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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 16. CHESTER TOWN, MD., AUGUST 4, 1855. No. 14.

HE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

ted to *Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.*

DWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expira- of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end e year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 co- for $10. No subscription received for a orter period than six months, and no paper will discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be erted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every rtion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. beral deduction made to yearly advertisers. ertisements must have the number of times ked, or they will be published till forbid and ged accordingly.

ECIAL NOTICES.—All Communications of a onal nature will be charged for at the rates ty cents a square for the first insertion, and ty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. bituary notices, when they exceed six lines, be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square. roceedings of public meetings, except those of ligious or charitable nature, will be charged t the usual rates, those handing them in will eld responsible.

Trustee's Sale.

Y virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, as a Court Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, expose to public sale on

TUESDAY,

Seventh day of August, 1855, at 11 ck A. M., at the tavern door of John aniel, Esq., in Chestertown,

ALL THAT FARM

near Washington College, adjoining ands of Mr. Wm. H. P. Worrell and s, occupied by Mr. Eli Lusby, common- lled "The Corse Farm" containing rds of

0 ACRES, MORE OR LESS.

portion of the land is in OD—a considerable portion hick is thriving young *ches-* There is also a good mea- and a stream of water running thro- he farm, accessible to all the fields. soil is excellent, with clay bottom, capable of producing fine crops of wheat and oats, with ordinary cul- ion. Clover grows finely. The land enclimed. The fencing on the public nearly entire, is of post and rail, paratively new. The cross fencing erable condition.

THE BUILDINGS are of frame—A Dwelling with Kitchen attached—a Stable Granary, and Corn House, mp of water in the yard and springs nient. The proximity of this farm nchester Town and navigable water, e it desirable, either for a market , or for advantages of a grain grow- ne. Possession will be given on the ay of January next, and the purcha- will have the privilege of sowing t.

THE TERMS OF SALE,

rescribed by the decree, are that the haser shall give bond to the Trustee, security to be approved by him, pay- in three equal instalments in six, e and eighteen months from the day e, with interest from the day of sale.

JOHN S. CONSTABLE,
Trustee.

nt County, July 14, 1855.

B.—The creditors of the late Wm. onstable, dec'd are notified to file claims against him, duly proved, the Clerk of the Circuit Court for County in four months from the of sale.

☞ The Del. Republican and Gazette opy the above law till day of sale, nd papers to Trustee, with cost ed.

a Clark, vs. Hinson, fn. h Wilson.	Judgment before W.S. Lassell, Justice of the Peace for Kent county. Debt $70.31; inter- rcon from 1st January, 1851, till and cost.

ereby give notice that I shall apply next Circuit Court for Kent coun a ratification and confirmation o- e of the house and lot of land purc by George Hinson, (fn) of Joshua lying and being in Kent county, ng the lands of said Joshua Clark, said sale of said house and lot of as made and returned by William milton, one of the Constables for ounty, under a fieri ficias, issued S. Lassell, one of the Justices of ce for Kent county, upon the t above referred to, and purcha

A. HINSON, f.n.

4, 1855.

Wresenfeld & Co.

OLESALE CLOTHERS,

o. 290 *Baltimore Street.*

branch *Maryland Institute CLOTH- HALL, Corner Baltimore Street and* e, where one of the largest and finest n's, Youth's and Boys CLOTHING e country, and at 25 per cent less elsewhere secured. Call at *ryland Institute Clothing Hall!*

June 16, 1855

POETRY.

A HOME PICTURE.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Ben Fisher has finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door;
His good wife Kate, sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor:—
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,
Her beams were as clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay;
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted merrily;
Right merrily chattered they on the while
Her babe slept on her breast;
While a chubby rogue, with a rosy smile
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed
And promised a glorious yield:—
A glorious yield in the harvest time,
And his orchard was doing fair;
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
Her fowls and her calves were fat;
That the butter that morning that Tommy churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for Pa a new shirt had made
And that too by the rule;
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade
And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of greyish brown—
"I tell you Kate, what I think," said he,
"We're the happiest folks in town."
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard—
Work and health go together I've found;
For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

They're worth their thousands, so people say,
But I ne'er saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their gold,
And live in a constant fret.
My humble home has a light within,
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy,
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye,—
The moon shone brighter and clearer,
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer;
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And took her hand in his,—
I guess—(though I looked at the moon just then)
That he left on her lips a kiss.

MISCELLANY.

(From the Household Words.)

THE TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa near Walton on Thames, sat one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be some seventy, whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful blooming face, and active, light and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man; but in his eyes and in the corners of his mouth were indications of a gay self confidence which age and suffering had dampened, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he; "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him, they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Pooh! when I was a young man I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost celebrity. But the world's getting quite heartless.

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.

"And what does 'Oh, sir!' mean?" said he. "D'ye think I shant die? I know better. A little more and there'll be an end to old Billy Collet. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh! give me a glass of the doctor's stuff.

The girl poured some medicine into a glass, and Collett, after having contemplated it for a moment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve your 'Oh, sir,' and 'dear sir,' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir' at all. Why you couldn't be more respectful, if you were a charity girl and I a beadle in a gold laced hat! None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your lawful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and dislikings.

"My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your father and you are quite right," said Mr. Collet. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child—and it isn't every friend would do that."

"A kind and generous protector you have been!"

"Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Hav'nt I given you good prudent advice about John Meade, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a guardian? Come, confess you love this penniless nephew of mine."

"Penniless indeed!" said Mary.

"Ah, there it is!" said Mr. Collet.—"And what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward? and what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Hav'nt I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one? Peter Finch—considering he's an attorney—is a worthy young man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvass forever, and not grow rich. He's all for art and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and splash poor John Meade as he trudges on foot."

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Peter Finch was announced. He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collet eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of smile, whilst they made speeches expressive of sorrow at the nature of their visit. At last stopping them,—

"Enough, boys, enough!" said he; "let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you. I hav'nt seen much of you up to the present time, and for anything I know, you may be rogues or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince under this address; but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case, now," said Mr. Collet; "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well I knew something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the truth; so I gave him a shilling to get rid of him.—Now, I'm afraid I did wrong. What claim had he on me? What claim has he on anybody? The value of his labor in the market is all that a working man has a right to, and when his labor is of no value, why, then he must go to the Devil or wherever else he can. Eh, Peter? that's my philosophy—what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch, "perfectly agree with you. The value of their labor in the market is all that laborers can pretend to—all that they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous support called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collet. "You are a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy, go on!"

"What results from charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is State robbery; private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collet.—"What do you think of our philosophy, John?"

"I don't like it; I don't believe it!" said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling; I'd have given him a shilling myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all othodox political economy, you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John, "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John!" said Mr. Collett, "we shall never make anything out of him, Peter. Really, we'd better talk of something else. John tell us all about the last new novel."

They conversed on different topics until the arrival of the invalid's early bed time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity, the next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent last night and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself.—John you must be more careful or we can never be married."

"Well Mary, dear, I'll do my best," said John. "It was that confounded Peter, with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank Heaven you're not!" said Mary "but an iceberg floats, think of that John. Remember—every time you offend Mr. Collett, you please Mr. Finch.

'So I do!' said John. 'Yes I'll remember that.

'If you would only try to be a little mean and hardhearted, you would only stoop to conquor, John, and you deserve to conquor.'

"May I gain my desires, then!" said John. "Are you not to be my loving wife Mary? And are you not to sit at needle work in my studio, whilst I paint my historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how indeed," said Mary. "But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together." And so saying she withdrew.

"What, Meade!" said Finch as he entered. "Skulking in doors on a fine morning like this! I've been all through the village. Not an ugly place—but wants looking after sadly. Roads shamefully muddy. Pigs allowed to walk on the foot path!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.

'I say, you came out pretty strong last night,' said Peter. 'Quite defied the old man! but I like your spirit.'

'I have no doubt you do,' thought John.

'Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself,' said Peter. 'But the world—the world, my dear sir—soon cures of all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable: but what's the use of regretting! It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miserable. What can't be cured must be endured.'

'That is to say,' returned John, 'what we cant cure, they must endure!'

'Exactly so,' said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bed room.—They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits as usual.

'Well, boys,' said he, 'here I am, you see; brought to an anchor at last! The poctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write receipts. Humbug, my boys! Patients can do as much for themselves; as doctors can do for them; they are all in the dark together—the only difference is that the patients grope in English and the doctors grope in Latin!'

'You are too spectical, sir,' said John Meade.

'Pooh,' said Mr. Collett. 'Let us change the subject. 'I want your advice, Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I am going to make my will to day, and I don't know how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs.—Emma disgraced us by marrying an oilman.

'An oilman!' exclaimed John.

"Yes, a vulgar, shocking oilman!' said Mr. Collett, 'a wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, black lead and birch brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair. Well, Briggs, the oilman, died last week, it seems; and his widow has written to me, asking for assistance. Now, I have thought of leaving her a hundred a year in my will. What do you think of it? I am afraid she don't deserve it. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friend? What have I to do with her misfortunes?'

'My mind is quite made up,' said Peter Finch; 'no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworthy match—and let her abide the consequences!'

'Now for your opinion, John,' said Mr. Collett.

'Upon my word, I think I must say the same,' said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of a worldly man. 'What right had she marry—as you observed with great justice, sir. Let her abide the consequences—as you very properly remarked, Finch. Can' she carry on the oilman's business? I dare say it will support her very well.'

'Why no,' said Mr. Collett; 'Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute.'

'That does not alter the question,' said Peter Finch. 'Let Briggs' family do something for her.'

'To be sure, said Mr. Collett. 'Briggs family are the people to do something for her. She musn't expect anything from us—must she, John?'

'Destitute, is she?' said John, "with children, too? Why this is another case, sir. You surely ought to notice her—to assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting her have the hundred a year.'

'Oh, John, John! what a break down! said Mr. Collett. 'So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through the stony Arabia, and turned back at the second step! Here's a brave traveller for you, Peter! John, John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave the sterner ways to very different men. Good bye, both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said.'

He pressed their hands, and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak next day, and in three days after that, he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness; and the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following in a clear voice:

'I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her family by marrying an oilman, the sum of four thousand pounds, being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could even find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food or clothing or shelter.'

John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch ground his teeth—but in a quiet, respectful manner.

The man of business went on with his reading.

'Having always held tha opinion that woman should be rendered a rational and independent being—and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living—I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton, the only child of my old friend, Frederick Sutton, the sum of ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to marry, or remain single as she may prefere.'

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again—but in a manner hardly respectable. Both, however, by a violent effort, kept silent.

The man of business went on with his reading.

I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and have been grieved to find him possessed with a feeling of philanthrophy, and with a general preference for whatever is noble and true over whatever is base and false. As these tendency are by no means such as can advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds—hoping that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture—which, as yet, he has only talk about.

'As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering him an aid which he does not require; yet from his affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of lawbooks.'

How Peter Finch stormed and called names—how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy—how Mary Sutton cried first, and then laughed, and then cried and laughed together—all these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John Meade; and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills, and bringing actions on them; and drives about in his brougham already.

REMEDY FOR THE SUMMER COMPLAINT.—The great increase of deaths among children has become cause of serious apprehension, and any remedy to avert the fatality should be tried. We have been told of a remedy for cholera infantum, which is said to be excellent, and its simplicity wlll warrant a trial. Here it is: Take one pound of flour and wrap it tightly in a cloth, after which boil it for three hours; let it get perfectly cool before the removal of the cloth; then remove all the glutinous substance from the outside, which will leave the interior portion hard like chalk. This should be grated to serve as a thickning for milk, (from one cow, if possible to obtain it,) upon which to feed the patient. It will keep for a long time, and it said by those who have used it to be more beneficial than anything else.

HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND.—Never marry a man until you have seen him eat. Let the candidate for your hand pass through the ordeal of eating soft boiled eggs. If he can do it and leave the table spread, the napkin and his shirt unspotted—take him. Try him next with a spare rid. He accomplishes this feat without putting out one of his own eyes, name the wedding day at once; he will do to tie to.

LUCID ANSWER.—"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?"

"Madam, it is simply a circumloctuary style of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity.'

"Thank you sir," said the old lady, "that's just what I thought it was."

☞ "I like you," said a girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave home; I am a widow's only darling; no husband can equal my parent in kindness.

"She is kind," replied the wooer; 'but be my wife, we will live together, and see if I don't *beat your mother*."

☞ It is said the editor of the Massachussets Life Boat, is delighted to learn that the "Czar refuses to treat."—The next steamer he hopes will bring the news of his joining the temperance society.

When did Absalom sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his *forefathers*.

HOW TO BORROW.

A certain editor, well known for his bonne fortune, threw his smiles upon a 'rat' of the Imperial Academy of Music. The 'rat' experienced a natural anxiety to gnaw the purse stringe of her admirer, but could no texactly see her way. While thinking the matter over, a Bohemian of her acquaintance came in.

'Do you think,' said the young artiste, 'that V— will be willing to lend me three throusand francs?'

'More than doubtful. But he might be induced to do it. Write as I shall dictate.'

'Beloved: I expected some money, this morning, but have been disappointed—'

'That is a very old story,' interrupted the rat.

'Go on. Bring me three thousand francs, and come and dine with me at the same time. I have a splendid pheasant.'

'And do you think,' said Mademoisselle Alphonsine, when the letter was gone, "that I shall get my money, or rather V—'s money with that?"

'With such a letter, my dear friend, you will not get a sou, or I know nothing of the human heart.'

'Then why did you make me write it?'

'Because it was essential that a first note should precede the one I am about to dictate to you."

'What! write another!'

'Only a few words.'

'Dear Friend—Consider my letter as not written. At the very moment I had despatched it, the expected remittance made its appearance; I am now richissime. But don't forget, I expect you to dinner; the pheasant is magnificent.'

'The second letter was sent after the first.

'Now,' said the Bohemian, 'this is what will happen. V— will pretend not to have received your second note, and will show himself the more generous in your want of money.'

It happened as the Bohemian had anticipated. V— offered the three thousand francs, with the idea they would not be accepted; but to his infinite horror, they were pocketed at once. To complete his misfortunes, there was not even a pheasant to console him. The Bohemian ate it the same evening with the assistance of Mademoiselle Alphonsine, in a cabinet of the Maison Dorce.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

"The moon looks calmnly down when man is dying,
The earth still holds her way;
Flowers breathe their perfume, and the winds keep sighing;
Naught seems to pause or stay."

Clasp thy hands meekly over the still breast—they've no more work to do; close the weary eyes—they've no more tears to shed. Closed is the ear alike to love, kind voice, and calumny's stinging whispers.

O, if in that stilled heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away; if your loving glance, and kindly word, and clasping hand, have come *all too late*—then God forgive you! No frown gathers on the marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiseled lip—no flush of wounded feeling mounts to the blue-veined temples.

God forgive you! for *your* feet, too, must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faultering tongue asks: "can this be death?" Your fading eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth; your clammy hands yields its last feeble flutter.

O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What! no words of greeting from the household sleepers? No throb of pleasure from the dear maternal bosom?

Silent all!

O, if these broken limbs were never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there were no eternal shore!—If for the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bright glow of promise!

Alas for love if this be all,
And *naught beyond*—on earth!

☞ The Washington "Metropolitan" announces the following curious facts:—"The new Russian minister to the United States is called Somonosoff, (saw my nose off.) An attachee of the same legation at Washington, Blowmanosoff, (blow my nose off;) besides which we have Col. Kutmanoseff, (cut my nose off;) Marshall Polmanosoff, (pull my nose off;) General Nozbegone, (nose begone) and many others."

AMUSING.—Smith and Brown running opposite ways round a corner struck each other.

"Oh dear," said Smith, 'how you make my head ring."

"That's a sign it's hollow," said B.

"Don't yours ring?" said Smith.

"No."

"That's a sign its cracked," replied his friend.

☞ Fast horses soon tire, and fast men are a good deal like them. The youth that goes it strong at twenty, will find himself at forty with a tomb stone growing out of hi[illegible]

Lord S[illegible] lin was [illegible]
PRIN[illegible]