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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

VOL. 15. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1854. NO. 14.

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 according.

All communications must be post-paid.

A VALUABLE FARM
For Sale.

THE subscriber, as Agent, will dispose of the farm in Still Pond, Kent county, Md., owned and occupied by Mr. Joseph Howard, containing

370 Acres,

situated in Still Pond Neck, within half a mile of Chesapeake Bay; within two miles of a landing, and adjoining the lands of Mr. Polk and Dr Davidson. About 130 Acres is in

And Timber,

and the growing chestnut will be sufficient for maintaining the fencing on such farms. It is divided into six fields, well fenced with chestnut rails.

The BUILDINGS consist of a Brick one Story DWELLING, 42 by 26 feet, a Kitchen, 18 feet square, Corn House, Carriage House Granary and Stabling, all in fair condition and all roofed. The soil grows clover well, is productive and in good heart. There are Post Office and Churches within three miles—Stores, Cartwright and Smith's Shops within the same distance.

Possession will be given at the end of the year, with the privilege of breaking fallow and seeding fall grain.

The Terms will be made accommodating.

If not sold at private sale before the 20th day of August next it will be offered at public sale, at the Tavern porch of John McDaniel, Esq., in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY,

the eighth day of August next, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

Mr. H. contemplates removing from the county. Any further information may be desired, can be obtained by addressing Mr. H at Still Pond X Roads, or the undersigned.

GEORGE VICKERS. Agent.
Chester Town, Md

July 5, 1854.—tds

HOUSE AND LOT
For Sale.

BY virtue of a power of Attorney, the undersigned will expose to public sale, at the tavern porch of Mr. James Sayton in Chester Town, on

SATURDAY,

the fifth day of August next, at eleven o'clock, A.M., the HOUSE and LOT OF LAND in Chester Town now occupied by Mr. Wm. Frazier, and lying on Front or High street, in said town. The lot is 29 feet on High street, and extends back towards Canon street 9 perches. An Alley 5 feet wide and 40 feet long, between this and the property of Mr. Collins, is in common to the two properties.

The terms of Sale are one-third of the purchase money on receipt of the deed, and the balance in two equal instalments in four and eight months, with interest and well secured by mortgage or otherwise.

GEORGE VICKERS,
Agent & Attorney,
for Mrs S Curtis.

Chestertown July 15, 1854.—tds.

WILLIAM H. GILPIN
Flour & Grain Factor
and General Commission Merchant,
No 99 NORTH WATER STREET
PHILADELPHIA.

Aug. 27 1853.

WASH SODA, for sale at 6½ cents per pound by T. W. ELIASON

A Valuable Farm
AND A FINE
DWELLING HOUSE,
LOTS &c.,
FOR SALE.

WILL be offered at public sale on THURSDAY the 10th day of August next, at the Hotel of Mr. John McDaniel, in Chestertown, Kent county, Md., at 11 o'clock A. M., the farm called "HOWELL'S RESURVEY," containing about

478 ACRES,

SIXTY-FIVE and-a-HALF of which is

Woodland

in a body, besides a great quantity of Chesnut, Locust and other kind of trees around the farm. This farm is beautifully situated on Fairlee Creek, about two miles from the Chesapeake Bay, and nearly half of it is surrounded by water, which saves a great deal of fencing. The arable land is divided into six fields and two lots, under good fencing, the greater part of it being of fine chesnut rails; and the said land is now in a fine state of improvement, having been nearly all limed heavily and a great quantity of ashes and other manures put out upon it, within a few years past. Clover and plaster act finely upon it. Nearly all the fields have water in them for stock and are so laid off as to let the stock come directly up to the farm yard.

The improvements are a FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, with two good size rooms below and two above stairs, with a Kitchen attached, a dairy house; and a pump of good water in the yard—and the pump is so fixed as to let the water pass through the dairy house; a fine large Barn, good Stables, Corn Houses, and other necessary outbuildings, all in pretty good repair. There are some Apple and Peach Trees of good fruit, now in full bearing.

Few farms possess the advantages of this one, being a good wheat and corn soil, and having a good landing on the creek where grain can be delivered at any time; and there being a good grist and saw mill directly by; three churches within four miles; school house within two miles; a blacksmith and cartwright shop within five miles; and being only seven miles from Chester Town, the County Town, to which place there is a fine road.

Directly after the farm is disposed of the DWELLING HOUSE Out-Buildings and Lots in Chester Town, near the bridge, and now in the occupancy of G. W. T. Perkins, Esq. will be offered for sale.

A credit will be given for part of the purchase money.

JOHN W. HOLLYDAY.

C. Town, Md, July 8 '54—tdm

Astrays.

KENT COUNTY TO WIT.

I HEREBY certify that John Brice of Kent county, brought before me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for the said county, this seventeenth day of July, in the year of 1854 as strays, trespassing upon his enclosures, one Red Stear; one Red Stear with white legs behind; one Red and White Stear; one Red Stear with white spots on him—ear marks not recollected; the above described steers are supposed to be about two years old, and all have horns.

Given under my hand and seal this 17th day of July, 1854.

C. P. LUSBY. (Seal.)

NOTICE.—The owner or owners of the above described property are hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away.

JOHN BRICE.

July 22 1854.—3t.

Estate of Philemon Skinner.

Orphans' Court of Kent Co., July 5, 1 54

ON application, it was ordered by the Court, that George B. Westcott administrator of Philemon Skinner, deceased, give notice in the Kent News, to the creditors of said deceased that a dividend on the personal estate will be made in this Court on Tuesday the 8th day of August, 1854.

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. Wills.

N B—All creditors are hereby notified to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills on or before Tuesday the first day of August.

G. B. WESTCOTT,
Adm'r P. Skinner, dec'd.

July 8, 1854. tdm

Selected Poetry.

THE DOOM OF THE PRINTER.

A printer weary and wan,
His face all mortally pale,
As he slowly plodded his homeward way,
Before the dawning of early day,
Broke out in a bitter wail.

His voice was husky and low,
As though his lungs were gone;
And he coughed and gasped and coughed again,
And he pressed his hand to his breast in pain,
While thus his plaint ran on:

"A world of toil is this!
It has no joy for me;
'Tis labor by day, and labor by night,
By the light of the sun, and by candle-light—
Labor continually.

"Some men have a day of rest,
But sabbath for me there is not;
It is toil all the week, and toil on the day
That God has given to rest and to pray—
Lo! this is the printer's lot!

"When I was a boy," he said,
"I played on the hills of green;
I swam in the stream—I fished in the brook—
And blessed was I to sit and to look
Unfettered on nature's scene.

"For twenty sad years and more,
My life has worn away
In murky rooms of poisonous air,
When I've yearned for a sight of the valley's fair
And the light of open day.

"An innocent prisoner doomed,
My heart is heavy within:
Oh, why should a man untainted by guilt,
Who the blood of his creature never hath spilt,
Be pent, like a felon, for sin?"

The printer then coughed and sighed—
The stars were growing dim,
And he upward glanced at the morning sky,
And he only thought it were good to die,
And death would be rest to him.

His heart was tired of beating,
He prayed to the Lord above,
To pity a man whose heart had been riven,
By toil, for other men's interest given,
And he sought His mercy and love.

He hied to his humble home;
His infant awoke to cry,
"Oh, father! oh, mother! I'm hungry for bread!"
And the printer bowed, with an aching head,
On his Mary's bosom to die.

Oh ye who have never known
The richness found in a crust,
When nothing is seen on the desolate shelf,
And the poor man's pocket is empty of pelf,
Receive my story on trust.

Say not in your careless scorn,
What boots the tale to you?
The rhymer who traces these rough written lines
Has known of such sufferers in other days times,
And much of his rhymes is true.

Remember this holy truth—
The man who aloof has stood
When a heart broken brother for succor did crave
And he stretched not a finger to bless and to save,
Is verily guilty of blood!

Choice Selections

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI;
—OR—
A Night at the Gaming Table.

BY WALTER CHATMAN.

A few years since the steamers on the western rivers were harvest fields that yielded gamblers golden fruit. Many a young man, who had been entrusted with produce to dispose of at New Orleans, has fallen a victim to the wiley gambler on board of western boats.—The thirst for wealth—gold, glittering gold—has hurled hundreds of promising young men over the precipice down the dark abyss of Vice. They risked all on the hazard of the die, and fate decided against them. Thus placed, they lacked the moral courage to return to their employer, but choose to float with the evil current out into the Sea of Depravity.

In the year 184—, a party were seated around a table in the social hall of a steamer on the Mississippi, laying cards. They had played from 9 o'clock in the evening till near midnight. The party consisted of four persons; two of whom were notorious gamblers, the other two were frank, unsuspecting countrymen who had been to New Orleans to dispose of produce, and were returning home. At near midnight one of the countrymen rose from the table, saying to his partner:—

"Luck's against us, Bob! Might as well try to beat the devil himself as these fellows!"

"Oh, for God's sake don't quit yet—Give me some chance to get back my money!"

"No use, Bob—I'm nigh busted!—Pretty near a clean sweep out."

Dispair seemed to be written upon every lineament of Bob's features when he found that he could not persuade his friend. At last he said to several who had been watching the game, "wont some of you gentlemen take my partner's place?"

There was a pause for a few moments then a young man, scarcely one and twenty, took the vacant chair, saying—

"If you have no objections, I'll try my hand."

"Agreed!" was the reply.

"Here, bar-keeper, give us another pack of cards," said the young man.

Another pack was brought—the stranger opened them, and handed them back, saying

"I want a pack of another color.—These are the same color as those they have been playing with. We might as well change the color just for luck."

The gamblers exchanged glances.

Another pack was brought—the game commenced and the gamblers won—Bob grew uneasy.

"Come, let's double the stakes!" said the stranger, whose turn it was to deal.

"Just as you like," replied the gamblers.

The stakes were doubled—and the stranger and his partner won. A gleam of sunlight illuminated Bob's countenance. Another game played—Bob and his partner again successful. The stakes increased—the gamblers losers.

"Bar-keeper, bring us another pack of cards of a different color from these," said the stranger, who was about to deal.

One of the gamblers looked at his partner, while a deep frown overspread his features.

Three more games played, and Bob had retrieved his losses. The stranger called for another pack of cards. At this one of the gamblers exclaimed—

"No more changing. We play these!"

"You may play with what you please," replied the young man, as an almost imperceptible smile passed over his features, "but if my partner and myself play we must have our pack."

Bob looked at his partner, then at George.

"Stick to what your partner says, Bob. He's the right stripe and will come dead horse, or I'm a nigger!" exclaimed George, slapping Bob on the shoulder.

"I agree to what my partner says," said Bob in reply to the gambler's looks of inquiry.

The gamblers exchanged looks and then consented to the arrangement.

Four more games were played, and each time Bob and the stranger won.

It was again the stranger's deal. One of the gamblers watched him closely and suddenly exclaimed—

"You d—— young villain! Cheating are you?"

"Playing with you at your own game. I have watched you all night, and saw you cheat my partner and his friend.—Even down you've got a dozen cards in the sleeves of your coat. I never play on the square with thieves!" replied the stranger hasily, as a deadly paleness stole over his features.

A knife gleamed in the gambler's hand; as the blow aimed at the stranger descended, a dozen cards fell from his sleeves on the table. This was noticed by all the bystanders. The stranger avoided the blow, and with a rapid movement caught the assailant by the throat, giving his cravat a sudden twist—and they both rolled on the floor.

While this was taking place, the spectators prevented the other gambler from interfering, and in this struggle a number of cards dropped from his coat. The social hall was now a scene of confusion.

"Game! clear grit, by thunder!" exclaimed George, as he with others separated the combatants.

The gamblers's face and breast were covered with blood, as was also the young stranger's hand.

"Has the white livered thief stabbed you, my young hickory," said George as he pulled the young man toward the light.

"No, I guess not."

But the blood dropped fast from the young man's hand, and upon washing off the blood it was discovered that his right thumb was nearly severed. In the scuffle he succeeded in disarming the gambler, and thus, probably, saved his life. The wound was dressed and bound up, and the stranger returned to the social hall. The gambler, who was chafing with rage, eyed with a demoniac look, then shaking his fist at him, exclaimed:

"I allow no man to call me a thief, and he must give me satisfaction."

"I'll give you any satisfaction, you cowardly cut-throat," was the reply.

"And if he can't I'm the chap that will!" exclaimed George throwing off his coat.

"Stop, my friend, this is my quarrel, and I'll allow no one to take my place in it!"

"Good! my young Davy, but that fellow is big enough to swallow you."

"Yes, but may be he can't digest me."

"It wouldn't be a fair fight," interposed several by-standers.

"Well, there is something that nullifies brute force and places all on an equal footing."

"That's the talk, Davy. You're my man!" exclaimed George, slapping the stranger on the back.

"He's right," said one of the by-standers, a man about forty, stepping forwold. "The young man is right, and I'm his friend in this matter. It is as clear as day, and the affair can soon be settled."

This speaker had been a major in the Texas Revolution, and he led the stranger down the cabin towards his state-room, telling the gambler to have matters arranged within ten minutes. When they reached the state-room, the major said:

"How is it that a person of your age understands so much about cards as to be able to beat those old gamblers?"

"Curiosity led me to study them, but I never play, except for amusement.—Most if not all of the tricks I learned of a fellow boarder, who had formerly spent a great part of his time at the gaming table. I noticed that these honest countrymen had been swindled, and thought that it would be but an act of charity to beat the gamblers with their own weapons, and recover the money for my partner and his friend. Every time I noticed the the gamblers secrete cards I called for a pack of a different color; and I watched them too closely to give them a chance to cheat in the deal. They did not suspect me until near the finish of our playing. You know the rest.

"Pretty good! but do you think you could face the fellow's fire. He is an old hand at the business.

"But he's a coward, or he would not have drawn a knife on me. Yet, if it can be avoided, I would not like to have him mee his death at my hands, nor would I like to sacrifice my own life for so unworthy a purpose."

"It is too late to back out now."

"Can it not be settled?"

"No! If you refuse to meet him, every one will pronounce you a coward!"

"Well, if it must be, I suppose it must—but I have no weapons."

"Never mind that, I have a prime pair of dueling pistols, and so if you have any arrangements to make, be about it, for the time is short, and the affair should be settled before it gets noised about the boat. I'll see to the other matters."

"Stay! Make the distance short."

"Only the breadth of the boat."

"That will do. I will be prepared in time."

So saying, the young man went to his own state room, but soon returned and seated himself by a table in the cabin and commenced writing. His face was pale, deadly pale, but there was a fixedness of features, which at once told that his mind was made up. A tear coursed down his cheek—that tear was for those who were far away, yet still to memory dear. Strange thoughts flitted through his mind—so young, and yet to stand on the brink of death—to make one fearful plunge into that dark unknown river, and be carried by its current out into the Ocean of Eternity. To return home no more. A lifetime passed in review in a moment. Yet the evil said, "Go on—too fat!" To die or kill—either was a deadful reflection. Yet the proud passion of youth would not submit to reflection. It must be done, and the sooner it is over the better—so reasoned passion, and passion triumphed.

When he had finished his writing he gave it to the Major, requesting him to follow the directions which he would find written should he fall. Also, to give his winnings to George to make up for the loss he had sustained.

They went on the upper deck of the boat. It was a calm still night, and the moon shone forth in all its pale splendor. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but forest and water met the gaze. The puffing of the high pressure engines, alone disturbed the stillness of the scene. The boat had just rounded too, for the purpose of wooding, and when she was again under way, the young stranger, his second, and three other persons, anxiously awaited the approach of the gambler. Scarcely a word was spoken—none fel disposed to disturb the silence that reigned. Half an hour passed, but the gambler came not. It was now suggested that some one should go in search of him. The messenger soon returned and reported that both the gamblers had left the boat at the woodyard. When the young man heard this, a fervent "Thank God!" escaped his lips, and the party retired to seek repose in sleep.

Facetious Gentleman.—"My boy, my boy, you do very wrong to fish on Sunday." *Boy*—"It can't be no harm, I am'n cotchin' nothin'."

Self-Regulating Windmill.

Daniel Halliday, a mechanic in an obscure country village, Ellington, Connecticut, has done what the world of mechanics has sought for in vain for centuries. He has invented and put in successful operation a Windmill with *self-furling sails*. The mill built by him has five feet wings, that is the diameter of the wind wheel is ten feet, and has been in operation six months without a hand being touched to it to regulate the sails. It run 15 days at one time without stopping day or night, and it has stood through some hard gales. The beauty of the improvement is, that it does stand still when the wind rages hardest, with the edge of the wings to the wind, and as it lulls they gradually resume their position for a gentle breeze. It is so contrived that nothing but a squall of great severity falling upon it without a moment's warning can produce damage.

The mill mentioned has drawn water from a well twenty eight feet deep, one hundred feet distant, and forced it into a small reservoir in the upper part of the barn, sufficient for all farm purposes, garden irrigation, and lots to spare. The cost of such a mill will be $50, and the pumps and pipes about $25.—It is elevated on a single oak post a foot square, the turn circle being supported by iron braces.

The wings are made of one longitudinal iron bar, through which run small rods; upon these rods, narrow boards half an inch thick are fitted, holes being bored through from edge to edge, and screwed together by nuts at the ends of the rods. This makes strong light sails but as will be seen are fixtures not to be furled or clewed up; but they are thrown up edge to the wind by a very ingenious and simple arrangement of the machinary, which obviates the great objection to windmills for farm use; the necessity of constant supervision of the sails to suit the strength of the wind.

Wind is undoubtedly the cheapest power that a farmer can use, and, notwithstanding its inconsistency, if this improvement operates as well as it bids fair to in the single mill erected, it will be applied to many valuable uses. By windmills swamps may be drained and upland irrigated.

What an advantage would be the latter in such a drought as prevails now in many parts of the country, beside the great amount of fertilizing matter in water at all times. The windmill could be used too for all grinding of grain for farm use, driving the washing machine and churn, pumping the water from the well or spring—often of the hardest kinds of labor about the house. Liquid manure, and the solid excrement made of liquid, could be sent to a field through leading pipes by the same power.

We do earnestly hope for the success of this improvement—that it will not only be an ornament but a thing of usefulness to many American farmers.

Afflicting.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce is responsible for the following:

A plethoric, round-visaged individual was yesterday seated on the steps of the Custom-house, bathed in tears and sobbing violently, having in his hand a copy of the Abend Zeitung; and the sight of tears flowing in Wall street, being so unusual a circumstance, soon attracted a group of people, curious to know what calamity had befallen the mourner.

"Is your father dead?" asked one.

"No, oh no; mine fader is not dead; worser dan dat."

"Has your wife eloped with some other fellow?" asked a news-boy, with dilapidated courderoys and a badly kept pair of feet.

"You tink I'd cry for dat?" was the indignant rejoinder. "No indeed; no such ding."

"Howld aisy," suggested an apple-woman, "may-be his wife is dead in the ould country, or the childher sick, or may-be some of 'em was lost in the Say."

"*Die Schœne Katrina* was lost in the Zuyder Zee, and dat ish what I cries for;" replied the mourner, unable to say more, in the poignancy of grief.

"Was she a good ship?" inquired a sailor who had elbowed his way among the crowd.

"Yaw, it hold three hundred passengers."

"And all gone to Davy's Locker?"

"Yaw, all gone; but dat is nottin," and tears flowed a-fresh.

"What is the matter my friend?" asked a good looking broker, with a splendid pair of jetty whiskers; "what are you fretting about?"

"Die Schœne Katrina was sinked (sob) lost in the Zuyder Zee, mit—"(sob.)

"Anything of yours on board?"

"No, nottin of mine."

"Well, what's the matter then?"

"I tells you what," was the reply, as he wrung the water from his handkerchief, preparatory to a fresh out-burst, "*she had more as twenty barrels of Sour Krout on bort.*"