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The Kent News.

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

Vol. 18. CHESTER TOWN, MD., NOVEMBER 21, 1857. No. 29.

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPE

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, & General News

EDWARD MANSFIELD

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expira ion of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To CLUBS—5 copies for $6—10 co pies for $10. No subscription received for shorter period than six months, and no paper wil be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will d nserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every nsertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers Advertisements must have the number of time marked, or they will be published till forbid an 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 o a religious or charitable nature, will be charged or at the usual rates, those handing them in will e held responsible.

VENDUE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the subscriber will sell at public sale, on

MONDAY,

the 23d day of November, 1857,

if fair, if not on the first fair day thereafter, at the late residence of Henry Masten, dec'd, in Still Pond Neck, all the personal estate of said deceased—negroes excepted—consisting of

7 head Horses, and Colts, 14 hd. Cattle,

18 head of Sheep, 1 head of fat. Hogs, and 13 head of fine Shoats,
2 ox-Carts, a Carriage and Harness,
1 wheat Machine, in good order,
1 good Montgomery Fan,
Fifteen to 20,000 weight of Blades,
TWO YOKE OF OXEN,
Farming Utensils,
Household and Kitchen Furniture,
1000 Chesnut Rails, 100 cedar Posts,
1500 bushels quick lime, &c.

Sale to begin at 10 o'clock, A. M.—when the terms of sale will be stated.

GEO. W. CROSSLY, Admr

Nov. 14, 1857.

Vendue.

THE subscriber will sell at public sale at the late residence of James Browne, (of Ed.) in Quaker Neck, on

Thursday,

the 26th day of November, the personal estate of said deceased, consisting of

Horses, Cattle,

15 head of Sheep, Hogs, Farming Utensils, 1 large Boat and Seine,
Household & Kitchen Furniture, &c.

The sale will be opened at ten o'clk, A. M., when the terms will be made known.

JOHN HADAWAY,
Administrator.

Nov 14, 1857 —tds.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned intending to discontinue farming will sell at public sale, at Rees' Corner, on

WEDNESDAY,

the 25th November inst. if fair, if not the first fair day, the following property:

4 Horses, 3 Colts, 3 good Cows,
one pair good Mules,
Shoats, wheat Fan, Farming Utensils, carts, &c.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock—nine months credit will be given and terms fully stated at the sale.

S. W. CALEB.

Nov 14, 1857—2t

For Sale,

A NEGRO WOMAN who has three years to serve from first January next, with a hearty male child, which is a SLAVE FOR LIFE, the child is about 2 months old. The woman is a good cook, washer, and ironer. For terms apply to THE EDITOR.

Nov 14, 1857.

RAGLANS, RAGLANS,—an article of elegance and convenience for sale by

sept 26 '57 WICKES & BRO.

VENDUE.

The undersigned will sell at public sale, at his residence in Still Pond, on

THURSDAY,

the 26th November, inst. if fair, if not on the first fair day thereafter, his stock, &c. consisting of

Horses, Cattle,

yoke young Oxen, broken, one yoke do. unbroken, wheat Fan, ox Carts, Wagons Farming Utensils, &c.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. when the terms will be stated.

HENRY T. JUMP.

Nov 14, 1857—tds

VENDUE.

The undersigned will sell at his residence on

TUESDAY,

the 24th November, his stock &c. consisting of

FIVE HEAD HORSES,

3 milch cows, 11 head Sheep,

5 head young Cattle, yoke of Oxen, a lot of Hogs, Farming Utensils, a Hussey Reaper and Mower, carts, waggon, corn blades, &c.

Sale will begin at 10 o'clock, when the terms will be made known.

ABEL MERRITT.

Nov 14, 1857.

ESTATE OF JOHN M BIDDLE.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, November 27 1857.

On the application of Stephen A. Biddle and Richard Hynson, Administrator of John M. Biddle wne, 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, and the American published in Baltimore city.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 3rd day of November, 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 John M. Biddle 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 24th day of April, 1858; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of November, 1857.

STEPHEN A. BIDDLE,
RICHARD HYNSON,
Adm'r John M. Biddle, dec'd.

nov 7, 1857 —4t.

Grist and Saw MILLS FOR SALE.

IN view of a contemplated change in his business, the undersigned will sell at Private sale his Grist and Saw

MILLS,

with

46 Acres of Land,

attached. The Location of these Mills are highly favorable; they lie on the head waters of Fairlee Creek, in Kent county, Maryland; are within ½ mile of navigable water for grain boats, while flat boats or scows may be be loaded at the door of the Grist Mill.

They are convenient to places of public worship, and a good school; and are surrounded by some of the most highly improved and best timbered farms in the county. Of the 46 acres of Land, there are 3 or 4 acres of

FINE MEADOW,

and two acres of

a thriving Chesnut,

the balance is arable and in a high state of cultivation. There are also

TWO ORCHARDS,

one Apple and the other Peach.

Both Mills are in complete and substantial order, having been thoroughly rebuilt within a few months. There are other improvements, such as a

Frame Dwelling House

with Kitchen attached, Corn house and Stable, all in good order.

It may be asserted with the utmost confidence that in view of the advantages of the location of these Mills, their present complete order, and the fair and easy terms upon which they may be purchased, no better bargain has been offered for many years in this county, to the man of enterprise and small capital.

WM. BACCHUS,
sept 26, 1857. Per R. HYNSON.

LADIES bl'k and col'd Gaiters, fine and low priced, Congress Boots and heeled shoes; or shoes for sale by *Wickes & Bro.*

sept 26 '57

VALENCIA Plaids, a goods combining neatness and durability—by Wickes & Bro.

oct 31 1857.

POETRY.

ISABEL.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Lost Isabel again I come
To linger and to weep
Above the spot where wild flowers spring,
To mark thy place of sleep;
And, as I kneel beside thy urn,
Dear memories from afar
Come o'er my spirit, like the wild
Sweet music of a star!

Thy breezy step is seen no more
Upon the blue hill's brow,
And beauty's early light has left
My darkened day dreams now;
Yet my lone spirit keeps its glow,
Like that pale eastern flower
That shines at mid-night with the rays
It drank at morn's first hour.

Thou waste the sunlight of my days,
The idol of my dreams,
And life with thee was like the lapse
Of summer's quiet streams;
And if beneath the storms of life
My spirit e'er was bowed
Thy love shone o'er the gathering gloom—
An angel of the cloud.

There is no star above my head,
No flower beneath my feet,
No gentle murmur on the air
Where winds and waters meet,
No liquid lull of twilight founts,
No song from field or grove,
But tells me of the pleasant paths
Where once we loved to rove.

Alas! the hours no longer near
Young beauty's rosy crown.
The gentle flowers look up thro' tears,
The stars thro' tears look down;
From all the boundless universe
The soul of joy fled,
To live, ah! never, never, never more,
Since thou, sweet girl, art dead.

Dear Isabel, thine was the high
And holy gift of fire,
And beautiful its flashes played
Around thy glowing lyre;
But it consumed thy heart, for there
Its centered brightness fell,
And thou art but a thing of dust,
My own loved Isabel.

HARP SERMON.

BY A HARD SHELL BAPTIST.

My Belov-ed Breethering—I am an unlart hard shell Baptist preacher, of whom you've no doubt heern before, and I now appear here to expound the Scriptures and pint out the narrow way which leads from a vain world to the streets of the Juroosalum, and my text which I shall choose for the occasion is in the leds of the Bible somewhere between the second Chronicils and the last chapter of Timothy Titus, and when you find it you will find it in these words:

"And they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

Now, my breethering, as I have before told you I am an uneddicated man, and know nothing about grammer talk and collidge highfalootin; but I'm a plain unlarnt preacher of the gospil what's been forcordained, and called to expound Scripture to a dyin world, an prepar a preverse generation for the day of wrath; for 'they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roarth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

My beluv-ed breethering, the text says "they shall gnaw a file." It don't say they may but they shall. And now there's mor'n one kind of file. There's the hand saw file, rat-tail file, double-file and profile; but the kind of file spoken of here isn't one of them kind neither; because it's a figger of speech, my breethering, and means going it alone, getting ukered; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

And now there be some here with fine close on their backs, brass rings on their fingers and lard on thar hair, what goes it while they're young; and thar be brothers here what, as long as their constitutions and forty cent whiskey last, goes it blind; and thar be sisters here what when they get sixteen years old, cut thar tiller ropes and goes it with a rush; but I say my dear breethrin, take care you don't find when Gabriel blows his last trump, that you've went it alone and got ukered; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

And, my brethren, there's more dams besides Hepsidam. Thar's Rotterdam, Haddam, Amsterdam, mill dam, and don't care-a-dam—the last of which my dear breethering, is the worst of all, and reminds me of a circumstance I once knew in the State of Illenoy. Thar was a man what build him a mill on the east fork of Agur creek, and it ground a site of grain but the man what built it was a miserable sinner, and never giv anything to the church; and my breethering, one night thar come a dreadful storm of wind and rain and the fountains of the great deep was broken up, and waters rushed down and swept that man's mill-dam into kingdom come, and lo and behold in the morning when he got up he found he was not worth a dam. Now, my young breethering, when storms of temptation overtake ye, take care you don't fall from grace and become like that man's mill—not worth a dam, for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

"Whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."—This part of the text, my breethering, is another figure of speech, and isn't to be taken as it says It doesn't mean the howlin wilderness, where John the hard shell Baptist was fed on locusts and wild asses, but it means my breethering, the city of New Yorleans, the mother of harlots and hardlots—whar corn is worth six bits a bushel one day and narry red the next; what niggers are as thick as bugs in spoiled bacon ham, and thieves, gamblers and pickpockets go skitting about the streets like weasles in a barn yard—whar they have cream-colored horses, gilded carriages, marble saloons with brandy and sugar in 'em—whar honest men are scarcer than hen's teeth, and a strange woman once tuk in your beloved preacher and bamboozled him out of two hundred and twenty seven dollars in the twinklin of a sheep's tail; but she can't do it agin Hallelujah! for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

My breethering, I am captain of that flat-boat you see tied up thar, and I've got abord of her flour, bacon and oats, and potatoes and apples, and as good Monongehaly whiskey as you ever drank; and I'm mity apt tu git a big price for it all. But what, oh my brethering, would it all be wuth if I hadn't relidgion? Thar's nuthin like relidgin my breethering.—It's better nor silver and gold jimieracks and you can no more get to heaven than without a tail. Thank the Lord I'm an uneddicated man, my breethering but I've sarched the Scriptures from Dan to Burshebee, and found old Zien right side up, and hard shell relidgin is the best of relidgins. And it's not like the Methodists what expects to get to heaven by hollerin hellfire; nor like the Universalist what gits upon the broad gage and goes the whole hog; nor the United Breetheridg what takes each other by the seats of the trowsers and tries to lift their selves into heaven, nor the Catholicks what buys thru tickets from ther preests—but it may be likened, my breethering unto a man what had to cross a river, and when he got thar the ferry boat was gone, and he just rolled up his breeches and waded over—hallelujah! for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

Pass the hat brother Flint, and let every hard shell shell out.

A Good Congressional Story.

The Hon T. O. H. Smith, of Indiana, is writing a series of very interesting reminiscences of his Congressional life, which are published in the Indiana State Journal. Here is one:

NORTH CAROLINA INTELLIGENCE.—There arose a personal debate during the session, between Judge Dorsey, of Maryland, and Samuel P. Carson, of North Carolina, which became highly interesting to the House, as it was carried on with the utmost good humor on both sides—It was evident, however, that Judge Dorsey had decidedly the advantage of his North Carolina competitor. The debate ultimately turned upon the comparative intelligence of the constituents of these gentlemen. Mr. Carson had charged that the people of the eastern shore of Maryland were ignorant of the history of the country, owing to their inability to read or write, and closed with a most ludicrous account of the subserviency of the Marylanders to the supposed great men of the country. The good humor of the House seemed to be on the side of North Carolina, when Judge Dorsey rose to reply, his face covered with fun; John Leeds Kerr, afterwards United States Senator, whispered in my ear: "Dorsey says funny things." I give a sketch of his speech from recollection: "The gentleman says my constituents are ignorant and illiterate, I will not retort upon those who sent him here, but relate a few facts and leave the House to judge between us. Dates are important. The late war was declared in 1812, and the British army ingloriously burned the capitol in 1814, to the lasting disgrace of that nation. The whole scene was immediately published in the National Intelligencer, and copied into every paper in the United States.

"The war was over and peace restored by the treaty of Ghent. Just ten years after the burning of the capitol, my business took me into the gentlemen's district. I was approaching the principal town when I heard the sound of a fife and drum emerging from a yellow pine woods, near the town, where they were making tar and turpentine. I saw before me the waving plume and the marching, with quick step of a regiment of men, the stars and stripes borne aloft, with the motto "North Carolina now and forever," in gilt letters. I rode directly up to the principal hotel, kept by a landlord that evidently lived well, and knew how to entertain his guests if he was pleased with their standing. The moment I was seated on the porch he addressed me: "Have you heard the news?"—"What news?" "Why the British have burned the capitol, and our army is moving towards the enemy." "When did you hear the news?" "We got it last night about seven o'clock" That you may understand how this happened, just before the last, we held a great meeting to give information to the people. It was found that there was but one man in the county that could read. He was elected county reader We then voted to take the National Intelligencer, and that every Saturday afternoon the paper should be publicly read, begining at the first page and reading it regularly through, advertisements and all; and since then our reader has kept constantly at it every Saturday afternoon.

"Last night he read the burning of the Capitol by the British. We at once flew to arms. The old revolutionary spirit is completely aroused.' Dinner was announced and I took my seat at the head of the table, when out sprang my landlord and in a moment announced that the President of the United States was approaching in a coach and four, with out-riders, and sure enough up drove the coach with four splendid grays, and out-riders in full livery. The distinguished personage stepped from the coach, and was bowed into the parlor by my landlord, hat in hand. Curiosity led me to place one ear to the opening. The landlord bowed to the floor—"The President of the United States, I presume?" "Not exactly." "The Secretary of State?" "Not exactly." "The Secretary of War?" "Not exactly." "The Secretary of Navy?" "Not exactly." "The Governor of North Carolina?" "Not exactly." "Joseph Gales, the Editor of the National Intelligencer?" "Not exactly." Then raising his voice and stamping his foot, "Who in the thunder are you?" "I am a merchant tailor from Washington City, and have come here to collect some bills." "You can pass on; I have no room for you." The Judge closed amidst thunders of applause; his triumph was complete. Mr. Carson laughed heartily, and the matter ended in the best of personal feeling.

BEAU HICKMAN IN A NEW YORK COURT.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Mercury has the following in regard to that distinguished financier, Beau Hickman, Esq., who visited New York lately to regulate monetary affairs in that quarter:

A rich scene came off the other day in the Marine Court. Your readers will all remember the celebrated Beau Hickman. Beau has been staying here for some weeks past, at the Florence Hotel, where his bills are paid by his friends in the gambling and sporting lines. On Tuesday Beau was subpœnaed as a witness in the above court. The attorney on the opposite side was a regular tartar. He prides himself upon his skill in examining witnesses, and claims that he can confuse a witness more successfully than any other member of the bar. One of his methods of doing this is, when the witness hesitates, to snap at him like an angry terrier worry and abuse for his hesitation, and then seek to confound and embarrass him.

Before this man Beau was brought up for cross-examination. Beau took the stand, and after giving in his testimony in a very mild and timid manner, was handed over for cross-questioning to this keen set lawyer. He had in his direct testimony, affirmed that the sharp lawyer's client had "no money whatever." The councellor, with a look at Beau such as a hungry dog gives at a bone, asked:

"How do you know, Mr Hickman, that my client had no money? Are you the keeper of his pocket book?"

"He told me so, sir."

"When did he tell you so?"

"This morning."

"Where, sir?"

"In this very room."

"What did he say, sir? Come, give us very words—none of your inference, sir."

"I don't like to answer that question."

"Ho, ho! So you're afraid to answer that question, are you? I knew I should drive you into a close corner. Come, out with it, and none of your skirking here."

"I should rather be excused."

"Then I shall appeal to the court to commit you for contempt."

"Well, sir, if I must answer he told me this morning that he had no money."

"Well, sir, what language did he use?"

"Why, I asked him to loan me half a dollar, and he told me he could'nt, for you had robbed him of every cent of his money, and if he didn't get out of your clutches very soon, his children would starve."

The lawyer had no further questions to ask. A roar of laughter arose in the court which required some trouble to check, and by the time the lawyer had collected his thoughts against the case was decided against him.

HOW TO PREVENT COLDS.

If people were blessed with common sense and a wholesome self-denial, they might often escape severe colds and fevers by resolute measures adopted in season. A correspondent of the *New York Evangelist* sends the following communication giving an "infallible" recipe for a bad cold, if it is taken in time:

There is probably not a man, woman, or child, who is not as often as once a year afflicted with a severe cold, which ends in a cough or catarrh; and thousands there are who die every year of consumption, brought on by taking cold. He then, who should discover a certain and effectual remedy for this complaint, would be justly regarded as one of the greatest benefactors of the age. The writer does not profess to have discovered such a remedy, but he wishes to attest the truth of the following certain and effectual expedient for preventing a cold. A cold cannot be easily cured, but if it can be prevented, it is of no importance to know how it may be cured.

"A bad cold like measles or mumps, or other similar ailments, will run its course in about ten days, in spite of what may be done for it, unless remedial means are employed for it within forty-eight hours of its inception. Many a useful life may be spared to be increasingly useful by cutting a cold, short off in the following safe and simple manner. On the first day of taking a cold, there is a very unpleasant sensation of chilliness. The moment you observe this, go to your room and stay there. Keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilling feeling, even if it requires 100 degrees of Fahrenheit.

"In addition to this, put your feet in water half leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hot water from time to time for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in.—Then dry them thoroughly, and put on thick warm, woolen stockings, even if it be summer—for summer colds are more dangerous—and for twenty-four hours eat not an atom of food, but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm teas, and at the end of that time the cold will be entirely broken without any medicine whatever. Efficient as the above means are, not one in a thousand attends to them; led on as most men are by the hope that a cold will pass away of itself. Nevertheless, this article will now and then pass under the eye of a wise man who does not choose to run the risk of taking physic and dying too"—*Medical Journal.*

The above expedient is a severe one for epicures and gluttons; but most persons will find it easier to fast one day than to be sick a fortnight. The writer has usally found that fasting for three or four meals is sufficient, but doubtless the whole remedy is better than a part. Let those who are often afflicted with colds—ministers, students, and consumptives generally—cut out the above directions and preserve them; if faithfully followed, they will do you more good than all the pulmonaries, cold cordials, and other hurtful nostrums, which now load your shelves.

"EQUAL TO CHOATE.—In Mr. Everett's agricultural address, published on Saturday, there is one sentence of *fifty-eight lines* without a single period. That is equal to Mr. Choate, who has three pages of his Webster oration without a pause.—*Boston Bee.*

Yes, but there is a very marked difference in the effect. In reading one of Choate's interminable sentences you feel as if caught up by a whirlwind, and borne off to the imminent peril of your consciousness. His sentence fairly takes away your breath. Everett's, on the contrary, takes you softly upon its bosom, as a zephyr receives a blossom or a perfume, and, wafting you from earth to heaven and around the circling globe in a sort of delicious fairy dream, returns you to the green but solid earth without ever breaking the exquisite spell.—*Louisville Journal.*

IT has been said that as true a thing as ever was uttered at a public dinner was: "Hoops and the equator—crinoline and the equinoctional line the one encircles the earth, the other the heavens.

A VIVID idea of the weakness of chicken soup was conveyed in the wag's query to his wife at dinner—"can't you coax that chicken to wade through this soup once more?"

A CONTEMPORARY, speaking of one of our Western towns, says: "Just think of a community all lawyers and doctors." Indeed we would rather not.

☞ No professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.