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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. NOVEMBER 6, 1847. NO. 28.

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Kent county the subscriber administrator of Jesse Morris, deceased, will offer at public sale on Tuesday the 9th day of November next, the personal property of said deceased, consisting of horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, farming utensils, household furniture, etc.

The terms of sale will for all sums under $10 cash, for all sums over that amount the purchaser must give his note with approved security payable in six month from the day of sale.

No property to be delivered till the terms of sale are complied with. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

J. A. PEARCE,
Admr. Jesse Morris.

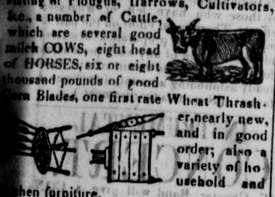
Oct'r 30, 1847.

VENDUE.

THE subscriber, intending to remove to Delaware, will offer at public sale, at his residence in Quaker Neck, on

Wednesday, the 10th Novemb'r,

his entire stock of Farming Utensils, consisting of Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, &c., a number of Cattle, which are several good milch COWS, eight head of HORSES, six or eight thousand pounds of good fodder, Blades, one first rate Wheat Thrasher, nearly new, and in good order; also a variety of household and kitchen furniture.



Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. Credit of 9 months will be given on all sums amounting to ten dollars.

WM. C. ALLSTON.

Oct'r 30, '47.

HATS, CAPS, LADIES' MUFFS, BOAS, &C. To Merchants, Hatters and Others.

GARDEN & BROWN,

Hat and Cap Warehouse and Manufactory,

NO. 196 MARKET STREET,

Second door below Sixth, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY solicit attention to their large and complete stock of Hats and Caps, manufactured under their own immediate direction and supervisendence. Combining the advantages of modern improvements to enable them to combine the important qualities of durability, ease and style, finish with extreme cheapness of price.

Their immense and beautiful assortment of Silks and prices of Beaver, Brush, Moleskin, Pearl, Cassimere, Wool, Felt and Straw Hats. Also, a general assortment of every variety of Caps, viz: Fur Seal, Hair Seal, Muskrat, Plain Fancy Cloth, every style, Red, Black Brown Mohair, Sealette, Glazed, Oiled and Fur Caps.

Ladies' Muffs, Boas, &c., at the very lowest prices.

Cash by the dozen or less, are invited to call and see for themselves, it is not to their interest to deal with us.

Particular attention paid to the packing of Furs, &c.

Cash paid for Muskrat and Shipping Furs.

GARDEN & BROWN,
196 Market Street, below Sixth st.,
Philadelphia, July 24, 1847. 3m

For the ensuing year the Brick and Frame Dwelling at the upper end of Chestertown, at present occupied by Mr. Byrom and Mr. Boland.

G. VICKERS,

Oct. 14, '47.

STEAMER CAMBRIDGE makes two trips weekly to Chestertown—on Monday and Thursday's. She arrives at 12 o'clock on each day. These trips to be continued during the season.

A Card.

The undersigned has resumed the collecting business and assures his friends and the public that all claims placed in his hands will be promptly attended to; he will also attend to the renting selling of real and personal property in Chester Town and Kent county. I will lend to and negotiate loans and discounts. I am thankful for past favors.

A. W. SPARKS.

Oct. 9, 1847. 4w

Just rec'd by Wilmer & Nicols a superior lot of Drab Beaver Cloth suitable for coats, also a lot of black Cloths from $3 to $7 50, all persons in want of cloth will be suited by us.

Oct. 9, 1847.

CLOTHS! CLOTHS!

Just received a good assortment sup'r blk cloths—on hand English Wm, bl'k, blue and inv'ble green for sale at greatly reduced prices.

T. W. ELIASON.

Oct. '47.

Just rec'd by Wilmer & Nicols a large assortment of all kinds.

DISSOLUTION.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between F. & Wm. Tomlinson was this day dissolved by mutual consent.

F. TOMLINSON,
WM. TOMLINSON.

October 1, 1847.

The undersigned respectfully requests all persons indebted to the firm, are hereby notified to close their accounts by the 15th of November, otherwise they will be collected according to law.

F. TOMLINSON.

Oct. 9, 1847.

The subscriber still continues to sail the Gov. Grason and would be thankful for all favors that he may receive.

WM. TOMLINSON.

October 9, 1847.

THE STEAMER CAMBRIDGE

Will leave her new wharf at the corner of Light and Conway sts. Baltimore, on Monday morning 12th inst. at 7 o'clock for Corsica and Chester Town and return same day. Passage $1. The above route will be continued until further notice. All baggage at the owner's risk. All freight must be paid on delivery.

JOHN D. TURNER.

april 10, '47.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on THURSDAY the 18th day of November, 1847, at half past 11 o'clock, A. M., at the tavern porch of Mr. Charles B. Tilden in Chester Town,

A BRICK DWELLING and FRAME DWELLING lying at the upper end of Chester Town and formerly the property of Samuel Mansfield, dec'd. The Frame building is nearly new. The Garden is a fine large one. The property rents readily for $100 per annum.

GEORGE VICKERS, Agent.

Chester Town,
Oct. 23, '47

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

CALL AND SEE.

THE subscriber is just from the city with a stock of SHOES, GROCERIES, &c., Also has on hand a good assortment of *BOOTS & SHOES*, of his own make all of which he offers for sale at a very small advance. Also a very fine stock of leather which he is prepared to make up at the shortest notice.

Two lads wanted

J. W. FRICHARD.

Oct. 16, '47.

For Rent.

A small farm containing about 80 or 90 acres, situate in Kent county, on the main Road from Rock Hall, to Chester Town, and about 3 miles from Rock Hall. It is excellent corn land—to a good tenant the rent will be moderate and it is the intentention of the owner to put all the rent on the place in order to improve it.

Apply to George Vickers, Esqr Chester Town, or to H. N. Hurtt, No. 188 Pratt st Baltimore.

Oct'r 23, '47.

To Rent.

FOR the ensuing year or a term of years all that Farm or Plantation called the Travilla Farm, on Chester River, adjoining the land of Abraham Vandeford's heirs, and others and tenanted the present year by William Peacock. For Terms apply to the subscriber Millington, or to A. W. Sparks, Chester Town.

THOMAS WALKER.

October 2, '47. tf

FOR SALE.

THE Brick House and Garden now occupied by James W. Philips, Esq., Also, the new frame House and Garden adjoining. They will be sold low by early application to JOHN RUSSELL.

C. Town, Oct. 16, '47. 3m.

Hats and Caps.

FALL style Hats all kinds and prices just opened—also a large assortment Caps including all the styles.

WICKES & BRO

Sept 25, '47

Wanted.

An active white man to act as foreman on a farm. To an industrious man with without a family liberal wages will be given. Apply the editor of the News.

Oct 16, 1847.

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

Terms:
$2.50, payable at the end of the first sixmonths

☞ For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.

POETRY.

THE CHILD OF BIBLE LANDS.

There kneeled beside the Ganges stream,
A high-born Indian maid,
In her hand she held an idol god,
In paltry beads arrayed.
She plunged beneath the sacred wave,
In her ignorance and pride;
For she trusted water would cleanse from guilt
She knew not that Jesus died.

By a holy well in Palestine
A Jewish maiden fair,
Raised meekly her dark eyes to heaven,
And this was her fervent prayer:
"God of my fathers, let thy face
Be turned towards this land;
Remember now thine ancient race,
The true Messiah send."

Beneath a convent's dusky gloom,
Hid in the cloister's shade,
A pensive nun at a crucifix
Her rosary displayed,
She counted her beads and aves said,
And muttered low complaints!
For alas, her prayers they were offered up,
To the virgin and the saints!

In the twilight of a summer's eve,
With eye serene and mild,
There sat beside her mother's porch
A little christian child.
A bible rested on her knee
As she conned its pages o'er,
Till night's dark shadows gathering,
She could see to read no more.

Then she kneeled on her grassy seat and pray'd
To the Saviour of her love;
That he would guide her here below,
And fit her for joys above.
Her heart was full of holy thoughts,
And she prayed for others too,
That God would grant the gift of faith
To the unbelieving Jew,—

That children in the far off land
Might not to idols bow,
And that the light of saving truth
Might be sent to the poor Hindoo,
Her prayers was heard in the highest heaven,
Adoring angels smiled,
While they witnessed the power or heavenly grace
In the heart of that simple child.

From the Western Continent.

MAN WITH THE POKER;

OR,

HOW SAM ODUM CUM TO JINE THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

BY MAJOR JOSEPH JONES.

Sam Odum was the Father of all the tailors in Pineville; or in other words, he was the fust man that ever sot up the tailoring business in our town. He was a monstrous good workman, and used to give his customers fits, whenever he made anything for 'em. He was a very industrious man, and one of the cleverest fellers that ever lived. Every body liked him fust rate, and even after Mr. Shears, the "fashionable tailor from New York," sot up his "Emporium" on the opposite side of the street, Sam got as much as he could attend to. But Sam Odum did have one fault—he had fits himself, sometimes—drunken fits—when he wasn't fit for anything for weeks together. He didn't have no wife, and used to keep a sort of bachelor's hall, as he called it, in the back room of his shop, whar he always had a bottle of good licker, and a half a dozen of split-bottomed chairs, for the accommodation of his friends, and a soft floor for them to sleep on if they happened to be overcum with his hospitality.

Sam wasn't drunk all the time. He used to touch his bottle lightly as a general thing; but every now and then he used to have a regler blow-out, as he called it; when he wouldn't do nothing but drink for hull weeks together. On sick occasions he was very good-natur'd and quiet, and never disturbed nobody, but sometimes he used to keep it up so long, and drink so much licker, that his hed-works used to have the devileshest notions that ever entered the brain of any white man. Sumtimes he would git so bad off that he would have to have the doctor to him for several days; and when he would git over his crazy spell, it would be a week before he could do any thing, and before he could look natural out of his eyes. After drinkin to a certain much he seemed to have an idee that the devil was gwine to carry him off, and sumtimes it tuck three or four of his friends to hold him in his bed, and all they could do they couldn't persuade him out of the notion that the old gentleman with the horn and cow's foot was after him with a three-pronged pitch-fork.

One time jest after the October elections, when Sam's candypate for Governor had been beat, (he was a great politicianer and used to bet strong sometimes) he took one of his regular blow-outs. He had been full as a tick for more'n a week, and had got to that pint when it was necesrary to taper off. This was always a difficult business with Sam, and had to be managed with a great deal of judgment. His friends had been sittlng up with him for several nights, an he was jest beginning to cum to his senses a liule, when a circumstance happened that like to been the end of him.

It wss hout daylight on a cool frosty mornin and Sam was lyin on his bed tryin to collect his senses, which had been wanderin all over creation, for several days, while his friends that was watchin' him was dozin' in the corner. He had seed "the man with a poker," as he called him, and had managed to give him the dodge, and was wanderin whether the old feller had gin up the chase. Bimeby he heard a noise out of doors like the trampin of feet. Springin upon his elbow, he listened for a minit. The noise growed louder, and a voice said, "we must have him along this time"—and the next minit he heard a blast of about five hundred horns, and more'n a thousand dogs sot up a yell all round him.

The thought flashed on his mind in an instant that the devil was after him agin, with his hounds. Like a steel trap he sprang from his bed, with eyes startin from their sockets, and every hair on eend, he rushed to the door, and away he went His friends, aroused by the noise, waked up jest in time to see him clear the garden fence.

"Odum! stop Odum!" shouted one.

"Ketch him!" hollered the other, both of 'em givin chase with all their might.

The street and yard was full of men and horses and dogs, and in a minit all hands was in chase of the flyin Odum, who, with his shirt streamin in the wind, was makin' for the woods, over fences and ditches, brush and briars, with the speee of a race horse.

The horses couldn't foller, and the men couldn't keep up, and the dogs wasn't lowd to give chase. Sich another confusion was never seed or heard of before in Pineville. Men and horses went tearin about in every direction.

The horsemen tuck the road to the woods to try to hed him, and them on foot was climbin the fences and racin over the cornfields, and through the brush and briars, all hollerin to Sam to stop. But it was all no use: Away he went, never stopping for anything, till he got to the woods, in which he soon disappeared, screamin and hollerin like a maniac all the time.

After runnin bout half a mile in the woods he tuck a sweet-gum, and climbin into the very top limbs, sot thar, when his pursuers cum up, tremblin and shakin he had a agey, with his shirt all tore to ribbons and his shirt all tore to ribbons, and his legs and feet bleedin what they was cut and scratched all to pieces with the brush and briars.

His friends tried to coax him down from the tree, but all they could do they could not git him to move a peg.

"Cum down, Samy," ses Billy Wilder—"What upon yearth is got into you to cut such a antic this mornin?"

Sam never sed a word, but jest kep on a groanin and screamin, and holden tight to the tree.

"Cum down, Samy—we's your friends—nobody shant hurt you," ses one

"Oh, don't take me this time, Mr. Devil!" ses Sam, looking down as wild as a lune.

"Nonsense!" ses Bob Moreland. "Ther aint no devil here. Don't you know us Sam? Cum down and less go before you ketch yer death!"

"Ow!—Ow!—oooo-oo!" ses Sam.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" ses John Hendricks, who was one of his watchers—"Cum down out of that. Nobody aint gwine to hurt you!"

But all the coaxing in creation couldn't move him a peg. He know'd the Old Boy was after him and he was termined not to give himself up as long as he could keep out of his reach.

Findin they couldu't do nothing by reasonin with him, they all agreed to go away and hide themselves, and see if he wouldn't come down by himself But thar he sot for more'n a ower, making the ugliest noise through his rattlin teeth that ever mortal heard, lookin about all the time as wild as a buck rabbit, but without moving to come down.

"I'll bring him," ses Jonn Hendricks; and with that he sent a nigger to town to bring him a bottle of licker: As soon as the licker cum, he tuck it and went to the tree and ax'd Sam if he wouldn't take sumthing to drink.

"Ow!—ow!—oo-oo-oo!" was all that Sam could say.

After trying in vain to convince him that he wasn't no devivil, John sot the bottle on a stump, a little ways off from the tree, and then went and and hid himself again to watch.

By this time the sun was up several owers, and the frost was off the ground. Sam begun to git monstrous dry, and after lookin all round, and bein sure the devils was all gone, down he cum, and gwine to the bottle, tuck a good swig, That brong him too a little, and after waitin a few minits, to see how it operated, his friends surrounded him and carried him to his room, whar everythin was soon explained to his satisfaction.

The whole circumstance growed out of a fox-hunt what the boys was gwine to have that mornin. They had cum after Bob Moreland, what lived next door to Odum, and blowd their horns to wake him up, which sot the hounds to yelling so.

The doctor was sent for, and poor Odum was put to bed agin. He was hurt considerable in his mornin airin, and wasn't able to be about agin for sum time. The dreadful cold he got liked to kill him, and scared him so bad that he swore off drinkin any more as long as he lived, an jined the temperance society the fust thing when he got well.

He has never had anything more to do with "the man with a poker" sence, and is now one of the greatest abstinence men in Georgy. He has had his shirt what he tore that morning made into a banner, and whenever his society has a procession, he carries it, as he ses, for a warnin' to all drunkards. He don't work no harder now than he used to, but he's gittin along right smart, and I wouldn't be surprised to see him a rich man yet before he dies.

A Legal Anecdote.

"Ginger," a Mississippi correspondent of the N. Y. "Spirit," who appears to have the bumps of fun and waggishness as extensively developed as the next man, relates the following ribtickling anecdote in a late number of that capital journal. The incident, he tells us, occurred under his own observation during a visit "East of Pearl," amongst a people of primitive habits, where the schoolmaster has heretofore been somewhat a stranger:

Recently while attending a Court held in J——— county, where Judge S. presided, a very plain question of law was presented for the decision of the Court. It was argued elaborately by the Counsel on the wrong side, and when the opposite Attorney (a real Paddy, who had just wadad through Blackstone and Chitty so as to enable him to obtain a license) rose to reply, he was stopped by his Honor, who informed him that his opinion was made up against him, and that he would have no further argument. Paddy laid his hand slowly upon a volume of Blackstone, and opened it where the leaf was carefully turned down, and commenced reading the law directly in conflict with the opinion of the Court.

"Stop, Sir," cried the Judge, "I have decided the case, and my mind is no longer open to conviction, nor will I have any further argument in the case."

"Oh," said the Lawyer, "I did not intend to argue the point, nor did I expect to convince your Honor; I only wanted to show to the Court what a h—ll of a fool Blackstone was!"

Such a shout of laughter as went up from every part of the Court House, was beyond the power of the Sheriff or Court to control for some minutes.

☞ The New York Spirit of the Times relates a story told by an old man, who has told it so often that he now religiously believes it to be true:—"When I lived in Maine," said the old man, "I helped break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and arly in the spring we begun to think of plowin' on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did, faith—and held that plough for more than a week—I thought I should die. It e'en a 'most killed me I vah. Why, one day I was holdin', and the plough hit a stump, which measured just nine foot and-a-hall through it—hard and sound oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I just threw my leet out, and I had no sooner done this, than it snapped together taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course *I* was tight, but I held on to the plough-handles, and though the teamsters did all they could that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons—nor cause me to let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another pull altogether, and the old stump came out about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haint worn any other kind since.

BLOW-UP OF MILLERISM.

A year or two ago, when the Millerite fanaticism was at its height, Mr. B ——, an eccentric old gentleman in one of our western towns, was walking in the hall of the village inn, listening, at the same time, to the talk of a distinguished "disciple," who was prophecying the prompt fulfilment of Miller's calculations. Mr. B. stopped, and in his short, bitter way, asked:

"Do you really think now the world is soon coming to an end?"

"Certainly, I do."

"And on the 25th of April?"

"As much, sir, as I believe in my own existence."

"And you really pretend to believe there's to be a regular smash of the whole world in less than three weeks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, I'm d—d glad of it! I consider this experiment of Man a miserable failure, and the sooner the whole thing is orroken up the better!

Saying this the old gentleman stalked off muttering imprecations on the human race in general.—*Knickerbocker.*

ANECDOTE.—An individual possessing more brass than silver, called on a celebrated nobleman with whom he had not the slightest acquaintance.

"My lord," said he, "I am rather badllo for money, and have taken the liberty to call on you, as we are related; for, as far as I am able to trace our genealogy, Adam was the founder of our family; and I hope your lordship will not think of denying our common descent, nor the claims arising from it." By no means," said his lordship, good humoredly. "There is a penny; and if all your relations will give you as much you will be a richer man than I am."

LAUGHING IN THE PULPIT.

Said Mr. C———, a Presbyterian minister of some notoriety, I never laughed in the pulpit only on one occasion, and that came near procuring my dismissal from the ministry. About one of the first discourses I was called to deliver, subsequent to my ordination, after reading my text and opening my subject, my attention was directed to a young man with a very foppish dress and a head of exceedingly red hair. In a slip immediately behind this young gentleman sat an urchin, who must have been urged on in his devilry by the evil one himself, for I do not think the youngster thought of the jest he was playing off on the spruced dandy in front of him. The boy held his fore-finger in the red hair of the young man, about as long as a blacksmith would a nail rod in the fire to heat, and then on his knee commenced pounding his finger in imitation of a smith making a nail. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I laughed, the only time that I ever disgraced the pulpit by anything like mirth.

MORAL MAXIMS FOR TOURISTS.

The human mind is like a carpet-bag: with good packing it will contain any amount of useful contents.

How like a railway is human life! The embankments are our occasional successes, the cuttings our frequent difficulties, the passage through a tunnel may be compared to going through the Insolvent Courts, the engine is the mind, the stoker appetite, and reason the engineer.

Death should be pictured as a cabman of all human beings he alone is never satisfied.

Existence is an inn where Duty, as Boots, is perpetually calling you disagreeably early in the morning.

Metaphysics resembles a French dinner; you may enjoy the results, but should never seek to dive into the processes by which they have been attained.

A FIRST RATE CHANCE FOR A 'SMART' INDIVIDUAL!

An association has been formed in Boston, called the "Anti poking-your-nose-into-other-people business Society." An agent is wanted, as will seen in the following advertisement:

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A person of fair character (age or sex immaterial,) at a salary of $500 per annum, merely to mind their own business, with a periodical increase equivalent to $1000 per annum, only on condition of his or her not being able to *leave other people alone.* Applications, with testimonials, to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary of the Neglected Home Department."—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

WHAT NEXT?—The Kennebec Journal says: "We saw at Hallowell, a few days since, a machine, invented by Mr. George Pollard of that town, for picking oakum.—He picks, fit for use, 50 lbs in 30 minutes; while by the process of hand picking some 7 or 8 lbs, is a day's work. The machine may be worked by hand, horse, water or steam power. Such a machine put into the machine shop at the dam here might be a most profitable business.

Onward is the march of improvement.—The infirm paupers in the alms-house may henceforward fold their arms, and exclaim, in quiet resignation, "Our occupation's gone!"

A REMEDY FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Take one ounce of bitter almonds, peel them and mash them into a paste with oil of sweet almonds and the yolk of an egg, adding a little tincture of benzoin, so as to form a thick cream; now add a few drops of oil of caraway. It is to be rubbed on the hands at night, and a soft kid glove is to be worn during the treatment.

☞ Deacon Martin, of Connecticut, a large landholder, and an exemplary man, was exceedingly eccentric in some of his notions. His courtship is said to be as follows: Having one day mounted his horse, with only a sheepskin for a saddle, he rode in front of the house Betty Lee lived, and, without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him on her coming, he told her that the Lord had sent him to marry her. Betty replied, "the Lord's will be dond."

CURIOUS FACT.—There are many twining plants that ascend their supporters only from left to right Of this description there are ten genera. The hop, which thousands perhaps without noticing the fact is never known to ascend from right to left, If uncoiled and forced to assume a direction contrary, to that ordained by nature, it will sicken, and perhaps die outright. There are other plants which twine indiscriminately either way, as man or instinct may direct.

☞ The Jews have a proverb that "he who breeds not up his son to some occupation, makes him a thief," and the Arabians say that "an idle person is the devil's playfellow."

Many have no happier moments than those that they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own imagination, which sometimes puts sceptres in there hands or mitres on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury

An Irish man, seeing a work advertised, entitled Endless Amusement, remarked that it would be a cheap work to whoever should live long enough to read it.

When a man chooses the reward of virtue, he should remember that to resign the pleasures of vice is part of his bargain.