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KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. DECEMBER 4, 1847. NO. 32.

MARYLAND
Kent county, Orphans' Court,
November 9th, 1847.

the application of Edwin Crouch, Ad-
trator of Wm. T. Hurtt, late of Kent
ceased,
ered, that he give the notice required
w for creditors to exhibit their claims
st the said deceased's estate, and that
me be published once in each week for
pace of three successive weeks in the
News, printed in Chester Town.
testimony that the foregong is truly
d from the minutes of the proceedings
Orphans' Court of the county afore-
said, I have hereunto set my hand
al. } and the seal of my office affixed,
this 9th day of November 1847.
Test. EBEN'R WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county.
compliance with the above Order this
ive notice, that the subscriber, of Kent
, hath obtained from the Orphans'
of Kent county, Maryland, letters
ministration on the personal estate of
T. Hurtt, late of Kent county, dec'd—
rsons having claims against the said
ed's estate are hereby warned to ex-,
he same with the vouchers thereof to
bscriber, on or before the 30th of
1848, they may otherwise be excluded
ll benefit of the said estate.
en under my hand, this 9th day of
mber, 1847.
EDWIN CROUCH, Adm'r.
Wm. T. Hurtt, dec'd.
. 9, 1847. 3w

MARYLAND,
Kent county, Orphan's Court,
November 9, 1847
he application of George Vickers, Ad-
rator of Stephen Heveren, late of Kent
deceased.
Ordered, that he give the notice required
by law for creditors to exhibit their claims
against the said deceased estate, and that
the same be published once in each week for
the space of three successive weeks in the
Kent News, printed in Chester Town.
testimony that the foregoing is truly
from the minutes of the proceedings
Orphan's Court of the county afore-
said, I have hereunto set my hand
] and the seal of my office affixed,
this 9th day of November, 1847.
t, EBEN'R WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county.
ompliance with the above Order, this
ve notice that the subscriber of Kent
hath obtained from the Orphans'
f Kent county, Md. letters of Admin-
on the personal estate of Stephen
, late of Kent county deceased. All
having claims against the said dec'd
are hereby warned to exhibit the
th the vouchers thereof, to the sub-
on or before the 30th of June,
ey may otherwise be excluded from
fit of the said estate.
under my hand this 9th day of
er, 1847.
GEO. VICKERS, Adm'r.
Stephen Heveren, dec'd.
3. '47. 3w

NOT
H & DESTRUCTION;
EVERY THING SWEET TO
se the Ladies!!!
L L. STRANDBERG & CO.
LD embrace this opportunity to
orm their friends, patrons and the
nerally that they have just re-
om the city with a fine assortment
THINGS, generally kept in a
ONFECTIONARY,
h Malaga Grapes, Fresh Bunch
by the box or ¼ box,) Currants,
vana Oranges, soft shell Bordeau
Dates, Prunes, a very superior
CIGARS.
y also keep on hand CAKES,
t kind, TOYS, &c., and many
ngs to numerous to mention.
are constantly receiving CAN-
every description, which they
ised to sell as cheap, if not chea-
can be obtained elsewhere.
dersigned would also take this
informing Country Dealers, that
made such arrangements as will
m to dispose of their
CAKES, &c.
LOWEST Baltimore prices.—
who are in want of any of the
icles, they will find it to their
o give us a call before purchas-
re, as we feel confident we are
please the most fastidous indi-
s, Weddings, &c., supplied with
sins, &c., upon the most rea-
ms.
rders thankfully received and
tended at the very shortest no-
rn their sincere and unqualli-
to those who have so liberally
hem since they have commen-
, and earnestly hope by pay-
attention to the same, and a
ase all, to merit a continuance
tronage which they have so
estowed upon them.
Town, }
3—3w. }

ENDUE.
riber will sell at public sale, on
AY, the 7th December next, if
the first fair day thereafter,
nce, near Belle Air, all his
d Kitchen Furniture, Farm-
1 four wheel Carriage and
ly new, a quantity of Corn
Sale to commence at 10 o'-
when the terms will be made
JNO. A. WAREHAM.
7.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Leach No 54 N. Charles Street, opposite St. Paul's Church, Baltimore.

INSERTS the best Porcelain Teeth in every variety of style and in the most natural, agreeable, and substantial manner for from $1,50 to $3, in each using *only* the very best materials.

Teeth extracted without pain whilst the patient is under the influence of the Letheon, price 50 cents

Every operation warranted to suit the Patient or no pay required.

October 30, 1847. 1y

VENDUE.

THE subscriber will sell at public sale on *WEDNESDAY*, the 8th December, at his residence, near Goose Hill, if fair, if not, the first fair day thereafter, all stock, &c., consisting of two head of Horses, one gig and harness, one horse cart and harness farming utensils, corn blades, &c. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., terms made known on the day of sale.

WM. RODENHISER.

Nov. 20, '47.

Pine Oil, Solar Lard Lamps
M. B. DYOTT & KENT,
LAMP MANUFACTURERS,
No. 64 South Second St, one door below Chestnut,
PHILADELPHIA.

HAVE constantly on hand a complete assortment of Dyott's Patent improved Pine Oil Lamps, which are superior in construction, more simple in arrangement, and embrace improvements and advantages possessed by no other Lamps. The cost of burning them does not exceed one half of that of any other light, and produces a light more brilliant than gas. The lamps are so constructed that they can be burned dry, when the wick is short. The wick, which is consumed, being supplied with oil by a feeder underneath it. This arrangement keeps the oil always pure in the lamp, and renders other cleansing altogether unnecessary, and the recent improvements made by the patentee, adds beauty to their appearance, and renders their management so easy, that a child can take care of them. They are perfectly safe, and free from unpleasant odour.

In addition to the above, we have a large and handsome assortment of *Dyott's newly improved Solar Lard Lamps*, a great variety of patterns; Hanging Lamps, suitable for Churches, Stores, Halls, Factories, Lodge Rooms, Hotels and Billiard Saloons, and Lamps with shades, designed for reading, and for every other purpose where light is required. A handsome variety of *Candelabras, Bouquet Holders*, and every article pertaining to the lamp business. Having every facility for manufacturing, we are prepared to sell, wholesale and retail, as cheap as any other dealers, and the articles are warranted equal in appearance, and superior in construction, to any that can be procured elsewhere.

N. B. Lamps, &c. regilt, silvered, bronzed and repaired in the best manner Oil lamps of every description altered to burn Pine Oil.

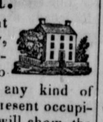
Phila., Sept. 4, 1847. 3m

A *CERTAIN CURE FOR THE PILES.*—Dr. Cullen's Indian Vegetable Piles Remedy is a domestic preparation, which has been used with entire success for many years. Being an internal medicine, it has a decided preference outward application, which are but pallliatives and not curatives. This medicine acts upon the diseased parts, producing healthy action, and a permanent cure—which we warrant or refund the money.

For sale, in Chester Town, by John L. Stam.

July 24, '47.

To Rent.



HOUSE and LOT lping at Belle-Air. Kent county, called the Etherington Property, a good Stand for a Grocery and Shoe Making, or any kind of country business. It is at present occupied by Collin Tatman, who will show the premises to any one disposed to rent. For Terms apply to

JOHN W. CARROLL, Agent.
Chester Town, }
Nov. 13—4w. }

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.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE creditors of Josiah H. Gilpin dec'd, are hereby notified to file their claims against said estate with the Register of Wills on or before TUESDAY, 14th of DECEMBER next, and a dividend upon said estate will be struck on Tuesday 21st December next.

C. W. SPRY,
Nov. 13. '47. Adm'r. J. H. Gilpin.

CIDER VINEGAR for sale by
WILMER & NICOLS
Sept. 18, '47.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday by
Edward Mansfield.

Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ All communications must be post paid.

POETRY.

FRIENDSHIP IN SORROW.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Together 'neath the early morn,
We took our joyous way,
Where clustering blossoms hid the thorn,
And all around was gay;
And now, when midnight's wildest storms
The troubled sleepers wake,
And Fear calls forth its Phantom forms,
Shall I thy side forsake?

Together through the vernal grove
In musing thought we trod,
With Nature's kindling charms in love,
Which told our souls of God;
And now when chilling Autumn blows,
And fields their flowers regret,
Amid the fading of the rose,
Shall I my friend forget?

Together in our blooming age
To Music's realm we turned,
And bending o'er the lessoned page,
The same sweet descant learned;
And now, when Time, that teacher stern,
Hath taught thee wail and moan,
Shall I to bowers of pleasure turn,
And leave thee sad and lone?

Ah, so! beneath Misfortune's dart,
Thy cheek bedewed with tears,
Thou'rt dearer to my yearning heart
Than in thy cloudless years;
The friendship born of prosperous hours
May have a sparkling eye,
But that which smiles when sorrow lowers
Claims kindred with the sky.

MISCELLANEOUS

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The Beggar of Locarno.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The traveller, may yet see, a few hours' journey from Locarno, the ruins of an old Castle, the magnificence of which in former days, was the wonder and admiration of the region around. It was the ancestral seat of a noble race of Counts. The venerable trees that still shade the broken walls, are hoary with the weight of centuries. The massive gateway yet frowns in something of its ancient grandeur, and its mouldered devices are covered by creepers that give a luxuriance even to decay. Those who pass by stop to look at the ruined pile, and listen with interest to the story of its by-gone splendor, and the strange fate of its once powerful owner.

The last Count who dwelt in the Castle was an austere man, and shunned, it is said all companionship with his neighbors. He had followed war in his his youth, and despised the delicate refinements of life. He lived alone, with his wife, who was timid and reserved, and had no will nor thought save that of her lord. She feared—no less than loved him, and never ventured to cross his mood.

One stormy winter evening, while the Count was absent, a wanderer came to entreat a night's lodging. It was a poor old woman, well known throughout the country as "The Beggar of Locarno." Weary with her long walk, and the infirmities of extreme age, her strength had failed her on the way to Locarno. She was benumbed and trembling with cold, and could scarcely speak to implore hospitality.

When permission was asked of the Countess to admit her, she granted it readily.—The poor beggar-woman was furnished with a couch of straw laid in a corner behind the ample chimney; and the housekeeper, at the bidding of her mistress, set forth bread and meat to satisfy her hunger.

While she was eating, the Count returned from his journey, and entered the apartment. It was plain that somewhat had happened to chafe him, for his countenance was more gloomy even than usual, and his step was hasty and impatient. The Countess rose as he came in, and advanced to meet him. He greeted her coldly; but his attention was at once arrested by her guest. When he saw the old woman, whose tattered dress bespoke her poverty, seated at the table, he frowned, and turning to his wife, demanded who it was she thus thought fit to entertain.

"It is the poor beggar of Locarno,"—answered the Countess deprecatingly. "She asked shelter and food, and my lord knoweth, no Christian could refuse such on a night like this."

The Count's brow grew darker. "Food and shelter, forsooth!" he exclaimed. "She is but an idle witch, and thou didst wrong to admit her. Let her go to Locarno, an she lists; this Castle is no no place for such vagabonds."

"But the storm—the cold!"—pleaded the more compassionate lady. "Suffer her but to remain until the morning."

"As thou wilt," answered her husband, suddenly. "She may have quarters in the stable. But is not seemly that such a wretched crone should eat in thy presence or mine. Out of my sight—witch!"

The old woman who had suspended her meal, and sat gazing in mute wonder at the Count, startled by his stern voice—now rose slowly, and half extended her shrivelled and trembling hands, as if to defend from his anger. The gestures still more incensed him.

"What dost thou mean," he cried, "by staring at me thus? Darest thou refuse obedience? Ha! dost threaten? A foul sorceress—belike! Begone this instant—or I will have thee burnt for leaguing with the evil one! Begone, I say!"

He strode angrily towards the beggar-woman and his voice was loud and menacing. The helpless creature grasped her crutch, and hobbled away with all the haste her tottering limbs could command. Before she reached the door, however, she made a mis-step in her terror, and fell heavily on the floor. Her head struck against the wall as she fell; she groaned once or twice and then all was silence. When the Count's servants, by order of their master, lifted her up—she was already dead.

This horrible occurrence seemed only to irritate the Count, who blamed his wife and the housekeeper for granting shelter to the miserable crone. "Such visits," he said, "never failed to bring disaster upon the house;" and he scrupled not to assert his belief that the beggar-woman had been a real witch. He ordered that the apartment in which she had died should not be used again as a common room. It was thencefforward kept as a chamber for chance guests who visited the Castle.

Many months passed, and the stern Count was surprised and plead one day by the arrival of a friend of his youthful days. He received him with a warm welcome; and and for the first time in many years, the gloomy looking hall of the Castle was lighted up, and made cheerful by the sound of feasting and pleasant voices. The two friends sate conversing of past times till late at night: when the host conducted his guest to the chamber prepared for him, wished him a good night, and betook himself to repose.

Not a little astonished was the Count next day, when his friend announced that he had changed his first determination, and must depart immediately. The host inquired this sudden change of plan; but the visitor replied only—That he could but repeat his resolution not to spend another night within the Castle; he hoped—for the sake of their ancient friendship—that the Count might never learn from another the sad cause that compelled him to part so soon with one he had always esteemed and loved. The same day he departed, leaving the Count in great displeasure, which was only equalled by his wonder and curiosity to know what could have caused his friend's strange behaviour.

His ill humor upon the occasion was, of course, vented on his household, and especially his unoffending wife. With angry looks at the old Castellan, and other faithful domestics who were summoned to his presence, he expressed his suspicions that his late guest had been driven away by some want of proper attention to his comfort, for which it was his design to punish those who had neglected their duty.

The Countess colored and hung her head at this implied reproof to her, as well as to those who acted under her commands. But the old Castlellan and boldly replied;—Your pardon—my lord Count! but your excellency has not divined the cause of the sudden departure of my lord, the Marchase! I hold it now my duty to inform your excellency of what has long been known throughout the Castle. I ventured not to speak before; for I know how displeasing are such tales to my lord, and that he holds them for old women's fables! but I dare no longer to hold my peace.—The room lately furnished as the chief guest-chamber, is haunted by the beggar-woman of Locarno!"

There was a silence of a few moments at this announcement, and the servants looked fearfully at each other. But the Count exclaimed, in great vexation—"Fool! drivelling idiots! No more of such senseless prating!"

The next guest who happened to come to the Castle was shown for the night into the apartment of which the Castellan had spoken. The next morning he sought the Count, and pale with fear, informed him that the wealth of the world would not tempt him to pass another world—he averred—walked its rounds through the chamber.

The Count appeared still incredulous, and with calm contempt listened to the various tales he heard, while in secret a terrible fear took possession of his soul. He felt the anguish of remorse, but was too proud to acknowledge the slightest uneasiness.

"I will watch, myself," he said, scornfully, "to-night in the guest-chamber.—And thou, Giulia, shalt bear me a company. Thou art no coward, like all the rest."

The Countess meekly professed her readiness to do according to the will of her lord.

After supper was over, the servants were dismissed; the Count took a pair of pistols, and girded on his sword; and taking two large waxen torches, led the way to the mysterious apartment, followed by the trembling Giulia.

As he opened the door, the dog that always followed him in hunting, pressed after him, whining coaxingly, as if entreating to share his vigil. The faithful animal was a welcome ally, and both master and mistress received him gladly. The count placed the lights on the table, while his wife, with her own hands, kindled a fire in the large chimney, which yawned like the jaws of some stone sepulchre. Then she seated herself on the sofa beside the husband, the dog stretching himself on the floor at their feet, resting his head between his fore paws.

To beguile the time, and divert her lord from the gloom that overshadowed his spirit, the countess told cheerful tales, and sang ballads ever and anon. While she was in the midst of one narration, the count suddenly started, and grew pale as death. His wife stopped and listened intently. There was a rustling noise by the table in the middle of the apartment, on which the lights stood. It was as if some person walked forward and drew a seat to the table. Then the seat was pushed back, apparently, as if the occupant rose; there were slow steps across the room, and presently the noise of a heavy fall upon the floor. Low groans succeeded, and a sound as if a heavy body were dragged to the chimney corner, and laid on something that rustled like straw.

With cheeks blanched by amazement and horror, and utterly incapable of speech or motion, the countess sate; while her husband, pale and trembling violently grasped his pistols. The dog had started, and stood as if irresolute, looking now towards the chimney, and now at his master. The presence of this watchful friend seemed to inspire the count with courage. He gave the dog a sign; the animal ran to the corner, and began smelling as if suspicious of some intruder.

For many minutes all was still. At length there was again a rustling in the corner The dog growled silently. Footsteps were heard once more, as of one advancing into the room. The dog retreated, step by step, with a low growl, and exhibiting every sign of fear and aversion.

At this moment the Countess, with a loud shriek, sprang to her feet and without a glance at her husband, fled from the apartment, The coun,—stricken with terror and remorse, in attempting to follow his wife as was supposed—fell insensible, either in a swoon, or a sudden fit of apoplexy. The table on which the lights stood, was overset in his fall, and the silken drapery of of the bed took fire, which rapidly spread along the tapestry and wooden panelling. Before the domestics, roused by the shrieks of the affrighted countess, could rush to their master's assistance, not only the apartment, but the whole Castle was in flames.

The following morning broke on a dismal sight; the ancestral Castle of the C—— family was a heap of smoking. Nothing could be found of the Count's remains.—His unfortunate wife took refuge in a neighboring convent; and never more appeared in the world.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

Passing down Charles street, a day or two since, we were attracted by the appearance of a lady dressed in deep mourning, followed by three lovely little children, whose hearts were light, and their eyes undimmed by sorrow, although they too were covered with the habiliments of mourning. We stopped and gazed on the little orphans, and admired particularly the youngest, a pretty girl, nor three years old. While we looked a hearse came rapidly up the street,—the little innocent clapped its hands in ecstacy, and running to its mother and seizing her dress, exclaimed, "they are bringing pa home! they are bringing pa home! they are bringing pa home!" There was a tear, caused by the emotions of the widowed heart, that fell upon the bright face of the child; the dark veil for this moment thrown aside, shrouded the mother's face, and the group passed on. What an affecting chapter in the history of every day life.—*N. O Nat.*

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.—The difference between Courtship and Marriage, was never more forcibly explained than it is in the following:

"What made you get married if you don't like it?"

Why I was deluded into it—fairly deluded—I had nothing to do evenings, so I went courting. Now courting is fun enough—I havn't got a word to say agin it. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dickey, and go and talk as sweet as sugar and molasses candy for an hour or two, to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your sweetheart goes to the step with you.

"When I was a single man, the world magged well enough. It was just like an omnibus; I was a passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't nothin' more to do with it, but sit down, and didn't care a button for any thing. Spose sin' the omnibus got upset, well, I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces.—But now I must take a wife and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a while, but afterwards it's plaguey like owning an upset omnibus."

A NIGHT IN THE CAMPAIGN—AN ALARM.

During Col. Price's campaign to the valley of Taos, last winter, a battle was fought at El Embudo, between a small portion of our troops and a greatly superior force of Mexicans and Indians, in which the latter were handsomely routed, and the command then moved on some distance to form an encampment.

All were tired, but the camp was at length formed on an open plat of ground, near the village—a sort of level spot in the midst of surrounding mountains, traversed by several *acequias* of water-ditches, used for irrigating the small valley. Altogether the place afforded a tolerably secure camp, as any approach of the enemy might, by vigilant sentinels, be detected at a considerable distance on all sides.

The sentinels were posted after supper, all of them in much better condition to sleep than to watch; but they went on duty with cheerfulness, and it is even said Corporal C——, of the "Avengers," not being familiar with military duties, on being ordered a guard from his company, actually stood post all night himself, although he had done important service throughout the day, and distinguished himself by his energy and efficiency in the fight.

Slowly moved on the hours until midnight was passed. All, so far, had been quiet, and nothing heard but the passage of the "reliefs" and "grand rounds."

Two o'clock came, and Jimmy Powers, an Irishman who had volunteered to quit his shop in Santa Fe for the campaign, was on one of the outposts. Jimmy was on the lookout, brightly enough, and at length what does he see but a *man*, or something, coming towards him.

"By the iverlastin," he said to himself, "you looks like an Injun."

The object kept approaching slowly, cautiously, silently. Powers brought his carbine to a present.

"Who goes there?" he called out.

No answer, but still the same almost imperceptible approach.

"By the holy St. Patrick," says the sentinel, "I must know who ye are. In the name of the Lord above—who goes there?"

All the silence of night still reigned around, and Powers felt the cap of his carbine; but the mysterious visitant drew nearer.

"*Who goes there?*" he again demanded, rather firmly. "Speak, or I'll blow the head off ye!"

Still no response.

"Yer sowl to blazes, then!" said the sentinel, between his set teeth, and BANG! went the carbine, whose report was re-echoed and reverberated among the hills for several minutes, and awoke the whole camp

Every rushed in the direction of the sound and found Powers reloading. A search was made for the object shot at but it could not be found.

"The darned Injun," said Jimmy, "I've only wounded him, and he has put off to the hills."

"Next morning, somebody, bringing wood for breakfast, saw, in a gully near where Powers had been stationed, a miserable skeleton of a *jackass*, with a fresh bullet mark through his head. The poor thing had been eating the dry grass towards the sentinel, but it didn't have the *countersign*, and couldn't, like the ass of Balaam, '*speake*.'—*St. Louis Reveille.*

The Florida Legislature is now definitely settled as to its political complexion.—The Tall-hassee Sentinel concedes a Whig majority in the House of from 4 to 7, with a majority on joint ballot of from 8 to 14. The last Legislature contained barely more Whigs entire than the majorities in the two Houses now are. This is a triumph, though it does not influence the United States, as Mr. Westcott's term expires March 4th, 1849. So the Whigs of Florida must rally for the next campaign.

☞ "What!" says an Illinois lawyer throwing into the monosyllable the whole high-pressure of his indignation, "does the plaintiff in this case think—does this honorable court imagine—can the world believe that my client, with thoughts towering above the Allegnemes—with ideas not exceeded in sublimity by the cataract of Niagara—with principles as pure as the snows that form a perpetual sombreto for the Rocky Mountains—would turn repudiator for the prize of a dozen drinks and a pound of tobacco? Gentlemen of the Jury, I can only say that if they does, the plaintiff, this court and the world are datuder jackasses than I took them to be"—There was a general cry of "order," "order." The learned gentleman was arrested, and confined for contempt.

A LONG NOSE.—A Paisley manufacturer having got, by some accident, a severe cut across the nose, and having no court plaster at hand, stuck on his unfortunate proboscis one his gum tickets, on which was the usual intimation, "Warranted three hundred and fifty yards long."

☞ "This here feller," said a witness in court the other, "broke our winder with a later, and hit Isabeller on the elber, as she was playing on the pianer."

The magistrate said: "The conduct of the prisnah, and his general characterah, rendah it propah that he should on longah be a membah of societah."

LEGAL WIT.—A lawyer once wrote "rascal" in the hat of a lawyer, who on discovering it, entered a complaint, in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it.