, bearing the words 'Oysters and Refreshments.' It was a strange place for two little girls like them to enter, and at such an hour; but after standing for a moment, they pushed against the green door, which turned lightly on its hinges, and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar-room.

'Bless me!' exclaimed a man who sat reading at a table. 'Here are those babes again.'

Ady and Jane stood still near the door and looked all around the room. But not seeing the object of their search, they went up to the bar, and said timidly, to a man who stood behind it, pouring liquor into glasses,

'Has papa been here to night?'

The man leaned over the bar, until his face was close to the children, and said in an angry way,

'I don't know any thing about your father. And see here! don't you come here any more. If you do, I'll call my dog out of the yard and make him bite you.'

Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by the harsh manner, as the angry words of the man, and they started back from him, and were turning towards the door with sad faces, when the person who had first remarked thir entrance, called out loud enough for them to hear him,

'Come here, my little girls.'

The children stopped and looked at him when he beckoned for them to approach, and they did so.

'Are you looking for your father?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' replied Ady.

'What did that man at the bar say to you?'

'He said that papa wasn't here; and that if we came here any more, he would set his dog on us.'

'He did?'

'Yes, sir.'

The man knit his brow for an instant, then he said,

'Who sent you here?'

'Nobody,' answered Ady.

'Don't your mother know you have come?'

'Yes, sir. She told us to go to bed, but we couldn't go until papa was home. And so we came for him first.'

'He is here!'

'Is he?' and the children's faces brightened.

'Yes he's at the other side of the room, asleep; I'll wake him for you.'

Half intoxicated, and sound asleep, it was with some difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused

As soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened, and he found that Ady and Jane had each grasped one of his hands, he arose up, and yielded passively to their direction, suffered them to lead him away.

'O dear, exclaimed a man who had looked on with wonder and deep interest—'That's a temperance lecture that I can't stand. God bless the little ones,' he added with emotion, 'and give them a sober father.'

'I guess you never saw them before?' said one of the bar-keepers, lightly.

'No; and I never wish to again, at least in this place' Who is their father?"

'Freeman, the lawyer.'

'Not the one who, a few years ago, conducted with so much ability, the case against the Marine Insurance Company?'

'The same.'

'Is it possible?'

A little group now formed around the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home as they had just done, spoke of them with much feeling, and all agreed that it was a most touching scene.

'To see,' said one, 'how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him. I feel, sometimes when I see them, almost weak enough to shed tears.'

'They are his good angels,' remarked another. 'But I'm afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the paths he has forsaken.'

'You can think what you please about it, gentlemen,' spoke up the landlord, 'but I can tell you my opinion upon the subject; I wouldn't give much for the mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets, alone, at this time of night.'

One of those who had expressed interest in the children felt angry at this remark, and he retorted with some bitterness.

'And I would think less for the man that would make their father drunk!'

'Ditto to that,' responded one of the company.

'And here's my hand to that,' said another.

The landlord, finding that the majority of his company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings and kept silence. A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of the bar-room went away.

About ten o'clock on the next morning, while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the fore part of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down, said,

'I must crave your pardon beforehand, for what I am going to say. Will you promise not to be offended?'

'If you offer me an insult I will resent it,' said the lawyer.

'So far from that, I come with the desire to do you a great service.'

'Very well. Say on.'

'I was at Lawson's refectory last night.'

'Well.'

'And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all last night, it was only to dream of it. I am a father sir, I have two little girls, and I love them tenderly. O, sir! the thought of their coming out: in the cold winter night in search of me, in such a polluted place, makes the blood feel cold in my veins.'

Words so unexpected, coming upon Mr. Freeman, when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of all his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but he could not utter a word.

'My dear sir,' pursued the stranger, 'You have fallen at the hand of the monster, intemperance, and I feel that you are in great peril. You have not, however, fallen hopelessly You may yet rise, if you will. Let me, then in the name of the sweet babes, who have shown, in so wonderful a manner, their love for you, conjure you to rise superior to this deadly foe.—Reward those dear children with the highest blessings their hearts can desire.—Come with me and sign the pledge of freedom. Let us, though strangers to each other, unite in this one good act. Come!'

Half bewildered, yet with a new hope in his heart, Freemen arose and suffered the man who drew his arm within his, to lead him away. Before they separated, both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly, and to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home. After tea, while Ady and Jane were standing on either side of him, as he sat near their mother, an arm around each of them, he said, in a low whisper, as he bent his head down and drew them closer:

'You will never have to come for me again.'

The children lifted their eyes quickly to his face, but half understanding what he meant.

'I will never go there again,' he added, 'I will always stay at home with you.'

Ady and Jane, now comprehending what their father meant, overcome with joy, his their faces in his lap, and wept for very gladness.

Low as all this had been said, every word reached the mother's ear: and while her heart yet stood trembling between hope and fear, Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket and threw it on the table by which she was sitting. She opened it hastily. It was a pledge, with his well-known signature subscribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy, she sprang to his side and his arms encircled his wife as well as his little ones, in a fonder embrace than they had known for years.

The children's love had saved their father. They were, indeed, his good angels.

BEWARE OF LADIES WHO LOVE STAWBERRIES.—An Ayrshire gentleman, who is the father of a dozen children, has got a circular-letter printed, with blanks for hour, date, and sex, that he may save himself, in future, a world of writing in apprising distant friends of accessions to his family. The printer, on receiving the order, disinterestedly told him that Mrs. ——, having completed the dozen, would probably cease from her labors. Not at all," said the doomed man: "her mother was remarkably fond of strawberries, and she had nineteen children. Mrs. —— is just as fond of strawberries, and she'll make the dozen a score. Like mother like daughter."

The printer, a bachelor, resolved to be aware of women who have a passion for strawberries.—*English Paper.*

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of young ladies away Down East, last summer, and while in the enjoyment of some innocent social play, he carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed,—"Be done, sir! Don't insult me!" The gentleman instantly apologized for the seeming rudiness, and assured the half offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her.

"No?" she replied, archly. "Well, if you didn't—*you may do so again,*" she added, to the no small amusement of the company!

MODEST.—A girl down east said she didn't like to swing in the garden, because the 'taters had eyes.

A LARGE number of spots on the sun are now visible.

GENERAL WORTH.

The following very spirited biographical sketch of the deceased General we copy from the Philadelphia Bulletin:

Worth has been compared, and not unjustly, to Murat. His handsome person and his dashing courage forcibly recalled to mind, during the war with Mexico, the Roland of Napoleon's army. Few American officers participated in as many battles as Worth; none, perhaps, in such brilliant and numerous victories.

Prominently distinguished in the war of 1812—then in that of Florida—then under Taylor at Monterey—and finally in the campaign against the city of Mexico, he ran a career alike fortunate and brilliant and one in which glory and promotion followed hand in hand. But alas! just when the war is over, and the time has come for him to repose on his laurels, he is cut off by an ignoble disease, in a paltry frontier town. Such is human fate. Such is the end of earthly glory.

Worth claims descent from one of the earliest Puritan settlers. He was born in 1794, received a plain but substantial education, and began life as a trader's clerk in Hudson, N. Y. When the war of 1812 broke out he entered the army as a private but did not remain long in the ranks. A fellow clerk, who had enlisted with him, having been placed under arrest for some indiscretion, applied to Worth for advice, who undertook to write a petition for the delinquent, to the colonel of the regiment This officer happened to be Scott. Struck by the style and penmanship of the petition, he inquired the name of the writer and in the interview that followed, was so pleased with Worth's manners, and soldiery and handsome person, that he appointed him his private secretary. Scott did not stop here. He procured for Worth a commission as lieutenant in the twenty-third regiment; and the merits of young subaltern, joined to some good fortune, did the rest for his advancement.—Worth rose rapidly, indeed, during the war of 1812. At Chippewa he distinguished himself so highly that he was brevetted a captain; at Lundy's Lane he won the rank of Major, and if peace had not been declared immediately afterward, he would doubtless have advanced still farther.

After the peace, Worth was, for some time superintendent of the West Point Military Academy. In 1821, after the retirement of General Armistead, Worth succeeded to the chief command in Florida, where he had been serving, as second in rank, for about a year. Ambitious of distinction, he sought every opportunity to bring the Indians to action, and though often disappointed finally succeeded. In recompense for his gallantry on this occasion. Worth was brevetted a brigadier general.

When a war with Mexico became probable, he was detached to Corpus Christa to join Taylor; and remained with the General until just before the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. The cause of his leaving camp, as is well known, was a difference between him and Twiggs, growing out of his brevet rank He hastened to Washington intending to resign; but the war altered his decision, and cancelling his resignation he hurried back to the army.

Taylor, sympathizing with the feelings of Worth, who could not forgive himself for having missed the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, assigned to him, at Monterey, the task of carrying the heights on the Saltillo road, with one division of the army, while, with the other, the commander, in chief advanced against the town, from the Serralvo road. This was, in fact, giving Worth an independent command—for, after once seperating, it was found impossible to keep up the communications between the two divisions of the army.

Worth carried, in succession, the various forts commanding the Saltillo road—stormed the Bishop's palace, which overlooked the town—and pushing forward through the suburbs, entered the streets, throwing shot and shells, and carrying terror and dismay before him. He was within a short distance of the great square, when the town capitulated to Taylor, penetrating to the plaza the other side. For his exploits at Monterey, Worth was brevetted a major general.

His next great exploit was at Molino del Rey, where he carried the almost impregnable works of the enemy, after a tremendous struggle, in which more lives were lost, in proportion to the numbers engaged, than in any action of the war.

Worth also fought with distinction at Cerro Gordo, at Churubusco, and at the storming of the gates of Mexico.

He was, perhaps, after Taylor and Scott, the most efficient—certainly the most popular—of the generals in the war with Mexico.

The character of Worth may be sketched in few words. He was brave to a fault, sufficiently good as a tactician, chivalrous, of popular manners, of imposing presence, haughty, at times overbearing, impetuous, warm hearted, a fast friend. In many respects he resembled Decatur. In battle, especially where daring courage was required, he had no superior. His soldiers still tell, with enthusiasm, that at Monterey he dismounted from his horse, placed his plumed hat on the point of his sword, and waving it high overhead, led them to storm the Bishop's Castle. Such tales recall the Paladins of old romance.

THE JOCKIED FRENCHMAN.

A Frenchman in this country, who was little acquainted with horse jockeys or horse flesh, was greivously taken in by a cheat in the purchase of a steed. He gave one hundred dollars for a miserable jade of an old mare that had been fattened up to sell, and she turned out to be ring-boned, spavined, blind and wind-broken. The Frenchman soon discovered that he had been used up in the trade, and went to request the jockey to take back the animal and refund the money.

"Sare," said he, "I'ave fetch back de mare horse vat you sell me, and I vant de money in my pocket back."

"Your pocket back!" returned the jockey, feigning surprise; "I don't understand you."

"You stand under me!" exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to gesticulate furiously: "You stand under me? Sare, by gar! you be one grand rascalle—you be like Sam—vot you call de little mountain!"

"Sam Hill, I suppose you mean?"

"Oui Monsieur—Sam de *Hill*—yes, sare you be like two Sam Hill. You sell one mare for one hundred dollairs—he no vort one hundred cent, by gar!"

"Why, what's the matter with him?"

"Mattair! Sacre! Mattair do you say! Vy he's all mattair—he no go at all—he got no leg, no feet, no vind—he blind like von stone mit his eye—he no see nobody at all vid dat eye—he go v-heeze o, like one forge hammer bellows—he go limp, limp—he no go over all de ground—he no travel tree mile in one day!—Oui, sare, he is von grand cheat—you must take him and fund de money back."

"Refund the money! Oh, no couldn't think of such a thing"

"Vat! You no fund me back the money? You sheaty me vid one hundred dollars horse that no can go at all?"

"I never promised you that she would go."

"By gar! vat is one horse good for ven he no go He be no better as one dead shackass, by gar. Vill you, sare, take the mare horse back, and give me my money vat I pay for him?"

"No, sir, I cannot—'twas a fair bargain, your eyes were your market, as we gentlemen of the turf say."

"Gentlemen de turf! You no gentleman at all—you be no turf. Mon Dieu! you be one grande Turk—von sacre damn deception. You cheat your own born modder—you play you rascalle trick on your own gotten fadder, you have no principle."

"The *interest* is what I go for."

"Yes, sacre, your interest is no principle. You von grand rascalle cheat.—Mon Dieu, vere you die ven you go to hell? *De Diable*—he fetch you no time quicker by gar."

Failing to obtain redress of the Jockey, the poor Frenchman sent his 'mare-horse' to an auctioneer to be sold. But the auctioneer seems to be about as great as a rogue as the jockey, for he took care that the fees for selling the horse should eat up the price he got for the steed.

"By gar," said the Frenchman, when relating the story, 'I be cheaty all round. The shocky horse, he cheaty me in trade, and the hoctioneer, he cheaty me in dispose of de hanimalle; he sell de mare-horse for ten dollrae, and by gar. he charge 'leven dollaire for sell Mon Dieu! so I be take all round in. I lose 'leven and one hundred dollaire all in my pocket clear, for one sacre dam, limp, lump, v-heeze vind, no see at all, good for nothing shape mare-horse, vorse as nineteen dead shackass, by gar."

MIND YOUR BUSINESS.

It is a common advice, but not the less judicious. Who has not follies enough to answer for, without prying into his neighbor's affairs? Is there a man living who has not been impudent at least once in his life? What if that impudent step were whispered to the world? Would it be just? Then seek not to uncover the concealed fact. Mind your own affairs, and look into your own heart, and if you have not crimes and follies enough to answer for, here's our head for a foot-ball.

THINK.—Thought. Place one idea up on paper, and another will follow, till you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear, and fruitful it will be If you neglect yourself and use other people's thoughts, you will never know what you are capable of. At first, your ideas may come out in lumps—but matter; and perseverance will polish and arrange them. Learn to think, and you will soon learn to write, and the more you think, the better you will express your ideas.

A BRIGHT GIRL.—"What are you doing there Jane?"

"Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red."

"But what have you to dye it with?"

"*Beer!* Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?"

"Why, ma said yesterday that it was beer that made your nose red, and I thought that I——"

"Here, Susan, put this child to bed."