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The Kent News.

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

Vol. 17. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MARCH 21, 1857. No. 45.

POETRY.

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

I saw a youthful mother,
Once on a summer's day,
Set down a smiling infant,
To watch its frolic play;
It gamboled on the flowers
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed, with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something on the instant
Its glad career arrests,
And earnestly it gazes where
A golen sunbeam rests;
While on the new found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And truthfully reached forth its hand
To seize the glittering prize.

And now its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure rich and rare,
Which in its baby innocence
It surely thought was there.
But ah! that hand uncloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright imprisoned rays!

And then the first of many tears
Fell on the cherub face—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it has been with us all,
Who its dark game have played—
We've sought to grasp the sunshine,
And only found the shade.

GENTLE WORDS.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
The eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the Summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To sanctify the heart;
But O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

SELECT TALE.

An Unexpected Witness.

STARTLING COURT SCENE.

On my last visit to the Mississipi I arrived one pleasant Autumn evening at the village of Deepwoods, having come in the stage that day from Moody Creek. I found the inn well filled, and learned that the circuit court was in session there. At the supper table I found the judge and some half dozen lawyers, besides the county officers and numerous visitors who had come to attend the trials. I had some business to transact with a merchant in the place, whose name was Landor Wallace, and I made up my mind to call upon him during the evening. I knew where his store was and after tea walked down to the place. The building was all fast however, and I turned my steps toward his dwelling—I knocked at the door and my summons was answered by a black woman. I asked her if Mr. Wallace was at home. She looked into my face a few moments, and then burst into tears.

"He's to hum, but he's dead," she sobbed, with much effort.

I managed to learn from the negress that Wallace had been murdered three days before, and that his murderers would be tried on the morrow. Under such circumstances I could not disturb any other of the family, and having gathered from the slave the leading particulars, I left the door and returned to the inn.—There I learned some further matters touching the murder, but those who understood the case fully were busy, and I was forced to wait until to-morrow for a clear knowledge of the case.

Though the murder had been committed so recently, the body having not yet been buried, yet as the court was in session, and the accused and witnesses on hand, the trial was to take place immediately.

On the following morning I entered the court room with the crowd, and the first case which came up was that of the murder of Landor Wallace. The accused was a young man not over five and twenty, named Edward Demarton. He had been employed for several years as Wallace's chief clerk and was one of the most capable youths in the country. I had some dealings with him; and had learned to love and respect him. He was lightly built, remarkably handsome and bore himself with a native pride, which, while it gave him firmness and dignity, never made his manner haughty or overbearing. He was an orphan, of French descent, and had been born and reared in New Orleans. As he sat in the prisoner's box I could see him plainly. He was very pale, and seemed to suffer much, yet he did not look like a guilty man. I could not believe he had ever committed a murder. He was too brave and honorable for that.

At length the trial commenced. The witnesses came on and gave their testimony, and my heart sank within me as I found how strongly the tide of circumstances set against him. It was proved that he had wished to marry with Leandor Wallace's niece, a young girl named Isabel Wallace and that the uncle had objected. From this a quarrel had ensued, and the youth had left Wallace's service. It was furthermore proved that Demarton had challenged Wallace to fight him a duel, and that the merchant had refused on the ground that he could not consent to meet one whom he still regarded in the light of a son. Then it was proved that the youth was very wroth at this, and that he swore Mr. Wallace should fight him or "suffer the consequences." He was determined to have satisfaction.

On the morning of the murder the merchant started on horseback for Dantonville, and in half an hour afterwards the prisoner mounted his horse and started after him, saying, as he leaped into the saddle, that he "would easily overtake Mr. Wallace." And then he added in presence of three witnesses, who swore to the words: "I can settle our trouble as well on the road to Dantsnville as anywhere!" This was at six o'clock in the evening. At nine o'clock, a man named Harrold—Dunk Harrold, he was called—was coming from Dantonville, and in a small piece of wood through which the road ran, he came upon the body of Landor Wallace and at the same time he saw Edward Demarton, riding away from the spot. The moon was shining very brightly and he recognized the prisoner very plainly.

He leaped from his saddle, and found the merchant senseless, and bleeding freely from several deep wounds. Close by he found a silver handle bowie knife, which had been proven to be the prisoner's property. The knife was covered with blood, and the physicians had decided that the wounds had been made with it. The murdered man had also received a blow upon the head which was nearly sufficient to kill.

This Dunk Harrold was a hard looking customer. He was a stout, broad shouldered man, somewhere about forty years of age, with dark, coarse, animal features and looked the perfect villain. In defence it was proved that Harrold had some difficulty with the prisoner, and that he had sworn to have revenge, but this amounted to but little.

Surely the case seemed very clear against the prisoner. He had difficulty with the murdered man, challenged him to mortal combat—sworn to have revenge—followed him on the road to Dantonville with the avowed purpose of settling the *trouble*—been seen to flee from the bleeding body—his knife found all bloody by the murdered man's side—and, when he was apprehended, his own hands and clothes were bespattered with blood:—Were not circumstances conclusive? At all events, so they were generally received.

At length Edward Demarton was permitted to tell his story. He arose and although he was pale and wan, yet his voice was firm. He first called upon God to witness that he spoke the truth, and then went on.

He said that on the afternoon before the murder he had spent over two hours with Mr. Wallace; and that all their difficulty had been settled, and that the merchant had explained to him that his only objection to the marriage of Isabel had been the fact that she had promised her father on his dying bed, that she should not be married until she was twenty years of age.

"We made our differences all up that time," continued Demarton, and Mr. Wallace asked me if I would come back into his service. He said if I had been willing to have asked the reason of his refusal of Isabel's hand he would have given it, but I was hot and impetuous, and he was a little nettled by it, and so he resolved to tell me nothing. He had just asked me if I would come back into his service, when some one entered the store who wished to see him. I told him I had planned to go to Dantonville that evening, but would call on him when I returned. He said he had to go to Dantonville too, and bade me call on him in that place, at the same time signifying that he would arrange matters there.—After that I went over by the lake and when I came back I learned that Mr. Wallace had been gone half an hour. I got my horse ready at once, and when about to start I did make the remarks which have been sworn to, but I made them jokingly, in view of the friendly meeting we were to have, little thinking of what was to occur. I rode off, and at the distance of some ten miles, in the little wood, I found Mr. Wallace's horse standing by the side of the road. A little further on I found the merchant weltering in his blood. I leaped from my saddle and knelt down by the side of the body. I turned the face up and called his name several times. The flesh was yet warm but life seemed extinct. I got my hands and clothes thus bespattered with blood, but I thought not of that. When I found life was gone, and that I could not well handle the the body alone, I remounted my horse and started back for help.

"It has been urged that if I had really sought help I would have ridden on to Dantonville where I could have found it within half a mile, rather than towards a point where there was no house for over six miles. But I could not stop then.—My first instinct was towards home, and I followed it. I had gone four miles when my horse fell. He was too lame to trot. Soon afterwards I was overtaken by Dunk Harrold and another man, who arrested me for the murder. With regard to the knife—the knife found was mine, and it had been stolen from me on that day."

The youth sat down as he ceased speaking and the judge shook his head.

"Any one can invent a story of that kind," said he to the jury, "but no one could have invented the circumstances which bear against the prisoner."

In short there seemed to be no hope for the youth. Though people pitied him, yet I could see they shook their heads dubiously when he pleaded his innocence.

The judge summoned the evidence all up making it more strong against the prisoner than before if possible, and the jury were on the point of retiring, when a sudden commotion was perceptible at the door, and in a moment more a young girl, or maiden, rushed into the court room, with her long chesnut hair floating wildly in the wind, her bosom heaving deeply and her eyes fairly burning with intense eagerness. It was Isabel Wallace. She was a beautiful girl, tall, and nobly proportioned; with a face of striking loveliness, and a form at once voluptuous and queenly. She cast once quick glance upon the prisoner full of love, eagerness and hope, and then returning to the judge she cried:

"Is he tried yet, sir?—Is he found guilty?"

"Not yet—but he soon will be," answered the judge, overcoming his astonishment as quickly as possible for the benefit of his dignity.

"Oh! he's innocent! He's innocent!" the fair girl exclaimed. "He's not the murderer. Ho! officers, seize upon Dunk Harrold, and see that he does not escape! Quick! quick!"

Even as the maiden entered the room, Harrold had moved nearer to the door, and as these last words were uttered he made a rush for the street, but a stout boatman in the doorway held him until the Sheriff came up. The fellow struggled hard, but a pair of iron cuffs were soon placed upon his wrists, and he was carried back.

"Now," continued the girl, turning to the judge, "you will send whom you please to take my uncle's word down!—*He is alive!*"

At these words Edward Demarton started to his feet and uttered a cry of joy.—But his feelings quickly overcame him and he sank fainting back. As soon as the first outburst of astonishment consequent upon the startling intelligence had passed, Isabel explained what happened. She said two physicians were with her uncle, and that he had revived from his lethargic sleep, and had his senses perfectly, and that he wished to give to the proper persons an account of the assault which had been made upon him.

The court was adjourned at once, and then the judge himself accompanied by three of the lawyers and the foreman of the jury, went to the merchant's house. They found the wounded man very weak; and the physicians said he could not live long. As soon as the new comers were arranged about his bed, he related to them as follows:

He said that on the day he started for Dantonville, he saw young Demarton at his store, and that all the difference between them was there made up, and also that he promised to meet him in Dantonville. He started alone on horseback, having first packed away five thousand dollars which he was to carry with him. It was dusk when he started, and in half an hour it was fairly night, only there was a bright moon. When he reached the little wood he was overtaken by Dunk Harrold. He felt a sudden fear that Harrold meant to rob him, for he (Harrold) had seen him packing his money away in his pocket book. So he made a move for his pistol, but before he could reach it Harrold gave him a blow on the head with a short club, which knocked him from his horse. He remembered well of the villain stabbing him several times, and he knew, too, when he took the money from his pocket. He could remember nothing more until he came to his senses on the morning of the then present day.

The physicians said the sufferer had been in a sort of cataleptic state, induced by one of the stabs, and partly aided by the blow on the head. His account was taken down, word for word, by one of the lawyers, and duly witnessed: while the two physicians swore that the man was in possession of full sense and sound mind. With these attested documents, the party returned to the court-room.

The court was quietly opened, and ere long the jury returned a verdict of acquittal for Edward Demarton, and thereupon the joy of the spectators burst forth in a shout, which the court tried not to stop.

Mr. Dunk Harrold was soon put upon trial for the murder, and duly convicted of the crime. When he found that all was known he made a full confession.—He confessed the deed, and that he did it for the money. He knew that young Demarton was going on the same road, so he contrived to steal the youth's knife, meaning to fasten the murder upon him, and, but for the wonderful interposition of the power which had held the murdered man for a witness, the scheme would have succeeded.

Mr. Wallace lived until noon the next day, and before he died he placed the hand of his lovely niece within the hand of Edward Demarton, and bade them to live together upon his bounty. He had no family of his own, and to Isabel he left all his property, but it was the understanding that Edward should manage it for her and be her companion for life.—Though there was deep sorrow in the loss of so kind and generous an uncle, yet there was joy in the thought that she had now a noble, loving husband.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Shortly before the departure of the lamented Heber for India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful illustration;

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—thro' the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young heads; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent.—We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited at some short lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of eaath and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the infinite and eternal!"

COURTSHIP OF A BASHFUL CLERGYMAN. The Rev. John Brown, the well-known author of the self-interpreting Bible was a man of singular bashfulness. In token of the truth of this statement, we need only state that his courtship lasted seven years. Six years and a half passed away, and the Reverend gentleman had got no further forward than he had been the first six days. This state of things become intolerable; a step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed. "Janet," said he, as they sat one night in solemn silence, "we've been acquainted now six years and mair and I have ne're gotten a kiss yet—d'ye think I might take one ma bonnie girl?" "Just as you like, John only becoming and power wi'it."—"Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing."—The blessing was asked—the kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, perfectly overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed—"O! woman! *But it is guid*—we'll return thanks." Six months made the pious couple man and wife, and, added his decendant, who humorously tells the story, a happier couple never spent a long and useful life together.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—An exchange gives the following suggestion for increasing the capacity of the lungs:

Step out into the purest air you can find, stand perfectly erect, with the shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air, not through nostrils, but through your lips, into the lungs. When the chest is about half full, gradually raise, the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the heads just as the lungs are quite full.—Then drop the thumb inward and after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse; the process should be repeated three or four times, immediately after bathing, and also several times during the day. It is impossible to describe to one who never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows this exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased by this means some three or four inches; during as many months.

GOOD ADVICE.—A lecturer inquiring of a clergyman, "How long a discourse do you suppose your people will bear?" was old he hadn't better try the experiment. "With me the consideration is not how much the audience will tear, but how much they will listen to with profit that is, with pleasure. Beyond that point I don't intend to go and I adyise you to adopt the same rule." Sensible clergyman.

☞ We can never die too early for others when we live for ourselves alone.

[*From the Richmond (Va.) Examiner.*]

The Free Colored Population.

It is no longer a subject of doubt wheth er free negroes ought to remain in a slaveholding community. With few meritorous exceptions, they are idle, vagabond, intemperate, dishonest, indolent. They belong exclusive to the class of consumers, and hang as a dead weight upon the body politic. They are not only a heavy charge upon the public economy in this manner, but free in the presence of the slave, idler by the side of the involuntary laborer, having liberty of egress and ingress among a population it self denied free locomotion, they at once excite discontent by their example, inflame the spirit of insubordination by their conversation, and present themselves as the ready instruments of correspondents between plantations and of general organization whenever the spirit of discontent and insubordination are ripe for open rebellion among the slaves.

Non-freeholders, they are unfit for employment in agriculture; and if engaged in the mechanical trades and the higher departments of manual labor, they justly offend the self-respect of the important class of whites laboring in those pursuits. The law does not prohibit them from acquiring land, and yet, by a sort of natural destiny, they seem incapable of becoming owners of the soil—barring a very few exceptions which prove the general rule. There is no instance, in our knowledge of the free negro population, of a successful free negro tiller of the soil. If accident places him in possession of land, it gradully dwindles under his tenture into the weed grown patch, which has been the curtilage of the negro in two continents, and for as many centuries. It has been no more ordained for the African, without a master, to till the soil, than for the wild Arab or the aboriginal Indian. And hence nothing can be more anomalous, economically, than the free African in an agricultural community.

He is as unfit for the mechanic arts as for agriculture—wanting the power of combination, of accuracy in measurement and calculation, of mental concentration and physical application, which are the essentials in mechanism. Our whole experience of him in the trades has never produced a single instance of a master workman; his highest success in this department of industry, showing him nothing more than a tolerable jobber, or respectable botch. Besides, as we have said, to encourage hin in the trades, is to wound the self-respect of one of the most sterling and respectable classes of our white population, and to drive all of these but such as are without manly pride of character and occupation, from our community. Hence, nothing could be a greater anomaly in the economy of a community made up in part of citizen mechanics, than a population of free negroes employed in the mechanical trade.

The free negro, therefore, must need live a vagabond life in the rural districts, performing occasionally the menial offices of the whites for which the slaves are abundantly adequate; or collect about the towns and villages to perform those offices of menial urban service to which the slaves are not adapted—and of prostitution which pays the highest temporary emolument and entails the deepest and most enduring degradation. Thus, too, it is that in performing these menial and infamous offices, the free negro presents an ugly economical anomaly—a putrid, noisome sore upon the face of society.

The truth is established in the conviction of every intelligent being, that the African race, except as slaves acting by compulsion of a higher will, cannot sustain itself as a constituent element of civilization, and when individually released from bondage and set free upon civilization, hangs as a dead weight and fastens as a gangrene sore upon the general system.

The condition of the free negro population itself calls for a change in its social state, no less urgently than the general good of the white and slave population demands some radical measures looking to the extinction of the class in our midst. And thus, the only problem of the solution is, how shall our social system be rid of this population. Plainly, there are but two modes of effecting the riddance—those of sending all of them off who elect to go—*and selling those who remain, again into the condition of bondage.*

To require the free negro to go North is only to require that of him which the North encourages his brother and neighbor among the slaves to do. The North are not injured by his emigration thither, as they themselves testify, by enticing our slaves into the same step. The free negro goes from a community in which he is felt and feels himself to be a nuisance, and which labors incessantly to spew him forth, to a community which welcomes his race with open arms, and seems to worship the color of his skin and the curl of his hair.

If he refuses to emigrate to the more hospitable North, then there is no other alternative left under the reasoning in premises but to sell the free negro into slavery. The Commonwealth has already asserted her right to to sell him into bondage by authorizing his sale for goal fees, and other debts to herself. The principle has thus long been asserted and acted upon, so that it is only the *expediency* of the measure which is left to be determined. There are 55,000 free negroes in the State, *the sale of whom would produce to the public treasury* $20,000,000, subject to deduction in proportion to the number who should voluntarily emigrate to the North. There are 238,187 free negroes in the Slave States; which is almost one-tenth as many as their whole slave population. *Their sale and employment in the culture of cotton would enhance the wealth of the South immeasurably*, and do much towards extending the culture of that staple into new regions of domain where now it is not prosecuted for want of slave labor.

☞ A Down-East paper says that during a thunder storm in the vicinity recently, "a man and three more telegraph poles were knocked down by a thunder bolt, and remained insensible for nearly half an hour.

☞ Fashionable female education is said to be teaching a young lady to talk French, walk Spanish, faint gracefully, and dance the polka. What a charming creature! What accomplishments!

PORT DEPOSIT

Foundry and Machine Shop.

TIN AND

SHEET-IRON WARE MANUFACTORY.

ARMSTRONG & CO.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they have connected a Stove Store and Tinning Establishment with their Foundry, where they are prepared to furnish *STOVES*, of all kinds: consisting of Cooking Stoves, for coal or wood; Parlor Cooks, for coal or wood; with a variety of other Stoves for either wood or coal. A full assortment of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware always on hand.

Tin Roofing, Guttering and Spouting, done, and warranted to give satisfaction. Also,

Machinery, Iron Railing,

Steam and Water Pipes, Plows and Plow Castings, of various patterns and assortments.

Having a practical acquaintance with the business, and having some of the best workmen in their employ, they flatter themselves that their work will compare favorably with that done in the cities, as to *Style, Price and Durability*. All they ask to satisfy the public on those points is a fair trial. They solicit a share of the public patronage. Mar7,'57—3m.

ESTATE OF THOS. A. MERRITT.

Maryland; Kent county, Orphan's Court, February 24, 1857.

On the application of Joseph W. Webb, administrator of Thomas A. Meredith, late of Kent county, deceased;

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 24th day of February, 1857.

(SEAL)

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of T. A. Meredith, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 12th day of October, 1857; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 24th day of February, 1857.

JOSEPH W. WEBB,
Admr. of Thomas A. Meredith dec'd.

Feb. 28, 1857—4t.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned wishing to purchase a Northern Rail-way Horse Power, will sell his Sinclair Sweep Horse Power and Thresher and Straw Carrier, all attached, being in complete order. The Thresher stands in forced groves cut in two hewn logs buried in the ground, and the legs of the thresher can be keyed solid to any distance when the band is stretched. Any one wishing to purchase an article of the kind will call and examine for themselves. The purchaser can have till the last of August to pay for it, clear of interest. One dozen extra sett of teeth new.

march 7, '57. JNO. A STRONG.

Brick-Laying!

To all who want Bricks Layed.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Chestertown that he is prepared to do Brick Work in all its various ways and on reasonable terms. The best of references can be given if required. All orders left at Poston's Hotel will be promptly attended to; and all work warranted to give satisfaction

J. A. WILSON.

feb. 28, 1857.

Ready-made Clothing.

The undersigned has an assortment of Ready made

CLOTHING,

which he will sell at cost.

JOHN BORDLEY,
feb 28 No 3, Cheapside.

House Painting, &c.

THE undersigned have entered into a Co-partnership, and will carry on the above business in all its various branches. They will do work with despatch. Thankful for past favors they solicit a continuance.

CHAS. DAVIS.
C. Town, Feb. 28. CHAS. H. DAVIS.

JUST RECEIVED,

AND for sale—Pippin Apples, Cavendish Tobacco, and other goods cheap for cash.

mar. 7, 57. WM. BACHUS.

FOR SALE.

A first rate pair of young MULES, unbroken. Apply to the editor. feb 14