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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. 15 SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1854. NO. 16.

Collector's Notice.

THE undersigned, Collector for the County, State, and other Taxes, for Kent County, has appointed the following persons Deputy Collectors for the respective districts in said county, to wit:

For the Lower or first election district John N. McDaniel, Esq.—For the Middle or second election district Thos Lusby, Esq—For the Upper or third election district Wm. R. Boyer, Esq The Assessments and Levies have been made; and the Collectors are authorized to proceed and close their respective district The liabilities of the County are large and some of them pressing. The State Tax is considerable, and payments are required semi monthly under penalties. The Collectors are therefore authorized and have full power to close their collections as soon as possible: I cannot interfere in any case between the collectors and persons interested, and none will therefore apply to me; my engagements with my Collections will preclude me from any interference to delay a single day in any case.

Unless accounts are paid off before the first day of January next, interest will be charged from the first day of July, 1854 A deduction on account of State Tax will be made if payments are promptly rendered. The earlier the payment, the greater the deduction.

The public are earnestly requested to make prompt payments.

ISAAC RYLAND,
Kent County, Md. }
July 15, 1854.—6w. }

CONSTABLE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of the State of Maryland, of fieri facias, issued by James Graves, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for Kent county, at the suit of Richard Starr, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of Cuff Bordley (in) to me directed, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Cuff Bordley, of, in, and to all that tract or *LOT OF LAND*, lying and being in Quaker Neck, and adjoining the lands of Jim Rees and others, containing *TEN ACRES*, more or less; and I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY,

the 19th day of August next, at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Market House, in Chester Town, I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the said property so seized and taken in execution, to pay and satisfy said writ and costs due and to become due thereon.

DULANEY RASIN, Const.
July 29, 1854.—4t. ($3.00)

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of three writ of the State of Maryland, of Fieri Facias, issued by James H. Rich and James Graves two of the Justices of the Peace in and for Kent County, one at the suit of Jas. Cohee, one at the suit of John K Orem, and one at the suit of R. L. Usilton, against the goods and chattles, land and tenements of John Garrison, (in) to me directed, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said John Garrison (in) of, in and to, a lot of land, lying and being in Worton, adjoining the lands of Joseph Usilton and others, containing

TEN ACRES, MORE or LESS;

and I her by give notice that on SATURDAY, the 19th day of August next, at 11½ o'clock A. M., at the Market House in Chester Town, I will sell said property so seized and taken into execution to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy said writs and costs due and to become due thereon.

DULANEY RASIN Const.
July 29, 1854.—4t ($3.00)

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of a writ of the State of Maryland, of Ven itioni Exponas, issued by James H. Rich, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for Kent county, at the suit of Cyrus Rasin, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenement of Phil Garrison, (f. n.) to me directed, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title, interest and claim of the said Phil Garrison, of, in and to that Lot of Land, lying and being in Worton, in said county, containing TEN ACRES, more or less, and adjoining the lands of Joseph Usilton and others; and I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY,

the 19th day of August next, at 12 o'clock, M., at the Market House in Chester Town, I will sell the said property so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy said writ, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

DULANEY RASIN, Const.
July 29, 1854.—4t ($3.00)

MACHINE OIL and Lamp Oil—for sale by T. W. ELIASON.
July 8, 1854.

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 one dollar; and twenty five cents for every 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.

Selected Poetry.

While 'Tis Daytime Let us Work.

Every mortal has his mission
In this world of active strife;
Whether in a high position,
Or a lowly walk of life.

He it is who now fulfilling
Every duty day by day,
Show the mind and spirit willing
To perform its upward way.

Life's a bark upon the ocean,
Tossed and rocked by every gale,
Now scuds on with speedy motion,
Now with rent and tattered sail.

Life's a bright and sunny morning
With some light refreshing showers,
Followed by dark cloudy warning
Of the storm that o'er us lowers:

Life's the chord of silver, binding
Man in contact with his kind,
Death is but that band unwinding,
Setting free the earth-bound mind:

Life's the pitcher of the fountain,
Whence immortal rills descend;
'Tis the fragile wheel surmounting
Cisterns where pure waters blend.

Life's the day for deed and action,
Death's the rest, the time is night;
He who works with satisfaction,
Works while yet the hour is light.

Forward, then, the day is waning,
Westward sinks the setting sun;
Onward! on! without complaining,
Work while yet it may be done.

Choice Selections.

THE MOTHER'S DEFENCE.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER WAR.

"My husband's rifle?" she shouted, springing to her feet, and rushing across the cabin, she tore the weapon and accoutrements from the wall. But on trying the piece with the ramrod it proved to be unloaded. She thrust her hand into the pouch, but it contained nothing but musket balls, which her husband had purchased a few days before, to run into bullets suitable for his rifle. The powder horn was full, but what use was the powder without ball? Dropping the weapon, she swung her hands in despair. Suddenly an idea struck her—she siezed one of the bullets, placed it between her teeth, and by a tremendous exertion bit it in two.—Dashing a charge of powder into the barrel, she rammed down one of the fragments primed and cocked the piece, and the next moment its muzzle protruded through the aperture, and covered the body of the chief now advancing at the head of the party towards the house. The quick eye of the savage caught the glimmer of the rifle sight as the sun fell upon it, and he stooped but before he had time to make a rush, Miriam's finger pressed the trigger.—When the puff of smoke from the distance had cleared away, she saw him clutching in the air, in the vain effort to recover himself. Before the other Indians, who seemed paralyzed by the unexpected catastrophe, could afford him any assistance, he threw his hands above his head and whirling around, fell upon his face.

A shout of triumph burst from the lips of Miriam as she saw the effects of the avenging shot, and then withdrawing from the loop-hole, she commenced reloading the rifle.

The Indians remained motionless for a few seconds, tranfixed with astonishment, and then lifting the body of their chief, withdrew to a respectful distance from the cabin, and the inmates half believed their peril was over. But they were deceived.

After getting out of gun-shot, the savages clustered together, and appeared to be in close conversation. At the expiration of their pow-wow, having apparently agreed upon their plan of action, the whole gang took open order and dashed at full run, with wild yells, towards the dwelling.

As the foremost came up, Miriam Cook, who was now stationed at another loop hole, again discharged her rifle and the unlucky Wyandott, shot through both legs, dropped in his tracks with an involuntary shriek of agony The others kept on, and reaching the cabin, six of them clambered on the roof while the other five commenced firing on the doors and cutting openings in the logs. Those on the roof quickly kindled a fire on the shingles, which were soon in a blaze The destruction of the cabin and its inmates now seemed inevitable.

There was a hogshead half full of water in the house. Miriam, bucket in hand, mounted to the loft, and Hope and Alice supplied her with water from below, by which she contrived to extinguish the flames as fast as they broke out, while she herself, enveloped in and almost sufficated by steam and smoke, was invisible to the assailants. At length the water was exhausted, and one of the Indians, observing that the efforts of the beseiged party were slackening, ventured to poke his head through one of the holes that was burned in the roof, to see how the land lay. The undaunted Miriam was standing within a few feet of the opening, and at that instant she whirled the empty bucket around her head with a swing of her arm, and struck him directly in the forehead with a sharp edge of the stave. She heard the bones crash and the victim groan, a moment after which he was drawn away by his companions, three of whom descended from the roof, bearing him in their arms.

Miriam now thought she heard the remaining savages tearing the upper logs off the chimney, and presuming that they intended to effect an efitrance that way, she ran down stairs to prepare for them. "The feather bed! the feather bed!" she shouted as she reached the lower room, and this much prized article in a frontier-man's inventory of household chattles was quickly brought forth and thrown into the huge fireplace. By this time one of the Indians had fairly got into the chimney The savage made an effort to scramble up again, but the effluvia of the feathers overcame him and he fell heavily on the hearth-stone. In the meanwhile Miriam had grasped the rifle and hold it ready for his reception. Scarcely had he touched the floor, when the iron-bound point of the breech crashed through his skull. The other who had caught a whiff of the vapor in time to avoid a like fate, hastily descended from the roof.

Four of the thirteen Indian were now killed, but these casualties only added new fury to the remainder. They well knew that the cabin was occupied by women only and nothing could be more degrading in the eyes of these swarthy warriors than to be baffled by a parcel of squaws. They furiously assailed the door with tomahawks. To this proceeding the inmates could offer no resistance. In striking the savage who had fallen down the chimney, Miriam had broken the lock of her husband's rifle the only one they had, and now handing the weapon to her sister-in-law, she armed herself with the axe of young McAndre, which stood in the corner, and prepared herself for the last extremity. Alice betook herself to a very formidable weapon, the slaughter knife of the establishment, and thus armed, the three women ranged themselves on either side of the door, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible

In half an hour the Indians had nearly cut two planks out of the door, beneath the bar, a space just sufficient for a man to force his body through in a stooping posture, They brought heavy pieces from the adjacent pile, and using them as battering rams soon beat in the weakened portion of the door, and at the same time driving the articles which had been placed against the door into the middle of the room. Taught caution by the losses they had sustained they did no immediately attempt to enter through the aperture, but thrusting in and crossing their rifles, discharged them into the house. In this they had a double design—that of killing or maiming some of the occupants, and going in under cover of the smoke.

Before the deafening sounds had ceased, the feather crested head of the Wyandott warrior parted the smoke cloud that had obscured the interior, but as he rose from a stooping posture, on entering, Miriam's axe descended with tremendous force, cutting through the collar bone into the chest. He dropped with a wind cry—half defiance, half agony. Another savage followed—and another—each to sink in turn under the axe of the courageous matron. The fifth she missed—but instantly she grappled with him and held him powerless in her arms, while Alice plunged the knife in his bosom. Of the next two that entered, one was disabled by a severe blow on his head by Hope's rifle, and the other very nearly decapitated by Miriam's well directed axe.

Of the thirteen brouze warriors who had left the war tribe for the war path a few days before only two were unwounded and capable of service; and they seized with a panic at the havoc among their companions by the "long knife squaws," abandoned the siege and fled back to the village. To the wounded left behind no quarter was given. To have spared them would have been treason to the dead. Miriam's axe and the long knife of Alice made short work of them, and the duty fulfilled, the family lost no time in proceeding to Frankfort.

Man in the White Coat,

ON A BENDER WITH THE WIDDER.

Oh mercifull Jehosophat and big onions, what a time I've had with that widder. We chattered an omnibus for two, on Christmas and started. "Widder," said I "where shall we go to?"—She blushed and said she did'nt like to say. I axed her she must say!

"Well, Jehuel!" she said, "if you *insist* upon it, and I have my choice, I'd *rather* go to *church!*"

"What for, Widder?" said I.

She blushed worse than ever, and said: "Oh Jehuel, how can you ask me?"

"Cause I want to know." said I.

"Then it is—is (blushing redder than raw beef) it is such cold weather now, and the nights are so awful cold, and—oh Jehuel, I can't say it!"

"Oh pshaw, widder, spit it out What do you mean?"

The widder *riled* then. She biled right over like a quart of milk on the fire. Says she:

"If you can't understand me, you're a heart less brute, so you are!"

"Hello! Hold your horses!" said I, What's all this about? Widder, I'm no a brute nor never was with any o' *your* sex, but if a man called me that I'd kick him like a *horse!*

And then I biled over and unbuttoned my coat collar to keep from bustin' off the buttons. The widder saw I was going to explode or collapse my windpipes; and she flung her arms around my neck, put her lips to mine and I cooled right down.

"Jehuel, dear!" said she in a insinuating way, and a voice sweet as a hand-organ "Jehuel honey, I wanted to go to church to get *mar*—no I can't say it till, you finish the word Jehuel sweet!

"*What* word, marm?" said I.

"Oh you stoped Jehuel, dear. I mean the word *married*, Jehuel love!"

"Married widder!" said I. "*Did* you mean *that?*"

"Indeed I did, Jehuel, love!" said she.

"Look here marm, my name is'nt Jehuel Love, nor Jehuel Dear. I'd have you to know. And I won't get married to nobody but one, and you're not the *she!*

Oh pewter pennies but did'nt she rave! She made one dash at me, I dodged, and she went butt up against the upper end of the omnibuss! Crack went her combs; all to smash went her bran new bonnet that I didn't buy for her, and down she went with her face in the straw. But in a second she arose again made one more dash at me. I dropped—she went over me and butted the door of the omnibus The strap broke and out she went—her gaiter boots higher than her head as she struck the pavement.

"Drive on!" I yelled to the driver.

"Woman overboard—woman overboard!" yelled a passing sailor.

"Stop that White Coat—breach of promise—Reward—Herald—Publish!" shrieked the widder in tones of mortal agony, while tears of blood streamed from her beautiful pug nose.

"Drive on! drive on!" I shouted.

"Where too?" asked the driver.

"To the Devil—to Harlem—Macomb's dam—Degroot's—anywhere so that we escape matrimony and the widder!"

He started and so did the widder.—Then we had it up the Avenue, the Bass having the start about a hundred yards. Foot, by foot, the widder gained. I think, Jehuel, you are a *goner*. I thought it best to lighten ship. So first I hove overboard all the straw. She gained still. Overboard went the cushions.—Still she gained!

"More steam driver, for mercy's sake!" I yelled.

"Goin' faster than the law allows now!" replied the driver. "Thirteen miles an hour!"

Oh Jehosophat how the widder did run? She hove off her bonnet and came up hand over hand! A thought struck me. I took off my white coat and flung it right down in her path. She came up to it, stopped, and like a she panther, tore it in flinders. Oh how the peices flew. I wept to see it go, but life is dearer than a coat, and Fisher is making me a new one. Here we gained full two hundred yards. But on she came again. Once more could I see the green in her eyes. Oh, merciful Moses, how I felt.

"Driver," said I, "kill them horses or get another mile faster out of 'em.

"Will you pay for 'em?" he axed.

"Yes I cried—yes if you save me from the widder.

Then he put it on. Jehu! but we did go. The widder no longer *gained* but she held her own. Thus we had it—out past the Red House—through Harlem—where Captain Graham, with three mounted policemen in vain attempted to catch us—he probably supposing that we were running away with the Irish Directory fund $30 000 My only hope was in reaching Degroot's ahead of her; for I knew they would hide me. We were on the bridge, and oh Moses, the draw was up and a sloop going through! "Driver," said I, "jump that bridge and I'll make you independent for life!"

"I'll do it or die!" he cried *And he died* The widder tried to follow—jumped into Harlem river—it was ebb tide and her body hasn't yet been found.

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

Origin of the Expedition to Japan.

GENTLEMEN:—In my note of the 20th ultimo, to the National Intelligencer, I stated that the honor of originating the Japan Expedition was due to Commodore Aulick: and the proof is given, in the following letter of the late Mr Webster to the Secretary of the Navy; While the honor is claimed for several distinguished persons, and something assuredly may be awarded to the administration of Mr. Fillmore, it is evident, from proof annexed, that the main credit belongs to the gallant Commodore I have named:

Letter of Mr. Webster to Mr. Graham.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 9 1851. }

Hon. Wm. A. Graham, Secretary of the Navy, Sir:—You will doubtless have seen in the public journals that a number of Japanese were sometime since picked up at sea, 600 miles from the Japanese Islands, by the barque "Auckland," Capt. Jennings, by whom they had been treated very kindly, brought into the port of San Francisco, and subsequently placed on board the revenue cutter "Polk," to await arrangements for their return to their native country.

Capt. Aulick has suggested to me, and I cheerfully concur in his opinion that this incident may afford a favorable opportunity for opening commercial relations with the empire of Japan, or at least of placing our intercourse with that Island upon a more easy footing.

Under these circumstances I have the honor to enquire, whether there is any small national vessel on the eastern coast of the United States that could, without inconvenience to the public service, be ordered to take these unfortunate men on board at San Francisco, and proceed with them to Hong-Kong?—Commodore Aulick is charged with the delivery of a letter from the United States to the Emperor of Japan. And if these Japanese mariners can be thus forwarded to Hong-Kong, there to await the arrival of the Commodore, he could then take them on board of one of the vessels under his command and return them to their native land. Accompanied by an imposing naval force, as he probably would be on this service, and with the kindly disposition awakened in the bosom of the Emperor towards this Government, by the act of restoring these unfortunates to their homes, the occasion, it is believed, would be most auspicious for the the accomplishment of the more important objects of Commodore Aulick's mission.

I am, sir, respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
DANIEL WEBSTER

I take pleasure in forwarding the preceding letter, distinguished, you will perceive, not less for the beauty of its thought than for the clearness and conclusiveness of its statements. The result of the expedition, we know, has been successful, the treaty has been ratified by the United States Senate, and the document is now before the country The mission was executed by one officer of the American Navy, but was conceived by another. And to the navy, in the person not only of the former but also of the latter gentleman, do we owe a debt of deep and lasting gratitude—a debt which the American people will not be tardy in acknowledging.

With sentiments of the highest regard, I beg to remain, very truly, your friend and obedient servant.

GEO. LYNN-LACHLAN DAVIS
Annapolis, July 27, 1854.

☞The editor of the Newark Herald is evidently short of "phunds," and in stirring up his patrons he says:

"We cannot help thinking how much easier an editor's life might be made, if his generous patrons could only hear his 'better half' scraping the *bottom of the flour barrel!* A man that can write an editorial with such music sounding in his ears can easily walk the telegraph wires an turn somerset in the branches of a thorn bush

A FISH STORY.

Four clergymen—a Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic—met by agreement to dine on fish.—Soon as grace was said, the Catholic rose, armed with knife and fork, and taking about one-third of the fish, comprehending the head, removed it to his plate, exclaiming as he sat down, with great self-satisfaction, "*Papa est caput, ecclesiæ*"—The Pope is the head of the church.)

Immediately, the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one third, embracing the tail, seated himself, exclaiming, "*Finis coronat opus.*"—(The end crowns the work.)

The Presbyterian now thought it was time for him to move; and taking the remainder of the fish to his plate, exclaimed, "*In Media est veritas*"—(Truth lies between the two extremes.)

Our Baptist brother had nothing before him but an empty plate, and the prospect of a slim dinner, and snatching up the bowl of drawn butter, he dashed it over them all, exclaiming, "*Ego baptizo vos.*"—(I baptize you all.)

GAVE HIM THE MITTEN.—"Ah mon dieu! mon dieu!" said Monsieur Melemots to his friend Suiffins, "my sweetheart give me de mitten."

"Indeed how did that happen?"

"Well, I thought I must go to make her von visiet before I leave town; so I step in de side of de room, and dare I behold her beautiful pairson stretch out on von lazy."

"A lounge you mean."

"Ah, yes—von lounge. And den I make von very polite branch, and—"

"You mean a polite bow"

"Ay, yes—von bough. And den I say I vas sure she would be rotten if I did not come to see her before I—"

"You said what?"

"I said she would be rotten if—"

"That's enough. You have put your foot in it, to be sure."

"No, sare. I put my foot out of it, for she said she would call her sacre big brother and keek me out, *begar*. I had intended to say mortified, but I could not tink of de word, and mortify and rot is all de same as von, in my dictionaire."

☞"Young man, a private word—When you go a courting, find out, as soon as possible, whether your affections are being planted more in a bundle of dry goods and things generally, than in a pulsating heart hemmed in by warm ribs, and all that. Many a fellow had laid himself out for a full made woman, and only found a very extensive assortment of cotton, whalebone, and similar delusive institutions. Just look over the goods, before going to the parson.

Quizzing a Quizzer.—A professional gentleman of our acquaintance has hanging in his room a fine colored engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as a jackass.

Not long since a friend of his dropped in, and stopping before the picture, gazed intently upon it for a few moments, and then cried out abruptly, and as he imagined, very wittily:

"Hallo, doctor, is that your portrait?"

"Oh, no," replied the doctor, coolly, "that's simply a looking glass."

The anxious inquirer suddenly discovered that he had some business down the street, and departed.

Declaration of Independence.—The editor of the Pittsburg Post, having perhaps been thereunto stimulated, by a strike amongst the compositors, or a wafting from the typographical association, has gallantly determined to set his own type in future, and furnishes the specimen of his skill. We applaud his pluck, and admire his punctuation. We acknowledge our dependence upon the craft, and warned by the unhappy spectacle of our comrade, hope that we may never be sent to the *galley*" for any contumacy of ours.

a NeW priNteR

This is our first effort at typesetting—we presume it will show that we can learn fasT.

we are sel *taught* too. We Want no help, we will have it *right* without ASSistance. The proof will need no correction, we dont intend to try it every day; but we will let the quinters know that we are one of them.

talk about the ART of printing! it is just as easy as rolling off a Log.

☞A widow once said to her daughter—"When you are at my age, it will be time enough for you to dream of a husband"

"Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless girl, "for a second time." The mother fainted

☞"What do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a heavy coat of flesh on him?"

"A heavy coat of flesh! By the powers, the poor crater can hardly carry what little there is on him."