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

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All communications must be postpaid.

ADJOURN'D SALE
OF
REAL ESTATE.

THE subscriber, Assignee for John Stull, of Queen Ann's county, State of Maryland, will sell at Public Sale, on

Tuesday

the 12th day of AUGTST next, on the premises known as Forestville, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock, the following Real Estate of said John Stull, situate in said county of Queen Ann's, State of Maryland, viz:

407 Acres of Land,

upon which there is a large amount of valuable

suitable for **SHIP PLANK** of the best quality. There has been recently built on the premises at Forestville,

SAW-MILLS

not inferior to any mills in the United States. The Saw Mill is calculated to do a large extensive business. There is in it three up and down saws, circular saws, shingle machine, boring machine, &c., together with the Grist Mill, are both new and in first rate running order. There is also on said premises, a large and commodious

STORE HOUSE,

which is a good stand for business.

There is also on the premises, SEVEN DWELLING

HOUSES

suitable for tenants and workmen.

ALSO, ON

WEDNESDAY

the 14th day of August next, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock on the premises at Stull Town, Kent county, Maryland the following Real Estate, viz:

No. 1.

Is two tracts of Land situate near Stull Town, Kent county Maryland, and is the same tract of Land which Jeremiah Stull conveyed to John Stull June 25th, 1836, which tract of land contains TWO HUNDRED AND TWO

Acres

upon which tract there is erected

BARN, &c.

The land is new ground and in a good state of cultivation, and the buildings are nearly new and in good order.

No. 2.

Is all the right of John Stull in and to a certain tract of Land adjoining the above, containing

144 ACRES;

KNOWN AS

"MOTHER'S CARE,".

which was purchased by said Stull of Thomas D. Hurt.

No. 3.

Is a tract of Land containing THREE QUARTERS OF AN ACRE, upon which is erected

A STORE DWELLING,
WHEELWRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOP, and which is known as

"Stull Town,"

and is one of the most thriving villages in Kent county.

The whole of the above property will be sold for cash on delivery of the deed, on the day of sale.

JAMES M. NEWELL.

July 20, 1850.—4w

A fine lot of Eastern Shore Bacon—*HAMS, SHOULDERS, and MIDDLINGS*, for sale for cash by
W. N. E. WICKES.
Ap 27, '50.

THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laboat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., AUGUST 10, 1850. NO. 15.

TRUSTEE'S *Sale,*

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

TUESDAY,

THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF AUGUST 1850, at 12 o'clock, Meridian, at the tavern pouch of John McDaniel, Esq. in Chester Town, all that

Farm
or PLANTATION,

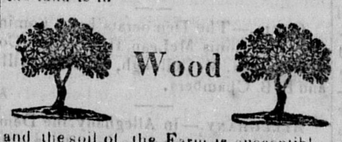
Lying in Kent county, on the main road from Chester Town to George Town X Roads, about equi distan from those places, called

Reyner's Adventure, Germany, & Hudson's Hills,

containing in the whole

469 1-2 ACRES,

more or less, per plot and certificate, which will be exhibited at the sale. A portion of the land is in



and the soil of the Farm is susceptible of improvement

The *DWELLING* is a large *TWO STORY BRICK AND KITCHEN, with some OUT BUILDINGS*

This property formerly belonged to the late John Hudson and adjoins the lands of Col. James Boon, Col. Samuel Kerr, and Daniel Jones, Esq. The location is said to be a pleasant and healthy one. It is convenient to Schools, Churches and Post Offices, and there is a well of excellent water in the yard.

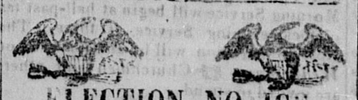
Mr Lusby, the tenant, will shew the premises to any one who may call to examine them.

THE TERMS OF SALE,

As prescribed by the Decree, are, That the purchase money shall 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 to the Trustee with approved security. Upon the payment of the purchase money and interest the Trustee is authorized to execute a deed for the premises.

GEORGE VICKERS,
Trustee.

July 20, 1850.



ELECTION NOTICE.

IN pursuance of the proclamation of Governor and in conformity to the Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at December session, 1849, entitled "An Act to provide for the taking the sense of the people upon the expediency of calling a Convention to frame a new Constitution and form of Government for this State and to provide for the election of Delegates to such Convention,

Notice is Hereby Given, That an election will be held at the usual places of holding elections in the the several election Districts in Kent county on the first ***Wednesday*** (being the 4th day) of September next, for the purpose of choosing Four Delegates to represent said county in the Convention "to frame a new Constitution and Form of Government," which is to meet at the city of Annapolis on the first Monday of November 1850.

FRANCIS CANN, Shff.

July 13. 1850.

LUMBER.
SHINGLES AND BOARDS

T. W. ELIASON, has commenced the *LUMBER BUSINESS*, and has received from Port Deposit a supply of good 1, 1¼, 2 and 3 inches, seasoned white *PINE BOARDS, HEMLOCK RAILS* and *RAFTERS*—Also Cypress and Juniper Shingles. He will sell at moderate prices for cash or on credit, and will charge interest from day of sale on all bills not settled in 60 days.

July 20, 1850.

POETRY.

To the Authoress of the "Rochester Knockings."

'Tis strange that one who seems to know a maiden's heart so well,
And tells us of the hidden things that sleep within its cell,
How every chord will bound with joy, or thrill with sorrow's tone,
Should yet so carefully conceal the secrets of her own.

The place, I ween, is strongly barr'd with adamant or steel,
That will not for the loudest knock, its mysteries reveal,
And yet perhaps, some little spring, discovered but by few,
When gently touch'd unfolds at once the world within to view.

The door, I think, must bear a sign, to warn intruders near,
"Except on business, gentlemen, there's no admittance here;
Man-traps, perchance, are set within, where heedless steps might stray,
And wanton trespassers might meet 'a lion in the way.'"

How various are the knocks one hears "a tapping at the door,"
Some hollow sounds that seem to come from "night's Plutonian shore,"
Some full of thoughtless gaiety, and some that seem to say,
"I'm not a common personage—ye meaner folks, give way."

There's the low and modest signal, that seems afraid to come,
And the loud and thundering clamour, like the beating of a drum,
The rat-tat-tat professional—the hurried business call;
And, now and then some novel sound we can't make out at all.

'Twere well to know the proper knock—to learn the very sound,
By which within thy secret heart, admission might be found,
And he who learns the "sesame," and finds or makes his way,
Will meet within as bright a scene as Eastern tales display.

But should he seek a passage *out*, I fear 'twould be in vain,
For once received within those bounds, he must perforce remain,
And as the door by Dante seen, that mark'd the final bourne,
Whoe'er its threshhold dares to pass can never thence return.

Like the olden lotos eaters, so happy he would be,
That bound in "rosy fetters," he'd care not to be free,
But wrapt in dreamy ecstacy, contented with his lot,
Beyond the charmed circle, the world would be forgot.

Now, lady, should I stand without, and humbly seek to know
The hidden things that lie within—the world that "passeth show,"
I wonder what the answer given to this request would be.
"Will the spirit kindly deign to hold an interview with me?"

INQUIRER.

POPULAR TALES

A THANKSGIVING SCENE.

A THRILLING STORY.

Adelaide Talbot was beautiful and lovely in her youth, dearly loved by all, but best by those of her own fireside circle.—She was, indeed the richest gem in that circle. When the long lashes were lifted from her ever-changing cheek, you could look into the very soul of the high-minded, sunny-hearted girl. Six years before, she had stood in her father's low parlor on Thanksgiving eve—she had stood between that father and mother to whose faces she lifted her soul-speaking eye, his bride of an hour. And as the good mother's raspberry wine, carefully bottled for for the occasion, went round, she dreamed not that in that cup lurked a demon that should yet overthrow the altar just erected. Caleb Reynolds was now a drunkard and a deserter from his home.—He had enlisted, it was thought, in an hour of intoxication—but his wife was left to learn it from other lips. He went without one word of farewell, to the plains of Mexico and never since had she heard of him. Poor Adelaide carried her crushed heart back to her father's house, longing only to lay in the grave. Have you ever seen a tree in our Western forests blighted by "girdling" as the woodsmen call it—cut off from its connection with the life-giving earth, and then left to wither for years? I never pass such a tree without thinking of the slow death of the heart, to which some writer has strikingly compared it. It was thus that Adelaide stood among the other plants of her fathers muture. Have you ever seen such a girdled tree a young shoot spring out, and striking down its fibres form a feeble connection with the bark below, and sustain a sure though sickly life in the tree? It was thus that little Robert came to bind a few broken fibres from her early hopes and dreams on earth.

But we are forgetting our thanksgiving—none of the aunties forget it however—or the cousins, and by the time farmer Talbot's "big sleigh" had emptied twice upon the old salt sprinkled stone steps, all were brought home from church, and all were there.

All—except two unaccountable stragglers, "the boy," as two striplings nearly six feet high continued to be called, who were cultivating the sciences in a college not many miles away. And why were they not there? So questioned every one; and grandmamma did not answer—only wiped her spectacles every few minutes on her apron, and peered out of the southwest window.

Meanwhile the new comers were all clustered in the "sitting room" making a merry use of the interlude between service and dinner. There was Robert the eldest son, with his romping family and anxious looking wife. There was Charlotte—no, nobody knew her by that name—Lotti, blooming in her prime; and managing her little ones to a charm. There was Philip, 'the old bachelor," though by no means crusty one. Next to him sat a pale stiff-looking cousin from the nearest factory village. Last, but not least, though in truth she was a little one—was the school ma'am—the youngest of her father's flock, the laughing, fun-loving Susie. She was not beautiful, as Addie had been, but there was such a word of good nature in her low broad forehead and dimpling cheeks, that you loved her at first sight.—I will not attempt her portrait, for I do not know that she ever sat still long enough to have it taken, except in church. This day she was here, and everywhere among the children, kissing one, romping with another, and then tossing up Robert's baby, to the terror of its mamma and the delight of all others.

"You must let me go and help grandmama take up the turkey, indeed you must," cried Susan, laughing, as she pushed through the doorway, followed by the whole scampering troop. One had sprung from the top of the arm chair to her shoulder, and sat crowing like a parrot on his perch.

As she advanced towards the kitchen, the outer door was thrown suddenly open, and "A merry Thanksgiving to you!" burst from the lips of the intruders amid the renewed shouts of the boisterous brood.

"Bless me, where did you drop from?" cried the mother, dropping her needle into the coals in her surprise.

"Why, brothers, we never heard your sleigh bells," exclaimed Susan, throwing off her encumbrance, and heartily welcoming the young collegians. "I dare say not," cried Edward, as he knocked the snow from his boots. "We chartered other sort of vehicles, hey, Will?"

"The fact is," explained Will, "that we started with the sunrise this morning, but met with a most provoking "breakdown" by the way. So not to be cheated out of our Thanksgiving, we footed it through the drifts. We've lost Parson Wood's sermon, but we're in time for mother's dinner; and I assure you a walk of eight miles has given us a pair of appetites."

So they sat down to dinner at last, all the loving and the merry ones. Grandfather hushed them for a moment, while he lifted his bronzed hands over the huge platter, and invoked bountiful Heaven in a lengthy but fervent blessing." Then followed the usual clattering, and—but I need not describe it all, you see it as well as I do.

The "wish-bone," (a great prize that,) feel to the share of the sheyest one, little blue-eyed Nelly, who carefully wrapped it in her white apron, as a sacred treasure.

"Coz, may I break with you?" screamed her cousin Harry, from the other end of the table.

"No, I am going to break—

"With whom I shall like to know?"

"With aunt Susie, then," said the little dove nestling timidly to her side.

"Aunt Susie—ha, ha! aunt Susie would look finely breaking a wishbone."

"And why not, Master Harry?" said Susan, merrily. "I assure you I have broken more than one wish bone at this very table."

"And did your wish ever come to pass did they ever, aunt Susie?" cried three voices at once.

"Yes, did they ever, aunt Susie?" chimed in Edward, casting up from his plate a side-long demure glance, that brought blushes and dimples to her cheeks.

Susie had seen some quiet, little flirtations, even under her father's Argus eye. Suddenly her face grew serious. She caught Adelaide's expression of countenance, as the latter puckly rose from the table, and made some excuse for withdrawing.

The wish-bone was broken to a chare—snapping exactly in the middle to the infinite amusement of the juveniles, who had been making bets on the results.—"The babies" went to sleep at the right hour precisely, and were packed into the snug cradles with blankets and pillows.—The elders of the juvenile company were ensconced in a corner to play "button," and the brothers and sisters clustered in quiet little knots. William and Susan sat by the window, not to sentiment-alize over the moonlight that came flickering through the fleecy clouds, but to gather up the threads of confidential *tete-a-tetes* to that of college scrapes, and—save the mark—schoolma'am's rogeuries.

Grandmamma had her knitting of course—bless the dear old fingers that had kept so many feet warm; and Susie, the modern substitute, a crotchet purse to net.

"William," said Susie, lowering her voice at a pause in the conversation, and glancing up furtively, what do you think of Addie to-day?"

William, stole a glance around. "Much as usual, is she not, poor thing?"

"See how she sits there with her fingers moving through bobby's curls, and her eyes fiqed on vacancy?"

"This was her wedding night, you know."

"I tell you, Willie; Addie loves Reynolds with her whole heart yet, as truly as she ever did on that evening. She had never spoken his name, even to me, since the day when her father forbade it even to be mentioned in his presence, but there is something terrible in his statue-like grief of hers."

A sharp, quick bark under the window arrested the conversation

"Be quiet, Growler, old fellow, what are you about?" shouted William; and he was still.

Dear silent Adelaide now brought around the tray of nuts and apples, and every one tried to make her smile was as faint as moonlight on an icy lake.

Harry and Nelly had called aunt Susie over to the corner to name their apples, and all were quite silent for a few moments.

The quick bark came again, from the dog, followed by a low, protracted growl. Edward jumped up to investigate matters, but before he reached the door it was opened, slowly but firmly, and a tall, pale figure stepped within it, and stood—silently. The sudden paralisisie of surprise bound every voice. A moment more, and with a faint desperate cry, Adelaide dropped her boy from her lap, and sprang across the room to—her husband.

As his arms closed around her, and her head sank like a broken lily on his shoulder, farmer Talbot started, as if stung by a bitter memory. His arm was raised, and his white locks floated back—

'Father?" It was Susan's voice choked with beseeching agony! as she sprang to catch the hand of the old man.

The uplifted hand fell, and all was hushed for one long moment.

"Come you as a reformed man, Caleb Reynolds?" and father Talbot's tone was firm, though quiet.

"I do, by the help of God, my father," the stranger solemnly answered.

Farmer Talbot threw the glare of the candle on his features.

"Caleb Reynolds never spoke like that," and the old man modulated each word, as if to steady his trembling voice. "Have you signed the Temperance pledge?"

"I *have* signed it, and I have kept it for a year."

"Then, my son"—the old man's hand was extended, but his voice was choked.—He bowed himself, and wept like a child.

But the arms hung loosely round Caleb Reynold's neck; the surprise had been too sudden, and gentle Addie had fainted.—Not till they had won back the life tide to her cheek and seen her again in the arms of her husband; turning to him that look of soulfull earnestness, that her early years had won—not till then—did the others approach to welcome, with tearful embraces, their long lost brother.

"And this is our boy, Addie, whom I never saw?" murmered Caleb, pressing his lips to the little forehead of the sleeper—she only replied by her tears.

No question further was asked; but Caleb soon spoke of his wanderings. Wounded in battle, and brought to the point of death he had listened to the angel Reflection.—But with reflection and good resolutions came also remorse and despair. Who should win back to him the forfeited affections of his deserted wife? It was then that the lesson learned at his mother's knee came beaming up through the gloom of years squandered in dissipation. He went to the fountain of peace, and drank of the "living water." Having fixed and finished his term of probation, he sought again his home.

"I knew," said he, "you would be all assembled here, to night; and I lingering, shivering, long before I could man my heart to come in among you."

"Brother," exclaimed more voices than one.

The clock in the corner struck nine—it was the hour of prayer. Farmer Talbot laid his hand on the family bible, and wiped his glasses.

"Come, my children let us give thanks with the angles, to-night, "for this my son was dead, and is alive again—was lost, and is found."

☞ So yould would not take me to be 20? said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka, a few evenings ago. 'What would you take me for then?'

'For better or worse,' he replied.

Great men accomplish by their memory what their presence failed to fulfil.

WHO IS SHE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Mary Murray, you say—and, pray, who is she?"

These words were addressed by one young lady to another, in reference to an acquaintance to whom one of them had just bowed.

"Who? The daughter of Widow Murray A dear, sweet, amiable girl as ever lived is Mary, too—you ought to know her."

"I'd rather not," said the first speaker, with toss of the head. "The daughter of widow Murray, who keeps a pretty thread and needle store." Why the next thing will be to associate with one's kitchen maids."

"But, in this country, Emma, it is merit that makes the rank," replied the other. "Here you know, we have no aristocracy. Mary Murray is more beautiful, more accomplished and more amiable, too, than half my school-mates."

"Well, I can tell you one thing, if you keep up your acquaintance with her, you'll be cut by all genteel people. Do you think the Livingstons, Harrisons, and Lawrences will come to your parties, if they are to meet shop-girls there?"

"They can do as they please," replied Kate Villiers, with spirit. But one thing is certain, I shall not give up Mary for them, as I like her for herself and not her ancestors. Besides, for all I know, she may be as well born as they are; I never thought to inquire."

Just at this moment a handsome young man riding a beautiful horse, passed, and made a bow to the young ladies. The first speaker was all blushes at this public notice from one of the richest and most fashionable men in the city.

"Dear me," said she, "how glad I am he did not see you speak to that Miss Murray! He would never have noticed either of us again."

Kate Villiers curled her pretty lip in scorn, as she replied.

"Frank Hastings is too sensible to be affected by such a thing, I fancy. But, if he is not, he is only the more to be pitied. And warming with natural indignation, she continued, "It vexes me beyond patience to see people, in this country, talking of their families, when out of a hundred, there is scarcely one that's not descended, and at no great distance, from some honest mechanic or respectable farmer. Take our richest families! A century ago they were poor, while the real old gentry of that day are now generally beggared.—Who was Astor? A poor German lad.—Who was Girard? A French cabin-boy. What was Abbot Lawrence once? A Yankee wood-chopper. So, too, our great statesmen, Clay, Webster, and Benton, all rose from nothing. We ought to ask, not who a person's ancestors were, but what they are themselves."

A few days after, as Kate and her acquaintance were walking together, they met Miss Murray, who, unconscious of offence, stopped to converse with Kate.—Emma was evidently uneasy, the more so as her keen eye detected Frank Hastings promenading down the street toward them. Politeness, kept her stationary, for a moment, but as he drew nearer, the disgrace of being seen with the daughter of a "thread and needle woman," as Emma called Mrs. Murray, proved too strong for her courtesy and she abruptly broke away and went into a store pretending a wish to purchase some ribbon.

Frank Hastings, meantime came sauntering idly down the street, and only perceived Kate when close upon her.

Good morning, he said, bowing, his eye attracted by Miss Murray's pleasing face; "Will you take pitty on an idler Miss Villiers, and allow me to accompany you in your walk?"

Kate, who was eagerly engaged, and to a friend of Frank's answered frankly, for she and Hastings were almost as intimate as brother and sister.

"I shall be pleased if you will. Only you must be very agreeable, for my friend and I are used to having sense talked to us, and, if you don't acquit yourself credibility, we shall black-ball you, as you say at the club, the next time you ask for permission to walk with us."

Frank, however, needed no incentive to induce him to talk his best; for the sweet countenance of Mary, in which every emotion of the heart was reflected, was inspiration enough.

They stopped at last, at Mrs. Murray's little store. Frank looked, with some surprise, at the humble appearance of the dwelling; but this did not prevent his bow to Mary being deeply respectful, as he walked off with her friend.

"And that charming girl, he said "assists to support her mother, by standing behind the counter. Do you know Kate that I was half in love with her before, and now I am entirely so? A wife, such as she would make is worth having, because she is worth a dozen of the foolish votaries of fashion—gilded, conceited butterflies like your friend Emma. You must take me to Miss Murray's some evening, and introduce me regularly."

Kate had known Frank too well to suppose he would despise Mary, because her mother had been reduced to comparative poverty; but she had not dreamed for an instant, of his falling in love with her.—but now, as she hastily thought over the good qualities of each, she clapped her hands and cried.

"That will I, for you are just suited for each other. We will go to-morrow night." And again, and again Frank went, and after the two first interviews, always without Kate. He was noblehearted, intellectual, graceful, and refined: and Mary could not long resist the devoted suits he paid to her. Indeed, after some maidenly struggles with her heart, she yielded herself to loving him with all the depth of her pure, yet ardent nature.

Frank was too sensible to regard the mere accessories of fortune. Perhaps indeed, he loved Mary the more for her pov-