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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 24, 1853. NO. 21.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE

WE, the undersigned Commissioners, appointed by the Circuit Court for Kent county, to value and divide the Real Estate of Edward Hartly, late of the said county, deceased; by virtue of an order of said Court, bearing date on or about the 18th day of April, 1853, will offer at public sale on

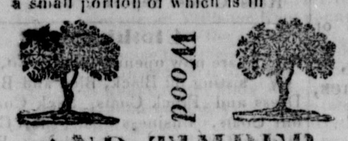
TUESDAY,

the 27th day of September, 1853, at the Hotel occupied by John McDaniel, Esq, in Chestertown, Kent county, Maryland all the Real Estate of the said Edward Hartly, situate in that county, directly on the public road leading from Chestertown to Georgetown X Roads, adjoining the lands of Wm. Kennedy and others; which we have divided into two unequal parts or divisions, as distinguished in our plot and returned by the Nos. 1 and 2.

No 1 contains

167½ Acres of Land,

a small portion of which is in



WOOD

AND TIMBER.

There is also a rich alluvial bottom of about FIFTEEN ACRES, which with small expense may be made highly valuable as grass or meadow land. The soil is naturally generous, but somewhat now reduced, yet in a short time, and at comparatively small expense, it may be made highly productive by the application of lime and guano. There are no improvements on this division other than a small TENEMENT, and some fencing. It will be sold clear of all incumbrance.

No. 2 contains

195¼ Acres OF LAND.

The soil is of the same character as that of No 1, but is in a much better state of cultivation and improvement, a part of it having been recently limed. In a portion of this division we laid off and located the widow's dower, giving her about 100 acres of land, and a part of the improvements hereinafter mentioned;—all which we will more fully explain on the day of sale. This part of said real estate we will sell subject to the dower therein located.

The improvements on division No. 2 are a two-story FRAME



DWELLING HOUSE, Kitchen, Granary, and the other usual out buildings, all nearly new, and in a good state of repair. The fencing is tolerably good. On this division there is also a small quantity of fire wood. Each division is about 4 miles from the public landing on Turner's Creek.

The Terms

OF SALE, prescribed in said order, are as follows:—One hundred and fifty dollars of the purchase money of one of the parcels or divisions of said estate, to be paid in cash on the day of sale; the residue of the purchase money to be secured by the bond or bonds of the purchaser or purchasers to the respective heirs for their respective portions of said estate, to be approved by the Commissioners, or a majority of them: the bonds to the heirs of age to be made payable in six and twelve months from the day of sale, and the bonds to the heirs under age to be made payable as to the principal on the arrival of each heir at the age of 21 years; and the interest to be paid annually from the day of sale.

Sale will commence at 11 o'clock A. M.

DANIEL JONES,
JAMES GALE,
JOHN WILSON,
JOS. M. CARROW,
JAMES WEER,
Commissioners.

September 3, 1853.—tds

Friends and Strangers.

PLEASE call on the subscriber when you wish to purchase good ready made CLOTHING. HATS and CAPS at low prices.

JOHN RUSSELL.

May 14, 1853.

PLOUGHS & CASTINGS.



T. W. Ellason keeps a good supply of ploughs made in the best manner, and of New York castings, for sale at his usual low prices

Mar. 19, 1853.

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned having purchased for the benefit of the heirs at law of Wm. H. Tilden, son of John H. Tilden, late of Kent county, deceased, of Geo. W. Spencer former collector, all that Tract or parcel of land called a part of "Tower Hill," "Arcadia" and "Ringgolds Fortune" situated in the 1st Election District of Kent County, on the public road leading from St. Pauls church to the Bay-side, containing

120 Acres of Land,

more or less;—will offer the same at public sale on

TUESDAY,

the 27th day September, 1853, at John McDaniel's Hotel, in Chester Town, at 12 o'clock M.

The location of his property is highly desirable, being very convenient to grist and saw mills, Blacksmith and Cartwright shops, to a public school and places of public worship, and is not farther than 2½ miles from a public landing.

The soil is reduced, but being naturally kind, may be highly improved with little expense by the use of lime and guano. The improvements



are a frame DWELLING HOUSE Kuchen and some out buildings.

The Terms of Sale are as follows: Fifty Dollars to be paid in cash on the day of sale the balance of the purchase money to be paid in three equal instalments of six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale. The purchaser will be required to give a bond with security approved by the undersigned, when the whole purchase money is paid; the undersigned will convey to the purchaser the title he holds under the deed of the former collector aforesaid.

RICHARD HYNSON.

Sept. 3 1853.

NOT TO BE EXCELLED!

THE

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THE MOST SUPERB AND ELEGANT WEEKLY JOURNAL PUBLISHED ON THE GLOBE!

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Nothing will be admitted into the columns of the Banner of a demoralzing nature; and it will ever be the study of its present editor to support right principles; without clinging to bigotry or popular superstition in what shape or form they may assume. The chief aim will be to make it an instructive, entertaining and agreeable

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To the Family Circle. Every number of the Banner will contain a large amount of sterling original matter, from some of the most talented authors in the Union, consisting of Romances, Novelletts, Biographies, Historical Sketches, Poetry, Wit, Anecdotes, Humor, General Inteligence, Literary Notices, Amusements, Correspondence at Home and Abroad, Choice Selections, &c.

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Persons writing to be on business requiring an answer, will remember they can save money by enclosing a post-office stamp, the postage being five cents.

T. R. TRIPP,
Proprietor, Boston, Mass.

Aug. 27, 1853.

Seed Wheat for Sale.

THE undersigned has for sale a large quantity of Gale and Alabama Seed Wheat, a prime article. Apply to

DAN'L COLLINS, Agent;
or SAM'L E. BAKER.

Sept. 3. 1853.

A Card.

DR. WM. H. LASSELL,

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Kent county. He may be found at the office of Wm. S. Lassell, Esq, Chester Town.

March 26, 1853.—tf

JOS. N. GORDON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
No. 9 Bowley's Wharf,
BALTIMORE.

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.

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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.

The Grave of Lilly Dale.

We smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair,
And folded her hands on her breast,
And laid her at eve in the valley so fair,
Mid the blossoms of summer to rest;
Oh rest, Lilly, rest, no care can assail,
For green grows the turf
O'er the tear-moistened grave
Of the fairest flower of the vale.

She sleeps 'neath the spot she had marked for repose,
Where flowers soonest blossom in spring,
And zephyrs first breathe the perfumes of the rose,
And the birds come at evening to sing,
Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

The wide spreading bows of the old chestnut tree,
Bend low o'er the place where she lies,
There eve's purple beams longest glow on the lea,
And the moon drink the dews as they rise.
Oh rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

Alone where the brook murmurs soft on the air,
She sleeps with the turf on her breast,
As we laid her at eve in the valley so fair,
'Mid the blossoms of summer to rest.
Oh rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SATAN IN COUNCIL.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY 'L'INCONNU.'

"*I have used similitudes.*"—HOSEA.

Once upon a time, far back in the remote past, Satan, the "Prince of the Power of the Air," called a council in Pandemonium. Lucifer himself, was seated upon a throne of splendor, wearing upon his brows a diadem of living fire, while, from the gems with which it was encrusted, flashed intolerable radiance. Myriads upon myriads of fallen spirits, rank upon rank of Principalities and Powers, and of those angels "which kept not their first estate," thronged to the hall of audience. Silent they sat in that illimitable hall, which sulphureous flames lighted up, while the lurid smoke hung like a canopy over the scene.

Then up rose Satan; born to rule, who 'dwelt like a star apart," matchless in evil as in power, and thus spake:

Princes and Potentates, who do my bidding, and who best serve me when most ye thwart the Almighty, listen! Ye know that we have tried our subtlest wiles upon the race of men. But so hedged in are they by holy influences, and watched over by good angels sent from above, that we can scarcely destroy a single soul. Therefore, most noble chiefs, have I called you together, to take counsel of your wisdom how we may best ruin mankind while they dwell upon the earth, and most surely afterwards bring them to this pit of woe. Speak ye, each his mind, and to him who shall give wisest counsel, and offer strongest means to effect this, our royal purpose, I will give the dominion of the earth and a seat at my right hand forever.

Thus spake the fiend, and hell, to its inmost centre, resounded with applause.

Then up rose Moloch, "horrid king, besmeared with blood of human sacrifice," and spake: "Oh chief of many throned powers, that led the embattled seraphim to war," I claim the offered prize. I am the spirit of cruelty. I hardened the heart of the first murderer. Give me dominion over the earth. I will sharpen the assassin's knife; I will bring the rack, the wheel, the fire of persecution, upon man. I will change man into a pirate and a robber, and bid millions to rot in dungeons and in chains. I will bring war upon the earth, and amid the smoke of burning cities, will teach men to rend each other like wild beasts, till continents shall reek with midnight massacre. I will call men together by hundreds and housands, to gash each other with horrid wounds, and will make them devilish engines, that in a second shall blow whole squadrons into the air. Then shall they come, oh master, shrieking from the red battle-field, to people thy dark dominions.

Scarcely 'mid-applause, had the fierce Moloch ended his speech, when Belial arose; the fairest seeming, but withal, the subtlest of the fallen potentates—Graceful in form and movement, and of most persuasive aspect,—eloquent in speech;

——"To make the worse appear
The better reason; and perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low,
To vice industrious, but to noble deeds
Timorous and slothful—yet he pleased the ear"

And thus he spake: Let me, the spirit of Discord, rule the Earth, for without me, war could never be. I will spread all false reports, and set every man against his neighbor and darken the counsels of the nations, till anarchy, and confusion, and hatred shall arise and fill the whole earth. I will point the tongue of the slanderer as a serpent's tooth, and set his heart on fire of hell! I will be the author of all evil counsels, and false witnessings, and fraud and secret malignity; till even good men, persecuted and torn, shall doubt and deny that Jehovah reigns, and die blaspheming, to come and dwell forever with the damned. Let the dominion of the Earth be mine, O Master, and thy realms shall be peopled with the souls of men.

Then Mammon arose,

"The meanest, and least erect
Of all the spirits that fell from heaven,"

who would not heed the glories o'er his head but on the golden pavements at his feet forever gazed.

Listen unto me, O Satan, for thou knowest my power upon the souls of men. Give me dominion over them, and hell shall never be empty. I will make men lunatics and fools, and send them through polar snows and torrid burnings, to dig in the holes and corners of the earth, 'mid savage beasts and men more savage, for a few handsful of yellow dust! So intent shall they be, sifting and grasping the paltry ore; that they shall forget the starry crowns that heaven offers them; and fever and famine shall come and sweep them like chaff from the threshing floor, to the great burning. And even before their corpses are fairly stiffened, and their companions shall gather like vultures, to fight and gash each other for the gold which the dead have left. I too, will shaken the assassin's knife, and help on the robber and the burglar. All ties, however strong or holy will I break, and teach men to come and worship me, though the paths to my altar shall be over bleeding hearts, noble aspirations, and all else that gives a charm to the life of man. At my command, shall that glorious race, who were created 'erect, to look upon the stars,' blot the divine signet of high intelligence from their brows, and fetter and confine their mighty spirits, till they become dwarfs, that they may do my bidding. I will whisper in the ear of the young maiden, in the pride of her beauty, and straightway shall she forget her plighted vows to the youth who loves her, and leave him heart-broken to die; and though sickened with disgust, she shall go to the altar, and wed the gray-haired wretch who hath heaped up gold. Nay, men shall bow down and do him reverence, and call him wise and good, and great, though every piece of gold he owns is stained with blood, or wrung from the hands of want by cruelty and oppression. The possessor of gold shall himself become infatuated, and at midnight shall steal from his bed, on tip-toe, and looking cautiously around for fear of robbery, shall open his iron chest; and count over each glittering coin, and hug it to his heart and worship it. So shall he live a curse to his fellows and to himself, and when the death angel comes, he shall clutch the yellow dross in his skinny hands and die; and come with all my votaries, and make his bed in hell.

Thus spake Mammon, and as he paused, Satan "grinned horribly, a ghastly smile" upon his servant.

Then up rose the fierce APOLLYON, the Destroyer, and spake thus:

O thou Arch ruler of the damned, listen unto me! The volcano, the avalanche, the earthquake, the pestilence and famine are mine. Be it mine to rule the Earth. I will pour down boiling lava from the mountain tops, burning up the fruits of the earth, and overwhelming the thronged cities, with all their wealth and people, in the twinkling of an eye. I will hurl the avalanche from the glacier's crest, upon the slumbering village. I will dry up the springs and send hail and blight and mildew upon the fields; and strong men, and women, and tender children, shall go forth, and creeping under the leafless hedges, shall faint and die of famine. I will send the earthquake, and he shall smack his mumbling lips when he swallows up a city—and the pestilence shall finish what the famine and the earthquake leave; and men shall fall in the streets, and horses be filled with the dead and dying, and none shall be left to bury them. Dogs shall howl through the vacant streets without a master, in the palaces and temples, the owl and the raven shall build their nests, and the ships rot down sailorless; and all the sons of men, destroyed by me unwarned, will I send to thee as a tribute. Be mine the task to rule the Earth for thy glory and for mine.

Loud rang the plaudits, as the fiend sat down, and the rest obsequious, gave place, not doubting that Apollyon should be ruler of the earth. The tumult was hushed, and all waited intent, their great Masters decision; when suddenly, from a beetling cliff far out in the burning lake, arose a blue, lambent flame—which while they gazed, took shape; a horrid shape, and stood before the assembled fiends.

It was clad in vesture wet with blood; the gore hung heavy from its matted locks, and the fiercest fires of hell shot from its burning eye-balls. Even Satan started and turned pale with fear, and Hell shrank back with horror.

"Ha! Ye fear me then," hissed the horrid monster. "Well might ye fear, were I not a friend and an ally. But thou knowest me not, O Satan, for I am an *earth born* spirit, and have long hid myself—aye, for a thousand years—but now come to offer service and allegiance and to claim the offered prize. Fear not, but listen, and let me be ruler of the Earth, for none hath power like me, in all thy dark dominions.

Moloch and Belial and Mammon, and Apollyon promise much, but they shall be my servants and subalterns. Their power is weakness compared with mine. O listen, till I tell thee of my strength, and how I will wield it. My shapes and names are legion, and I change them at will, so that men shall oftimes hug me to their bosoms as an angel of light. I will be the greatest of all hypocrites and deceivers, betraying ever with a kiss: professing love and kindness, when my only aim is ruin. I will be the patron and sole support of the gambling den, and of her "whose house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead."—And I will through her portals, bring the very flower of manhood, to blight and shame and everlasting contempt.

On every foot of earth and sea will I follow my victims. Where discord and anarchy prevail, and there will I be, where cruelty is, there will I come, and burn out from the hearts of men every vestige of mercy till they become fiends incarnate, and devise unimaginable horrors. I will stand beneath the gallows-tree, and even while the death-rattle is in the throat of the criminal, will drive men to robbery and murder. I will lie in wait in the streets of cities and plan the midnight fire and assassination. I will plunge my victims into prisons and hospitals; I will steep them in poverty and degradation to the lips. I will cast their families to want and wintry winds, the babe shall perish in its mother's arms, with its tears frozen to ice-drops upon her bosom. I will turn the dagger of the husband against the heart of his wife, and her blood shall stain the cradle of his children. Stimulated and urged on by me, the father shall dance in maniac glee over the mangled bodies of his murdered babes, and laugh to see their fair locks dabbled in blood; the mother shall "forget her sucking child," slain by her hand, and mock at the tender years and helplessness of her own offspring.

On whatsoever hearth-stone my foot shall be planted, the gladsome fire shall go out, to be lighted no more forever; and the roof-tree shall, and the voices of children be hushed, and all that men cluster around them, to make their earthly homes so much like heaven, shall vanish like a wreath of smoke, and desolation brood over the ruins. I will point the son's knife against the father's throat and his grey hair shall drip with gore.—Where war and vengeance are, I will rouse their fury to ten-fold rage, and blot from the soldier's breast the last vestige of humanity. The incendiary's torch shall be my banner, the crackling flames of burning villages and the shriek of murdered innocence, the music of my march!

Pestilence shall follow me as a shadow; and I will open unto him the gates of a million dwellings, which else had been secure. I will spread famine and disease in lands of plenty and health, and will seal up the eyes of all my victims so that they shall not see nor know that their next plunge is into perdition. I will sweep whole continents of their inhabitants; and give woes and sorrows, "wounds without cause" to the whole race of man. Yet, whosoever is wounded by me, shall seek me as his measures to be wounded yet again. I will bind upon their brows the iron crown of suffering, burning with hell-fire, that shall scorch and sear and eat into their brain and heart and soul, yet shall they fall down and worship me, and, for my sake, part with houses and lands, wife and children, hope and heaven.

Let Jehovah send forth spirits, pure, as the snow-flake, to dwell in earthly bodies; I will seek them out, and kindle in their hearts an unquenchable fire that shall consume them; and the cherubim shall watch long for their return, at heaven's gate, but they shall never again look upon their Father in Heaven. The student at his books, the mechanic at his toils, the laborer at his plow, will I destroy, and none shall stay me. I will coil myself in the brain of the sea captain, and seal up his eyes, or so distort them that he shall know neither chart nor compass, and his vessel and all on board shall be engulfed, and the bones of the mariners whiten the bottom of the ocean. I will be the omnipresent curse of humanity, and under my guidance the race shall walk forever as in the shadow of an eclipse. Eyes they have but shall see not, and ears they have, but shall hear not, the end and the purport of the crooked paths through which I will lead them.

I will take the sons of the kings and the mighty men, and the captains, and the great ones of earth, and will mangle them with horrid wounds, strip them of wealth, reputation, life itself, and fill their last hour with torment. Around their dying couches I will send serpent forms, unfolding coil after coil from out the darkness, brandishing their forked tongues to sting them and lick their blood, as a fierce flame licks up its fuel. Thoughts shall become things, living things, to mock and curse them. And some in their agony shall leap into this burning lake, in hope to escape still greater torture, and some will I hold upon the brink, that I may rejoice when I see every nerve shrieking with agony, as I open to their startled gaze the horrors of that pit in which I plunge them forever!

Yet this is not all. I know that you will laugh, (if fiends can laugh) when I tell you that I will so manage that mankind shall all along think me a friend! Though it is my mission to torture and destroy the whole race of Adam, yet so will I mix with their business, their pleasures and their daily habits; so flatter and delude their stupid senses, that they shall pronounce me a "good creature;" nay a "creature of God!" At their wedding feasts I will be the source of joy, and at the funeral gathering, the solace of their sorrow. The rank grass shall grow over those slain by my hand, and the mourners shall forget it, and fall in their turn. The father shall commend me to his son, and reeling to his grave, shall leave him as an inheritance, a fondness of me; and the son shall follow in the foot-steps of his father down to perdition. The physician shall invoke my aid in sickness, and in all circles I will plant myself securely, and make myself a companion and a familiar, and men shall, never be so merry as in the presence of their deadliest foe.

Poetry shall lend me her rose-garland and music her charm, and the spirit of melody shall speak from myraid harps to sound my praises, and which the world with the idle dream that I am the inspirer of mirth and the soul of happiness and all good fellowship—and if there be one of all that glorious race, for whom yon planets, from their golden urns pour down their silent, everlasting cataract of light who excels his fellows! I will lure him with song and visions of beauty, and strew his path with rose-leaves, till at last he shall walk heedless into my toils. And, once my slave, though a thousand should weave their heart-strings around him, and weep tears of blood, he shall, in all his pride and beauty, sink deeper and deeper, and in tribulation and anguish unutterable, dig his own pathway down to hell. I will be at the feasts of all the great and wise of earth, where rank and fashion reign supreme—where forms not less beautiful than those of heaven, move to celestial harmonies, and where wit and mirth and wine go round, and glasses sparkle on the board I will lap their senses in Elysium, and they shall feel richer, wiser, stronger and witty. But at the last, I'll hurl them down, one by one, from their fancied elevation: and they shall drag out a wretched existence in the lowest dens and vilest purlieus of the earth, and sneak to dishonored graves, rejoicing to hide from the withering scorn of their species, and to give their souls to eternal punishment in fires less fierce than those in which I tortured them on earth. Nay, the kings and governments of the earth shall pass laws for my protection, and that of my emissaries, as we walk the earth, decimating its inhabitants and tumbling them into hell. Give me then, O Satan, the dominion of the earth, and thou shalt behold through ages,

"Hell's every wave break on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned like pebbles."

He ceased. One unearthly yell of applause arose, and the stamping of countless feet and the clashing of adamantine shields. The Arch Enemy stepped from his throne, and leading the horrid spectre to a seat at his right hand, thus spake:

"Terrible beings! if thou canst indeed do these things, thou art henceforth my Vicegerent upon the earth. Go forth! and my realms shall be crowded with the souls of men, thick as autumn leaves or sands upon the shore. And tell us by what name to call thee."

And the fiend answered "ALCOHOL!" So saying, he spread his broad bat-like wings, and hell grew lighter as he vanished.

How hath he fulfilled his mission?

For a thousand years hath his fiery breath,
Smote the wide earth with crime and death,
And furnished men, as daintiest food,
For the red flesh-worm's slimy brood.