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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 16. CHESTER TOWN, MD., SEPTEMBER 29, 1855. No. 22.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

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. To Clubs—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.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

VALUABLE FARMS

For Sale.

THE undersigned will sell at private sale all that FARM OR PLANTATION lying in the Upper District of Kent county, adjoining the lands of Jas. F. Woodland, Esq., and others, containing

162 Acres, more or less.

This Farm lies on the stage road from Chester Town to George Town X Roads, about 11 miles from the former and 4 miles from the latter place. A school house is within 100 yards of the farm; a public landing is within 1½ miles of the farm, where boats ply regularly between the landing and Philadelphia and Baltimore. The situation is healthy, and the land susceptible of the highest improvement. The neighborhood a most excellent one. The BUILDINGS consist of a Frame Dwelling House, and Out-Building in ordinary repair.

The Terms will be made liberal, and any one desirous of purchasing are requested to examine the premises. Mr. Jewell, who lives on the Farm, will show it to any one who may wish to examine it.

ALSO, will be sold at private sale, the Farm near the above, containing

147 ACRES,

adjoining the Freeman Farm and the Culbreth Farm. This farm is also a desirable one, being convenient to Schools, Mills, Churches, Stores, &c.

The fencing is good, with a sufficiency of

WOOD & TIMBER for the use of the farm. THE BUILDINGS are in ordinary repair; the land kind and can easily be improved.

The Terms will be made easy. Any one wishing to purchase, will call on the undersigned, who will show them the premises.

JAMES W. HURTT.

Georgetown X Roads P. O., Kent c., Md., Aug. 1855.

ATTENTION!

Now is the time to obtain a nice Boot!!

The undersigned returns his thanks to his friends and a generous public, for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, and respectfully informs them that in consequence of the high price of leather—which is a *cash* article—he will hereafter conduct his business on the the CASH PRINCIPLE, and will still endeavor to keep on hand a good supply of *Fashionable* BOOTS & SHOES. Gentlemen and ladies wishing to aid him, will please give him a call at his old stand and favor him with their patronage and the benefit of their full purses.

JAS. E. JOURNEY.

Sept. 1, 1854.

NOTICE.

TO RENT for the ensuing year, my Grist and Saw Mills, with the land attached, now occupied by A. S. Sappington. For terms apply to W. Bacchus.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

One that can do plain sewing, and has been used to children. Apply to W. Bacchus.

PAY UP AND BUY MORE.

All persons indebted will call and settle their accounts. "The harvest is past and I am not paid"—no further notice will be given.

Goods of all kinds in his line on hand and for sale low for cash. W. Bacchus.

Just received, Super and Family Flour, at reduced prices. W. Bacchus.

Aug 4, 1855.—tf.

VERY CHEAP GOODS!

THE subscriber intending to change his business next fall, will sell his present stock of DRY GOODS at reduced prices for cash. All persons in want of the same are invited to call at

W. B. WILMER.

All persons indebted are requested to call and settle. W. B. W.

Chestertown, July 7, 1855.

ROAD NOTICE.

IN compliance with a commission from the Honorable Commissionerrs for Kent County, authorizing the undersigned, as Examiners, to determine upon and locate a public road in the 2d election district of said county, beginning at the public road somewhere between the hickory tree at the outer gate of Isaac Parsons and haw tree corner, or corner of Mr. Beck's farm, and to run across the country in a direction to Worton Point until it reaches some point of the road leading to the said Worton Point—the undersigned hereby give notice to all persons concerned that they will meet at the said place of beginning on WEDNESDAY, the 3d day of October, 1855, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 o'clock, P. M., to execute the duties required of us by the above mentioned commission.

JAMES GALE,
WM. T. SKIRVEN,
JOHN C. MURPHY,

Sept 1, 1855.—1m.

BARBER'S SHOP.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the citizens of Chester Town, and of the county, that he has opened a BARBER SHOP, on Queen Street, in part of the dwelling of Philip Jones, where he will be glad to attend to all who may desire his services.

Having served a regular apprenticeship in a Barber's Shop, in Baltimore, he hopes by constant and strict attention to his business, to merit the patronage of the public. The public's obedient serv't,

P. RICHARD REESE.

Sept. 1, 1855.

ROAD NOTICE.

The undersignod intend to apply to the County Commissioners for Kent county, for Examiners to straighten or alter the public road leaning from the corner of the Fancy farm and at or near its junction with the lands of Benj. Chew, to Smyth's Cross Roads, so that the main road may be extended in a straight line till it reaches the lands of Robert Nicholson, Thomas Parsons and Richard Smyth to Smyth's Cross Roads.

ROB'T NICHOLSON,
RICHARD SMYTH,
JOHN S. CONSTABLE.

Kent County, Aug. 25, 1855.

PAY YOUR TAXES.

THE undersigned, Collector of the County, State and School Tax, and also of the Dog Tax, for the First Election District of Kent County, gives notice that his books are now ready, and for the accommodation of tax payers, he will be at the following places, on the days named, until further notice:

Mondays at Richard Hodges' store.
Tuesdays at Chestertown.
Thursdays at Isaac Rogers', at Bel Air.
Saturdays at Wm. A. Rollison's, at Trappe.

ISAAC GALE, Jr.,
Col. 1st Election District, Kent Co.

Aug. 11, 1855.—tf.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS

OF THE 2D AND 3D ELECTION DISTRICTS.

The undersigned, Deputy Collecter for the 2nd and 3rd Districts of Kent County, for the year 1854, would hereby notify all those who have not yet paid settled their accounts, that they must close them at the earliest possible moment. The demands upon him are such that furtehr indulgence is out of the question. These taxes have been due for nearly fourteen months, and unless paid he will be compelled to advertise and sell in every case, without respect to persons.

THOS. LUSBY,
Aug 18, 1855—tf. Dep. Col.

NOTICE

To Tax Payers of 2d Election District.

The Tax book is now ready, and those indebted for Taxes would save cons derable by making prompt payment, a, follows: 5 per cent off State Tax if paid during the month of August—4 per cent in September, 3 do. do. in October.

THOS. LUSBY,
Col, 2d E. D. of K. C.

Aug 18, 1855—tf.

WANTED:

AN active honest man in each section of the State, to take orders by 'Sample' for VELPEAU'S MAGNETIC AGENTS. A salary of $800 per year, and a small commission will be paid.—"Salary payable Monthly." For particulars address Dr. M. VELPEAU, 422½ Broadway, New York, enclosing stamp to prepay answer.

Aug. 25, 1855.—4t.

FEVER AND AGUE.—The most obstinate cases cured immediately by Dr. Shallenberger's Fever and Ague Antidote. In no case will the patient have more than *one chill* after the first dose. Proprietors—Wm. Bohlright & Co., Philadelphia. Sold by J. L. Stam, P. M., Chestertown. Call and get a Circular.

Aug. 18, 1855.—2m

ORCHARD GRASS SEED FOR SALE.

The undersigned has for sale about one hundred and fifty bushels orchard grass seed.

E. SUDLER.

Sept 1, 1855.

NAILS AND CASTINGS.—Norristown and Cumberland Nails by the Keg. Plow Castings by the single one or set.

WILMER & FORD.

Wilmer's Point, Narch 17, 1855.

BRICKS FOR SALE.—The undersigned have for sale a large quantity of assorted Bricks, either at Wilmer's Point or Georgetown.

Aug. 4. WILMER & FORD.

GRAIN! GRAIN!—Cash advances made on Grain consigned to James L. Bewley, or the highest market price will be paid for the same at Rees' Corner, by Abel J. Rees.

Aug. 25, 1855.

Ploughs and Castings

CAN be had cheap at Wilmer's Point or George Town, of *Wilmer & Ford.*

June 16, 1855.

POETRY.

THE LOVE LETTERS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Still on the tower stood the vane.
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air.
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane
And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A band of pain across my brow;
"Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet
Before you hear my marriage vow."

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song
That mock'd the wholesome human heart,
And then we met in wrath and wrong,
We met, but only meant to part.
Full cold my greetings was and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw with half-unconscious eye
She wore the colors I approved.

She took the little ivory chest,
With half a sigh she turned the key,
Then raised her head with lips compresst,
And gave my letters back to me.
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;
As looks a father on the things
Of his dead son, I looked on these.

She told me all her friends had said;
I raged against the public liar;
She talk'd as if her love were dead,
But in my words were seeds of fire.
"No more of love; your sex is known;
I never will be twice deceived.
Henceforth I trust the man alone,
The woman cannot be believed.

Thro' slander, meanest spawn of hell
(And woman's slander is the worst,)
And you, whom once I loved so well,
Thro' you, my life will be accurst."
I spoke with heart, and heat and force,
I shook her breast with vague alarms
Like torrents from a mountain source
We rush'd into each other's arms.

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,
And sweet the vapor-braided blue,
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appeared to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells;
"Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,
There comes a sound of marriage bells."

MISCELLANY.

[Written for the Kent News.]

Evil Speaking.

BY MINNA.

Dear Mr. Editor:—Certainly if there is one sin blacker in the sight of htgh heaven than all others, (blasphemy alone excepted) that sin is defamation.—Surely to deprive any one of his or her fair fame, and hold such individuals forth to the world as something vile and unworthy the respect of their fellow creatures, is a far more heinous crime than even that of shedding innocent blood; for in the latter case the soul of the murdered, if innocent and pure, has gone to the God who gave it, and the body is at rest: whereas the defamed is doomed to struggle on beneath a load of reproach and contumely heaped upon them by the insidious slanderer, whose black tongue is steeped in and reeking with the blood of the murdered character of innocence.—Great God! can it be possible that those who profess to be followers of the immaculate Jesus should become so lost and dead to all the principles of that holy and vital religion he died to establish as to suffer that unruly member, which they have permitted to be set on fire of hell, to take disgraceful and atrocious liberties with the reputation of a brother or sister of the household of Christ—that family which should be knit together in the bonds of Christian fellowship and union, whose reputation should be dear one to another, knowing that a dark stab upon the character of any, not only destroys the peace and happiness of the assailed, but saps the foundation of all good influences such members might have exerted, and perhaps puts a stop to their usefulness forever. And last, though far from being least, those evil speakers, through the deeply injured, vituperated of their designing slander, bring a reproach upon the cause of that Savior whom they profess to love and honor. Alas! alas! I am pained to say that such is often the case. But is this religion? If so, it is a religion that heathens would do well to shun—better to die in the darkness of paganism. True, the promulgators of the black calumny may think to exonerate themselves from blame by asserting that the blasting rumor did not originate with themselves, but was communicated to them by some other person. But does this mend the matter? Are not those who distribute a poisonous compound among the community equally or more culpable than those who compounded the fatal drug? Do not such as listen to the base maligner, countenance him in his evil reports? No one, I presume, can deny that this is so; and was the matter to stop here, it would be bad enough in all conscience. But such is not the case; for the listeners, with the poison of asps under their tongues, which are sharper than two-edged swords, to the deviding asunder of peace and reputation, whispers the slanderous report to their confidents, giving weight at the same time to the aspersion, by insinuating that they were not at all disappointed, for their opinion, of the accused was never very high, though they hope sincerely such may be innocent. The third party whispers it to a fourth, and thus, like the flame of a lighted tourch, communicated to a hay stack, the defamation spreads like wild fire, until the deadly injured victim is shunned as would be some ravenous beast of prey. God help you, slandered one, if you are a female, friendless and a stranger, for from no other source thon the fountain of mercy and truth, and the consciousness of your own innocence, can you draw comfort and consolation in this dark hour of distress.

Such evil speakers, backbiters, defamers, haters of that which is good, be they of the church or of the world; are more to be dreaded than the pestilence that walketh in darkness. Better be in the midst of the infected malaria that is now wafting death and dismay through the devoted cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, inhaling the pestilential vapor, than dwelling in peace and security so far as physical health is concerned, in the society of such. I can call them by no softer epithet than demons incarnate.

But know you, malicious whisperers, that the day is rapidly advancing when we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ to give an account for the deeds done in the body. There the defamer and defamed will meet face to face, and the secrets of all hearts must be made known.

Art thou a lonely female wanderer? and has thy fair fame been vilely and cruelly assailed by the biting bitter tongue of the inhuman calumniator and in consequence of the black falsehood hast thou been coldly treated by those who should have been thy friends and advisers in the hour of distress. What though it would have been more merciful in the malicious revilers to have taken a knife and cut thy throat from ear to ear. Yet fear them not the God who has said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, will be a present help in every time of trouble and of need. When thy father and thy mother, and we may add thy brothers, sisters and friends forsake thee and cast thee off, then will I take thee up, saith the Lord God of hosts.

Fear not the dark waves of slander and spite,
They shall not overflow thee, the Lord is thy might.
Dread not the dark flames of the wicked, their power
Shall not consume thee, the Lord is thy tower.
Though the iron has entered and wounded thy soul,
Fear not, the Almighty can still make thee whole.

September 16, 1855.

A DREAM.

Appended below, we give the alluded to funny dream, which was had by J. M. Stevens, Esq., of Baltimore, and which was related by him at the American Ratification meeting at Savage Factory, a short time since, and received with immense applause. It will recommend itself to all who are fond of the ludicrous:

"I dreamed that I died and went to *perdition* and there met the editors of the *Republican and Argus*, supposed by some to be the organ of the Democratic or foreign party of the city of Baltimore.—These editors were in secret conclave with his Majesty the Devil, and after some very considerable discussion, during which Mr. Hope seemed to be very much excited, judging from the nature of his gestures, the Devil commenced writing despatches, and after he had concluded he ordered one of the young devils to have the grey mare bridled, saddled, and brought out. In a few moments, according to the order of the Devil, the old mare was at the door. The Devil then gave the dispatches to the young devil, and told him to go throughout the State of Maryland, and post the dispatches which he gave him in every public place, and be sure not to miss one.

The boy or young devil had not got far before the old devil run out, and ordered him to be called back.

"Call him back!" said the Devil, "I have come to the conclusion that if the editors of the *Republican and Argus can't lie the nominees of the American Party in this State, out of the election, (and Major D. H. McPhail, in particular,) all the Devils in Hell can't!*"

☞ "Mether," said Mrs. Partington's Ike, "here's a word in this ere paper I can't make out.

"Spell it, child," said the old lady.

"S-a-g N-i-c-h-t-s!"

"Sage Nits, sonny, what does it say about 'em?"

"It says that they started in old Kentucky, and are spreaking all over."

"Dear on us!" said the old lady, "the world must be comin' to an end! Chintz-bugs, cut-worms, and locusts was enuff; but here must come filthy things, the *sage* nits! No sassengers for this year Isaac!" and Mrs. Partington sighed.

The Principles of Washington.

The American Party and its principles stands before the world in the proud attitude of following in the footsteps of the illustrious founders of the Republic. We need no better proof of this than history. The following letters written by the immortal Wathington, should put to shame those scurrillous scribblers of the present day, who denounce the American organization as "Dark Lantern Conspirators," &c., and yet who pollute their lips by a profession of veneration for the wisdom of the "Father of his Country." No stronger argument could be adduced to prove the necessity for excluding foreigners from office at the present day, than the foresight exhibited during "the times that tried men's souls," and the dangers which they feared would threaten our institutions by a too free emigration to this country.

During the struggle for American Independence Washington wrote as follows, (see Spark's Life of Washington,)

MORRISTOWN, 17th May, 1777.

To Richard Henry Lee—Dear Sir: I take the liberty to ask you what Congress expects I am to do with the many *foreigners* they have at different times promoted to the rank of field officers, and by their last resolve, two to that of Colonel?—These men have no attachment to the country, further than interest binds them. Our officers think it extremely hard, after they have toiled in the service and have sustained many losses, to have *strangers* put over them, whose merits, perhaps, are not equal to their own, *but whose effrontery will take no denial.* * * * It is by the zear and activity of *our own* people that the cause must be supported, and not by a few hungry adventurers.

* * * I am, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[Vol. IV., p. 432.]

MIDDLEBANK, June 1, 1777.

To the Same.—You will, before this can reach you, have seen Mons Decoudray; what his real expectations were I do not know, but I fear if his *appointment* is equal to what I have been told is his *expectation*, it will be attended with unhappy consequences, to say nothing of the policy of entrusting a department, on the execution of which the salvation of the army depends, to a *foreigner* who has no other tie to bind him to the interests of the country than honor. I would beg leave to observe that by putting Mr. D. at the head of the artilery, you will lose a very valuable officer in Gen. Knox, who is a man of great military understanding, sound judgement, and clear conception, who will resign if any one is put over him. * * I am, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[Vol. IV., p. 146.]

WHITE PLAINS, July 24, 1778.

To Governeur Morris, Esq.—Dear Sir: The design of this is to touch cursorily upon a subject of very great importance to the well-being of these States—much more so than will appear at first view—I mean the appointment of so many *foreigners* to office of high rank and trust in our service.

The lavish manner in which rank has hitherto been bestowed on these gentlemen will certainly be productive of one or the other of two great evils—either to make us despicable in the eyes of Europe, or become a means of pouring them in upon us like a torrent, and adding to our present *burden.*

But it is neither the expense or trouble of them I most dread; there is an evil more extensive in its nature and fatal in its consequences to be apprehended, and that is the driving of all our officers out of the service, and throwing, not only our army, but our military councils, entirely into the hands of *foreigners.*

The officers, my dear sir, on whom you must depend for the defence of this cause, distinguished by length of service and military merit, will not submit much, if any longer, to the *unnatural* promotion of men over them, who have nothing more than a little plausibility, unbounded pride, and ambition, and a perseverance in the application, to support their pretensions, not to be resisted by uncommon firmness: men who, in the first instance, they wish for nothing more than the honor of serving in so glorious a cause as volunteers—the next day to solicited rank without pay—the day following want money advanced to them—and in the course of a week want further promotion.

The expediency and the policy of the measure remains to be considered, and whether it is consistent with justice or prudence to promote these military fortune hunters at the hazzard of our army.

Baron Steuben, I now find, is also wanting to quit his inspectorship for a rank in the line. This will be productive of much discontent. In a word, although I think the Baron an excellent officer, *I do wish that we had not a single foreigner among us*, except the Marquis de Lafayette, who acts upon very different principles from those which govern the rest. Adieu.

I am sincerely yours,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In after life he wrote as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17, 1796.

To John Adams, Vice President of the United States—Dear Sir—* * * My own opinion with respect to *immigration* is, that except of useful mechanics, and some particular description of men and profession, *there is no use of encouragement.* * * *

I am, &c. GEO. WASHINGTON.

MT. VERNON, Jan. 1790.

To J. Q. Adams, American Minister at Berlin—Sir—* * * You know, my good sir, that it is not the policy of this government to employ foreigners when it can well be avoided, either in the civil or military walks of life. * * * There is a species of *self-importance* in all foreign officers that cannot be gratified without doing injustice to meritorious characters among our own countrymen, who conceived, and justly, where there is no great preponderance of experience or merit, that they are entitled to *all* the offices in the gift of their government.

I am, &c. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[Vol. II., p. 392.]

AN EDITOR DREAMING ON WEDDING CAKE.

A bachelor editor out West, who had received from the fair hand of a bride an elegant piece of wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience:

We put it under the head of our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant, blessed with an easy conscience, soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married! Never was a little editor so happy. It was "my love," "dearest," "sweetest," ringing in my ears every moment. Oh! that the dream, had broken off here. But no, some evil genius must put it into the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord.

In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.

My dear, said we fondly, did you make this?

Yes, love, aint it nice?

Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life.

Plum pudding, duckey, suggested my wife.

O, no, dearest, bread pudding, I always was fond of 'em.

Call that bread pudding? exclaimed my wife, while her lips curled slightly with contempt.

Certainly, my deor—reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood house to know bread pudding, my love, by all means.

Husband, this is really too bad—plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir, and my pretty wife's brow flashed with excitement.

My love, my sweet, my sweet, my dear love, exclaimed we, soothingly, do not get angry, I'm sure it's very good, if it is bread pudding.

You mean, low wretch, fiercely replied my wife in a higher tone, you know it's plum pudding.

Then ma'am, it is so meanly put together, and so badly burned, that the devil himself, wouldn't know it. I tell you madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that it is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that.

It is plum pudding! shrieked my wife, as she hurled a glass of claret in my face, the glass itself tapping the claret from my nose.

Bread pudding! gasped we, pluck to the last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the left leg.

Plum pudding! rose above the din, as I had a distinct perception of feeling two plates smash across my head.

Bread pudding, we groaned in a rage as the chicken left our hand and flying with swift wing across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

Plum pudding! resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gravy dish took us where we had been depositing the first part of our dinner, and a plate of beets landed on our white vest.

Bread pudding forever! shouted we in defiance, dodging the soup tureen and falling beneath its contents.

Plum pudding! yelled the amiable spouse, as noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling upon our head the dishes with no gentle hand. Then in rapid succession followed the war cries. Plum pudding she shrieked with every dish.

Bread pudding! in smothered tones came up from the pile in reply. Then it was "plum pudding" in rapid succession, the last cry growing feebler, till just as I can distinctly recollect, it had grown to a whisper. Plum pudding! resounding like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash as my wife leaped upon the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced jumping up and down—when, thank Heaven, we woke and thus saved our life. We shall never dream on wedding cake again—that's the moral.

Virtue makes a man on earth famous, in his grave illustrious, and in Heaven immortal.