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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

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

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TRUSTEE'S SALE,

Of Valuable Real Estate.

BY virtue of a Decree of the *High* Court of Chancery, of Maryland, the undersigned as Trustee, will offer at public sale at New Market, Kent county, on

SATURDAY,

the 2d day of February next, that *VERY VALUABLE FARM OR TRACT OF LAND*, whereof the late Isaac Spencer, Esq. died seized, situate in Kent county, and being the same estate, which was formerly the property and residence of Col. William Spencer, dec'd. The said estate has been divided into four tracts, and will be offered as follows:

1st—"*DARBY*," containing

321 Acres of Land,

more or less. This tract is improved by a good dwelling *HOUSE*, in excellent order; a fine yard, much embellished with ornamental trees, a handsome garden; a large and superior orchard of very choice fruit, and of abundant yield, extensive *OUT HOUSES*, and good water. The land is of high quality and character.

2d—"*KILLINGSWORTHMORE*" containing

311 Acres of Land,

more or less. This tract has on it a small and inferior *DWELLING HOUSE*, a *STABLE and CORN HOUSE*. It is beautifully situate immediate on Chester River with a fine landing, and the soil is of excellent quality.

3rd—"*PRICKLY PEAR*," containing, with a *WOOD LOT*, which will be sold with it,

305 Acres,

more or less. On this tract there are no houses; but the land is of like quality with the preceding tract, and also beautifully situate on the river, and having a natural landing, by which the river and bay boats can lie directly to the shore.

4th—"*NEGLECT*," containing

300 Acres

of Land, more or less. There are on this tract a small *DWELLING HOUSE*, CORN HOUSE and STABLE. To it is attached fine and extensive

Meadow Ground,

with a very valuable water power, on which formerly stood two superior Grist Mills. This land is all of good quality and well situated.

There is no estate in Kent county of higher reputation than this. It is handsomely located in every respect. It lies on fine bold river, the Chester, in an excellent and well settled neighborhood, surrounded by the very best social circle, within 13 miles of Chestertown, 6 of Millington, 6 of Georgetown X Roads, and 1 of New Market. It is well supplied with good water, and is healthy, the land of good quality and susceptible of the highest improvement and having every convenience for improvement.

The whole having been heretofore one farm, the ornamental improvements are on the first described tract "Darby." They are admitted to be very superior.

AT THE SAME TIME we will sell as Testamentary Trustees of Isaac Spencer, Esq. dec'd, FIVE

WOOD LOTS,

of 20 Acres each, and one cleared lot of 8 Acres, being part of a tract of land called "Marrowbone." One Wood Lot of 5 Acres, called the "Shadding Reach." All these lots adjoin the farm on which Mr. Isaac Spencer now resides, and the first six are a part of the same farm. The wood lots are of prime quality—the Timber heavy; the land good and well situate on Chester River.

The Terms of Sale,

require the payment of one fourth of the purchase money in cash, on the day of sale, and the residue in three equal instalments, of six, twelve, and eighteen months bearing interest from the day of sale, to be secured by bond or bonds of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security.

Sale to commence at 11 o'clock A. M.

WM. A SPENCER, } Trustees
JOHN SPENCER, }

Persons desirous to see the premises will call on either Messrs Isaac, John or H. Spencer.

Dec. 29, 1849.

IRISH LINEN

OF Superior Quality, for sale at very low prices by T. W. ELIASON.

POETRY.

THE BLESSED.

I saw young children playing,
And my heart was full of bliss,
For I know not 'midst the scenes of earth,
A loveliez sight than this;
Like rose-hearts glow'd each flushing cheek,
With pleasures richest hue;
And the warm blood lit the tell-tale brow,
Most eloquently true:
Then my thoughts grew bright with joyfulness,
And sweet words were on my tongue.
"How blessed are the innocent!
How blessed are the young!"
But a voice, (like low flute music,)
My weakened spirit heard;
"Yea! rather are they blessed,
Who keep God's holy word."

I looked on life more earnestly,
With all its checkered lot;
And saw how bitter weeds would spring,
Were flowers of love were not;
I learned to read the heart deeply,
Where mines of feeling grow,
To give a purer light to life,
Or fill it up with woe;
Then softly spake I to myself,
Ah! childhood's mirth is vain,
But how blessed are the loving,
When their love is met again!"
Yet still that deep heart-music,
Like a whisper round me surred,
"Yea! rather are they blessed,
Who keep God's holy word."

I saw how men were toiling,
All through their little day;
To win from earth the glittering wealth,
That often leads astray:
And my heart and eyes grew weary,
At this folly of mankind,
For I saw how gold grew dim, before
The brightness of the mind;
Then I sang aloud triumphantly—
What dazzled fancy taught:
"How blessed are the gifted!
With their power of burning thought;"
But a shadow fell among the light,
And the music seemed a sigh,
When the world ador'd, the worship'd ones
Were called upon—to die:
Then I heeded not that spirit voice,
To tell me how I erred;
For I felt that they alone are blest
Who keep God's holy word.

H. M.

POPULAR TALES

ANNETTE MURRAY.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

A beautiful spot was the homestead which was the dwelling place of Annette Murray. It lay upon the banks of a small stream called Wood Creek, whose waters discharged themselves into Lake Champlain, a little distance above Whitehall.—The banks here spread into wide meadows, and while the more distant hills served to diversify the landscape, they were likewise a protection against the chilling winds of Spring and Autumn, so that early and late, the fields of Farmer Murray were the brightest green and rankest herbage.—The cottage built after a plan common in those days, but unlike most of its fellows, was painted white; and the luxuriant maples which shaded and almost embowered it, were of the forest growth. The province of New York was not then, as now cultivated till it "blooms like the rose," with flowers of every hue, yet the early settlers had forgotten their homes in Old England, and here and there an occasional honeysuckle or rosebush testified to the changing of the heart to early remembrances. One of the latter, a magnificent pink rose, might be seen adorning the front of Mr. Murray's house, and sooth to say it would have been hard to tell which was the greatest ornament, the bright face of Annette Murray, peeping through the casement; or the glowing rose. One there was in the neighborhood, (and when I speak of neighbors, I wish it to be understood in the older sense of the term viz: all within five miles,) one there was, I say, who would have unhesitatingly given the maiden the preference. A healthier or happier face than Annette's is seldom seen. Hair that curled like the tendrils of a young vine; blue eyes, deep as the vault of heaven, and a fairer foot and form, can it be wondered that Hugh Robertson not only tho't Annette the fairest damsel he had ever seen but that he had told her so, and had received a blushing acknowledgement of her appreciation of his merits. But the state of the country was such as to forbid their speedy union. War had broken out, although their immediate vicinity was yet quiet, the march of foreign troops was daily expected. The farm of Mr. Murray was about a mile and a half from the village, and quite that distance from any neighbors, but he had not deemed it necessary to remove his family until the danger should be more palpable.

It was one of those delicious days in the beginning of October, which have acquired for themselves the name of Indian Summer, when an advanced party of the British might have been seen cautiously wending their way towards Whitehall; but while yet several miles distant, after a hurried consultation, the word was given for a short halt. Their advance was deferred until just at night when seizing a few boats which had unfortunately been left on the bank of the river, they launched upon the little stream, and succeeded unseen, to effect a landing below Mr. Murray's house. The house was immediately surrounded; and a demand made for refreshments, it may be necessary in this place, to state the reason of this unwelcome visit. A large quantity of amunition and stores of various kinds had been collected at Whitehall, but not so privately, it appeared, as to be unknown to a tory in the vicinity, who immediately communicated his information to a British officer, who decided to attempt a seizure. For this purpose he had landed as I have stated, intending with the first dawn to attempt a surprise, and in the mean time to refresh himself with the good things of the "rebel Yankees," as the British indiscriminately styled the Americans. It would have been useless, in the present posture of affairs, to have refused compliance and accordingly, though it grieved his sturdy republicanism to the hearts core, Murray was compelled to make ready such provisions as he had on hand.—Escape with the tidings was carefully guarded against and there was no way of circumventing the vigilance of the sentries. Total demolition of his house would have been the consequence of exasperating his unwelcome guests, although he would not have hesitated for that, had there been any chance for serving his country, yet for the sake of his family, he was loth needlessly to exasperate them. Most unwilling, then, he rendered his services in preparing accommodations for the men. He had three fine horses which the officers declared their intention of honoring him by taking, as they had left their own behind them.—Annette was as useful as pretty, and it was with no unskilful hand that she prepared the viands for her uninvited guests. The soldiers who were off guard lounged about the yard, looking in occasionally at the kitchen window, and inspecting the progress of affairs.

One of them at last, tempted by the glowing cheeks of Annette, entered the room, and rudely throwing his arms around her neck exclaimed, with an oath:

"Well, you are the prettiest rebel that I have seen in this confounded country.—Give me a kiss for the compliment.

"I'll give you something else that begins with a *k*, if you do not let her alone!" exclaimed a manly voice from behind him. It was Annette's brother, a stripling of nineteen, whose cheeks burned with anger at this insult to his sister.

"You'll give me something else, will you, you spawn of an old rebel? We shall see that," and the infurated soldier was about to draw his sword, when the entrance of his Captain, (called to the spot by Annette's shrieks,) caused him to sneak away. To him, Charles stated the cause of the affray, but with a caution to him not to be too hot headed, the valiant captain swaggered back to his bottle.

"O that I were once out on the road to Whitehall, I could take all these dastardly red-coats, without losing a hair of my head I have it!" exclaimed Annette, joyfully; but what she had must for the present, remain a mystery, as the entrance of a soldier stopped the utterance of the sentence which was upon her lips.

There had resided in the family for many years, an old and faithful negro woman. Hecuba, as she was commonly called, was never a black Venus, and her age was far from adding to her charms.—Her appearance was more like some antiquated sea monster, than what is generally supposed to belong to the female sex.—Bent almost double with the weight of years, her motions were as slow and tortuous as those of a wounded snake. It was in these peculiarities, as it will soon appear, that Annette placed her security.—Placing the smoking viands on the table and whispering a few words in Cuba's ear, she anxiously awaited the termination of their repast. The liquor which was furnished though in sufficient to intoxicate many, was yet, thanks to the care of Charles, who mixed the different sorts together; sufficiently potent to not only render them merry, but also to bewilder their intellects. Hecuba was ordered to wait upon the table, and many were the brutal jokes cracked at her expense.

"Here, old triangle," cried one, "pass those eggs. Hurry on, or they'll hatch before you get here," while another with drunken gravity, demanded the price of wool, declaring his intention of procuring a sample forthwith.

Poor as the jokes were, they were received with shouts of laughter, by the low muttered growlings of Hecuba. "Bad 'nough to have to sleep in de barn without being made game of. Must a been a scarcity of hemp last year; any how."—Luckily for her, her last; words were drowned in the general uproar.

The meal was at length finished, and the sentries posted round the dwelling for the night. But two or three were thought necessary, as the house stood by itself in a large meadow, rendering the approach of any object without being seen, impossible. They had just begun, with unsteady steps, it must be confessed' to pace their rounds, when the bent form of old Hecuba was seen crawling on towards the barn, a building forty yards distant.

"Who goes there?" was the prompt challenge of the sentinel, but an indistinct muttering was the only reply. Drawing up his piece, he was just about to fire, when his comrades exclaimed:

"Its the old wench. I should know her jaw among a thousand. Let her pass. I heard the old hag grumble about being turned out of her den at supper."

Heedless alike of words and deeds, the old woman kept on her way, until last she reached the barn. Unfastening the large door, she entered and carefully closed it behind her, but instead of pausing when this was accomplished, she kept on to the end of barn, where feeling about among the straw, she soon found another door, so so small as to be unnoticed upon the exterior, but of sufficient size to permit her egress.

Whatever might have been her motive, she did not however, immediately avail herself of this, but remained in a listening attitude for some ten or fifteen minutes. At the expiration of that time she slowly crept through an opening, and carefully keeping in the shadow of the barn, she stole towards the river. Half an hour sufficed to bring her to the tree which grew on the bank, when changing her bent and decrepid gait to a quick and active step, she threw back her hood and the moonbeams fell bright upon the face of Anette Murray. Rapidly she sped along the stream under the shelter of the high banks, until she reached a place where the river suddenly narrowing, permitted the accommodation of a foot bridge. Rapidly she flew across it. Slow as had been her former progress, her present speed more than made amends for it. Annette Murray was not a girl to start at imaginary dangers, but her heart bent as fast at the thought of the risk she had run, should she meet any of the traitor tories.

Old Cuba's cloak and bonnet would, she feared, prove but a very inadequate protection, still it was her only hope. But a very short time sufficed to bring her in sight of the first houses of the village. Third was the residence of the father of Hugh Robison. The hour for retiring in those primative times was somewhat earlier than at present, but luckily the family were still up. With a joyful exclamation she flew up the steps, the throbbing of her heart almost rivaling her knock at the door. Shall we confess her woman weakness? Even at this moment, a thought of Hugh impelled her to throw off poor Cuba's old hood. In an instant, although it seemed to her an age, the door was opened by Hugh himself. Imagine the astonishment as Annette, breathless; and her cheeks flushed and hair dishevelled, bounded forward almost into his arms.

Few words were necessary to tell her tale; and while Hugh despatched his brother for assistance, he was arming himself for the fray.

"How many did you say there were, Annette?"

"There were eighteen men and two officers, and the house is watched by two half drunken sentries. Charles knew I was comeing, but perhaps he cannot help."

Hugh stayed but for one embrace, and if the parting kiss was less reluctantly given than one before that night, let not Annette be blamed.

In an hour from the time Annetta set forth, fifteen hardy young colonists, led on by Hugh, were on the way to her fathers. Instead of taking the road by which Annetta came, they marched quickly and silently along the customary road, and so benumbed were the faculties of the soldiers that they reached within thirty yards of the house before they were discovered. The alarm was given; but so quick were the Americans in their movements, that ere they could resist, the house was surrounded, and an entrance forced, and the whole taken prisoners. The next day the stores and amunition were safely conveyed to Fort Edward.

And Annette?—Hugh joined the continential army, at the close of the revolutionary struggle, Annette became the happy bride of Col. Hugh Robertson. Their decendents are still a numerous and respectable part of the community where they dwelt.

A ROMANCE:

A HALF MARRIED YANKEE.

During one of my rambles down Royal street a few days ago, my attention was attracted to a very beautiful young lady, dressed in the height of the fashion, coming up on the opposite side. While her attention was directed to some object in the street, she came in contact with a fine tall, good-looking Yankee, who stood about six feet two inches in his boots. In order to give her the right of ways, he stepped obliquely to the right, to let her pass; in doing so, her left foot caught that of his, and threw her down in the gutter, where the mud and water was about six inches deep. The six-footer then set about relieving the young lady from the unfortunate predicament in which she was placed. After rolling her out of the gutter, he raised her upon her feet, when he ventured to say to her, "My dear Miss, have you injured yourself by the fall you had?" to which she replied, with a half smile, "No, sir." He then took out his white pocket handkerchief, with which he endeavored to wipe off some of the mud and water from her dress and pretty face and hands. When the usual apologies had been made on both sides, for the present mishap, the Yankee picked up her parasol, and a small bundle, which had been partially broken open by the fall, containing sundry articles, and laid them down on the sidewalk; after which he expressed a wish to get a carriage, and to see her home to her parents, as she might have a long distance to go. The lady stated to him that she lived in Custombouse, near Rampart street, and would accept of his kind offer. The carriage was sent for, and when it arrived the young lady was placed in it, and the Yankee, after having got her consent, took a seat by the side of her, to see her home. During the short ride to her residence, he inquired of her if she had a father and mother. She replied that she had a mother only. He next asked if she had any brothers and sisters. She replied that she was not aware of it, if she had, and that her father was very rich when he come to this city, about ten years since.

Says the Yankee, "might I ask you, Miss, how rich was your father at the time of his death?"

"He has now been dead about six months and just before he died he was saying to my mother he was worth, in cash, $70,000." She here interrupted the conversation, by informing him that she was then at her home. The driver was ordered to stop. It was in front of a three story brick house. The driver was requested to dismount from his seat and ring the bell. The summons brought the servant to the door, when the fine Yankee gallant gets out of the carriage, and assists the lady out and into the house. He replies to her that she must excuse him then, as he had some very urgent business to transact at that hour, and, by her permission, would return again in the evening—after which, for the first time, he inquired if he should have the pleasure of knowing by what name he could address her. Says she, with a gentle smile, "My name is Maria ——" He then takes his leave of her with a gentle squeeze of the fair one's hand, and makes light steps to his office in Camp street, thinking over the good and bad fortune that he had met with in the last two hours, and no doubt cogitating to himself that the one would more than balance the other, as $70,000 was not to be picked out of the guttees every day, as well as a lovely young girl of seventeen, and to all appearance having all the accomplishments of a young lady of that age.

While pondering over the affairs of the day, night acts in, and the Yankee prepares himself to pay the evening visit, and according to promise. He closes his office, and wends his way to his unfortunate fair one's residence—intending at the same time, should a fair chance offer, to pop the question. On arriving at the lovely one's dwelling, he rang the bell; the servant came to the door, when our Yankee inquired if Miss Maria was at home. He was answered in the affirmative, and "Will you waik in, sir?" He was ushered into the parlor, and asked to be seated for a few moments, while she could call her young mistress, who was up stairs. When the usual salutations had been gone through with, seats were taken upon the sofa. Conversation then commenced on the mishaps of the day, and then a long discussion on travelling, balls and courting.

While upon the last subject, the Yankee observed to her, that it put him very much in mind of getting married himself, for he had been thinking over the matter a long to do so; says he to Maria, "I have fallen quite in love with you at first sight, and will marry you if you will give your consent to do so; what do you say my lovely one." The question being rather unexpected, brought her to the blush, when a little composed, she turns to him and says "she cannot say anything without first getting the consent of her ma." He inquired, "where is your ma?" "She is up stairs, not being very well." "Cannot she come down this evening?" says the Yankee; I have some idea of leaving the city to-morrow, and will be absent some time, and would like to get your answer before I go." A thought struck Maria that she had better strike while the irons were hot, and therefore gave her consent to marry him and get her ma's afterwards. So the bargain was concluded and sealed by a few soft kisses. Now, says he, "I would like to get married in the shortest time, Maria." "When would it suit you best," says she. "To morrow evening." All was agreed to. When the time arrived, the cake, wine, priest, and all things requisite for the occasion were ready; and now the hour, and the six foot Yankee arrived, and all was in waiting for the beautiful Maria the Bride, who was up stairs with her ma arranging her toilet. She is soon ready, and comes down into the parlor and takes her seat alongside of her liege lord, that is to be. Says the Yankee to Maria, "are you ready?" Says she, "I am as soon as my ma comes down stairs. The priest, somewhat in a hurry, asks the couple who were about to be married "to stand up."

Says the priest, "do you take this young lady for your——;" here the ceremony was interrupted by the entry of Miss Maria's ma, by a door in the room, when the lovely Maria says to her half-married Yankee, "this is my ma." Says the Yankee, "your what?" his eyes bigger round than blue edged saucers. "Your! your!! ma!!! Col. Bragg's grape shot! Tarantulas and Scorpions! Thunder and California gold, and bank defaulters! she is a negro ma! as true as preachin." At this moment the Priest inquired if he should proceed to finish the marriage ceremony. Says the Yankee, "finish what!" "Why the marriage of you and Miss maria." "No," says the Yankee; "I would'nt surrender this night for all the gold in Christendom, if I could get it. A negro mother-in-law, as black as the ace of spades, weighing 250 pounds—$70,000—Geewhew! give me my hat!" and he took it and sloped to parts unknown. 'Spose he's gone over the Lake for a few weeks, amongst the fashionables.

P. S. I have no doubt if the young Yankee would come back, and call upon the beautiful young lady again, and be a little more discreet, and not in so great a hurry to pop the question, he offer his hand the second time, and find out his intended mother in-law is not so black as she might be; for she only was so black for that particular occasion, for the purpose of finding out if his love for her daughter was so ardent as he pretended.—*N. O. Crescent.*

Definition of the Universe.

Baron Joch, an eminent astronomer, computes that there may be a thousand millions of stars in the heavens; and then to illustrate or describe the immensity of the universe, he says:

"If we suppose each star to be a sun, and attended by ten planets, (leaving comets out of the calculation,) we have ten thousand millions of globes like the earth, within what are considered the bounds of the known universe. As there are suns to give light throughout all these systems, we may infer that there are eyes also to behold it, and beings, whose nature in this one important particular, is analagous to our own.

But even this is exclusive, probably, of millions of suns, bosomed in the unknown depths of space, and placed forever beyond our ken, or the light of which may not have had time to travel down to us since the period of their creation.

But this is not a very satisfactory illustration, for "what are this one thousand millions of stars and ten thousand millions of globes, when compared with the uncomprehensible numbers that actually exist?"

The best definition of the universe, says the Washington Globe, and one that can never be improved, has been given by Pascal, whose fame is so great and so well deserved as an able, eloquent, and intrepid advocate of moral and religious truth, against error, intolerance, and imposture, that as a man profound in science and in the learning of his day as he was, he is comparatively little known. His definition is, that "the centre of the universe is every where and the circumference of it nowhere;" which is at once astronomically exact and unimprovably concise and elegant.

"We will proceed to illustrate this:—Our planet, the earth, for instance, is a centre, according to Pascal; then we will imagine a point so remote from us that a telegraphic despatch conveyed at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles per second, would not reach it in less than ten millions of billions of years, expressed in figures thus: 10,000,000,000,000,000,000. Now this inconceivably remote point would be centre also, and any other point a million times as remote: but the circumference is not even approached in any degree, for there is none.

"No matter what may be the magnitude of a thing finite in its nature, and circumscribed by limits and metes and bounds, it cannot constitute even an atomic portion of what is in its nature infinite and which is circumscribed by no limits. Therefore the whole solar system, or the whole of the universe itself, as far as the telescope has reached it, will not bear as great a proportion to the stupendous whole as one drop of water would bear to all the water, fresh and salt, on our globe.

"Baron Jach, or his commentator, says that 'there are suns placed so far beyond our ken that the light of them may not have had time to travel down to us since the period of their creation.'

"To this we subscribe, omitting the word *down*, which is not astronomically used, for there is no up or down known in the case.—Those suns are as much *down* to us as we are to them. And we will add, that whilst there are stars or suns whose light have not yet reached us, there are others whose light never can reach us, supposing no obstacle to its transmission except distance.

"To illustrate further the total absence of any kind of proportions or relations between things finite and things infinite, it may be observed, that a million of billions of years, which would be a period of time utterly inconceivable by human faculties, is certainly not the smallest appreciable or conceivable part of eternity—the proof of which is that an immortal being having arrived at the end of that term, would be no nerer the end of eternity than he was at the beginning of the term. He would have made no progress whatever, nor can any be made."

THE DUTCHMAN'S GRIEF.—"Mine little son Haus, is ted; he wash fat as putter; I had rather av loss ten shillin's; mine pigs and mine hens come home vid dare ears split, and two of dem come home todder day missing."

☞There are only three ways of getting out of a scrape—write out, or back out, but the best way is to keep out.