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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.



TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF
Valuable Mill Property.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Chancellor of Maryland, the undersigned, as trustee, will offer at public sale, at the tavern porch of John McDaniel, in Chester Town, Md., between the hours of 12 M. and 4 o'clock, P. M. on

Saturday,

the 12th day of October next, that valuable

MILL PROPERTY

situate in the Lower District of Kent county, on the road from Chester Town, to Rock Hall, known as

"SHAW'S MILL,"

containing 20 *ACRES OF ARABLE LAND*, and 2 *ACRES OF WOODLAND* attached.



The improvement consist of a *FRAME GRIST MILL* in good running order and doing an excellent business—a comfortable *FRAME DWELLING*—a negro hut and out houses in tolerable order. Churches and Schools are convenient.

THE MILL has the custom of a rich section of country 20 miles in extent in the lower part of the District, and properly managed cannot fail to be very profitable.

Possession given on the first day of January next.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the Chancellor, are two hundred and fifty dollars cash to be paid on the day of sale, the residue in equal instalments of one, two and three years from the day of sale with interest from the first of January next, to be secured by bond with sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

For further information inquire of Henry Buckison, Esq. near Rock Hall.

J. EARLE LOCHESTER,
Trustee.

September 21, 1850.

Delaware Journal will publish the above 3 times and send bill to Trustee, at Denton, Caroline county, Md.

ESTATE OF CATHARINE KENNARD.
Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court,
September 17, 1850.

On application of James W. Skirven, Adm'r of Catharine Kennard, late of Kent county deceased.

Ordered, That he give the 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 Chestertown.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereunto set my hand and seal of my office affixed this 17th day of Sept'r. 1850.

[Seal]

Test, EBEN. 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, Md., letters of Administration on the personal estate of Catharine Kennard, late of Kent county, deed. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit their claims with the vouchers thereof to the Orphans' Court on or before the 29th of March, 1851, they may otherwise be excluded from the benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 17th day of September, 1850.

JAMES W. SKIRVEN,
Adm'r of Catharine Kennard, dec'd.
Sept. 21. 1850.—3w

TOBACCONIST.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has opened on the corner of Queen and main streets, (just below the Cabinet Maker's Shop of Charles Stanly),

TOBACCO and Segar
STORE,

He will keep constantly on hand and for sale all kinds of Tobacco, Snuff and Cigars, which he will dispose of at wholesale, and retail at *city prices.*

The public are requested to call and examine his assortment.

THOS. J. LOVEDAY.

Chester Town,
September 7, 1850

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., OCTOBER 12, 1850. NO. 24.



Poetry.

[Written for the Kent News.]

THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN.

BY HENRY D. O'REILLY.

I wait for the tide o'er the ocean to ride,
As I gaze on the shore with regret;
And I bid an adieu to the friends that I knew,
For their kindness I may not forget.

And now as I leave I cease not to grieve,
When I think of the hours gone by;
And I gaze on the shore with heart sad and sore
While the land fast fades from my eye.

Now proudly she braves the fierce raging waves,
And rides on the white crested foam;
Unfurl her sails for the wind never fails,
As o'er the wide ocean we roam.

Day follows day as we dash through the spray,
Till we gaze on the long lost shore;
Each eye now grows bright, each heart too grows light,
As we near our dear homes once more.

With proud heart I stand on the glittering sand,
Where my footsteps are printing their mark;
No longer a stranger, I smile at the danger
I felt in that gall nt old bark.

HYMN

For the Opening of the next Woman's Convention for which the Author expects the Award of a Gold Medal

H re are wives and wives that would be,
Widows prim and virgins sere,
Met in sage and solemn conclave,
Resolute to persevere
In destroying the foul planning
Of creation's self-styled lords;
In asserting and maintaining
Woman's Rights, by lip-sheathed swords.

Man has long usurped the power;
We will wrest it from his grasp;
Nurse with care the Rights of woman,
Ere we see its dying grasp.
What care we for long-lived custom?
We will mould the public view!
What care we for Paul's exhortings?
He was of the tyrant crew!

Who will tend our darling babies;
While we guide the helm of state,
As did she who bore "the Godlike,"
Rear them to be good and great—
Is a question for whose answer
We will not at present seek;
Time enough 'twill be when victory
Crowns the efforts of "the week."

At the bar and in the pulpit,
We the wand of power will sway;
On the field of battle, surely,
Nothing e'er could hedge our way!
When we reach the "House," my sisters,
Loads of laurel on each brow,
Redhot we will keep the irons,
Matters shall not halt as now!

Mercy! won't the minerals rattle,
And the boughs wigs get a pull,
When we, *a la* Foote and Benton,
Happen not to keep quite cool?
Rouge will stream, and then will follow,
Our sedate chair-woman's roar!
Sharp above the contest, "Order!
Lady Buckeye has the floor."

O, the goal is passing glorious!
Even now its glare we see!
Then, adieu our tame submission.
"Onward," let our watchword be.
Onward, sisters, and the brethren
Soon will be, poor arrogants;
Minus one important item
Of apparel, namely *pants.*

Popular Tales.

THE TWO ACTS,
OR
"They have their Reward."

BY HENRY G. LEE.

"No, indeed! I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Lionel to her husband, who had come home with the intelligence that a cousin of his, a widow, had died suddenly, and left a little girl three years old, whom he proposed that his wife should adopt and raise as her own—they having no children. But she gave a decided negative on the spot.

"She is a sweet, interesting child," urged Mr. Lionel. "You will soon get attached to her, and more than repaid in the new affection awakened in your heart, for all the care and trouble she may occasion."

It is no use to talk to me, Mr. Lionel," returned the lady, in a positive tone of voice, "I know about the care and trouble, and am not willing to take it upon myself. As I have no children of my own, I am not disposed to take the burden of other people's. So it is useless for you to press this subject; for I will never consent to what you propose."

"If you feel that way, I shall certainly not urge the matter," said her husband.—"Though, as far as I am concerned, it would give me great pleasure to adopt Aggy, who is a charming little creature. I wish you could see her."

"I have no particular desire. All children are alike to me. As to the beauty, that is a poor compensation for the trouble. So I must beg to be excused."

Mr. Lionel said no more on the subject. He was exceedingly fond of children, and never ceased to regret that he had none of his own. In two or three instances before, he had endeavored to prevail upon his wife to adopt a child, but she had, each time, firmly declined. She had very little affection for children herself, and was not willing to take the care and trouble that she saw would necessarily be involved in the adoption of a child. The little girl who, by the death of his cousin, had been left homeless and apparently friendless, was a sweet young creature, hom, to look upon was to love. Mr. Lionel had never seen her without a warning of his heart toward her, and a secret wish that she were his own instead of another's. The moment he heard of his cousin's death, he determined to adopt Agnes, or Aggy, as she was called, provided his wife were willing. But Mrs. Lionel was not willing. She was too selfish to love anything out of herself.—A thought of a child's good—of giving a home to the homeless—of being a mother to the motherless—never crossed her mind She only thought of the trouble the little orphan would give.

The insurmountable difficulty in the way of adopting Aggy as his own, did not distroy the interest which Mr. Lionel felt in her. He considered it his duty to see that she was provided with a good home, and was willing to be at the cost of her maintainance, if necessary. His first thought had been to adopt the child, and until that was understood to be out of the question, he had thought of nothing else in regard to her. How she was to be disposed of, now that his wife had definitely settled the matter against him, become a new subject of reflection. After a due deliberation, he concluded to see a distant relative on the subject, with whom, since his marriage, he had but little familiar intercourse, although he had always entertained for him a high respect. The reason of this was, the cold, proud unsocial temper of his wife, who rather looked down upon his relatives because their standing in society was not, as she considered it, quite as high as her's had been and still was. Necessarily, such a disposition in his wife, would prevent much social intercourse between Mr. Lionel and his relatives, notwithstanding his regard for them might continue as high as before his marriage.

The relative to whom reference has just been made, was a lady whose husband, a very estimable man, was in moderately good circumstances. They had three children of their own, the youngest of which was nearly ten years of age. From his high appreciation of Mrs. Wellford's character, Mr. Lionel, who from thinking of Aggy and his adopted child, began to love her almost as much as if she were really his own, felt a strong desire that she should take the orphan. He had not seen her for a couple of years when he called upon her to talk about the orphan. A little to his surprise, Mrs. Wellford, when she met him in the parlor, entered, leading Aggy by the hand. "Dear little creature!" he said, taking the child up in his arms, and kissing her as soon as he had shaken hands with Mrs. Wellford. "I'm glad to see you in such good hands. It is about this very child, Mary," he added, "that I have come to talk with you. What is to be done with her?"

"I don't know" returned Mrs Wellford. "She must have a home somewhere among us. The dear child! Anybody could love her. Have you thought of taking her?"

"If I were to consult my own feelings and wishes, I should adopt her as my child immediately. But I am not at liberty to do this, and therefore, must not think about it. I am willing, however, to be at the entire cost of her maintenance and education, if you will undertake the care of her. What I can do, I will do with all my heart."

"We have already talked seriously about adding Aggy to our little household," replied Mrs. Wellford. "And if no one else offers to do so, we will keep her and do for her the same as if she were our own. It will bring more care and anxiety for me, which, as my health is not good, will be felt; but if not better provided for, it will be my duty to take the place of her mother, and I will assume the office cheerfully."

"But at my charge," said Mr. Lionel.

"No," replied Mrs. Wellford. "A mother accepts no pay for her duty. It is a labor of love and brings its own sweet reward. Though Providence has not given us wealth yet we have enough, and, I think, as much to spare as this dear child will need. For your kind wishes and intention for Aggy, I will thank you in her stead. I thought, perhaps, as you had no children, that you might wish to adopt her; but as this cannot be, it will doubtless fall to our lot."

Mr. Lionel went home, feeling less satisfied with his wife's spirit and temper, so strongly contrasted, as it was, with that of Mrs. Wellford, than he had felt for a long time.

"She will have her reward," he murmured to himself, "and, as she said, justly, it will be sweet." This was in allusion to Mrs. Wellford, who had called the mother's duty she was about assuming the labor of love.

Little Aggy scarcely felt the loss of her parent. The love she had borne her mother, was transferred to her aunt, as Mrs. Wellford was called, so early that no void was left in her heart. It took but a little while, for each member of the family to feel that Aggy had a wright to be among them, and for Mr. and Mrs. Wellford to love her as their own child.

Years rolled by, and brought them many unlooked for changes both to Mrs. Lionel and Mrs. Wellford. Both had been subjected to afflictions and reverses—the severest, perhaps, that ordinarily fall to the lot of any—for both were widows and both friendless and poor. As for Mrs. Wellford, she had not only her husband, but all her children were taken, and she was left alone in the world with orphan Aggy. But she, grown into a lovely young woman, nestled closer to her side, and into her very bosom brought not a helpless, but a sustaining spirit. Death though it had robbed her of much, had still left her much. Bereaved as she had been, she was neither lonely nor sad. How different was the cease of Mrs. Lionel! After the death of her husband, and the total loss of her property, she fell back at once from her advanced position in the social rank, into neglect, obscurity and want. For the very means of subsistence, exertion became necessary. But what could she do for a living, who had, in her whole life, done scarcely a useful thing—who had been little better than a drone in the social hive? Nothing!—Or, if there was small ability, there was pride enough remaining to prevent its exercise.

After her husband's death, which followed shortly after the reverses that stripped him of all worldly possessions, Mrs Lionel retired into the family of a poor relative, who had been little thought of in brighter days, and who, although she did not want to receive her, could not close her door in her face. A sad spectacle she was. Shut up in the little chamber that was assigned her, she never went out, and only met the family she was burdening with her presence, at the table, and then with an aspect so gloomy and reserved, as to throw a chill over the feelings of all.

For a short period, Mrs. Lionel paid a small sum for her boarding, but not very long time passed before her money was exhausted, and she became absolutely dependent upon a poor woman, very distantly related to her, whose only means of support was her personal labor and that of her daughter.

After the death of her husband and children, Mrs. Wellford, who was left quite as poor as Mrs. Lionel, began to look around her for some means of securing an income for herself and Agnes, whom she loved, now that all the rest were gone, with a tenderness that equalled the sum of her love for all. But, what to do was a difficult thing to determine. As a young girl her education had been very plain.—She could not, therefore, resort to teaching in any branch, for she had not the requisite ability. Sewing always gave her a severe pain in her breast and side, so that, whatever might be her skill in needle-work, she was precluded from restoring to it as a means of obtaining money.

"I think," she said to Agnes, after looking at the subject in every possible light, "that there is but one thing left for me to do."

"What is that, aunt?" inquired Agnes.

"Taking a few boarders. I could attend to them."

"It will be very hard work," suggested the neice, "too hard for you. No, no, aunt, that will not do. Look what a slave's life Mrs. Minturn has. Don't think of it."

"I must do something you know, Aggy dear. In a little while all our money will be gone. I have thought of everything, but my mind comes back to this at last.—I don't like the thought of it, but it is right for me to exert myself, and I must do so without a murmur."

"Havn't you thought of anything that I can do?" asked Agnes, in a cheerful voice "I am sure that I can do something," she added, confidently, "and I am younger and have better health than you have."

"I cannot think, my dear child," Mrs. Wellford said, with much tenderness in her voice, "of you being exposed to the world's rough contact. You are too young."

"The contact you seem to dread cannot hurt me, aunt," returned Agnes. "To the pure all things are pure. If I have in me a right spirit, the world cannot hurt me."

"But I cannot bear the thought of seeing you, in the very spring time of life, when all along your path should grow up flowers to fill the air with perfume, chained like a slave to the car labor! I can do all that is required. If I fail, then, it will be time enough for me to call upon you for aid."

Pride as well as affection reigned in the breast of Mrs. Wellford. She could not bear the thought of seeing Agnes in any kind of labor for money. She was fully capable of giving instruction in many things, and of securing thereby a fair income; but her aunt would not hear to her seeking for employment.

"Aunt is wrong," Agnes said to herself, when alone, soon after the interview in which Mrs. Wellford declared it as her belief that the only thing left for her to do, was to take a few boarders. "I ought not to see her do this." She sat thoughtful for a few moments, and then added aloud—and I will not see her do it. I have received every thing from her, and now is the time for me to make some return. But what shall I do? Where shall I seek employment?"

Half an hour after she had asked herself the questions so earnestly, Agnes picked up a newspaper, and the first thing that met her eyes was an advertisement for a person to give lessons in music, and one or two modern languages to three young ladies for which a liberal compensation would be paid. Without saying a word to her aunt, Agnes put on her things and went to the place mentioned in the advertisement. The house before which she passed was a large one, in a fashionable part of the city. Everything around it indicated a wealthy owner. For a few moments she felt timid, and hesitated about presenting herself; but she soon regained her self-possession, and made the application for which she had came.

A middle aged woman, of mild and lady-like deportment, met her on being shown into one of the apartments of the house.

"I believe you advertised for a teacher?" said Agnes, speaking in a low, trembling voice. She found herself more agitated than she had expected.

"We did," replied the lady, "and have already received several applications, though none of those who have answered the advertisement suits us in all respects. And I am afraid that we shall hardly find all that I desire in you."

There was nothing in the way this was said to hurt the feelings of Agnes, but rather to make her feel more free to speak.

"Why do you think I will not suit?" she asked, looking earnestly into the lady's face.

"Because you are too young. You cannot be over seventeen years of age."

"I am nineteen," returned Agnes.

"But even that is young. We wish a person of some experience, and of the first ability. I will not question your ability, but you certainly cannot have much experience in teaching. Have you ever given lessons in music?"

"Not yet; but I wish to do so, and I believe—"

"Then you have never been engaged in teaching at all?"

"No—never."

"I hardly think you would suit us?"

The countenance of Agnes fell so suddenly that the lady's sympathies were awakened, and she said—

"Are you very desirous of securing a situation as teacher?"

"Desirous above all things," replied Agnes, with much earnestness.

The lady continued to ask question after question, until she understood fully what was in the young girl's mind. She then appreciated her more highly, although she did not believe her fully qualified to give the instruction that was desired. Agnes, who gained confidence the more she conversed with the lady, at length urged that she might have a trial.

"But suppose, after we give you a trial, that you do not suit us? We will find it hard to send you away."

The force of this objection was fully appreciated by the lady, when she uttered it, for already she felt so drawn toward the young girl with whom she was holding the interview, that her feelings were fast getting the control of her judgement.

"I am sure I will suit you," replied Agnes, "for I will give the most untiring attention to my duties."

The lady looked at her beautiful young face, lit up with the earnestness of a true purpose, and felt as she had never before felt for a stranger. She addressed her a few words in French which Agnes replied in the same language.

Your accent is certainly very correct.—Now let me hear you perform something on the piano," she said.

Agnes went to the instrument, and after selecting a piece of music, sat down and ran her fingers gracefully over the keys. The lady stood by to listen. Soon the young girl was in the midst of one of Hertz's most beautiful but familiar compositions, which she executed with unusual taste as well as brilliancy. Her touch was exquisite, and at the same time full, and, where required, bold and confident.

"Admirable!" she heard uttered in a low voice, just behind her, as she struck the last note in the piece. It was not the voice of a woman.

She started up and turned quickly—More auditors than she had supposed were present. A young man and three beautiful young girls stood listening behind their mother. They had been attracted from an adjoining room by the music, so far superior to anything ordinarily heard. A deep crimson overspread the sweet young face of Agnes, heightened every native charm. The young man instantly retired, and the mother introduced her to her daughters, who were in love with so lovely an instructress, and threw her voices at once in her favor. These voices but seconed the mother's prepossessions.

"Nothing has yet been said about compensation," remarked the lady to Agnes, after she had requested the girls to leave them again alone. "We are willing to pay liberally if we can get the person we want. At present, I feel strongly in favor of giving you a trial. If after thinking over the subject, it is concluded to do so, your salary will be four hundred dollars. Do you think that will meet your wishes?"

"Fully," replied Agnes, with an emotion that she could scarcely conceal. The sum was larger than she had expected.

"Of course, I like to be at home every night with my aunt," she said.

"To that we should make no objection To-morrow morning I will be prepared to give you an answer."

Agnes retired with a heart full of hope, yet trembling lest something should prevent the engagement she was so eager to make. She said nothing to her aunt, who bent on taking boarders, started out on the ensuing morning to look for a house suited for that purpose. As soon as she was gone, Agnes went with a trembling heart to hear the decision that was to be made in favor or against her application. It was favorable!

On going home, she found that her aunt had not yet returned, nor did she come back for two hours. Then she was so worn down with fatigue that she had to go to bed. A cup of tea revived her, but her head ached so badly that she did not get up until late in the afternoon, when she was better.

"I have found a house, Aggy," she said, as soon as she felt like alluding to the subject, "that will just suit. The owner is to give me an answer about it to-morrow.

"If looking for a house has made you sick enough to go to bed, aunt," returned Agnes, "how can you expect to bear the fatigue of keeping boarders in the house after you have taken it? You must not think of it. In two good rooms, at a light rent, we can live very comfortably, and at an expense much lighter than we have at present to bear."

"Yes, Agnes, comfortably enough, if we had the ability to meet that expense.—But we have not. You know that there is no income."

"There has been none—but—"

"But what, dear?" Mrs. Wellford saw that there was something more than usual in the mind of Agnes.

"Forgive me, dear aunt," said the affectionate girl, throwing her arms around the neck of her relative; "but I cannot see you at your time of life and in ill health, compelled to toil as you propose. I have, therefore, applied for, and secured a situation in a private family as a teacher of music and languages to three young ladies, for which I am to receive a salary of four hundred dollars a year."

While Mrs Wellford was looking for a house, and after she had found one, the fatigue and pain she suffered led her more fully to realize, than she had done before, the great labor with a doubtful result, that she was taking upon herself. She was therefore, just in the state of mind to receive the unexpected communication made by Agnes.

"You are a good girl," she merely replied, kissing her, while tears of gratitude started in her eyes.

"And you did not object eagerly asked the niece.

"How can I?" responded Mrs. Wellford leaning her head down upon the shoulder of Agnes. In a few moments she said, as she looked up, with tears glittering on her eye lashes—"may Heaven reward you!" And turning away, she left Agnes to her own happy thoughts.

Six months from that time, as Mrs Lionel sat alone in her room, gloomy and sad, the woman with whom she was living, and upon whom she still laid herself, a heavy burden, came in where she was and said—

"Did you know that your niece, Agnes Wellford, was married, yesterday to the son of the richest man in the town?"

"No! It can't be!" quickly replied Mrs. Lionel. "Mr. Wellford died not worth a dollar, and his widow has been poor as poverty ever since."

"No, not quite that," said his woman.—"Agnes has supported her comfortably by teaching music. I heard the whole story this morning. Mrs. Wellford wanted to keep boarders, but Agnes would'nt hear to it, and, against her aunt's wishes; went out and applied for a place as teacher to three young ladies in a wealthy family, for which she received a salary of four hundred dollars a year. She had not taught long before the brother of the young ladies fell in love with her, to which no very strong objection was made by his friends. And now they are married."

"And what of Mrs. Wellford?" was eagerly inquired.

"They go to housekeeping forthwith, and Mrs. Wellford is to live with them."

Mrs Lionel clasped her hands together and sinking back in her chair, exclaimed:—

"Oh! what an error I committed!"

"How?" inquired the woman.

But Mrs. Lionel did not answer the question. She had her reward, and Mrs. Wellford had hers.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Did you ever know a young lady who had white teeth to put her hand over them when she laughed?

Did you ever know a young lad and sprightly lass who could not pick blackberries into one basket?

Did you ever know a woman who never had anything taken from her clothes yard?

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer time that could not dance all night without being weary?

Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of thread for his favorite to wind without getting it strangely entangled?

PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.—"Which are the hyenas, and which are the monkeys?" inquired a child of the showman.

Whichever you please, my dear—you've paid the admission, and have a right to choose.