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THE KENT NEWS.

FRUSTRA, LABAROT, QUI OMNIUS, PLACERE STUDET—"HE LABORS VAINLY, WHO ENDEAVORS TO PLEASE EVERY ONE."

VOL. 12. CHESTER TOWN, MD., AUGUST 2, 1851. NO. 14.

HE KENT NEWS.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Published every Saturday.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

Two payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months or $2 50 at the end of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies, $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until 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 subsequent insertion. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of insertions marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Communications must be postpaid

AUCTION SALES

POSTPONED
TRUSTEE'S
Sale.

By virtue of a Decree of the High Court of Chancery, the undersigned as Trustee will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on

TUESDAY,

the 5th day of August next 1851 at the tavern of Mr. Richard Millington, in the Town of Millington in Kent county, at one o'clock, P. M., all that

FARM
or Plantation,

in Kent County, late the property of William Myers, deceased, commonly called

'Bordley's Gift,'
OR
'Free Gift,'

containing by survey 146½

ACRES

more or less—adjoining the lands of Messrs. Smith's heirs, Benjamin Quinton, Benjamin Hazle, and J. E. Cacy.—There is a sufficiency of

WOOD,

for use of the Farm, and some Chestnut timber. The property lies about half a mile from Millington, towards Smyrna.

The buildings are in an ordinary condition.

THE TERMS

SALE, as prescribed by the Decree. If the purchaser shall give Bond to Trustee, with approved security for payment of the purchase money in two equal instalments, in Six, Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale, interest from the first day of January, next. Upon the payment of the whole purchase money and interest the Trustee is authorised to convey the property to the purchaser in fee.

Creditors of the late William Myers, deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims against the said Myers, with the vouchers thereof in the Chancery Office within four months from the day of sale mentioned.

GEORGE VICKERS,
Trustee.

Chestertown, July 5, 1851.

BLACKSMITHING,
Horse-Shoeing, &c.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he has again commenced the above business in this place, in the SHOP, 2nd door below Mr. John Ford's Carriage Shop, where he will be glad to see his old friends and patrons. Edge Tools made to order, and all work in his line, in the best manner. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive encouragement.

HENRY H. SIMMS.

Chestertown, Feb'y 1, 1851—1y

Negroes Wanted.

I will pay the highest prices, *in cash*, for any number of *NEGROES*, with this difference for life or for a term of years. Prefer small families, or single negroes. I purchase NEGROES restricted to remain in the State, that sustain good character. Families never separated.—Persons having slaves for sale will please address me, as I am always in the market with the cash. Communications will be attended to, and liberal commission charged. JOHN N. DENNING, No. 5 Frederick st. between Market & Lombard sts.

Baltimore, Oct. 27, 1850.

ANIMAL and Camphine Oils from 60 to 75 cts. per gal. (warranted pure)

S. WICKES.

1851.

ESTATE OF J. T. FREEMAN.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, July 16, 1851.

On the application of Sophia A. Freeman Executrix of J. T. Freeman, late of Kent county, dec'd.

Ordered, that she give 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 four successive weeks in some newspaper printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my (Seal) hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 16th day of July, 1851.

Test, E. WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of J. T. Freeman, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 16th day of February 1852, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 16th day of July, 1851.

SOPHIA A. FREEMAN, Ex'x.
of J. T. Freeman, decd.

July 19, 1851.—4w

☞Persons having accounts against the above estate will leave them with G. S. Hollyday Esq., Chestestown.

"SOBER SECOND THOUGHT."

THE subscriber has declined removing from the good old town of Chester and informs his friends and the public that he intends to carry on at his old stand at the corner of *High* and Queen Streets, the *Boot and Shoe* business, in all its branches and that he has just returned from the City with an assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES

Consisting of the following:

Gentlemen's fine Boots,
Do. Lace Boots,
Do. Patent leather Shoes
Do. Gaitors,

LADIES BRANCH,

Ladies' Walking Shoes,
" Gaiters,
" Morocco and Kid Slippers,
" Patent Leather Slippers,

And an assortment of children's Shoes All of which he offers at the lowest *cash* prices.

N. B. All work of his make warranted

JOHN W. PRICHARD.

Chester Town, July 5, 1851.

Ice Cream, Cakes, Lemonade, Mineral Water, &c., &c.

THE subscribers respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Kent county that they constantly keep on hand and for sale, Lemon, Strawberry and Venellia Ice-Cream, Cakes, Mineral Water, &c. &c. Their saloon has been fitted up in the best manner and is altogether private. By strict attention they hope to recieve a share of patronage. ICE CREAM, CAKES, &c, made for families or parties at very low rates.

CLARA ALLEN,
ELIZA RODGERS.

Chestertown, July 12, 1851.

BAKERY AND VARIETY STORE,

SUPERIOR Loaf Bread, Rusks, Crackers, all kinds of Cake, Candy, fruit, Nuts, Toys and other notions, together with a great variety of *PATENT MEDICINES*, &c., &c.

J. RUSSELL.

May 10, 1851. 3m

CHEAP CLOTHING.

Down at the Brick Corner on Queen and High Streets.

THE subscriber would inform the public, he has just returned from the city, with a well selected and full assortment of all kinds of CLOTHING, and would respectfully invite those who may want to give him a call, and examine for themselves, he is determined to sell at the lowest possible prices.

JOHN RUSSELL.

May 10. 1851.—3m

ATTENTION.

THOSE who may want GOOD TOBACCO, Segars, and Snuff, would do well to call at the Brick corner on Queen and High Streets.

J. RUSSELL.

May 10, 1851. 3m

INDEPENDENT WHEAT-RAKES.

THE subscriber has on hand the above named rakes, the best now in use.—Price $15—Terms *cash*. Call and see them.

H. W. EARNEST.
Agent.

June 14, '51. 4t

Take Notice.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has REVOLVING WHEAT RAKES, on hand and for sale. Price $8, for the *cash only*.

HENRY W. EARNEST.
Agent.

June 14, '51.—4.

WINES, BRANDY and WHISKEY for sale by

WILMER & FRANCIS.

POETRY.

THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE'S LAMENT.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H DUGANNE.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile;
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came—or guile;
When thine arms were twined about our neck
And mine eyes looked into thine.
And the heart that throbed for me alone
Was nestling close to thine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight;
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness steals o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking of the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came.
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though thy heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the temper furid my steps from thee,
And the wine-cup drove me mad.
From thy cheeks the roses quickly fled,
And the ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup drove me wild;
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows that I loved thee then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasing home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee wife—
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door;
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I shall never see them more!

Thou 'rt resting in the church-yard now,
And no stone is at thy head!
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse
That will not let me rest!
He knows not of the sleepless night,
When, thinking of thy love,
I seem to hear thy gentle voice,
Speaks sadly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung
'Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has wrung;
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard,
Which I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou 'rt slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And the sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief,
Is on thy mourner's brow;
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead!

CHOICE TALES.

MERCY O'MORE,
OR
LOVE'S ROGUERIES.

"It is not that my heart hath swerved
From what it ought to be;
Oh, londly hath that heart preserved
Each little thought of thee."

A bewitching child was Mercy O'More. From Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear—from Connemara to the *Hill of Howth*—you would not meet with such another dear, delightful, clever, captivating darling. All the boys of high estate, rich and poor, acknowledged the fascinations of Miss Mercy, and no one was ever known to be thrown into any other than ecstatic state, when Miss Mercy favored him with a smile of that dear delightful, dimple face of hers! Oh, it was quite enchanting to have such a smile beamed upon one. Talk of the sun!—there never was a ray from that glorious luminary that fell so warmly up on the heart of created man, as a smile from the sweet face of Mercy O'More.—There was a man that declared that upon his heart Miss Mercy had made no impression; and people said in consequence, that he had no heart at all; but he had, and a pretty good one too, as the sequel will show. It happened too, that this very identical young gentleman with a hard heart, or a heart with a hard covering was the only one who Mercy had fallen in love with.

"Well, Florence, darling," said Sir Maurice O'More, one day to Mercy's sister; "and so you believe that our beauty is fast caught in love, too, with that unloving Englisher, Harry Percival."

"I do, indeed," was the reply.

"And what makes you think so?"

"I can interpret downcast eyes, and gentle sighs. I warrant Sister, said I to-day, 'sweet sister! what think you of that gay young bachelor, our visitor!' "A goodly man enough," she said; and then—heigho! heigho!" she sighed. Do mark that?—"That goodly man," said I "will make some young maiden's heart ache." "I do not doubt he will," she straight replied and then she turned the leaves of many books, but nothing pleased her there; she tried her pencil, too but after making many crooked lines, and nothing else, she blamed the unskilful maker of crayon, and snapt it in a pet; her gay guitar, she said was out of tune; and that her harp—also!—she swept her fingers over the strings but the only music which they made was the echo of her sigh."

"And from this," said Sir Maurice, "you infer that she loves? Well, time will show."

Is it possible that Harry Percival may have felt the soft passion creeping upon him, and not wishing to become a Benedict he resolved upon flying from the dangerous neighborhood of Mercy O'More. Certain it is that he called to him his man.—Barney, *gentleman* who officiated in various capacities, valet included, and ordered him to pack up all his 'traps.' 'For,' said he, Barney, we leave this place to-morrow morning."

"Sure you won't!" said Barney.

"Sure I will!" responded Harry Percival.

"They want to persuade me that I'm in love with Mercy O'More."

"And you could do worse than be in love with her," said Barney.

"Could I?" said his master, "but I don't happen to be in the mind just at present to do anything so desperate. I'm not to be caught by her beautiful bit of blanery."

"Don't be talking about blanery, master," replied the faithful domestic. "Mayhap you haven't been rubbed with the blarstone yourself. By my conscience, I've heard you whispering such things into the ears of the English girls that St Patrick himself could'nt beat with the blarnery stone at the back of him."

"And tie myself up in a halter afterward No, no, I'm not bound for the gulf of matrimony yet."

"Hush, Barney! No tale telling out of school."

"Say fie to yourself, master. Isn't it yourself that's libelling the red cheeks and bright eyes (blessings on 'em.) of Miss Mercy? Ah, master, whenever I catch a twinkle of those eyes, I feel a great coat warmer all the day after. Och! such eyes! such diamonds!"

"*Irish* diamonds—eh," said his master.

"No sir, the *genuine*! Then such cheeks! red and white, laid on by the hands of Lady Nature herself, round about like the *cherrybins* heads at church Then her lips! Och! that's a murtheration!"

"You are very romantic, Barney," said his master.

"You may say that," was the reply.—"I'm just the boy far that same."

"Well, well," ejaculated Percival, suppressing a smile, "by this time to-morrow, Barney, you and I will be on our high road—"

"To matrimony, sir?"

"No sirrah, to England."

"You'd better merciful and lead Mercy to he altar."

Thus saying Harry turned round, and perceived a tall and lantern visaged young gentleman whom he heard breath a heavy sigh, hanging down his head.

"Hallo!" cried Harry, "who are you,'

The stranger heaved another sigh.

"Are you dumb sir," asked Harry.

The stranger shook his head.

"What ails you? speak.

The stranger heaved another sigh, and exclaimed, "Mercy O'More!" hastily retired.

"Poor unfortunate gentleman!" exclaimed Harry, "What a vixen this Mercy must be? A fury incarnate! I wish I was a thousand miles off!"

Turning again he beheld one of the prettiest, wildest and most good natured little flower girls he had ever encountered, who dropped a modest courtesy, and was passing onward, when Harry caught her apron, and asked what her name was.

"Kathleen, if you please, sir," replied the girl—"Kathleen, the flower girl if you please; who gather blossoms from the hills and dales, for the gratification of her customers. Will you buy? *Here* are roses and lillies, but they for the gentle and good"

"And am I not good?" asked Harry.

"La, no, you're a man. Here is heart sease for the forsaken lover; will you buy? And here some pretty tulips; do you love tulips?"

"Your two lips, of the world, my pretty Kathleen."

"La!" cried the girl blushing and simpering, "will you buy? They may suit you, for they are as bright as butterly."

"And am I like a butterly?" exclaimed Harry Percival.

"Why, no; not quite so pretty," was the reply.

"Fie! my dear wench," said Harry, "I should like to be acquainted with you"

"Should you, indeed! Well, that's very kind, for nobody think of any pretty girl now, but Mercy O,More. I was once a beauty, sir."

"And are you not still—still—still most beautiful."

"Ah, that is flattery," said the young girl; "but the young men all thought the same once. Before Miss Mercy came into the neighborhood, I was the loveliest, happiest, and gayest of girls· everybody envied me, for I was universally beloved

I then had twenty lovers and a half—real ones, too."

"Twenty and a half!" cried Harry.

"Yes. The half Cormac O'Casy, a very good natured *bit* of a man, rather tender sir, (touching her forehead.) Nature in creating him, has made a slight mistake, and transfered the soft place from the heart to the head. He never told his love, but only used to squeeze my hand when he bought a possey, and sighed most shockingly. *O dear!*"

"And did that merciless Mercy rob you of all these?"

"Ah, she did. There's not a lover can be kept from her."

"It is very strange," said Harry," "that for her capacious smiles they would have forsaken the pretty Kathleen."

"Isn't it sir, there must have been some witchery in it, and they all of them, on their bended knees, swore they loved me dearly dearly. Ah! those were happy times, when the day's labor being ended, I selected one from many suitors, to accompany me in my midnight ramble among the hills and valleys, glades and glens, by wood and lake, each scene a paradise, and I the presiding spirit. And when the sun was sinking beneath the distant hills, its last glories were accompanied by the music of my beloved——"

"Ah!" cried Harry, "a guitar?"

"No, a Jew's harp. He played so sweetly that my spirit wept, as the divine melody fell upon my young heart, and when the great moon arose, our hearts were entranced with bliss."

"I see it," cried the enraptured youth·"I picture the romantic scene—earth, heaven and water; moonlight, paradise, and Jew's harp. Oh delightful!"

"Yes, very; except when a shower of rain visited us; for then my lover would run away."

"Run away! Now, can there be on earth a man so vile? Run away from such a simple, innocent girl as Kathleen? Kathleen, that man was a villian."

"Was he indeed?"

"Kathleen, your charms, your innocence your delightful simplicity, entitles you to a suitor of a superior rank. Mercy O'More has not one half of your attractions. She is precious ugly."

"I am not precious ugly," am I?" asked the flower girl.

"You—you," cried Harry. 'No you are all perfection; you are—zounds—I feel—I fee l."

"Do you feel ill?"

"Ill. Yes—no, not ill my dear, but I have the heart-burn sadly."

"Shall I fetch you a little chalk and water?"

"Oh, no, the only medicine that can effect my cure lies deep in those lovely eyes; let me gaze on them until my orbs shall draw it forth."

"Oh, sir!" cried Kathleen, blushing deeply.

'Let me gaze, and gaze again,' exclaimed Harry! "'Tis thus that I would fortify myself against the witchcraft of Mercy O' More."

"Would indeed?" replied Kathleen with such an arch expression, that Harry suspect she was something more than she seemed, but her subsequent replies removed his suspicions, and he inwardly congratulated himself upon having discovered one of the purest, most artless, and unsophisticated girls in the world. He was already half in love with her, and before they parted, he had made Kathleen promise to meet him again. Presently afterwards, Barney arrived with the intelligence that all his master's movables were packed and ready for departure. "Unpack them again," said Harry Percival; and Barney, wondering at his masters fickleness, retired to obey the new orders A fortnight passed and Percival had grown reserved in his behavior to Mercy O'More; and he stole out every evening after dinner, to meet pretty Kathleen, with whom he was so much enamored, that he at length resolved to marry her.

"I am going to get married," said he one day to Sir Maurice O'More.

"Is it possible?" said the Baronet.

"I knew I should susprise you. You will be more surprised when I name Mrs. Mary Percival *elect*. I am resolved to do justice to modest merit, Sir Maurice; for what is fortune given to us for, but that we may bestow it in rewarding virtue and goodness?"

Sir Maurice admirred the justice of the enthusiast's opinion.

"And therefore I intend to marry Kathleen Noland, a poor but beautious peasant, whom I adore."

Sir Maurice expressed a wish to see the charmer; and Percival promised to bring her the next night.

And on the next evening the charmer was conducted into a little parlor of Sir Maurice O'More's and the lover, the lady, and the baronet, spent a very pleasant half hour. Percival had made Sir Maurice acknowledge that Kathleen was more beautiful than his daughter Mercy, though Sir Maurice qualified the admission by declaring it to be his opinion that he had seen Mercy, when she used to dress her hair in profusion fringes look quite as beautiful as her rival. But Percival insisted that it was quite impossible that Mercy could look like Kathleen, or look so fascinately as Kathleen. And then it occurred to her lover that it was time to depart, and he said as much but Kathleen did not stir from her seat.

"Come, Kathleen," at last he said "we must go."

'Go, no, not just yet," she replied, in a tone more fascinating than anything Percival had ever before heard, even from her lips; and running her fingers over the strings of Mercy's harp, that stood near her, she played one of the national melodies with such delightful expressions, that Percival, seized her hand, and kissing it alternately, cried aloud, that he was the happiest man in the world; and Sir Maurice said that he thought he ought to be.

"You do love me a little?" asked Kathleen, archly.

"Love you," cried Percival to distraction, to madness!

"Then," said Kathleen, "suppose we ring the bell, and let sister Florence come in and witness our happiness?"

"What!" cried Percival.

"What!" echoed Sir Maurice.

Kathleen removed the clustering curls from her cheeks and brow, and displacing some marks which she had pencilled upon her countenance, was discovered to be be no other than Mercy O'More herself, who had hit upon this method of winning the hearts of the man she loved.

Need we add that the bell was rung in compliance with Kathleen's request, and that Florence came in to witness the happiness of her beloved sister; and that Mercy relinquished her right and title to the ancient name of O'More, within a month at the nupual altar?"

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

The day was fast drawing to a close; the glorious sun, sinking in the far distant west, tipped the tops of the majestic oak and the gigantic cotton tree, and poured a flood of gorgeous liquid over a wild scene of surpassing majesty, magnificence and beauty.

Soothingly fell on the ear the low melancholy murmur of the forrest trees, as they slowly and gracefully bent their lofty tops to the gentle influence of the lyful evening winds, as if they mourned over the fate of their mighty ancestors, who reposed at their roots in the grim decay of the solemn Past.

The great father of rivers courses on his winding way, as marked out by the Great "I AM" in the morning of creation. The Dark Indian, silent and dejected, enters his lonely lodge to dream on or, perchance, in imagination, to give chase to the bounding deer or more ponderous buffalo, in the perennial hunting-fields of the bright spirit land, or, perhaps to recall the remembrance of one loved hunting-grounds, and the far off lands where repose the bones of his fathers, and where now the dread pale face hold his sway.

☞Two men were riding in a stage coach when one of them, missing his handkerchief, rashly accused the other with having stolen it, but soon finding it, had the good manners to beg pardon for the affront, saying it was a mistake; to which the other replied with great readiness and kind feeling—"Don't be uneasy; it was a mutual mistake; you took me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman."

A WAR ANECDOTE.—During the renowned "Dorr war," in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to organize the army."—This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner, who represented a town in the west of the State. "Mr Speaker," said he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to 'organizing' the army as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the Revolution with nothin' but a drum and fife, and come off fust-best too! I go agin organs. They'll be dreaded unhandy things in battle, now I tell you?" This was irresistible, and "Aunt Rody's army," we are informed, remains 'unorganized" to this day.—*Knickerboker.*

☞A pompous clergyman once said to a hubby laced lad who was passing him without raising his hat:

"Do you know who I am, sir, that you pass me in this unmannerly way? You are better fed than taught, I think."

"May be it is so mister," answered the boy, "for you teaches me, and I feeds myself."

☞"Doctor, do you thing tight lacing is bad for the consumption?"

"Not at all, my love,—it is what it lives on" The Doctor's reply was wise as well as witty.

☞"Pappy, the corn is up!"

"The corn up!" Why I only planted it yesterday."

"I know that—but the hogs got in last night, and guv it a lift you hadn't counted on."

☞An Illinois editor, speaking of a bankrupt, says that he has broken *every* bank and Sabbath that they have had in that State for the last five years.

☞The Albany Dutchman says there is a man in Troy with a nose so long that he had holes bored in it for a clarionett.

☞If "Time is Money," a man ought to be worth something pretty handsome after serving ten years in the State prison.