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THE KENT NEWS.

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

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

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THE KENT NEWS.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1,50, 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 for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will b discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertisi

Advertisements not exceeding will be inserted three times for $ for each insertion thereafter. L proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertis have the number of times marked be published till forbid, and charg ly.

All communications must be p

A VALUABLE F
For Sal

THE subscriber, as Agent, pose of the farm in Still P county, Md. owned and occ Mr. Joseph Howard, containi

370 Acres,

situated in Still Pond Neck, w a mile of Chesapeake Bay; w miles of a landing, and adjoin lands of Mr Polk and Dr D About 130 Acres is in

WOOD

And Timbe

and the growing chestnut will be cient for maintaining the fenci two such farms. It is divided in fields, well fenced with chestnut r

The BUILD consist of a Bric Story DWELL 42 by 26 feet, a K ens 18 feet sq Corn House, Carriage House Gr and Stabling, all in fair condition well roofed. The soil grows c finely, is productive and in good h There are Post Office and Chur within three miles—Stores, Cartw and Smith's Shops within the same tance.

Possession will be given at the of the year, with the privilege of br ing fallow and seeding fall grain.

The Terms will be made acc modating.

If not sold at private sale before eighth day of August next it will be fered at public sale, at the Tavern po of John McDaniel, Esq., in Ches Town, on

TUESDAY,

the eighth day of August next, at eleve o'clock, A. M.

Mr. H. contemplates removing fro the county. Any further informatio that may be desired, can be obtained b addressing Mr. H at Still Pond X Road or the undersigned.

GEORGE VICKERS, Agent.
Chester Town, Md.
July 5, 1854.—tds

HOUSE AND LOT
For Sale.

BY virtue of a power of Attorney, the undersigned will expose to public sale, at the tavern porch of Mr. James Clayton in Chester Town, on

SATURDAY,

the fifth day of August next, at eleven o'clock, A.M., the HOUSE and LOT OF LAND in Chester Town now occupied by Mr. Wm. Frazier, and lying on Front or High street, in said town. The lot is 29 feet on High street, and extends back towards Canon street 9 perches. An Alley 5 feet wide and 40 feet long, between this and the property of Mr. Collins, is in common to the two properties.

The terms of Sale are one-third of the purchase money on receipt of the deed, and the balance in two equal instalments in four and eight months, with interest and well secured by mortgage or otherwise.

GEORGE VICKERS,
Agent & Attorney,
for Mrs S Curtis.
Chestertown July 15, 1854.—tds.

WILLIAM H. GILPIN
Flour & Grain Factor
and General Commission Merchant,
NO 99 NORTH WATER STREET
PHILADELPHIA.
Aug. 27 1853.

WASH SODA, for sale at 6¼ cents per pound by T. W. ELIASON

A Valuable Farm
AND A FINE
DWELLING HOUSE,
LOTS &c.,
FOR SALE.

WILL be offered at public sale on THURSDAY the 10th day of August next, at the Hotel of Mr. John McDaniel, in Chestertown, Kent county, Md., at 11 o'clock A. M., the farm called "HOWELL'S Resting" ...

Selected Poetry.

THE DOOM OF THE PRINTER.

A printer weary and wan,
His face all mortally pale,
As he slowly ploughed his homeward way,
Before the dawning of early day.

AUGUST

...and all above horns.

Given under my hand and seal this 17th day of July, 1854.

C. T. LUSBY. (Seal.)

NOTICE.—The owner or owners of the above described property are hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away.

JOHN BRICE.

July 22 1854.—3t.

Estate of Philemon Skinner.

Orphans' Court of Kent Co., July 5, 1 54

ON application, it was ordered by the Court, that George B. Westcott administrator of Philemon Skinner, deceased, give notice in the Kent News, to the creditors of said deceased that a dividend on the personal estate will be made in this Court on Tuesday the 8th day of August, 1854.

Test, JACOB FISHER, Reg. Wills.

N B—All creditors are hereby notified to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills on or before Tuesday the first day of August.

G. B. WESTCOTT,
Adm'r P. Skinner, dec'd.
July 8, 1854. tdm

Give me some chance to get back my money!"

"No use, Bob—I'm nigh busted!—Pretty near a clean sweep out."

Dispair seemed to be written upon every lineament of Bob's features when he found that he could not persuade his friend. At last he said to several who who had been watching the game, 'wont some of you gentlemen take my partner's place?"

There was a pause for a few moments then a young man ...

'Good! my young Davy, but that fel low is big enough to swallow you."

"Yes, but may be he can't digest me"

"It wouldn't be a fair fight," interposed several by-standers.

"Well; there is something that nullifies brute force and places all on an equal footing"

"That's the talk, Davy. You're my man!" exclaimed George, slapping the stranger on the back.

...t," said one of the by-stan- about forty, stepping for- young man is right, and in this matter. It is as and the affair can soon be

er had been a major in the tion, and he led the stran- cabin towards his state- the gambler to have mat- within ten minutes. When he state-room, the major

hat a person of your age much about cards as to those old gamblers?"

d me to study them, but cept for amusement.— of the tricks I learned of who had formerly spent his time at the gaming ced that these honest d been swindled; and ould be but an act of e gamblers with their d recover the money d his friend. Every e the gamblers secrete pack of a different hed them too closely ance to cheat in the not suspect me until f our playing. You

but do you think you ow's fire. He is an siness.

ard, or he would not e on me. Yet, if it would not like to death at my hands, sacrifice my own a purpose."

back out now."

ttled?"

se to meet him, ev unce you a cow-

e, I suppose it must pons."

, I have a prime ls, and so if you ts to make, be a- short, and the al- before it gets nois- 'll see to the oth-

stance short."

f the boat."

ill be prepared in

g man went to his oon returned and le in, the cabin g. His face was here was a fixed- at once told that

A tear coursed ear was for those still to memory flitted through d yet to stand to make one dark unknown is current out ly. To return time passed in et the evil said, die or kill— flection. Yet uth would not must be done. the better—a ...ssion triumph-

...was now a scene of confusion.

"Game! clear grit, by thunder!" exclaimed George, as he with others separated the combatants.

The gambler's face and breast were covered with blood, as was also he young stranger's hand.

"Has the white livered thief stabbed you, my young hickory," said George as he pulled the young man toward the light.

"No, I guess not"

But the blood dropped fast from the young man's hand, and upon washing off the blood it was discovered that his right thumb was nearly severed. In the scuffle he succeeded in disarming the gambler, and thus, probably, saved his life. The wound was dressed and bound up, and the stranger returned to the social hall. The gambler, who was chafing with rage, eyed with a demoniac look, then shaking his fist at him, exclaimed:

"I allow no man to call me a thief, and he must give me satisfaction."

"I'll give you any satisfaction, you cowardly cut-throat," was the reply.

"And if he can't I'm the chap that will!" exclaimed George throwing off his coat.

"Stop, my friend, this is my quarrel, and I'll allow no one to take my place in it!"

When he had finished his writing he gave it to the Major, requesting him to follow the directions which he would find written should he fall. Also, to give his winnings to George to make up for the loss he had sustained.

They went on the upper deck of the boat. It was a calm still night, and the moon shone forth in all its pale splendor. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but forest and water met the gaze. The puffing of the high pressure engines, alone disturbed the stillness of the scene. The boat had just rounded too, for the purpose of wooding, and when she was again under way, the young stranger, his second, and three other persons, anxiously awaited the approach of the gambler. Scarcely a word was spoken—none fel disposed to disturb the silence that reigned. Half an hour passed, but the gambler came not It was now suggested that some one should go in search of him. The messenger soon returned and reported that both the gamblers had left the boat at the woodyard. When the young man heard this, a fervent "Thank God!" escaped his lips, and the party retired to seek repose in sleep.

...years since the steamers on the western rivers were harvest fields that yielded gamblers golden fruit. Many a young man, who had been entrusted with produce to dispose of at New Orleans, has fallen a victim to the wiley gambler on board of western boats.—The thirst for wealth—gold, glittering gold—has hurled hundreds of promising young men over the precipice down the dark abyss of Vice. They risked all on the hazard of the die, and fate decided against them. Thus placed, they lacked the moral courage to return to their employer, but choose to float with the evil current out into the Sea of Depravity.

In the year 184-, a party were seated around a table in the social hall of a steamer on the Mississippi, laying cards. They had played from 9 o'clock in the evening till near midnight. The party consisted of four persons: two of whom were notorious gamblers, the other two were hawk, unsuspecting countrymen, who had been to New Orleans to dispose of produce, and were returning home. At near midnight one of the countrymen rose from the table, saying to his partner:—

"Luck's against us; Bob! Might as well try to beat the devil himself as these fellows!"

"Oh, for God's sake don't quit yet—

...ious Gentleman.—"My boy, my boy, you do very wrong to fish on Sunday." Boy—"It can't be no harm, I ain't catchin' nothin'."

Self-Regulating Windmill.

Daniel Halliday, a mechanic in an obscure country village, Ellington, Connecticut, has done what the world of mechanics has sought for in vain for centuries. He has invented and put in successful operation a Windmill with *self-furling sails*. The mill built by him has five feet wings, that is the diameter of the wind wheel is ten feet, and has been in operation six months without a hand being touched to it to regulate the sails. It run 15 days at one time without stopping day or night, and it has stood through some hard gales. The beauty of the improvement is, that it does stand still when the wind rages hardest; with the edge of the wings to the wind, and as it lulls they gradually resume their position for a gentle breeze. It is so contrived that nothing but a squall of great severity falling upon it without a moment's warning can produce damage.

The mill mentioned has drawn water from a well twenty eight feet deep, one hundred feet distant, and forced it into a small reservoir in the upper part of the barn, sufficient for all farm purposes, garden irrigation, and lots to spare. The cost of such a mill will be $50, and the pumps and pipes about $25.—It is elevated on a single oak post a foot square, the turn circle being supported by iron braces.

The wings are made of one longitudinal iron bar, through which run small rods; upon these rods, narrow boards half an inch thick are fitted, holes being bored through from edge to edge, and screwed together by nuts at the ends of the rods. This makes strong light sails but as will be seen are fixtures not to be furled or clewed up; but they are thrown up edge to the wind by a very ingenious and simple arrangement of the machinary, which obviates the great objection to windmills for farm use; the necessity of constant supervision of the sails to suit the strength of the wind.

Wind is undoubtedly the cheapest power that a farmer can use, and, notwithstanding its inconsistency, if this improvement operates as well as it bids fair to in the single mill erected, it will be applied to many valuable uses. By windmills swamps may be drained and upland irrigated.

What an advantage would be the latter in such a drought as prevails now in many parts of the country, beside the great amount of fertilizing matter in water at all times. The windmill could be used too for all grinding of grain for farm use, driving the washing machine and churn, pumping the water from the well or spring—often of the hardest kinds of labor about the house. Liquid manure, and the solid excrement made of liquid, could be sent to a field through leading pipes by the same power.

We do earnestly hope for the success of this improvement—that it will not only be an ornament but a thing of usefulness to many American farmers.

Afflicting.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce is responsible for the following:

A plethoric, round-visaged individual was yesterday seated on the steps of the Custom-house, bathed in tears and sobbing violently, having in his hand a copy of the Abend Zeitung; and the sight of tears flowing in Wall street, being so unusual a circumstance, soon attracted a group of people, curious to know what calamity had befallen the mourner.

"Is your father dead?" asked one.

"No, oh no; mine fader is not dead; worser dan dat."

"Has your wife eloped with some other fellur?" asked a news-boy, with dilapidated courderoys and a badly kept pair of feet.

"You tink I'd cry for dat?" was the indignant rejoinder. "No indeed; no such ding."

"Howld aisy," suggested an apple-woman, "may-be his wife is dead in the ould country, or the childher sick, or may-be some of 'em was lost in the Say."

"*Die Schœne Katrina* was lost in the Zuyder Zee, and dat ish what I cries for;" replied the mourner, unable to say more, in the poignancy of grief.

"Was she a good ship?" inquired a sailor who had elbowed his way among the crowd.

"Yaw, it hold three hundred passengers."

"And all gone to Davy's Locker?"

"Yaw, all gone; but dat is nottin," and tears flowed a-fresh.

"What is the matter my friend?" asked a good looking broker, with a splendid pair of jetty whiskers; "what are you fretting about?"

"Die Schœne Katrina was sinked, (sob) lost in the Zuyder Zee, mit—"(sob.)

"Anything of yours on board?"

"No, notting of mine."

"Well, what's the matter then?"

"I tells you what," was the reply as he wrung the water from his handkerchief, preparatory to a fresh out-burst, "*she had more as twenty barrels of Sour Krout on bort.*"