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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra, laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet---"He labours vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

VOL. 14. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1853. NO. 19.

A Valuable Farm
IN MARYLAND AT
PRIVATE SALE.

THE undersigned being remotely situated from his Farm in Kent county, Maryland, offers the same for sale It lies at the head waters of Still Pond Creek, within 7 miles of Chester Town, the county seat—within 3 miles of Still Pond X Roads, a thriving village—and within one mile and a half of a large public Granary and Wharf, located on the banks of the said creek.

The Farm contains about

280 ACRES OF LAND

nearly—220 acres of which are arable—and the balance well set in wood and timber, such as *Hickory, Oak, Pine and Poplar* with a large supply of *Cedar and Chesnut Timber*, more than sufficient for the use of the farm.

The soil is of red clay and of fair quality, and is susceptible of the highest improvement; the farm also possesses great resources for enriching the land, from two large meadow branches which run parallel to each other on its Eastern and Western boarders, and which furnish water during the entire year to each field. There is also near the house a large Apple Orchard, which yields an abundant supply of fine fruit; and also a sufficient number of choice Peach, Plum and Cherry Trees, standing near the door.

The buildings consist of a large HIP-ROOFED LOG HOUSE, the interior of which is in bad repair, but the exterior has recently been roofed and weatherboarded. It has three rooms above, and two rooms and a very dry cellar below stairs. There is also attached to the house a new frame Kitchen of convenient size—and on the premises, are two corn houses, a smoke house and a stable, with several negroe dwellings on remote parts of the farm.

A delightful spring of water stands near the house. The situation is high, airy and level, and remarkable for its healthiness. Within one-fourth of a mile is a good Grist Mill, the pond of which washes the northern borders of the farm. A Saw Mill also is in operation within two mile of the place. Near the outer gate of the farm there is also a flourishing District School under excellent management; also a Quaker and Methodist Church; and at Still Pond X Roads, about three miles distant, there is a wealthy Methodist Congregation which commands the services of the most talented Ministers belonging to that denomination of Christians.

The Shrewsbury (Protestant Episcopal) Church may be also reached by a five-mile drive, and the neighborhood is in all respects a good one.

The land has been rented out for nearly twenty years, and has accordingly been much neglected but in the hands of an energetic, practical farmer may be made in a short time the most desirable place in its vicinity.

The Terms of sale will be made easy. Possession will be given on the 1st of January next; and all applications concerning the same can be made to E. E. Miller, Esqr, Georgetown X Roads, Kent Co., Md., to John B. Armstrong, Esq, Chester Town, to Arthur J. Wallis, Urieville, Kent Co., Md., or to the owner,

G. W. P. SMITH,
Snow Hill, Worcester Co., Md.

P. S.—Persons wishing to examine the premises may apply to either of the gentlemen named above, who will take pleasure in showing the same, and in giving the particulars in reference to the terms. G. W. P. S.

Aug. 20, 1853.—tf.

TAVERN PROPERTY IN CHESTERTOWN
FOR SALE.

THE undersigned as agent, offers at private sale the desirable *TAVERN PROPERTY* now occupied by Mr. Thomas Lusby.

This is considered the best Tavern Stand in the Town. It is situated in the most business part of the Town, nearly opposite the Court House. Apply to

JOS. WICKES.

Chester Town June 18th, 1853.

N. B.—The undersigned offers at private sale several Dwelling Houses in Chester Town some of them suitable for small Families. The terms will be accommodating. Apply to

JOS. WICKES.

June 18, 1853.

Threshing Machines.

I HAVE on hand and for sale, one Urmy double-geared HORSE POWER, with THRESHER, BAND, &c., complete. I have also 2 THRESHERS seperate, which I offer to the public on accommodating terms.

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, Md.
July, 16, 1853.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

THE Public are notified that my Books as Collector are now in sufficient readiness to enable me to receive Taxes for the present year. It is as important to those having claims against the county, as it is desirable to me, as a public officer, that public dues should be promptly paid. It is also the the interest of all debtors, that speedy paymet be made, as they not only avoid the tax of interest on their accounts but actually secure a deduction or discount on the State Tax. If paid by the 1st of September, the discount is five per centum—by the first of October, four per centum, and by the first of November, three per centum. No discount after the last period named.

The Law is very strict and onerous on the Collector. He is subjected to a Tax of 6 per cent. after a certain period and to a larger one afterwards. He is required to make quarterly payments, and is subjected to penalties on all sides for the non performance of duty. Under these circumstances, indulgencies cannot be given or expected. To facilitate the collections, I have procured the services of three gentlemen who will attend to the collections in the several election districts, viz:—John N. McDaniel, Esq, of the first or Lower District—Charles T. Lusby, Esq., for the second or Middle District, and John T. Hurtt, Esq., for the third or Upper District. These gentlemen are invested with full authority to make collections, and to enforce the same by all the power the Law vests in the Collector, without reference to me. I cannot in any any case interfere with their lawful proceedings. They are bound to me for a strict performance of duty, and as I shall hold them to the punctual and faithful discharge that duty I have armed them with all the power I possess to aid in their fulfillment.

It will be a source of pleasure to me to find that in no case will coercive measures be necessary, but that full and prompt payments will characterize the collections of the present year.

JAMES MANSFIELD,
Collector Kent Co.

N. B.—Officers Fees will also be collected with Taxes. J. M. Col.

July 23, 1853.—8w.

Caulk's Field Farm
FOR SALE.

THE present owner, intending to remove to the Western Shore, will dispose, at private sale, of Caulk's Field Farm. This estate is situated in the lower district of Kent county, Maryland, and contains from **330 to 360 ACRES,--60** of which are in fine

WOOD
AND TIMBER.

The soil naturally good, has been enriched by the application of lime and other manures. The improvements consist of a large two-story BRICK DWELLING AND KITCHEN, with fine dry cellars beneath, a large Barn and Granary, Stabling for ten horses, with Carriage house annexed, and other Out-Houses, necessary to comfort and convenience. There is also a pump of delightful water in the yard. It contains an ORCHARD of the finest fruit trees of all kinds, in full bearing.

The farm is beautifully laid out in 5 fields, under excellent fencing, Churches, Schools, Mills, Stores, a Landing and a Blacksmith Shop are all within a convenient distance. The situation is fine, the neighborhood rapidly improving and very healthy. In short it has everything to constitute it one of the most desirable farms in the State. Terms liberal

If not sold before 1st September, the place will be rented for the year 1854.

Apply either to Mr. JOHN W. JONES upon the premises—who will take pleasure in showing the place to those desirous of an inspection—or to

J. LEEDS BARROLL, Agent,
Chester Town, Md.

July 16, 1853.

☞Del. Republican copy law 3w & send bill to this office.

For Rent.

THE subscriber will lease for the ensuing three years the FARM called the "McDowell Farm" situated in the Upper District, and now in the occupancy of Mr. John Young. A married man with laborers will be prefered. It has been heavily limed and is a desirable situation. CORNELIUS J. SCOTT.

George Town X Roads,
August 20, 1853.—3w

MACHINE OIL, at 87½ cents, by WILMER & WALKER.

July 23, 1853.

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1,50, payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2,50 at the end of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements not exceeding twelve 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. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications must be post-paid.

POETRY.

LILLY DALE.

'Twas a calm still night,
And the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
When friends, mute with grief,
Stood around the death-bed
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly dear Lilly Dale,
Now the wild rose blossoms
O'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

Her cheeks that once glowed
With the rose tint of health,
By the hand of disease had turned pale;
And the death damp was on
The pure white brow
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

"I go," she said,
"To the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail
I must tell you where
Near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

"'Neath the chesnut tree,
Where the wild flowers grew,
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale;
Where the birds shall warble
Their songs in spring.
There lay poor Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

THIS WORLD.

BY TOM MOORE.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark, and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we would love to stay;
But time plies swift his flying oar,
And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We raise our awnings 'gainst the shower;
Sit closer 'ill the storm is gone,
And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
But happy, while 'tis mine and thine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall
Down which life's currents all must go—
The dark, the brilliant; destined all
To sink into the void below.
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,
If, side by side, still fond we keep,
And calmly in each other's arms
Together linked, go down the steep.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Georgia Judge's Decision;
OR,
GETTING 'TIGHT' ON BAD LIQUOR.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was yet in infancy, an excentric creature named Young, was one of its Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession; but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the courts, to get "comfortably corned," by means of appliance upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year Taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old fashioned, but strong "carry-all," he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where "court" was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his "better-half," by whom the presence of the official dignitary was considered a singular honor. After supper, Judge Young strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many friends called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "tis quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a drink all around. Of course Sterritt, (addressing the landlord,) you have better liquor now than you had the last time we were here?—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog."

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight, the Judge wended his very *dubious* way towards his temporary abode. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a practical joke, and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was 8 o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstersion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his rooms to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she reproachfully "you are getting to old: you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly—what's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge, having put on his over coat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable, he exclaimed—

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth's the matter, Judge!"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me, where d'ye get them?"

"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?" Extending them towards her—"I stole them."

"Stole them, Judge?"

"Yes, stole them."

"My dear husband, it can't be possible! From whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there—his name is on them."

"Good heavens! how could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly, I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers!"

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes *you was.*"

"Was I *remarkably* drunk when I got home, Mr. Young?"

"Yes Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge: dropping into a chair in extreme despondency; I knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody, in a moment of passion perhaps; but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny."

"But there may be some mistake, Judge?"

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!"—and the old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears; "go like a man over to Sterritt—tell him it was a little bit of a frolic—pass it off as a joke—go and open court and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of he soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was fully subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course he had but little difficulty in settling with him—for, aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in court; but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterised his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the court was drawing to a close, when, one morning, a rough-looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the usual question:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, *but drunk*," answered the prisoner.

"What's the plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is hey? and he pleads—"

"He pleads guilty, *but drunk.*"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! that is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none no where else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. *I got drunk on it the other day and stole all of Sterritt's spoons.* Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. I adjourn the court."

The Runaway's Return.

Well, here am I, after my night's walk, once more in the village where I was born. The sun is up now and shining brightly. Things appear the same, and yet different. How is it? There was a big tree used to stand at the corner: and where is Carver's cottage?

Three days ago I landed at Portsmouth. It was my birthday. For ten long years I have been sailing about on the sea, and wandering about on land. How things come over me! I am a man now; but for that, I could sit down and cry like a child.

It seems but yesterday since I ran away from home. It was the worse day's work that ever I did. I got up in the morning at sunrise, while my father and mother were sleep. Many and many a time had I been unkind to my dear mother and undutiful to my father, and the day before he told me how wrong it was. He spoke kindly and in sorrow, but my pride would not hear it. I thought I would leave heme. What is it that makes me tremble so now?

My father coughed as I crept along by his door, and I thought that I heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment, with my little bundle in my hand, holding my breath. He coughed again. I have seem to hear that cough in every part of the world.

When I had unlocked the door my heart failed me; for my sister had kissed me over night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning—I knew what it was,—she had been knitting me a pair of garters to give me on my birthday. I turned back, opened the door of her little room, and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bed clothes, and I was afraid it would wake her. Half blinded I groped down stairs.

Just as I had gently closed the door, the casement rattled above my head. I looked up and there was my mother. She spoke to me and when I did not answer, she cried out loud to me. That cry rang in my ears ever since; aye in my very dreams!

As I hurried away, I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he murdered his brother. My father mother, and my sister had been kind to me. I had been unkind to them;—and in leaving thus, I felt as if I was murdering them all.

Had I been a robber, I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for? I was a robber! I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing that from them that the whole world could not made up to them; yet on I went. Oh that I could bring back that hour.

The hills looks as purple as they did when I used to climb up to them. The rooks are cawing among the elms by the church. I wonder if they are the same rooks? There's a shivering comes over me as I get nearer home. Home! I feel that there is no home for me.

Here is the corner of the hedge, and the old seat; but my father is not in it. There is the patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it. And yonder is the bed room window: my mother is not looking out of it now. That cry! that cry!

I see how it is. There are none of them here, or things would not look as they do. Father would not let the weeds grow in this fashion, nor the thatch fall; and my mother and sister never stuffed that straw through the broken panes.

I'll rap at the door anyhow. How hollow it sounds. Nobody stirs. All is as silent as the grave. I'll peep in at the window. Its an empty house, that's clear. Ten long years! How could I expect it to be otherwise? I can bear hunger and thirst, but I can't bear this!

The elderberry is in blossom as it was when I ran away; and the woodbine is as fresh as ever, running up to the window that my mother opened to call after me. I could call after her now, loud enough to be heard a mile, if I thought she could hear me.

It's no use stopping here. I'll cross the church yard, and see if the clerk lives where he did; but he wouldn't know me. My cheek was like the rose when I went away; but the sun has made it of another color. This is a new gate. How narrow the path is between the graves! The old sun dial I see it standing there yet.

The last time I was in that church, my father was with me, and the text was: 'My son, hear the instructions of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.' Oh, what a curse we bring upon us when we despise God's Holy Word!

My uncles lies under the yaw tree there, and he had a grave stone. Here it is. It's written all over now, quite to the bottom: 'In memory of Humphrey Haycroft.' But what is the name under? 'Walter Haycroft.' My father! my father! 'And Mary, his wife.' Oh! my mother! and are you both gone; God's hands is heavy upon me! I feel it in my heart and soul!

And there's another name yet, and its freshly cut. 'Esther Haycroft, their daughter, aged 21.' My father! my mother! and my sister! Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked? I deserved it. What is the world to me now! I feel, bitterly feel, the sin of disobedience, the words to me now! 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.'

But yet I recollect how my dear father and mother used to point me to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. 'There is no refuge beside,' said my mother; 'Christ is able and willing to save.' I paid but little attention to these words once. Oh! may I never forget them now!

TOUCHING CASE OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—A touching case, illustrative of conjugal love, occurred at Memphis, Tenn., a few days since. A man and his wife were coming up the river, when the husband took sick and was supposed to have died. When they arrived at that city, the wife had a coffin purchased, and her husband deposited in that last home of the dead. Just before the moment of closing the coffin, however, and final interment of the deceased, the bereaved and agonized wife insisted upon once more looking upon and embracing the cold remains of the deceased partner of her bosom. Whether it was her warm embrace or returning consciousness, certain it is that the supposed corpse suddenly evinced signs of life, and the proper restoratives being applied, within twenty four hours the invalid was enabled to proceed on his journey, every prospect of a speedy recovery, owing his life to the untiring devotion and love of his true and faithful wife.

THE TOMB OF MR. WEBSTER.—With in a few days a marble block has been placed in front of the tomb if Mr. Webster at Marshfield, which bears the following inscription:

DANIEL WEBSTER;
BORN JAN. 18, 1782.
DIED OCT. 14, 1852.

Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.

Philosophical argument, especially ly that drawn from the vastness of the Universe, in comparison with the apparent insignificence of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassered me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production.—This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it. DANIEL WEBSTER.

BORN AT THE RATE OF THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.—On Wednesday night, an immigrant Irish woman gave birth to a fine child on board of the through immigrant train between New York and Albany. The conductor, Mr. Marran, on learning of this unexpected addition to the number of passengers, had a bed made for the poor woman on the seats of one of the first class cars. When they arrived in Albany, the mother and child were doing well. This infant ought to be a thorough going "progressive."

DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.—The outstanding funded debt of the United States amounts to $33,131,697. This amount includes the $5,000,000 promised to Texas not yet issued, as well as $5,000,000 of like debt already issued,