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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus pacere studet:—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. NOVEMBER 7, 1846. NO. 28.

AUCTION SALES

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE HIGH COURT OF CHANCERY, the undersigned as Trustee will expose to public sale, on

WEDNESDAY, the 11th day of November next,

at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the tavern porch of Capt. Carl L. Steandberg, in Chester Town, all the real estate of James Gregory, dec'd, lying in Quaker Neck, on the main road, near the Methodist Episcopal Church, and at present occupied by Mrs. Gregory.

It consists of a HOUSE and LOT OF LAND, containing ONE ACRE, and being part of a tract of land called "NEW YORK."

The Terms of Sale,

As prescribed by the Decree are, that the purchase money shall be paid in three equal instalments, in six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with approved security.

The creditors of the late James Gregory, dec'd, are notified to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, in the Chancery office, at Annapolis, within four months from the day of sale.

GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee.

Chester Town, Oct. 17th, 1846. } tds

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of the State of Maryland of Fieri Facias, issued out of Kent county Court, to me directed, at the suit of Thomas J. Mann, adm'r of Robert Morris, dec'd, use of John Talbot, against Jeremiah Cosden, will be sold at public sale, on WEDNESDAY, the 11th day of November, 1846, in the town of Chesterville, at 11 o'clock in the morning, all the right, title and interest of the said Jeremiah Cosden and Ann his wife, formerly Ann Morris, of in and to all that Tavern House and Store House, together with the lot or lots of ground belonging to the same, containing one acre, more or less, situate in the town of Chesterville, in the county and State aforesaid, being the property owned by Robert Morris, late of said county, dec'd—Seized and taken as the property of the said Jeremiah Cosden and Ann his wife, formerly Ann Morris, and will be sold to pay and satisfy the beforementioned writ of fi fa and costs due and to become due thereon.

GEO. W. SPENCER, Sheff.

Sheriff's office, Oct. 17, 1846. } $2 12½

LAST Notice.

THIS is positively the last notice I shall give to persons indebted to me for taxes and fees. I have waited very patiently until every one has had ample time to pay, without coercion,—I shall now be compelled in justice to myself to complete my collections immediately, and all accounts, without exception, which are not paid by the 1st day of November ensuing will be closed by execution, and sale of property,—longer delay is out of the question.

WILLIAM H BLACKSTON, Late Shff. and Collector.

Late Shff and Collector's office, October 10th, 1846. }

FOR RENT,

For the ensuing year, the DWELLING HOUSE, STABLE, &c. now occupied by Jesse V. Garritson, in Fish street.

ALSO, that large and commodious brick Dwelling House, Kitchen and Out Houses, situate on Water street, and at present occupied by N G Westcott. Esq.

ALSO, the large and commodious Dwelling House, Stable, and other Out Houses, situate in Queen street, and now occupied in part by the Misses Gaither's for a female school. The property will be put in good tenantable condition.

The Dwelling House, Stables, and lots of land attached to and belonging to the same, now occupied by Oliver P. Jones, Esq. For terms, apply to

A. W. SPARKS, Agent.

Oct. 3, 1846. 3w

Lime! Lime!!

The subscriber is prepared to contract for the delivery upon the Chester and adjacent rivers, any quantity of STONE LIME, upon favorable terms. Letters addressed to him at Baltimore will receive prompt attention. Capt. Graves and Capt. Brevoster, are authorized to make contracts for the delivery of lime, and purchasers may rely upon the fulfilment of any arrangements they may make.

E. J. COOPER, City Block, Baltimore.

GREAT BARGAINS,

IN HATS AND CAPS,

At the old established

CHEAP HAT AND CAP STORE.

No. 196 Market st. 2d door below Sixth,

PHILADELPHIA.

We extend a general invitation to the citizens of Chester Town and its vicinity, as well as to all others, to our store. We have on hand a large and complete assortment of Hats and Caps of every style and variety, which we are selling full one fourth lower than the usual prices, namely:

Extra superior Beaver Hats,	from	$2.50	to $3.50
" " Brush "	"	2.00	to 3.00
" " Silk "	"	1.25	to 2.00
" " Moleskin "	"	2.50 only, usual price $4.	

Good hats as low as $1 25 and upwards. Also, a complete stock of Caps, cloth, fur trimmed, glazed, silk oil cloth, velvet and fancy Caps; fine otter, Shetland fur seal, musk rat, hair seal caps, &c. &c. at lower prices than they can possibly be had elsewhere. From our extensive sales, we can sell for a smaller profit than others can.—Call and be satisfied, it is to your interest.

Merchants, Storekeepers, Hatters and others, who buy to sell again, supplied on reasonable terms. Be sure and call at No. 196 Market street, 2d door below Sixth st.

GARDEN & BRON.

September 5th, 1846. 3m

New Wholesale DRUGSTORE.

CANBY & BARTLETT beg leave respectfully to inform dealers and others, in this vicinity, that they have recently established, at the *N. W. corner of Light and Lombard streets, Baltimore*, a WHOLESALE DRUG ESTABLISHMENT where they have now on hand, and intend keeping, a complete and extensive assortment of entire fresh Drugs and Medicines, as well as Paints, Oils, Glass, Dyestuffs, &c. laid in at prices that will enable them to furnish persons dealing in Drugs, &c. with every article in that line, on certainly as good terms, and of as fine quality, as can be obtained from any other establishment, either in Baltimore or elsewhere.—They are also the manufacturers and venders of Dr. Chapman's Worm Mixture, Wright's Worm Mixture, and Lee's Family Medicines.

THOMAS Y. CANBY, late of the firm of Stabler & Canby.
WM. A. BARTLETT

September 5th, 1846. 6m

FALL DRY GOODS.

WE have now on hand a desirable assortment of FALL DRY GOODS which have been selected in this, and the eastern cities, and which we will sell low for cash, or on the usual terms, to punctual dealers. Country merchants and dealers generally, are invited to call and examine our stock before making their purchases. In our stock wi be found the following goods, viz:

Super and extra cloths and cassimeres
Merino, velvet, valencia silk and satin vestings
Pilot and beaver cloths and flushings
Cadet, steel mix'd, blue, drab and brown sattinetts
Kentucky jeans, fulled linseys and kerseys
Plaid and striped linseys and baizes
Geno cords and buffalo cloths
10, 11, 12 and 13-4 rose and Whitney blankets
Heavy white and colored blankets for negroes
Bl'k, colored and shaded alpacas
Twilled and plain Earlston ginghams
Cashmeres and mouselin de'lains
Linen cambric and linen cambric hdkfs
Brown and white table cloths and napkins
White, red, yellow and green flannels
Brown and white Canton flannels
Hosiery, gloves and suspenders
Gilt, lasting and bone buttons
Madrass, Britannia and domestic hdkfs
Silk and col'd bordered linen cambric do
Barcelona and Italian cravats
Stay bindings and galloons
Pins, needles, tapes and bobbins
Cap edgings and nettings
Blanket, mouselin de'lane and cashmere shawls
Splendid Turkeri and Edinburg do
Bed ticks, checks and plaids

Together with a large assortment of prints and brown and white shirtings and sheetings.

SIMMONS & BROTHER, corner of High and Gay sts. Balto.

Sept. 19th, 1846. 3m

WOOL CARDING *AND* MANUFACTURING.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his *WOOLLEN FACTORY* is now in operation. His prices are, for carding twice through 7 cts. once, 5 cts. for manufacture, 30 cts per yard; or two lbs. washed wool for yard cloth, or three lbs. in the grease.

WM. BACCHUS.

June 13th, 1846. tf

Superior Tobacco

for plug and Cavendish—just opened and sale low by T W ELIASON.

August 1st, 1846.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months.

☞ For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.

POETRY.

The Rival Queens.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post,

BY ANNE M. B. GAFFNEY.

The summer Queen has ceased to deck
Her brow with fragrant flowers,
And sadly sighs o'er blighted hopes
In her deserted bowers.

No more the bright birds cluster round
To sweetly sing her praise;
No more the lovely blossoms bask
Beneath her brilliant gaze.

The verdant leaves that decked the vines,
And clustered on the trees,
Have fallen to the chilly ground
The sport of every breeze.

The tones of joy that filled the air,
Alas! are heard no more;
And Nature's voice reminds us
That the summer's reign is o'er.

But look—a tall, and graceful form
In bright hued robes, is seen,
The purple grape crown on her brow,
Marks her the Autumn Queen.

In rich and mellow accents,
Whose music fills the air,
She tells us she will be more kind,
Though Summer was more fair.

And with a hand profuse she sheds
Her favors on us all,
And tints with bright and varied hues,
The leaflets as they fall.

With gentleness she teaches us
To bear the Winter's cold,
And unto me she ever seems
Like some loving friend of old.

The summer is more beautiful,
With her sunbeams, and her flowers,
And warbling notes that usher in
The morn, and evening hours.

Yet I joy to see the Autumn Queen
Resume her generous reign,
And I mourn in deepest sorrow,
When her power is on the wane.

POPULAR TALES

REVERSES;

OR,

The Mantuamaker's Daughter.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier,

BY GEORGE HAYDN.

"What an angel!—Who can she be?" exclaimed and interrogated Henry Sydney, in the same breath as a plain, yet very neatly dressed girl, with a light and agile step, crossed the street before him, and entered a small, white house, standing on the suburbs of Baltimore.

"Who—the girl that has just gone into the hovel to our right?" inquired his companion, a lady, splendidly attired in the heighth of the fashion, and mounted on a spirited steed, that seemed to spurn the earth on which he trampled.

"The same," replied Sydney; "if by the term *hovel* you mean that neat little cottage, with its vine-trelliced window, which so aptly conveys to one's mind the idea that it is the abode of peace and happiness, vividly at variance with the turmoil and discontent of the world without."

Why, its Eleanor Parsons, our mantuamakers daughter, who well nigh turned the heads of all the young men at Major Jeffries' ball, last May, by her uncouth manner, and her ignorance of the forms of society, to conceal which she declined dancing more than once or twice during the night, all of which they were short sighted enough to mistake for simplicity and coyness," said Mary Hansly, with a sneer of derision, at the same time steeling a glance at Henry's countenance, to see how he relished the disappointment.

"She is certainly the most perfect creature I ever beheld," exclaimed Sydney.—"Will you not give her a bid to your party on Tuesday?" he continued, the interest which Eleanor Parsons' beauty had awakened in his breast, growing noways luke warm by ascertaining the obscure station which she occupied.

"What! *I* ask Eleanor Parsons to a party of mine?" exclaimed Miss Hansly, piqued at the affront which Henry—carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment—had inadvertently given "Catch me associating with a mantuamaker, indeed!—What would the Miss Stanleys and. Wilberts say of me?"

"What did they say of Major Jeffries' daughter?" asked Henry Sydney.

"Miss Jeffries can do as she pleases, but 'birds of feather should flock together,' is my motto," said Mary Hansly, as she gave her head a haughty toss, that savored but little taking a mantuamaker's daughter by the hand and promoting her advancement in the world.

Henry Sydney bit his lip, to repress the tart reply that was at his tongue's end, and a strict silence was thenceforward observed, till they arrived at Mr Hansly's door, when he, instead of going in to while away the remainder of the evening, as was his wont on such occasions, took a formal leave of Mary Hansly, and bent his steps towards his boarding house.

Notwithstanding his endeavors to dismiss the mantuamaker's daughter from his mind, her image still continued to haunt him through the night; if he slumbered for a moment, her buoyant step, her exquisitely moulded foot and sylph like form were ever present in his dreams; if he opened his eyes, the snowy folds of the bed curtain, touched by the talismanic wand of his fevered imagination gradually disappeared, and, in their stead, her countenance, beaming with the glow of health and rich expression of innocence, floated before his vision.

Having lost his mother during childhood, and being an only child, Henry Sydney, at the death of his father—who was once extensively engaged in the commercial business, but, by the loss of two or three large merchant ships,—which went to the bottom, during a storm at sea, with their valuable cargoes and large amount of specie,—had been rendered, in a manner, bankrupt—found himself the heir to five thousand dollars, the remnant of his father's well earned and once ample fortune. This capital he invested in the mercantile business, and, by dint of industry, business like habits, and an extraordinary run of good luck, had risen to eminence, and was well to do in the world, as regarded pecuniary matters. He was now about 25 years of age, tall, well made, and rather handsome than otherwise. He had for sometime had serious thoughts of taking to himself a wife, but not as yet, mid all the gay scenes of pleasure and fashion which he frequented, had he met with the girl with whom he would have been willing to have ventured into the indissoluble bonds of marriage.—A twelve months' intimate acquaintance with Mary Hansly—whom he had first met at a fashionable tea party, and with whose lively flow spirits, rather than her personal attractions, he had been charmed—had taught him that she would make a gay airy butterfly for a ball room, but a dull and monotonous fire side companion. It was not for such a girl as that, that the heart of [illegible] for one of those gentler beings, whose kindly influence manifests itself on every object around her, who, in the tranquil retirement of her family, can calmly perform the duties which a married state necessarily imposes upon her, without sighing for the pleasures of a ball room; and who, on her husband's return at night, after the labors of the day are over, can welcome him with a smile, which amply requites him for the fatigue he has undergone, and at once dissipates the gloom from his countenance, if, perchance, an unexpected difficulty in business may have caused it gather there.

Tuesday night rolled round. Mary Hansly, having completed her toilette and cast a lingering glance in the looking glass, to convince herself that she could not fail to captivate Henry Sydney, descended into the drawing room, to receive the company, who began to pour in at an early hour.—By nine o'clock, the generality of those invited had assembled. Mary Hansly, who anticipated a delightful time of it, experienced a sudden depression of the spirits as casting her eye around the room she detected the absence of Henry Sydney; but consoling herself with the idea that he would certainly be there by ten, she again yielded herself up to the delights of the party. Ten o'clock came, and Henry Sydney was still an absentee.

"Where can he be?" she anxiously inquired of herself.

Eleven o'clock came, without his being there; she could now nither dance nor converse with her accustomed gayety, notwithstanding she was surrounded by the fashionable, the handsome, and the talented. There was a void, which the presence of Henry Sydney alone could supply. The hour for the breaking up of the party at length arrived, and crest fallen, she gladly retreated to the solitude of of her chamber, where after giving vent to her feelings in a passionate flood of tears, she repeatedly asked herself what could have detained him. Why should he have forgotten his share in the pleasures of the night? The truth of it was, Henry Sydney had that night, of all others, framed an excuse for paying the widow Parsons a visit.

He started a little after night-fall, and, having arrived at the door, tapped gently with his cane. A slight noise from within reached him—the door was opened—and he was asked in by a middle aged lady, of a dignified and imposing appearance.—Her countenance, which bore the rigid impressions of care, rather than time, still retained traces of personal beauty. The usual preliminaries of a self-introduction, (in which he passed himself off as the head clerk in an extensive dry-good store, and wished some linen made up), being over, he seated himself, and entered into conversation with Mrs. Parsons, whom he found not only a sensible and well-informed woman, perfectly "at home" on subjects to which he expected she was an utter stanger, but possessed of a highly-cultivated mind, and refined yet distant manners, which told that she had once moved in a higher sphere So charmed was he with the company of Mrs. Parsons, that he prolonged his stay till a late hour, and then reluctantly took his depature, having once, and once only, caught a look at Eleanor Parsons, through the half-open door, as she diligently plied her sewing in an adjoining room

Henry Sydney, the next day, inquired into the history of Eleanor Parsons, and learned from an intelligent old banker, that her father was formerly one of the most opulent merchants of Baltimore, but, by a series of misfortunes, had been suddenly reduced from a state of affluence to penury—that he had soon after sank into an early grave—and that his widow and daughter had, about two years since, removed to the house which they then occupied, and had by a close application to their needles, in pursuance of the art of mantuamaking, which Eleanor's father, when in affluence had insisted on he acquiring, by lessons given at home, gained an honest livelihood.

At the end of a week, Henry Sydney paid Mrs. Parsons a second visit, which but called for a third, and that for a fourth, and so on—each succeeding visit being repeated at short intervals; till, at length, three or four times a week he might be found seated in Mrs. Parsons' little parlor, which wore an air of peculiar neatness and comfort, enjoying her's and her daughters company. Eleanor Parsons, who was at first shy and silent, at the frequency of Henry's visits placed them on a more familiar footing, gradually threw aside her reserve, and appeared in her true character. Then it was that he had an opportunity afforded him of remarking how grossly misrepresented she had been by Mary Hansly, and how far she excelled the latter, not only in real simplicity and inborn gracefulness, but also in intellectual acquirements; for, previous to her father's bankruptcy, she had been three years an inmate of one of the first academies in the State, and since being reduced to such narrow circumstances, had, by means of her own industry, scraped together quite a respectable collection of books, with which she allowed no opportunity of improving herself to escape her Once, after repeated solicitations, he prevailed on her to sing, and, as he listened in rapture to her voice, the thrilling tones which seemed to vibrate along his his heart-strings, he was convinced how utterly worthless were Mary Hansly's brilliant array of piano tunes, when compared with that one simple song, teeming with pathos and sentiment.

As her character more fully developed itself, and Henry Sydney, with a practised eye, discovered her deep and fervent affection for her mother, her great deference and prompt compliance with her mandate, and her proficiency in those little housewifely matters which it behove every female to possess, [illegible] any pride themselves on her, which too made he become thoroughly confirmed in the opinion that Eleanor Parsons was all that he could desire in a partner for life. But there might yet be an insuperable barrier to the store of imaginary happiness he had hoarded up, and he trembled at the bare idea, as he put to himself the question—"Does she love me?"

For more than four months he had regularly continued his visits to Mrs. Parsons, and as yet had not received the slightest acknowledgement that his love was reciprocated by Eleanor, but more than once he thought he had detected the blush painting her cheeks on his entrance, and a quivering of the voice, a slight incoherence in her answers when he addressed her, and hope whispered away with despair;"—he proposed, and was accepted.

"I wonder where Henry Sydney can have kept himself of late? I haven't set eyes on him for a month, at least," said Mary Hansly to her mother, as she drew a chair to the window, to look over the morning paper, about six months after Henry had first commenced his visits to Mrs. Parsons.

"Why they say he has gone almost beside himself about that hussy, Eleanor Parsons," replied Mrs. Hansly.

"Well, I do think these mantuamakers' daughters, and their like, take the lead!—Why, there's Susan Darnley, the old milliner's daughter, who was not worth a copper, that married Dr. McPherson, last winter, who was worth not less than thirty thousand dollars—who would have thought it!" said Mary Hansley.

"Ah! there's no telling to what extremes their impudence will at length carry them. As for me, I'm clear for putting them down at once," chimed in Mrs. Hansly, with a knowing shake of the head.

Mary Hansly gazed abstractly out at the window for some moments, and then suddenly resumed:

"Well, I'm glad of it. It serves her perfectly right, for of course he intends to ——"

The rash imputation was cut short by the following paragraph, which caught her eye, as she glanced mechanically over the paper:

MARRIED—On the 19th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Daniel, Mr. HENRY SYDNEY to Miss ELEANOR PARSONS, all of this city.

She could scarcely credit her own eyes, but there it was in too glaring print for her to be mistaken. She was completely thunderstruck.

Five years have rolled round since Henry Sydney first caught a look at Eleanor Parsons crossing the street, and with them have come many changes. Henry Sydney and his wife—or, as we shall still continue to call her, the mantuamaker's daughter—now occupy one of the most splendid private dwellings in Baltimore. The Hanslys by a course of reckless extravagance, have expended every dollar of their fortune, which they had deemed inexhaustible.—Mr. Hansly, unable to bear up against his sad reverses of fortune, has fallen victim to a premature death; and the *hovel*, as Mary Hansly during her days of prosperity had contemptuously denominated the humble abode of Mrs. Parsons, is now tenanted by Mrs. Hansly and her haughty daughter, who in their turn are compelled to take in plain sewing to procure a subsistance.

VARIETY.

BUYING A SHOT.—An Englishman and a Prussian quarrelled at a gaming-table, in Paris, and the next day went out to fight a duel. The weapons chosen for the occasion were pistols. The Englishman fired first and missed his man, who at the moment he was about to pull the trigger, had his finger arrested by a cry from his adversary of "Stop stop!"

As soon as the Prussian had stopped, he cried out to him—

"I'll buy your shot."

The seconds were no less astonished than the principal, but they entertained the matter, and the result was that the Englishman, having plenty of money, and the Prussian very little, the shot was sold for 25,000 france, and the buyer and seller reentered the city shortly afterward, delighted with the bargain.

THAT YALLER DOG.—The Yankee who lost his yellow dog, approached a woodchopper by the wayside, and accosted him:

"Mister have you seen a yaller dog a-gwine along here, about a year a year and a half, or two years old?"

"Yes," replied the chopper, supposing the Yankee was was quizzing him—"yes, I saw a yaller dog going along here, about a year, a year and a half, or two years old, about an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours ago, and you'll find him about a mile, a mile and a half, or two miles ahead, with a tail about an inch, and inch and a half, or two inches long."

"Hold on—that'll do, stranger. I calculate you are into me about a feet, a feet and a half, or two feet."

QUADRUPEDAL APPLAUSE.—At a public meeting in the Marlboro' Chapel, Boston, a week or two ago, while a dull speaker was addressing the meeting, frequent applause was heard to proceed from the seat where sat the kind hearted Dr.——, and though somewhat against their grain, the audience joined in, thereby encouraging the man to continue talking at a most tedious rate, until, out of patience, a friend of the physician went to him, and good naturedly remonstrated with him. The Doctor assurgation it proved to be *him*, and on investi-*fleas!* The constant rapping of his paw had led the applause throughout the evening

"Do you suppose there is any boubt about my baggage going to Canaan?" inquired an old lady of the famous wag R. while he was "seeing some friend off" at the Albany depot a few days since. "My dear woman," answered R. soberly, "It will depend entirely on the moral instruction it has received. Was it brought up orthodox?" "No," answered the uncomprehending woman, "it was brought up on a hand cart." "Doubtful case, ma'am, very."

A SHARP DOG.—London dogs are not destitute of a sort of Cockney ability.—We knew one which was accustomed to go almost every day with a penny in his mouth to the baker's, and buy a roll for his own consumption. One day the baker's man, in a joke, gave him a roll, hot as fire, just out of the oven, which he instantly dropped, seized his money off the counter, and from that day *changed his baker*. He never would go back again to that shop, but spent his penny like a good steady customer with a better behaved tradesman.—*Literary Gazette.*

DON'T BE TOO PARTICULAR.—An Irishman once dreamt that he visited the Lord Mayor of London, who treated him with the greatest hospitality, and asked him if he wouldn't "*take* a little su'thin'." He replied that he wouldn't mind a little whiskey punch. "Hot, or cold?" inquired his lordship. His guest preferred it warm, but while the Lord Mayor was out heating the water, the Irishman awoke from his delicious slumber. "Och!" cried he, comprehending what a fool he was to await for hot punch during the precarious tenure of a dream, "how I wish I'd said *cowld!*"

☞ The Mexicans, it is said, catch a runaway soldier by throwing a lasso.—*Exchange payer.*

Very similar to the manner in which old bachelors are taken. They are caught with *a lass, oh!*—*Lynn News.*

And it is *alas! oh!* with many of them ever after, isn't it?—*Saturday Rambler.*

A POOR Welsh minor who had been induced to join in a riot, which under examination before the magistrates at Newport repeatedly exclaimed as follows:—"I wur never for *vissikful force.*" Being asked to explained himself, he replied, "Why, zur, I never wur vor *pysonin um!*"

GIVE AND TAKE.

"Gin me a kiss, my charming Sal,"
A lover said to a blue eyed gal.
"I sha'n't," says she, "you lazy elf,
Screw up your lips, and help yourself?"

BALANCING THE SHAKES.—It is asserted that a person shaking with the fever and ague can read first rate in a railroad car.—The two shakes neutralize each other, and the body is perfectly still.