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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., SEPTEMBER 14, 1850. NO. 20.

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 aper 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 o times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid.

VALUABLE FARM FOR Sale.

BY virtue of a deed of trust executed by William A. Gibson, to the subscriber he will offer at public sale at the door of the Hotel of John McDaniel, in Chester Town, on

Wednesday,

the 18th September next, at 3 o'clock, P. M. the

VALUABLE Farm,

situate in Kent county and lately in the occupancy of William A. Gibson. The LAND is in a good state of cultivation and there is a large quantity of

SHELL

on the FARM—the LAND is bounded by the BAY and WORTON CREEK, and is most eligibly situated, and can be put in the highest state of improvement.

Terms

Of Sale—One third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one third in six months, and the residue in twelve months.

☞The subscriber is fully authorised to execute a deed to the purchaser.

J. B RICAUD,
Trustee.

August 24, 1850.

FARM FOR Sale.

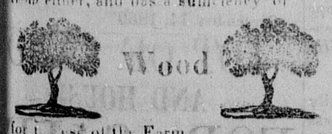
THE undersigned, as agent and Attorney for the heirs of Hiram Browne, will expose to public sale, on

Monday

THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at 3 o'clock, P. M. at the tavern porch of John McDaniel, Esq. in Chester Town, the FARM situate in Quaker Neck, adjoining the lands of Barney D. Corse and others, and containing

150 Acres;

more or less. It lies on the head waters of Browns Creek, and is equidistant from a landing on Chester River and Langford's Bay; not more than one and a half miles from either, and has a sufficiency of



for the use of the Farm.

The improvements consist of a *FRAME DWELLING AND KITCHEN, GRANARY, STABLE and CORN HOUSE.* The dwelling is in excellent repair, and all the other buildings are quite new. It is the same farm which was purchased some five or six years since by Hiram Browne, now dec'd, of Captain Morgan Browne. Just prior to that purchase upwards of 4000 bushels of Lime had been spread upon the Land, and since then other process of liming was continued up to the last year or two.

The soil is good and the situation desirable, being convenient to places of public worship, Schools and mills. The water is very fine.

THE TERMS OF SALE,

Are, one third cash on the day of sale, and the balance in six and twelve months from that day. The credit payment to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with security to the satisfaction of the subscriber, and bearing interest from the said day. A clear and indubitable title will be made for the purchaser on the payment of the whole purchase money and interest.

RIC'D HYNSON, agent and Att'y
for the heirs of Hiram Browne.

August 10, 1850.

GOOD POTATOES for sale by
WILMER & FRANCIS.
Jn. 29, '50.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of a writ of the State of Maryland of Fieri Facias, issued out of Kent county Court to me directed at the suit of Gwyn & Company against Samuel O. Meginnis, will be sold at public sale, on

SATURDAY

the 14th of September next, at the tavern door of John McDaniel, Esq. in Chester Town, at eleven o'clock in the morning, all the right, title and interest of the said Samuel O. Meginnis, of, in and to all that

Lot of Land and parcels of Ground, with the BUILDINGS and improvements on the same situate, lying and being in the village of George Town X Roads, in Kent County, being the same Lot and improvements which formerly belonged to Robert Pennington and which was by him sold to Caleb W. Spry and by the said Caleb W. Spry and wife conveyed to the said Samuel O. Meginnis by deed, duly executed, bearing date the 27 day of January, 1847, and recorded according to Law.

Seized and taken as the property of the said Samuel O. Meginnis, and will be sold to pay and satisfy the before mentioned writ of Fieri Facias and the interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

FRANCIS CANN, Sheriff.

August 24, 1850.

SHERIFF'S SALE

BY virtue of a writ of the state of Maryland, of Vendutiori Exponas, issued out of Kent county Court, to me directed, at the suit of Samuel Kerr, against John W. Clothier, will be sold at public sale on

Saturday,

the 14th of September next, at the tavern door of John McDaniel, Esq. in Chester Town at half past 11 o'clock, in the morning, all the right, title, and interest of the said John W Clothier, of, in and to all that Farm, tract, parts of tracts and parcel of land and premises, situate in the County and State aforesaid, called "Presberry Chance," or by whatsoever name or names the same may be called or known—containing

151 *Acres,*

more or less, being the same land and premises which was devised to the said John W. Clothier by Mary Webb, by her will and testament, duly executed and recorded in the office of the Register of Wills of said County, also one grey horse five years old, three old horses, three milch cows and about twenty barrels of corn.

Seized and taken as the property of the said John W. Clothier and will be sold to pay and satisfy the before mentioned writ of Vendutiori Exponas, and the interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

FRANCIS CANN, Sheriff.

Aug. 24, 1850

CONSTABLE'S SALE.

BY virtue of 6 writs of the State of Maryland, one Vendi Exponas and 5 Fi. Facias, issued by Wm. A. Miller and Jno. Spencer, two of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, one at the suit of J. C. Sellman and Alex. Sellman, trading under the firm of J. C. Sellman & Son, and 5 at the suit of Gwyn & Co., against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Samuel O. Meginnis, to me directed—I have taken in execution all the right, title, claim and estate at Law and in equity of the said Samuel O Meginnis, of in and to all that tract of land lying in the Village of George Town X Roads, containing

1 Acre,

more or less together with all the buildings and improvements thereon, viz: A Dwelling and Store-House; a Meat-House, Carriage House and Stable, &c., which are particularly described in a deed from C. W. Spry, and wife to the said Samuel O Meginnis and wife, bearing date of 27th January, 1847—duly executed and recorded in the Land Records of Kent county. And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDA.

the 14th day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. at John Pennington's Hotel, in George Town X Roads, in Kent county, I will offer for sale the property so taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy the debt, interest and costs due, and to become due thereon.

THOS. K. STEPHENS,
Constable.

George Town X Roads,
August 24, 1850.

CARTWRIGHT LUMBER, house framing of all kinds, on hand and for sale—Walnut suitable for coffins, for cash or good paper.

WM. BACCHUS.

April 6, 1850.

POETRY.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Why do I weep?—to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend—
The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!
The flowers I love to tend.
A thousand thoughts of all things dear
Like shadows o'er me sweep;
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh, therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister, we have played
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hang dim o'er the fount and bower,
Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,
Fly homeward steps to greet.
Thou, in whose voice, to bless my child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled;
I leave the! let me weep!

Mother! I love thee! on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and wo,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless—yet I go!
Lips that have lull'ed me with your strain,
Eyes that have watched my sleep.
Will earth give love like yours again?
Sweet mother! let me weep!

Miscellaneous.

A DUEL IN GEORGIA.

In the barroom of a rude tavern and post-house in the western part of Georgia, around a rough deal table, ornamented with two or three old newspapers, were seated nine or ten persons—overseers, book keepers and small planters. As the weather was intensely hot the party had cause to be thirsty; and thirsty enough they were if one might judge from their incessant potations of mint-julep, sherry cobbler, sangaree, and divers other species of those American beverages, the names of which are as singular as their flavor is delicious. The party had for some time been engaged in a loud and boisterous political conversation, when they were suddenly interrupted by—

"What are you making all this jaw about?"

On hearing this *gantlemanly* query the assemblage turned their eyes upon the speaker of it with a stare of astonishment and rage; which, however, was instantly converted into an expression of undisguised consternation, as soon as they fully recognised the new comer.

In the doorway stood a man at least six feet three inches in height, and stout in proportion. His features were essentially villainous, and his large grey eyes gleamed with an expression that was absolutely fiendish. Every thing about him had a ferocious aspect, from the dilapidated with muskrat hat that was fiercely cocked on one side of his head, to the clumsy and muddy shoes that protected his huge feet; while the butts two horse pistols, peeping out from the breast of his waistcoat, gave the finishing touch to the picture. As he stated savagely on the company, they forgot everything but the formidable monster before them—Meriwether Gamble, the but bully of Sodom and Gomorrah.

This interesting personage lived some fifteen miles off, close to the Alabama frontier. The real name of his place of residence (if ever it had been regularly christened by the Government surveyor) had long ago been forgotten; but was universally known throughout the district by the appelation we have just given it. It was a perfect Alsatia; within the limits of which no sheriff dared show himself.—Here Gamble lorded it over a plantation of eight or ninety slaves; and here he presided over a gang whose doings were the terror of the country for miles round. Every one of them had, in his day, murdered at least one white man, counting Indians and negroes for nothing; and their chief had been outlawed a dozen times, for as many atrocious crimes. At that very moment, there was a price of 500 dollars on his head. Several attempts had been made, both by the legal authorities and by private individuals, to take him dead or alive, but they had always failed signally. On one of these occasions, he was said to have killed, or mortally wounded, five men single handed. Such being his character, it was no wonder that his appearance in Major Lawson's bar-room struck terror into all its occupants. But I am wrong in saying *all*, for, as he looked round triumphantly upon the cowering assemblage, there was one man who cast back on him a gaze as haughty as his own. As this was, moreover, distinguished by being the only individuals present who could by any stretch of courtesy be called a gentleman, he deserves more particular mention.

Frederick Stuyvesant Schuyler belonged to one of the oldest Dutch families in N. York. His father was a wealthy merchant, who kept a stylish house in Broadway, and an elegant house on the banks of the Hudson. At the age of fifteen he entered Columbia College, and became, in a short time, a great favorite with Professor Anthon, and a regular attendant at Bassford's. So sedulously did he cultivate his classics and his billiards, that, on taking his degree at nineteen, he could almost play the pony even, and was considered one of the first scholars in New York. The two years which elapsed between Schuyler's graduating and attaining his majority, were passed without much profit to himself or any one else. He was nominally studying for the law; but like many young men of fortune, only did so that he might have the credit of belonging to some profession. This sort of life, however, did not last forever.

At the period of which we are speaking, the American commercial world was beginning to recover from the great explosion of 1837; or, indeed we may say that it had nearly covered. But during the continuance of the great panic, Mr. Schuyler had, in common with hundred of his brother merchants, become as bankrupt.

He had but one cause of satisfaction—no small one, it must be confessed, to an honest man!—not one creditor lost a cent by him. Having at length wound up his affairs, he found himself, as he would have expressed it with a capital of half-nothing to begin life again. He became a clerk in a house far inferior to that of which he had been the head; his daughters took in needle-work; and his son determined to get his living as a teacher. Unwilling to remain in his native city, amid the scenes of luxury in which he could no longer participate, young Schuyler endeavored to obtain a tutorship in the South. Having heard of an excellent one in Alabama, he made instant application for it; and secured it over several competitors, by dint of Professor Anthon's testimonials. He then made his will took leave of his friends, bought a pair of pistols and a dirk and made such other preparations as a man usually does who is about to leave a civilized for a barbarous country. Thus far, however, he had penetrated in safety to within sixty miles of his destination; and was now waiting at Major Lawson's hotel for the mail stage, which was expected in a few hours or days, as the state of the roads and other contingencies might determine. As we have found him in rather dangerous company, it may not be amiss to add a word respecting his qualifications, in case of a row. His height did not exceed five feet ten, and none of his proportions were large; but he was symmetrically built, possessed great strength and greater agility; and was, moreover, a tolerably scientific pugilist. On the whole, notwithstanding their great disparity in size, a worse antagonist might have been found for the redoubted Meriwether Gamble.

We left that gentleman standing in the doorway of the bar-room, and looking most rantancorously, as a Kentuckian would say, upon the terrified company.—Having waited about two minutes, possibly in the hope of receiving an answer to his first interrogation, he thus delivered himself of his opinions on things in general:—

"So you're all quiet now. You were making noise enough just now when I came in. What's the matter? P'raps you don't know me?" The countenances of all expressed that they sincerely wished they did not. "I'm Merriwether Gamble, the greatest man in the district.—I'm a perfect steamboat with a considerable sprinkling of the comet. I can knock down and drag out a whole regiment, whip my weight in Indians, swallow a buffalo whole, and pick my teeth with the horns. And it's my opinion that you're all a set of cowards." With which, as a practical of his somewhat desultory remarks, the bully ejected a torrent of tobaco juice across the room, directly upon the poliished boot of the New-Yorker, who involuntarily shook his foot as a man might do who had stepped into a puddle.

The rest of the company were not sorry to see the insult, which had been offered to all present, thus particularly fixed upon the stranger, who was thus bound to take up the quarrel, but they very much doubted if he would show fight. They had not long to doubt. Schuyler rose from his seat, and advancing close to the huge ruffian, asked, in a cool and unimpassioned tone:

"Did you intend to spit on my boot, sir?"

Gamble appeared speechless with astonishment and rage.

"I ask, did you intend to spit on my boot, sir?"

"Spit on your boot! I'll spit in your face next time!"

Very possibly he might have proceeded to put his threts into execution but if such was his intention, Schuyler gave him no time to perform it, for on receiving the above response, he instantly planted his fist, with all the emphasis he could command, full in the Georgia's chest. So energetically and skilfully was the blow given, that the giant reeled back, and with scarcely an effort to save himself, toppled over on the floor.

Had this result been brought about by a miracle, the company could not have been more stupified—that the strongest man they had ever seen should be knocked down at one blow by a fellow who seemed hardly a mouthful for him! But they had no longer space for their wondering cogitations, for Gamble suddenly sprung from the floor with a tiger like bound, and throwing himself headlong on Schuyler, bore him down at once. Then followed oaths and pantings, and rapidly interchanged blow, and a precipitate *scatteration* of the bystanders right and left as the combatants rolled over and over on the floor in mortal struggle.

There was a pause in the conflict—Both had risen to their knees, neither endeavored to regain his feet, or overthrow the other, but Schuyler was evidently trying to draw his dirk, and Gamble as clearly endeavoring to draw his Bowie-knife.

At length the Georgian, having freed his right arm, raised it over his head, as if to chop down his antagonist with his clenched fist. Such, however, was not his intention. In a moment the bright blade of his weapon gleamed in the air, and muttering a fearful oath, he made a deadly stab at the other. Schuyler caught his opponent's wrist, and turned the knife aside, its point entered the floor.

Furious at the loss of his weapon, Gamble suddenly caught his antagonist by the throat with both hands, and casting his huge weight upon him, hurled him back helplessly to the floor. It was a perilous time for Schuyler. With one hand on his breast the savage held him down, the other was twised in his flowing back curls, and the long thumb-nail was under his eye.

"He's gouged!" exclaimed the host: when suddenly the fallen man jerked up his knees, and fairly sent his bulky enemy over his head in a complete somerset. A shout of approbation broke from all present. The major now thought proper to interfere.

"Boys!" he exclaimed, as the combatants regained their feet, and gave signs of renewing the conflict. "Part 'em! part 'em! they've had rough-and-tumble enough."

Three men immediately caught hold of Schuyler, and four surrounded Gamble.—The biligents were, doubtless, not at all sorry to be separated; though Gamble made a show of resistence, and swore terribly at those about him. And now Major Lawson who, being on his own premises, felt authorized in assuming a little authority, proceeded to explain his views on the subject, and ended in a short but characteristic speech:

"Let 'em have a pair of pistols and a Bowie apiece, nothing else; put em in a dark room together, and let 'em fight it out like gentlemen."

This proposition was received with a shout. The room selected for the duel was a sort of garret, which having no window, was reduced to a state of darkness by closing the door. To this the combatants were conducted, and immediately commenced their preparations for the encounter, in which they were assisted by all present. After being provided with weapons, Gamble kicked off his shoes, and Schuyler pulled off his boots, rolled up his trowsers a little way, and cut off his straps for fear the buttons should make a noise. The Major suggested that they had better take off their coats also, which they accordingly did; and Schuyler, while giving his to the landlord, made this brief testamentary disposition:

"Major," said he, "it's highly probable that one of us two will never go out of this room till he's carried. If I happen to be the one, you'll find on me a silver watch a silver pencil case, and thirty dollars in New York bills. See that I am decently buried, and keep the balance for your trouble."

"I say, Major," growled Gamble, "just fix me a good stiff mint julep, and have it ready for me in fifteen minutes. Don't forget, now!"

These were the last words the combatants spoke.

Almost every one had left the room except Lawson, who now stationed the parties in oposite corners, asked if they were quite ready, and, on receiving an affirmative answer, wished them good bye, and locked the door upon them, leaving them together, "to fight it out like gentlemen."

The first thing each did was to change his place five or six feet; after which they remained sometime inactive. The difficulties of their position will be readily appreciated. If one of the duellists advanced upon the other, with the intention of composing to close quarters he might by some slight noise expose himself to his antagonist's fire, or might run unawares upon the point of a knife or muzzle of a pistol. If he fired without being sure of his man, the flash of his pistol would guide the enemy in returning the shot. The most natural course was for them to wait, each in the hope of exhausting his opponents patience and tempting him to commit some imprudence.

In this way they watched each other, or rather watched for each other, for about ten minutes, when at length Schuyler thought he detected the cat-like gleam of his antagonist's grey eyes at the opposite side of the garret. Turning his left side in that direction, and bringing his right arm across his breast, he peered more eagerly than before into the darkness. His suspicion was increased to certainty; he fired. Instantly the fire returned; and his left arm, which he had involuntary raised, fell shattered by his side. In the agony of the moment he hurled the discharged pistol across the room. As it struck harmlessly on the rough logs which formed the walls, he heard a low, taunting chuckle.—Human nature could not bear it;—he fired again, almost at random. Again the fire was returned;—the ball piercing his side, and, overcome by pain and loss of blood, he fell heavily to the floor, while another fiendish laugh sounded in his ears.

But though sorely wounded Schuyler was not yet *hors de combat*. Raising himself with some difficulty into a sitting position, he drew his knife, prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible; only hoping that his enemy would assail him before he was completely prostrated by loss of blood. Scarce a minute had elapsed before he heard a faint creak of the boards near him—Gamble was evidently approaching to give him the *coup de grace*. In another moment a heavy foot came in contact with his wounded side; and he once more recognised those fiery grey eyes, as the Georgian stooped over him. Now, or never! He collected his fast falling strength into one last effort, and lunged upward with all his force. Uttering a wild yell of pain and rage, Gamble leaped into the air and fell back—dead!

The party below, who had been employed in betting on the combatants, rushed up stairs as soon as they heard the second fall. The major opened the door and called.—He received no answer, for Schuyler had fainted. He was, however, soon restored to conciousness; his wounds were bound up, and he was put to bed, for his success made him almost a god in Major Lawson's eyes. In a few weeks, when perfectly restored to health, he started for home, having had quite enough of the South.

His host (who possibly had some private reasons of his own for rejoicing at Gamble's death, and feeling grateful to the man who had put him out of the way) refused to receive one cent of compensation for board, lodging or attendance. Nay, more; he virtually put five hundred dollars into his pocket, by informing him of the reward that has been offered for Gamble *dead or alive*.—So Schuyler took leave of the hospitable major, and proceeded to Milledgeville (the capital of the State,) to claim the reward. The governor, who had already heard of the transaction, was so pleased with Schuyler's prowess that he invited him to dinner, expressed his admiration of him, and offered him a cornetcy in the Georgian Guards. But Schuyler declined the honor, fully satisfied that New York, even with its countless dangers and temptations was preferable.

DYSENTARY.—This disease, which prevails to a considerable extent, at this season of the year, and which is not unfrequently produced by unripe fruit, may be very easily cured, by a simple remedy.

Let us give our patrons a remedy worth five years subscription, and the beauty is, it is within reach of every person. After all other remedies fail, then take a handful of White Oak Bark and pour over it boiling water. Let it stand until sufficiently cool to drink, then sweeten with sugar, and take a half tea-cup-full three times a day. It seldom fails to cure after the first or second dose, Its a "*dog cheap*" medicine.

A QUIETOES FOR CROSS BABIES.—By this we do not mean knocking their brains out against a bed-post, nor anything of the sort. Nor do we mean giving them paragoric, Daffy's elixei, Dalby's carminative, black drops or any other poison. The only requisite to quiet a squalling, little baby, is that it shall possess a nose. In the midst of its screaming, press your finger gently and repeatedly across the cartilege of the useful organ, and in less than two minutes it will be asleep.—*Ex. Paper.*

A girl out west, who had become tired of single blessedness, thus wrote to her intended.

"Deer Jim: Come right off if you're comein' at all, 'cause Sam Holmes is insistin that I shal have him, an he hugs an kisses me so continually, I can't hold out much longer. I must have a feller afore next winter, I can't stand it any longer.—Your flame, SALLY ANN.

Must it not be very romantic to be on your knees before a lovely one of Love's lovely daughters, having up a torrent of sweet words between her glowing parted lips, raising roses by the acre on her cheeks, bringing tears of humid pleasure to her eyes, and just at the identical moment when she is going to swoon away into your arm, to hear her anxious mother cry: *You Sally have you fed the pigs.*

KNEW HIS CATECHISM.—A little fellow was questioned by his mother, last Sunday, from the catechism. Among other questions, she asked "Who was cast into the fiery furnace?" With much promptness he replied, "Dr Parkman."

DYING CONSOLATION.—I shall be happy, said an expiring husband to his wife, who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, if you will only promise not to marry that object of my uncreasing jealousy, your cousin Charles.

Make yourself quite easy, love, said the expectant widow, for I am engaged to his brother.

Truth is always consistent with itself and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand and sits upon our lips and it is ready to drop out before we are aware whereas, a lie is troublesome, one trick needs a great many more to make is good.

☞Slanderer—a person of whom the Greeks showed a due apprehension, when they made the words synonymous with devil.