msa_sc2901_scm2351-0392 ©Maryland State Archives

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 ones 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.

List of Letters,

Remaining in the Post Office, at Chester Town, on the 1st day of October, 1850

Adams, John	Jones, Eliz
Annesss, A J	Kerly, Michiel
Corriden, John	Kennard, Mrs
Copper, W T	Keavins, D H
Crooks, Mrs	Lynch, Perry L
Colesberry, J	Magennis, Nath
Cavendar, Jas	Mattock, C P
Cahoone, Wm R	Merchant, Jas
Clouz, T LLD	Nelson, Jas
Conklin, Mr	Price, Amas
Comodeford, J V	Raisin, Jos
Davis, Henery	Raison, Warner
Downs, W H	Raison, Emory
Derrickson, W Y	Skeggs, Wm
Elbert, James	Spencer, Minty
Fowler, Wm	Smith, Sarah A
Gooding, Ed	Vandeford, Lavenia
Hynson, R C	Whitly, Stanbury
Harris, T H 2	Wilson, John
Hadaway, Jas	Wood, Thos
Hazel, Manlove	Watts, Ja
Hart, James	

JNO. L. STAM, P. M.

October 5. 1850.

P. S. All persons indebted to me for newspaper postage are requested to pay their postage now due, or their papers will not be given out of the office.

NOTICE.

IN obedience to the provisions of the Act of Assembly of December session 1838, chapter 365, entitled an "Act to alter the mode of appointing the Levy Court of Kent County, to provide for the election by the people, and to establish the Board of Commissioners of the Tax of said County." I hereby give notice that by the return of the Judges of Election made this day, of an election held on the second day of the present month in the several election Districts of Kent County for two members of the Levy Court for said County. That William Gooding, Esquire had six hundred and fifty two votes, Thomas Lusby, Esquire had six hundred and forty eight votes, George Gale Esq. five hundred and fifty three votes and that James Spear, Esq had five hundred and twenty nine votes. I therefore publish and declare that William Gooding and Thomas Lusby, Esquires having a plurality of the legal votes and the requisite qualifications, are duly elected members of the Levy Court of Kent County."

JOSEPH BRUCE,
Clerk of Kent County.

October 5, 1850.

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES,

ALBERT E. BASSFORD—Principal.

THE above institution will be opened in Chestertown on Monday October 7th in the house recently occupied by Mrs. Dr. Thomas.

Terms;

Board and tuition in the usual branches of an English education. $125 00
Payable quarterly in advance.

DAY SCHOLARS.

$5, $7 or $9, in proportion to studies.

EXTRAS.

Music on the piano, harp or guitar, per quarter,	$10 00
Use of instrument,	2 00
Vocal music,	7 00
French, German, Spanish, Latin, or Italian,	5 00
Drawing and Painting,	5 00
Embroidery, needle work, &c.	5 00

☞Each boarder is requested to bring table napkins.

September 28, 1850.

Notice.

THE undersigned having made application to the late Grand Jury, for license to sell alcohol as a medicine, he being an apothecary, and having obtained the same, deems it necessary to prevent misrepresentation, to state publicly, that he will in no instance dispose of any ardent spirits to any one except as a medicine and that at apothecary prices.

JOHN PERKINS.

Worton Heights, }
Sep. 28, 1850. }

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, as Administrator of FRANCIS USILTON; are notified that their notes are now due, and a speedy payment is requested, otherwise they will be placed in a legal train for collection.

JAS. H. GALE,
Admr., FRANCIS USILTON.
Oct. 5, 1850.

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., OCTOBER 26, 1850. NO. 26.



CIRCUS!

A. Turner & Co. Proprietors.

Under the Direction of Dr. E. Ganung.

THE PROPRIETORS would respectfully announce to the citizens of CHESTER TOWN and vicinity, that their splendid Equestrian Troupe will visit this place and will open the exhibition on *WEDNESDAY the 30th day of October*, 1850 for one day only. Doors open at 2 o' clock. Performance commences at 2½ o' clock, P. M and in the evening at 7½—Admission 25 cents. Children under 10 years half price.

The reputation of this company is too well known to require puffing. With N. B. & P. T. Turner, Gleuroy, Hoe, Lyman, Ward, Wyath, &c. and *that Clown* MYERS, all will expect a rich treat, and will not be disappointed.

☞This Company will exhibit at Church Hill on Tuesday, Oct. 29th. also at Georgetown X Roads on Thursday Oct. 31st., 1850.

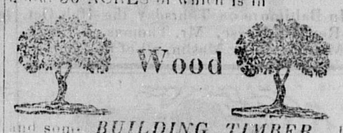
Oc ober 19 1850.—2t.

FARM FOR SALE,

A FARM situate on the road from Unicville to New Market, formerly the property of Mr. Samuel Ringgold, now occupied by Mr. Joshua Copper, and adjoining the lands of Mr. James Millward, Samuel Kerr, Esqrs., and Mr. James Smith. This farm contains about

287 Acres;

about 50 ACRES of which is in



and some *BUILDING TIMBER*. It is laid off into five fields, clovered and plastered—of a good red clay soil, and easily improved.



The BUILDINGS consist of a FRAME DWELLING, with two rooms and a shed below, and several rooms above stairs. A KITCHEN, with a well of good water. *A GRANARY, STABLE CARRIAGE HOUSE*, MEAT HOUSE &c. all in good condition. A garden, paled, and well inclosed.

This farm is advantageously located, being about two miles from *MILL AND PUBLIC LANDING*. the situation is considered very healthy. TERMS liberal and TITLE indisputable.

Apply to
GEORGE VICKERS, Agent
for the Owner.

Kent County, }
Oct 5, 1850. } 4w

In Chancery,

26th Sept. 1850.

ORDERED that the property in the case of Charles T. Ireland and Sarah E. Ireland, his wife, against John Hudson and Araminta, his wife, and others, made and reported by the Trustee, George Vickers, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shewn to the contrary, on or before the 26th day of November. Provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper in Kent county once in each week for three successive weeks before 15th day of November next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $3100 00.

True Copy,
Test;
LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Reg. Cur. Can.

Oct. 5, 1850.

REMOVAL.

BOSTON & PRICE would respectfully inform their friends, customers and the public generally, that they have removed their Hat, Cap and Fancy Fur Store, to No 129, Baltimore street, between South and Calvert streets, opposite the office of the Clipper, where they have fitted up a Store in a neat and fashionable style, and are now opening a superior assortment of Goods in their line, suitable for spring and summer wear, which they will sell as low or lower than the same goods can be purchased in this or any other market.

They would solicit a continuance of that liberal patronage which they have so long enjoyed for their friends of Kent county.

Baltimore, June 15, 1850.

A full assortment of Cloth and Glazed caps just opened by
W. N. E. WICKES.
September 21, 1850.



Poetry.

☞We have not seen anything published as the offspring of the late anniversary of our National Independence, which possesses more of the true spirit of patriotism and love of country than the following stanzas, which were offered as a toast on that glorious occasion,—*Boston Post*.

God bless the good old Thirteen States—
God bless the young ones too,
Who cares for musty birth-day dates?—
God bless them—old and new.

The old ones first our freedom gain'd,
In bloody fights of yore;
The young ones have their rights maintained
As the old ones did before.

Or South or North, or East or West,
Twin sisters all they be,
One mother nursed them at her breast;
And that was Liberty.

And may the wretch whose hand shall strive
To cut their vital thread,
Be scorned while in this world alive,
And scorned when he is dead.

Now fill the bowl with nature's wine,
Let's drink "God save the King,"
The only King by right divine,
The sovereign People King.

For they're the only King I own,
All others I despise,
The King that towers above the throne,
The King that never dies.

O! may that sceptre wide extend
O'er every land and sea,
Without beginning, without end,
And conquer to set free.

Till Freedom's Banner floats alone,
A beacon in the sky,
And man no other Lord shall own,
But he who rules on high,

Popular Tales.

[From the Boston Olive Branch.]

The Pedlar and his Dog.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

SOME years ago I travelled through a portion of Michigan. I went on foot or rode, as best suited my purpose. I carried rich silks and jewelry, for those disposed to buy. My only companion during my journey, was a large dog, of the Newfoundland breed. Lion was fit to be the king of all his species. He was good natured, quiet, and there was something almost human in his eyes. He attended to his own business, and never quarrelled like curs of "low degree." He would bear an insult from worthless puppies, with a philosophy worthy of emulation, and I never knew him save on a few occasions, resent the undue liberties of puppies of larger growth. When his bile, however, was thoroughly aroused, he made such offenders a terrible warning to "evil doers."

When I travelled, he trotted along by my side, and when I stopped to trade, he seated himself near me, and watched all my movements with a business-like expression. It annoyed him a little, sometimes to see my customers drag the goods from my pack, and handle them with such freedom, which annoyance he expressed with a low growl, while he followed every piece with his eyes, to see that they were not appropriated without proper compensation, and with my full consent.

He really took a strong dislike to those who were disposed to find fault with everything, and my price in particular. I believe he knew every article I carried, and the value I attached to them. But this as it may, he seemed satisfied when I was, and wagged his tail when I made a good trade. He was an excellent watch dog, there was no danger of anything confided to his care, being taken away. I found him very useful and companionable in my travels.

Conveyances were so scarce and uncertain that I was often obliged to go on foot from one settlement to another. Sometimes these journeys were anything but pleasant, and as the country was new and the state of society anything but good, robberies were frequently perpetrated upon these lonely roads and there were many, no doubt, to whom the rich stuff I carried would be a sufficient temptation to commit a murder. This idea frequently occurred to me in travelling through the wild woods of the West. But old Lion was by my side ready to die in my defence, and proud to share my wanderings. I always went armed. An excellent brace of pistols, steel-barrelled, and loaded with ball, were never from my pocket, save long enough to see that they were in order, and at night lay beneath my pillow. I felt quite safe with these and Lion, who was the companion of my nights as well as days. He always laid himself down between my bed and the door with his face towards the latter. No one could enter without a tracting the attention of Lion.

One day in the summer of 1840, I found myself in a small German settlement on the border of a small lake, anxious to get forward to the next one, which was about eight miles distant. No conveyance could be obtained till the next day, so I set out on foot. It was near night, and I walked forward briskly. I was not long in discovering that my expedition would be by no means an agreeable one.

The road—if road it could be called—was very bad, and passed through the most gloomy forrest, in that part of the country. The night, too, crept on apace and promised to be darker than common. But Lion trotted along by my side. I was a smart walker, and was confident I was getting over the ground fast, so I didn't mind it much.

The darkness was upon me before I was aware of it. It seemed to me that I had already walked eight miles, but could see no signs of a settlement. This surprised me a little, for I was use to travelling, and knew my ability to calculate distances. But I kept up a good heart and went on until I was quite certain I had mistaken my way, or been misinformed in regard to the distance. I concluded it would be best to keep the road I was in until I reached some habitation.

In a short time I was glad I had made this resolution, for I saw a light glimmering from a cabin. I approached it as soon as possible. It was rather above the medium size. I thought I might be accommodated there very well. It had the appearance of being very comfortable within. I knocked for admission. The door was opened by a man.

Now I am not a person to belive in *presentiments*, misgivings and all that sort of thing, but I certainly ssw something in that man's countenance that I did not like, the moment I set my eyes upon him. In a gruff voice he asked my business. I told him I believe I had lost my way, and was under the necessity of asking accommodations. After hesitating a moment he asked me to enter. A tall female was seated in the corner near a large rock fire place. She seemed busy watching a piece of meat hissing over the fire. It struck me that I hadn't seen a more apathetic looking countenance than hers. She hardly noticed my entry. She might be forty years old. Her face was remarkably long, and wrinkled to a degree to excite curiosity. Her nose was sharp and skinny, as was indeed her whole face. The head gear was wholly indiscribable, and from beneath it grey hairs, were visible. Her entire dress was quaint and unlike anything I had seen. I could hardly keep my eyes off of her. She as well as the man, glanced eagerly at my pack as I laid it down. The latter was a coarse looking person, whose countenance appeared more indictive of incapacity than villainy.

To my questions he replied very civilly after I had entered, and he had got a view of my person. I learned from him, what I had suspected for the last half hour—that I had taken the wrong road.

A kind of telegraphing took place between the two, after which I was informed I could "stay." This did not appear to me a very great favor, since I had a chance to observe my host and hostess.

The meat was set upon the table at last. I was invited to partake of it, which I did with my host who had been absent, and had returned a few minutes before my arrival. During my repast Lion took his station by my side, receiving a portion, as he always did.

When I had finished, I drew away from the board, and taking a paper from my pocket, pretended to be busy reading.

I glanced up occasionally from under my brows, and was startled to see the apathy of the woman (as well as the man) wearing off rapidly. Her eyes grew animated, and, in unison with his, sought my pack oftener and oftener. They glanced at the dog with evident signs of dissatisfaction.

Presently I nodded over my papet like a sleeping person. Instantly the manner of the two persons grew more alarming. Finally the tall hag lifted my pack and weighed it in her hand—as well as she was able. Her eyes flashed like a serpent's, for it contained a large quantity of specie, besides valuable jewelry and costly silks. I always made a practice of putting my silver money in a bag, and depositing it in a corner of my pack; but my bills were placed in a bag which I wore next to my skin. After she had done this she motioned for him to come and lift it, which he did, with apparently as much satisfaction as his other half had experienced.

He then opened the door softly, and then motioned the dog to go out.—Though, I have no doubt but Lion understood pantomime as well as any body, he did not offer to stir; but lay at my feet as quietly as ever. At last the old hag grew impatient, and shook the poker at him.—Lion showed two rows of white teeth and uttered a low growl. The Pantomime ceased in an instant. The door was closed, and the poker returned to its place. I stirred a little. They were quick to observe me.

'A fine dog," said the man, thinking it probable I might hear the remark. "I reckon he wants to go out—he growls as though he did."

A pause followed this remark. He tho't I might order him out, but I did no such thing.

"Nice dog," the woman added, after a moment, "nice dog" and then she offered him a piece of meat, and attempted to fondle him. Contrary to her expectations Lion utterly refused the meat, and put an end to all familiarity by showing his teeth again in a very testy manner.

That was something strange for him.—I never knew him to refuse meat before when it was offered him. Had Lion shared my suspicions? Had his instinct taught him that the hand outstretched was not a friendly one?

By this last act of hostility on the part of my dog, they had appeared not a little disconcerted. She retreated almost behind my chair, and shook her skinny fist at him; but he did not condescend to express any uneasiness at that rather decided and energetic expression of her feelings.

I now thought it time to wake up, which I did with a preliminary yawn or two—The same apathy came back and sat upon the features of my entertainers. I made them understand that I wished to retire.—There were but two apartments in the cabin, and they both left the one I was in to make arrangements in the other for my accommodation. They were absent some time, and I was quite sure I heard them moving the bed into another part of the room. They came out at length, and I was told that my bed was ready.

They watched my movements with considerable interest when I arose to retire.—I started first without my pack on purpose. The faces of the worthy pair lighted up; I returned and took it, and they fell in a moment. This was not all—I passed in first, and the woman attempted to shut the door on Lion; but the latter putting forth all his strength sprung after me in an instant, almost upsetting the bag in the operation.

"I thought the *cretur* would like to stay by the fire," she said by way of apology.

"Call the varmint out—'taint likely the gentleman wants to sleep in the room with the beast," added mine host in a way that expressed a great deal of Christian anxiety for my welfare.

"I prefer to have him with me," I replied.

'He won't eat that quarter of meat in there, will he?"

"Oh no," I answered "You are quite right—he won't eat it. He never takes anything that's not his."

They had provided me with a dim tallow candle, and the first thing I did was to examine every thing in the room. It was pretty well lumbered up. Various kinds of vegetables occupied different corners, among which were pumpkins, potatoes melons, &c, &c., together with a quarter of venison, some jerked beef and skins of animals.

I examined the bed next. It was a poor concern, the frame being made of round poles in the same state they were taken from the wood; and the clothing upon it was coarse enough for a hemlet. But what struck me as being a little singular was that the head of the bed was turned towards the partition separating the two rooms, and right opposite the pillow was a wide crack which had the appearance of being left by design.

I began to feel *queer* (and that is not just the word to express what I mean,) I had large sums of money about me, enough to tempt the cupidity of my entertainers at any rate, as their actions had already convinced me. How easy it would be for them to shoot me through the crevice as I slept. The idea got possession of me fully, and I could not drive it away. I would fastened the door but there was nothing to fasten it with, and I was impressed with the idea that the danger would not come from that direction. If it should, Lion was there to apprise me of it. I laid off my coat and bustled about as though I was undressing, I put my pistols under my pillow and laid down; but such an unaccountable and terrible sense of evil pressed upon me that I could not think of sleeping. Lion, too, appeared uneasy—came put his fore paws upon the bed every few minutes then went back to his post by the door, and laid down in a kind of feverish anxiety.

At last I feigned sleep, and snored most musically; but I did not fail to look through the crevice to see what my host and hostess were doing. They laid down upon the bed which stood in the room without taking off their clothes, and were quiet until I began to snore, when I heard them whisper. What were my sensations when I heard them arise softly, and the man take a gun from behind the bed! I saw him assisted by the hag drawn out a charge of shot which was in the gun, and re-load it with a handfull of slugs. I turned over heavily and pretended to awake. My plan of accomplishment was arranged in a moment.

I had worn a wig for several years, on account of loosing my hair by a fever I now determined to make it of more use to me than it had ever been before. I lifted myself quietly from the bed and felt about in the dark, until I had found one of the pumpkins I had seen. Over this I drew my wig, and it happened to be an excellent fit. Having dressed it in this uncommon manner, I crept back to my bed and placed it upon the pillow, in the exact position my head had had occupied. When it was thus adjusted it was in juxtaposition with the long crevice through which I now took another look. Heavens! the fiends were loading a brace of pistols with the same infernal slugs.

I can't say but I felt a little dry about the throat then. I looked towards old Lion I could just discern his great eyes through the darkness. He was still upon the alert, afraid—for I flatter myself that I am not a coward—but I did not like the idea of taking human life. I was confident I could defend myself, yet even that confidence was not enough to make me feel altogether comfortable.

Taking the pistols in my hand, I bent over the bed, and commenced snoring, at the same time watching the movements of the man and his amiable spouse. Every explosion from my nose seemed to give the greatest satisfaction. They looked at each other—nodded and smiled grimly.—He took the gun, and in his stocking feet approached the crevice opposite my bed, followed by the hag with the pistols and and carving knife. Stooping, he peeped into my room, and brought his ferocious looking eyes to bear upon my wig. I knew it would be dangerous to see any more. I raised my head enough to get out of harms way, and omitted now and then a snore. I heard him distinctly fix the muzzle of the gun against the fissure opposite my wig, and then with a tremor of indignation, and a kind of creeping sensation all over me, I drew back and awaited the result. It was a moment of awful suspense to me. What if he should discover the cheat and elevate his piece? A thousand such thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant. The cold sweat ran down my face in streams! Thank Heavens! I was not kept long in suspense.

A terrible explosion followed the fearful pause. A storm of slugs poured into my bed perforating the wig, and scattering the pumpkin in every direction.

"He won't never tell no stories," I heard the assassin say, as he dropped the breach of the gun heavily to the floor. "Now for the dog"

During these operations, Lion had placed himself by my side, with his fore-feet upon the bed, while, to keep him still, I put my hand over his mouth. He knew well what I meant, for I had kept him quiet so before. At the moment of the discharge he gave a low growl. I pointed towards the door. He understood my meaning well. His eyes flashed like a ball of fire, while he waited the moment to wreak his vengence on the assassins.

"I will open the door a little, and when the *cretur* sticks his head out, shoot him," said the she-wolf.

The door was opened, but the "*cretur*" didn't "stick his head out." Lion knew better than that, and waited his chance.

Emboldened by not hearing anything, the door was gradually opened. Now was the time. With a terrific howl, Lion leaped over the head of the woman, and seized the ruffian by the throat, dragging him in an instant to the floor, where a great struggle took place. In another moment the hag was writhing in my nervous grasp. He surprise was so great that she made but very resistance, and I quickly bound her hand and foot with a cord, which she had procured for another purpose—perhaps to drag my body away into the woods.

The next thing was to attend to the man and Lion. The struggle between them was still going on, but the first had the worst of it. Lion had set his sharp teeth into the throat of the wretch, and rendered all his efforts abortive, although he was a man of powerful frame. He was already reeking with blood, and I hasted to save what little life was left in him. The dog was loth to quit his hold, and when he did, he left one victim to punish another; for before I could prevent it, he set his teeth quite through the hag's arm, who shrieked like a lunatic.

The fellow looked ghastly enough when I released him. His neck was frightfully torn, but he had got no sympathy from me. I bound him as I had his companion in iniquity, while he maintained a moody silence, and she heaped curses on the dog.—I bound her apron around his neck, which was all the surgical aid he got from me Lion now seemed very well satisfied with the arrengements, and laid down in one corner and watched with calm philosophy.

We remained with them until morning. I cannot say but I enjoyed our triumph as well as Lion did, as they were certainly old offenders as it was proved afterward in the court of justice. As good fortune would have it, a man passed the next morning, by whom I sent word to the next settlement, of what had occurred.

Before 10 o clock the offenders were in the hands of the law. They were conveyed to the nearest jail, where they awaited their trial, which took place about two months after. They were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, which, all the circumstances considered, was not too much. I believe if ever they live to get out, they will kill old Lion, should he survive their punishment; and he is still as strong and healthy a dog as you can find anywhere. No money could temt me to part with him. He is now looking quietly in my face as I write this.—for I have been trying to make him understand what it is about. I have hinted to him the propriety of having his likeness published with his sketch; but he shakes his head gravely, as much as to say—"I didn't care about in, master mine—every worthless puppy has his likeness published now-a-days."

Grateful for past services, I suffer him to have his own way in this as in a great many other matters. Let no one despise the dog, as he is the only animal who, forsaking his own species, cultivates the friendship of man.

☞ "Mother, who does Pa call you honey?"

"Because, my dear, he loves me!"

"No, Ma, that isn't it."

"What is it then?"

"I know."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, it's because you have so much comb in your head—that's why."

SHOE, scrubbing, horse and white wash brushes, for sale by
W N E WICKES.