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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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THE KENT NEWS.

FRUSTRA, LABAROT, QUI OMNIUS, PLACERE STUDET—"HE LABORS VAINLY, WHO ENDEAVORS TO PLEASE EVERY ONE."

VOL. 12. CHESTER TOWN, MD., SEPTEMBER 20, 1851. NO. 21.

In the Court of Chancery of the State of Delaware, in Kent County.

William Graham and Reuben Newnam vs. *Robert L Pearson.* } Petition for Partition.

And now, to wit, this fifth day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and fifty one, this cause coming before the Chancellor, upon the motion of Nathaniel B. Smithers, Esq., the Complainant's Solicitor, and the writ of summons aforesaid, and the Sheriff's return thereon being seen and examined, and the affidavit of the aforesaid John S Kersey being seen. It is thereupon ordered by the Chancellor, that the aforesaid defendant Robert L. Pearson, appear in this cause on Monday the 22d day of September next.

And it is ordered and directed by Chancellor, that a copy of this order shall be inserted in the Delaware Republican a newspaper published in the City of Wilmington in this State and in the Kent News a newspaper published at Chestertown in Kent county, in the State of Maryland, and shall be continued in said newspapers for the space of three months next after its publication, and also that a copy of said order shall for the same space of time be posted up in the office of the Register of this Court, and at the court house door of this county.

State of Delaware }
Kent Co., L. S. }

I, John A. Moore Register in Chancery, in Kent county aforesaid, do hereby certify that the foregoing order is a true copy of the order in the above cause now of record in said court.

In Testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, at Dover, this seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one.

(SEAL)

JOHN A MOORE,
Reg. in Chan.

June 21, 1851—3m

In the Court of Chancery of the State of Delaware. in Kent County.

William Graham vs. *Sam'l Pearson.* } Bill for Injunction.

And now, to wit, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred, and fifty-one, this cause coming before the Chancellor, upon the motion of Nathaniel B. Smithers, Esq., the Complainant's Solicitor, and the writ of Injunction and Subpoena aforesaid, and the Sheriff return thereon being seen and examined, and affidavit of the aforesaid James Green and John B Britton being seen. It is thereupon ordered by the Chancellor that the aforesaid defendant Samuel F Pearson appear in this cause on Monday the 22d day of September next.

And it is ordered and directed by the Chancellor, that a copy of this order shall within thirty days from this date be inserted in the Delaware Republican, a newspaper published in City of Wilmington in this State, and in the Kent News a newspaper published at Chestertown, in Kent county in the State of Maryland and shall be continued in said newspapers for the space of three months next after its publication—and also that a copy of said order shall within the said thirty days be posted up in the office of the Register of this Court, and at the Court House door of this county.

State of Delaware, }
Kent Co., L. S. }

I, John A. Moore Reg. in Chan. in Kent County aforesaid, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of the order in the above cause now of record in said Court.

In Testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said Court at Dover, this 7th day of June A. D, 1851.

(SEAL)

JOHN A. MOORE,
Reg. in Chan.

June 21, 1851.—3m.

NOTICE.

ALL persons residing in the upper District of Kent County, having claims against the late Samuel Ringgold, decd., are requested to exhibit them to the subscriber. All persons residing elsewhere having claims against said decd, are requested to leave them with George Vickers Esq., at Chester Town, duly proved.

M. A ROSE
Residuary Legatee of
Sam'l. Ringgold decd.,
near George Town X Roads.

Aug. 30, '51.—3w

A CARD.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has on hand and for sale, a large quantity of Jewelry, Watches, &c. &c.

He is prepared to do all kinds of work in the best manner.

LOUIS DUCUMMON.

Chestertown, July 19, 1851.

AUCTION SALES.

Land FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will dispose of at PRIVATE SALE, and deliver possession when required, a portion of her FARM on which she resides, late the property of her deceased Father, Samuel Ringgold, and formerly called the

"Fergerson Farm."

She will sell from

175 to 200 Acres,

lying on the main road leading from Georgetown X Roads to Millington, about equi distant from those places; a good proportion is cleared of Wood leaving a sufficiency of

Timber

for the purpose of enclosure and more

WOOD,

than if sold would **LIME** the Land, independent of a sufficiency for the use of the Farm.

There is a small House upon the premises, and it is supposed it would be an eligible location for a WHEEL WRIGHT and SMITH'S Shops. The land is within two miles of navigable water, and convenient distances from Church, School, Market and Post Office.

THE TERMS

OF SALE, will be a reasonable portion in cash, and the balance on time—the particulars will be more fully stated when called for.

The undersigned will also dispose of another portion of her Farm, containing about

100 ACRES

on the road leading from George Town X Roads to Massey's X Roads—adjoining this is about

150 ACRES

belonging to another person, which it is understood will be disposed of.

TERMS made known on application to

M. A. ROSE
Residuary Devisee of
Sam'l. Ringgold decd.

Kent County, Aug. 30, 1851 } 4t

☞Delaware Journal copy 1 a w. 4 weeks.

FOR PRIVATE SALE.

SHALL be sold at *PRIVATE SALE*, the FARM now in the occupancy of Mr. Samuel Armstrong in Kent County on the road leading from George Town X Roads to Chesterville, it consists of between

3 and 400 Acres,

in a good state of cultivation, and under good fence, about

100 *Acres of*

TIMBER.

The improvements are a large Dwelling with a Brick Kitchen adjoining with all necessary out-Buildings—and a Well of first rate water—it adjoins the lands of Mr. Wm. Gooding and Mr. Joseph Maulsberger, and others.

J. W PALMER,
G. T. ✕ Roads, Kent Co. Md.

Sept. 6. '51.—3w.

LABORATORY OF
THOMSONIAN BOTANIC MEDICINES
Ephraim Larrabee,
No. 24 South Calvert Street.
BALTIMORE.

HAS the largest Botanic Establishment in the United States, and has always on hand the most complete assortment of Pure Botanic Medicines, in bulk, or put up in neat quarter and half pound packages labelled with directions suitable for retailing. Also, the various Extracts, Tinctures, and Essentials Oils, with a full assortment of Botanic Medical Works, Syring, &c., &c.

Sept. 6, 1851.

POETRY.

The Scattered Household.

BY LIZZIE. FOR MY UNCLE.

The dear roof-tree is standing yet,
Of bloom and verdure bare,
An aged couple sit beneath
With thin and snowy hair.
A patriarch leaning on his staff,
That trembles in his hold,
And she, so faithful, at his side,
With heart that grows not old.

They look into the world beyond,
In which they have no part,
Save by those dear remembered ones,
The children of their heart.
They see its changing, shifting scenes—
Its tumoil and its strife—
Yet nought disturbs the peace and calm
Of their pure "inner life."

In years gone by a joyous crowd
Of faces bright and fair
Clustered around that still heathstone
At morn an evening prayer:
Youths with a lip and brow of pride,
And bosoms throbbing high,
And gentle girls, with changing cheek,
And mild and loving eye.

These all are gone on different paths,
Though widely separate ways,
And years have passed since they have met
Where spend their infant days!
Long years have passed and none are now,
As in that happy time,
When sporting in that roof-tree's shade
In life's bright early prime.

The world has ploughed the brow with care,
Where joy had made her throne,
And robbed the cheek of light and smile
Which love had claimed its own;
The dancing step is grave and slow,
As if the mourning heart
Would have the "outward man" to share
Its sad funeral part.

Yet memory still with fondness turns
To that dear native home,
Though through the world, strange and afar,
Their wandering footsteps roam,
She whispers of those aged ones,
With souls so kind and true,
Whose love was in their childhood's day
The dearest joy they knew.

She shows the slow and tottering step,
The bowed and silvered head,
The form so soon in peace to rest
Within the grave's low bed.
She paints that long and holy life,
Their words and deeds so pure,
Their steady patience to perform,
Their firmness to endure.

Then *Hope* points upwards to the clime
Where sorrows never come,
Where toiling children of the earth
May claim an endless home.
There may that scattered household band
Firm and unbroken meet,
Before the white, eternal throne,
In union long and sweet.

MISCELLANEOUS

Electioneering in Mississippi.

One of the greatest electioneerers of the age is a Mr. Daniel *R.* Russell, a candidate for Auditor, in Mississippi. *His* mode of electioneering is to deal with the "sovereigns" with the most blunt frankness—discarding every particle of blarneying humbug. The following sketch of a late speech delivered by him, will be read with interest, if not profit, by the many aspiring individuals in this city, and throughout the State, who are now soliciting the "great people" for their support:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I rise—but there's no use telling you that, you knew that I am up, as well as I do. I am a modest man—very—but I have never lost a picayune by it in my life—being a scarce commodity among candidates, I thought I would mention it, for fear if I didn't you never would hear it.

Candidates are generally considered as *nuisances*, but they are not; they are the politest men in the world, shake you by the hand, ask how's your family, what's the prospects for crops, &c., and I am the politest man there is in the State. Davy Crocket says, the politest man he ever saw, when he asked a man to drink, turned his back so that he might drink as much as he pleased. I beat that all hollow; I give a man a chance to drink twice if he wishes, for I not only turn around, *but shut my eyes.* I am not only the politest man but the best electioneerer—you ought to see me shaking hands with the variations; the pump handle, and pendulum, the cross cut, and wiggle-waggle; I understand the science perfectly, and if any of the candidates wish instructions, they may call on me.

Fellow-citizens, I was born—if I hadn't been I wouldn't have been a candidate, but I am going to tell you where—'twas not in Mississippi, but 'twas on the right side of the nogro line; yet that's no compliment, as the negro are mostly borne on the same side. I started in the world a poor as a church-mouse, yet I came honestly by my poverty, for I inherited it, and if I did start poor, no man can't say but that I have held my own remarkably well

Candidates generally tell you—if you think they are qualified, &c. Now, I don't ask your thoughts, I ask your votes. Why, there's nothing to think of, except to watch and see that Swan's name is not on your ticket; if so, *think* to scratch it off and put mine on. I am certain that I am competent, for who ought to know better than I do?—nobody. I will allow that Swan is the best Auditor in the State, that is, till I am elected—then perhaps it's not proper for me to say anything more. Yet as an honest man, I am bound to say that I believe its a grevious sin to hide any thing from my fellow-citizens, therefore, I say that it's my private opinion, publicly expressed, that I will make the best Auditor even in the United Stantss.

'Tis not for honor I wish to be Auditor, for in my own county I was offered an office that was all honor—Coroner; which I respectfully declined. The Auditor's office is worth some $5,000 a year, and I am in for it like a housand of bricks. To show my goodness of heart, I'll make this offer to my competitor. I am sure of being elected, and he will lose something by the canvass—therefore I am willing to divide equally with him, and make these to offers I'll take the salary, and he may have the honor, or he may take the honor, and I'll take the salary.

In the way of honor I have received enough to satisfy me for life. I went out to Mexico, eat pork and beans—slept in the rain and mud, and swallowed everything except live Mexicans. When I was ordered to 'an,' I went. 'Charge,' I charged. 'And break for the chapparal,' you had better believe I beat a quarter nag in doing my duty.

My competitor, Swan, is a bird of golden plumage, who has been swimming for the last four years in the Auditor's pond, at $5 000 a year. I am for rotation. I want to rotate him out, and to rotate myself in. There's plenty of room for him to swim outside of the pond—therefore *pop* in your votes me—I'll *pop* him out, and *pop* myself in.

I am for a division of labor. Swan says he has to work all the time with his nose down upon the public grindstone. Four years must have ground it to a *pint.* Poor fellow, the public ought not to insist on having the handle of his mug ground *clean off.* I have a large, full-grown and well-blown nose, red as a beet and tough as sole-leather. I rush to the post of duty I offer it up as a sacrifice. I clap it on the grindstone. Fellow-citizens, grind away—grind till I *holler enough*, and that'll be some time first for I'll hang like grim death to a dead African.

Time's most out. Well I like to forgot to tell you my name. Its Daniel, for short Dan. Not a handsome name, for my parents were poor people, who lived where the quality appropriated all the nice names, therefore they had to take what was left and divide around among us—but it's handsome as I am —— D Russel. Remember every one of you it is not Swan.

I am sure to be elected, so one and all, great and small, short and tall, when you come down to Jackson, after the election—stop at the Auditor's office—the latch string always hangs out—enter without knocking—take off your things and make yourself at home.

[Dan crawfished out of the stand, bobbing his head like a tip-up, amid the cheers for "Dan," ["A D—n Russell," and "Young Davy Crocket."]

Counsel—"My lad, do you understand the obligatinns of an oath?"

Boy—"Yes sir, I do."

Counsel—"What is that obligation"

Boy—"To speak the truth and keep nothing hid"

Counsel—"Where did you learn this, my lad?"

Boy—"From my *mother*, sir," replied the lad with a look of pride which showed how much he esteemed the early moral principles implanted in his breast, by her to whom was committed his physical and moral existence. How truly has it been said, "that bread cast upon the waters, will return after many days!"

This answer caused a thrill of joy to animate the bosoms of the auditory, and every face was lighted up with satisfaction. The lad was instantly admitted to testify.

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Father," exclaimed the hopeful son and heir a gentleman of our acquaintance, on Friday last, while the latter was congratulating the youth upon his smartness in his scholastic studies—the youngster having attained eight years of age—"Father, I'm an American, aint I?"

"Yes, my boy, you are," responded the delighted parent.

"Well, father, you aint, are you?"

"Not by birth, my son"

"Well, then," exclaimed Young America, in a thoughtful manner, "when I grow up to be a man, I will be able to *lick two like you*—won't I?"

Conundrum.—Why is a restless man in bed like a dishonest lawyer? Because he *lies* on all sides.

THE CHRISTIANA OUTRAGE.

Latest Intelligence.

United States Forces Ordered to Lancaster County—Arrests—Great Excitement.

We continue to receive, from various sources, further intelligence from the scene of the recent murderous riot and outrage in Lancaster county, Pa., resulting in the death of Mr. Edward Gorsuch, and the serious wounding and maiming of other respectable citizens of Maryland, which however, it will be seen, varies somewhat in its details from previous accounts:

The Philadelphia Bulletin, of Saturday afternoon, learns by a telegraph despatch to Wm B Reed, Esq. District Attorney of Philadelphia county, that J. L. Thoupton, Esq., District Attorney of Lancaster county, proceeded to the scene of the murder and riot, resulting in the death of Mr. Gorsuch, and returned to Lancaster city on Friday morning at two o'clock, having in custody eleven prisoners, charged with participating in the outrage. The prisoners are composed of nine blacks and two whites. The names of the latter are Elijah Castnor and Lewis Hannaway. They were committed to Lancaster jail

On Sunday morning the U S Marshall, Mr. Roberts, the U. S. District Attorney, Mr. Ashmead, and a special U S Commissioner from Washington city, left Philadelphia in the cars for Christiana, for the purpose of making a through investigation of the high-handed affair, and arresting all suspected parties. These officers, with a view of properly enforcing their authority, were accompanied by a company of U S. marines from the Philadelphia Navy Yard and a detail of fifty of Marshal Keyser's police. It was the intention of Marshal Roberts to scour the neighborhood and bring to justice all the guilty ones.

The Bulletin is informed by several gentlemen who came passengers in the one o'clock train from the west on Saturday afternoon, that the greatest excitement prevailed throughout Lancaster county. The negroes were fleeting in every direction.

The State and local authorities who have taken the lead in the matter, have acted in the promptest manner. The United States, authorities have also exhibited the most praiseworthy promptness in maintaining the law, and ferretting on, those who have so boldly resisted its execution.

The officers of the Marshall's police, who went up were under an opinion of Mr. Reed, deputized to act as United States Deputy Marshals. Judges Grier and Kane have decided the offences of the rioters to be treason against the United States. Suspicion rests upon some 15 or 20 individuals.

In addition to the above, we learn by the cars which left Columbia yesterday at noon that young Dickinson Gorsuch was not only still living, but that strong hopes are entertained yesterday morning of his ultimate recovery. *He* is wounded in the shoulder, and was seriously beaten and bruised. It was also stated that the whole number charged with participating in the outrage arrested was thirty-three, and it was rumored that the two runaway negroes, belonging to Mr. Gorsuch, who fired the first shots, are among those arrested. Along the whole line of the railroad in Baltimore county the greatest excitement prevails, and at every station along the road crowds were assembled yesterday to obtain the latest information from Christiana. We also learn that a meeting of our citizens assembled at Towsontown, in Baltimore County, on Saturday, and passed resolutions relative to the subject.

Joshua Gorsuch and Mr Pierce were beaten and bruised, but received no gun shot wounds, and have returned home.

The funeral of Mr Edward Gorsuch took place on Friday, and was largely attended, as few gentlemen in the county were more universally esteemed and respected.

The special Commissioner from Washington, sent to the scene of the riot, is named Jones. He is instructed to make a strict official investigation into the circumstances connected with the bloody affair, all who participated in the riot being regarded as in the attitude of levying war against the United States.

The Columbia (Pa) Spy, of Saturday, has the following authentic particulars:—

One of the most dreadful occurrences we have ever been called upon to record, took place near Christiana, in this county on Thursday morning last. Mr Edward Gorsuch, a respectable citizen of Baltimore county, Md., accompanied by his son, three nephews, a deputy marshall and others, repaired to Penningtonville, Chester county, to arrest two fugitive slaves named Pickney and Parker, (of which Mr. G. was the owner.) who were living near Christiana. Early on Thursday morning they proceeded to the house where the slaves resided, and a tempted to arrest them—the marshal in the presence of a white man living in the neighborhood, having first read his authority to do so.

The slaves were advised to surrender, but refused, and, whilst the owner and his party were attempting to secure them, about one hundred negroes gathered, who at once commenced an attack on the whites—incited, it is believed, by the white persons in whose presence the Marshal read his authority to arrest the slaves. In the melee which ensued, Mr G. was knocked down with a club, and whilst in the act of falling was shot by one of the slaves, the load entering the right lung and proving fatal almost instantaneously. His body was afterwards robbed of about $400 in money and a gold watch. The son, on witnessing the fate of his father, discharged a pistol at one of the party, which it is supposed struck him in the arm or the posterior. The negroes afterward attacked him, and beat him very badly. He also would no doubt have been killed, (as we are informed by one of the nephews,) had not a white man and a negro interposed—the former of whom cried "for God's sake don't hurt him more, he is dying now," and the latter got over the body and protected it. *He* is now lying at Christiana, very much injured, though his wounds will not, it is thought, prove fatal

In the fight two of the nephews were also injured, one of them having received a shot through the right arm. The Deputy Marshal is said to have showed a want of nerve to discharge his duty.

The whole party dispersed shortly after the occurence, leaving the body of Mr. G. where it fell, and where it was afterwards found.

The affair has created the most intense excitement—and the conduct of the persons who instigated the colored people to the course they have pursued, is universally condemned, in terms of no very measured kind. Upon them rests the responsibility of the blood that has been shed, and to the law they will be responsible.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept 14. 10 P. M.—The officers of the United States, composed of the United States Marshal, District Attorney Ashmede, and Commissioner Graham, who went up yesterday to investigate, at Christiana, Lancaster county, Pa., in reference to the recent terrible outrage perpetrated there by the negroes, have thus far made twenty-four arrests, besides the thirteen previously arrested. The officers were accompanied by about forty other gentlemen. Those arrested were mostly colored persons. Several guns, dirks, &c., were found; some of the guns heavily loaded.

Much excitement prevails. Young Gorsuch was still alive at the last accounts, though but little hope was entertained of his recovery. It appears, from the testimony, that about 100 colored persons were engaged in the riot, who were more or less implicated in the resistance. The firing commenced from the house after blowing a horn, and a large number came up, mostly armed.

The evidence is very strong against some of the prisoners.

Joseph Scarlet, a white man, William Brown, colored, have been committed on the charge of high treason. Several prisoners were subsequently released, and others detained for further investigation.

SECOND DISPATCH

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14, 10½ P. M.—The officers have just returned from Lancaster county, having in custody ten of the party arrested—seven of whom were committed to prison on a charge of treason.—Three are detained as witnesses. They are all colored except Joseph Scarlet. A great crowd of negroes was at the depot when they arrived, but no disturbance took place. The prisoners were marched off to prison, guarded by the U.S. Marines

WON IN A RAFFLE.—A correspondent of the Louisville Journal tells a pretty good story of a negro raffle which came off soon where in Mississippi. The owner of a black boy named Bill put him to be raffled for. A bystander bought a chance and gave it to the negro, who thew the highest, won himself, and put himself up again at $600 His old master threw high, but Bill tied him, and in throwing off, Bill lost, and went home quite contented with $590 in his pocket. The Tribune copies the story, so we suppose it is all right. The fact that Bill, after winning his freedom, put himself up to be raffled for a second time is a forcible illustration of the "horrors of slavery."

PADDY'S BOOTS.—A green sprig from the Emerald Isle entered a boot and shoe shop to purchase himself a pair of brogues. After overhauling his 'stock in-trade,' without being able to suit his customer, the shopkeeper hinted that he would make him a pair to order. The price was named, the Irishman demurred, but after a beating down, the thing was "a trade."—Paddy wae about leaving the shop, when the other called after him, asking, "But what *size* shall I make them sir?" "Och," cried Paddy, promply, "never mind about about the size at all: *make them as large as you conveniently can for the money.*"

☞A native of "Down East" describing with characteristed exageration, the remarkable properties of guano, as a promoter of vegetation, said that a few hours after planting cucumber seed, the dirt began to fly, the vines came up like a streak, and although he started off at the top of his speed, the vines overtook him and covered him—and taking out his knife to cut the plaguy things, he found a large cucumber gone to seed in one of his pockets!

"*Have* you seen the new American coin, three pieces making a dollar?"

"No, there is no such coin,"

"Bet the liquor for the crowd there is,"

"Done show us the coin."

"Here it is" (producing two American quarters and a half dollar.)

"I'm sold, what'll you drink?"

☞Muggins says that rogues ought to be well paid: it gives a fellow so much trouble. He once cheated a man in a horse trade, he says, and was in law about it afterwards for over fourteen years. Unless you have got lots of patience, therefore, never set up for a rascal

You look rather flat, as the tea-kettle said to a pancake. I would take that as insult, said the pancake, but I am aware that you have been steaming it.