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# THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

VOL. 13. | SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1852. | NO. 6.



STERN SHORE STEAMBOAT COMPANY

The Boats of the *Eastern Shore Steam Boat Company* will run as follows:

The Steamer **Hugh Jenkins**, Capt. *James Tilghman*, will leave Light street wharf every *MONDAY MORNING* at 7 o'clock, direct for *CAMBRIDGE and OXFORD*, returning same day via *ANNAPOLIS*.

The JENKINS will leaves as above every *TUESDAY MORNING*, at 7 o'clock, for ANNAPOLIS, SOUTH RIVER, COMBRIDGE, OXFORD and EASTON, and return on WEDNESDAY by the same route, leaving Easton at 7 o'block, A. M.

The JENKINS will leave every THURSDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, for St. Michaels and Miles' River Ferry, and return same day by Annapolis.

The Jenkins will leave every Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, West River, Cambridge, Oxford and Easton, and return on Saturday by the same route, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Passage to Annapolis 75 cents, West and South Rivers, $1; St. Michael's $1; Cambridge and Easton $1 50.

The Steamer **OSIRIS**, *Captain Kirwan*, will leave Light street wharf for *KENT ISLAND, CORSICA, CHESTERTOWN, CRUMPTON*, and intermediate Landings, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY MORNING, at 9½ o'clock.

Returning the OSIRIS will leave Crumpton at 7 o'clock on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNINGS, touching at all the Landings on her trips to Baltimore. Passage $1.

Mr. Fort (opposite the wharf) will receive and receipt for FREIGHTS for both boats.

WILLIAM CALLON, Agent,
Office Light street wharf

April, 17, 1852.

For White Haven, Shad Point, Corsica, Chestertown, &c.

THE NEW SPLENDID STEAMER

WILLIAM SELDEN,

*CAPTAIN JOHN D. TURNER,*

WILL leave the wharf on Light st., near Hughes' Quay, on TUESDAY and FRIDAY MORNINGS at 7 o'clock, for the above points, returning the following days, and arriving at Baltimore before night.

*For Corsica, Chestertown & Kent Island.*

The SELDEN will also leave Baltimore at 7 o'clock on MONDAY and THURSDAY MORNINGS for Corsica, Chestertown and Kent Island, returning the same days.

Passage to White Haven and Shad Point. $3.00

do Chestertown & Kent Island, 1 00

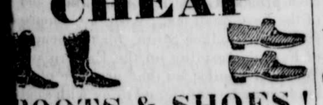
On Monday and Thursday Excursion passengers will be taken the round trip for $1

Freight will be received during the absence of the boat by Messrs. A. R. WALLACE & Co., opposite the wharf. For freight or passage apply on board, or to MEACHAM & JACKSON.

Cor. Smith's Wharf and Pratt st.

May 8, 1852—tf.

CHEAP



BOOTS & SHOES!

THE subscriber has just returned from the city with an assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES,

which he offers to the public on the most accommodating terms. His stock consists of the following:

Ladies Morocco Slippers,
" " thick sole shoes,
" Gaiters.

A large lot of Children's Morocco and Leather Shoes—Misses' and childrens' Gaiters. Also a fine assortment of his own make, which he will sell very low. He has on hand a large stock of Leather which he is prepared to manufacture to order, at the shortest notice.

JOHN W. PRICHARD.

May 25, 1852.

B. C & Joseph A. Wickes,

Attornies & Counsellors at Law,

HAVE associated in the practice of their profession.

They will attend the Courts of Kent, Cecil and Queen Ann's counties.

Their office is near the Court House Chester Town,

April 17, 1852.

B. C. Wickes has returned home, and resumed professional duties.

HARRIAGE, riding and Cart Whips, Cow hides, &c., at

W N. E. WICKES


## Estate of Mary C. Tilghman.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans Court, May 18, 1852.

On the application of Henrietta Ll. Everett, Executrix of Mary Caroline Tilghman, late of Kent county, dec'd

Ordered that they give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same to 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,

(Seal) I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 25th day of May, 1852.

Test,
JACOB FISHER,
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 Mary C. Tilghman, 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 15th day of December, 1852, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 18th day of May, 1852.

HENRIETTA Ll. EVERETT,
Executrix of Mary C. Tilghman, dec'd.

May 22, 1852—4w

## ESTATE OF RICHARD BARROLL.

Maryland, Kent county Orphans' Court May 18, 1852.

On the application of John Wilson, administrator of Richard Barroll, late of Kent county dec'd

Ordered that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once a 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's Court of the county aforesaid,

{SEAL} I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 25th day of May, 1852.

Test,
JACOB FISHER,
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 Richard Barroll, late of Kent county dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers to the subscriber on or before the 15th day of December 1852, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 18th day of May 1852.

JOHN WILSON,
Adm'r of Richard Barroll, dec'd.

May 22, '52.- 4w.

## ESTATE OF JOSEPH M MOFFETT

Maryland, Kent county Orphans' Court May 18, 1852.

On the application of Mary Jane Moffett Administratrix of Joseph Moffett, late of Kent county dec'd, Ordered that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be to be published once a 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,

{SEAL} I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 18th day of May 1852.

Test,
JACOB FISHER,
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 Joseph Moffett 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 15th day of December, 1852, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 18th day of May, 1852.

MARY JANE MOFFETT,
Administratrix of Joseph Moffett dec'd.

May 22, 1852.—4w.


TAKE NOTICE.

THE subscriber would say to FARMERS that he is constantly manufacturing a pure article of

Shell Lime,

and will endeavor to fill all orders in his line upon the most reasonable terms at his *LIME YARD*, Foot of West Falls avenue city Block.

B. S HOLT.

Baltimore, May 22, 1852.—3m.

*J. LEEDS BARROLL,*

*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*

Tenders his proressional services to the public Office on High street.

C. Town, April 24, 1852.

KOSSUTH, Jenny Lind blk and wht Slouches; Pedal Braid, China Pearl, Boys' wool, Palm Leaf and other varieties of Hats, for sale by

W. N. E. WICKES.

NAIL, Tooth, Hair, Shaving, Whitewash and Blacking Brushes, at

W. N. E. WICKES'.

BLACK and White Hose—Thread, White, Brown and Mixed ½ Hose.

W. N. E. WICKES.

April, 10, 1852.

TOILET and shaving Soaps, Treple Extracts, Pomenades, Hair oils and Perfumerins &c., for sale by

W. N. E. WICKES.



THE KENT NEW.

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 be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

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

All communications must be post-paid.


## POETRY.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

### The Spring of Life is Past.

The spring of life is post,
With its budding hopes and fears,
And the Autumn time is coming
With its weight of future years;
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And Youth's free dreams of gladness
All perish darkly here,
For earth is filled with sadness.

While bliss was blooming near,
In the heart's first bloom of spring,
While many hopes could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing;
Like a foam upon the river,
When the breeze goes rippling o'er.
These hopes have fled forever,
To come to us no more.

'Tis sad, yet sweet to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood loved so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyish wish,
To roam, like angels, there.

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past,
And from that tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens,
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and to heavenly,
For such a world as this,
Whose soft dark eyes seem swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine,
In the spring time of the year,
Like the changing gleams of April,
They follow every tear;
They have passed, like hope, away,
All their loveliness has fled;
Oh! many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer,
They have fallen from the stem,
Yet, Oh! it is a lovely death
To fade from earth likk them:
And yet the thought is sadd'ning
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love,
Like the tendrils of a vine,
Grow closely to each lovely heart,
Then perish on its shrine.

And we can but think of these,
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming!
For we know the winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die!

☞An old woman observing a sailor going by her door, and supposing it to be her son Bill, cried out to him—"Billy, where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied in a contemptuous, manner, 'gone to the d——l for what I know."

"Well as you are going that way," said the old lady, 'I wish you would just let down the bars."

☞One of Stewart's clerks undertook to commit suicide last week by shooting his deguereotype. He fired four shots, when his employer rushed in and saved him from his rashness. This is the third attempt he has made on his life within the last two months. Cause—broken sleep, brought on by a most intense devotion to a young lady with auburn ringlets.

*From the Star Sprangled Banner.*

## THE BROTHERS.

**An Incident of the Battle of Saratoga.**

BY COL. CLAY.

A SHORT distance from the field on which was fought the memorable battle of Saratoga, there stood a small, unpainted, though neat looking cottage, a building at that period peculiar to the section of the country.

One morning, a few days previous to that on which the battle was fought, two young men, brother, could have been seen in a front room of the cottage.

One, the elder of the two, was a tall, powerful-looking fellow, some thirty years of age, who sat, his head resting upon his hands, while his elbows joined his knees, gazing upon a few embers which were smoking in the fire place his countenance bearing a remorse and sullen look.

The other was *per contra* of him. He was small in statute and very slenderly built. He was some five years the junior of the other.

Standing by a window gazing out upon the spot before him, so soon to be the scene of bloodshed and carnage, he seemed busily engaged in communing with his own thoughts, which, if we can judge from his countenance, which bears a sad and thoughtful look, are not the most pleasant. Occasionaly a long-drawn sign escaped him and seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart.

At length, after standing in the position described a long time, he turned around, and fixing his gaze upon his brother, said:

"Henry, 'tis sad news for me that which I have just heard in relation to yourself."

The other answered not, but still gazed intently upon the coals.

"I little dreamed that this would have happened, Henry, and I trust that the intelligence that has reached my ears is incorrect. I know it must be. I never can believe that a son of my father would basely desert his country in her hour of peril, when his services were mostly needed, and join that country's enemy. Oh! Henry, as you love me—as you respect that father who so loved us, tell me that this is false."

The other raised his eyes and fixed them upon the younger.

"What are you prating about?" he asked.

"Henry, I this morning learned that it was your intention to desert your country and enlist in the ranks of the king's army. I denied the accusation and would have run him to the heart that uttered what I considered a base slander, but proof so startling was presented that I was convinced almost that it was no slander, but that you really intended joining the British. Tell me, Henry, is this true?"

"I presume I am my own master and can do as I see fit as regards the matter of joining the British army. If not, I have yet to learn the fact," the other sullenly answered.

"That is not answering my question, Henry."

An oath from him addressed as Henry followed this, with a demand to the younger to tend to his own affairs.

"Ah, me! I fear 'tis, alas! too true.—Henry I can even now hardly believe that it is your intention to do this. If it is I humbly thank God that he took our aged father away from earth ere it happened. It would have broken his heart to have known that his flesh and blood had become a traitor to his God and his country."

"This was a rebuke the elder could not stand. He sprang quickly from his seat, and seizing his brother rudely by the shoulder struck him a severe blow full in the face with his clenched hand. He reeled against the partition, which only prevented him from falling, so powerful was the blow dealt by the unhuman brother, while the warm blood spirted from his mouth and nose.

The elder, muttering something about teaching the other to tend to his own affairs, seized his hat and left the cottage.

The younger stood paralyzed to the spot. It was some moments ere he could even speak.

"My God! my God!" at length broke from his lips "Henry, you know not what you have done."

* * * *

It was morning upon the battle field. Those two powerful armies had come together, and, hand to hand, were fighting desperately.

The two brothers, George and Henry Edson, were there in the thickest of the fight. Henry Edson had fulfilled his intention—deserted his country, and joined the enemy, and was now fighting against friends with the desperation of a mad man.

George Edson had entered the field with the intention, if the thing was possible, of searching out his brother, and once more attempt to turn him from his course.

The morning was rapidly wearing away and his efforts had been unavailing. Still he faltered not.

At length in the distance he beheld the herculean form of Henry, his powerful arm dealing death among his own countrymen. He hastened to meet him.

No sooner did Henry Edson observe the form of his brother approaching than he left the ranks, and moved onwards to confront him.

"Boy," he said, as he approached near, "'tis best we do not meet. I care not to take thy life."

Observing that the younger brother took no notice of this but kept on he sprang forward with the intention of cutting George down at a blow. By a skillfull manœuvre the blow was evaded, and the elder brother was in the power of the younger, with a pistol barrel glittering a few inches from his head.

'Henry, you are now in my power,' said George. "'Tis but a short time since you struck me a severe blow, and I might easily send you to eternity did thought of revenge fill my breast. It is far from that with me, Henry. You were angry when you struck me that blow, else you would not have done it. I have a few words to say to you. Come, we are out of the thickest of the battle—sit here upon the ground.,

Henry mechanically obeyed. He sank down upon the earth, making no attempt whatsoever to resist his brother, while George took a seat beside him.

'Henry, my brother, he said, 'you know not the bitter anguish that has filled my heart to day, knowing as I did that you were fighting against your own countrymen. I know your temperament, Henry but listen to me without being angry. A few weeks only have passed since our aged and best of fathers died. You remember his dying words—the words that escaped his lips as he lay so near death's door, his eyes upturned to heaven—'My sons,' he said, 'your country is in deep distress. She wants your assistance, and is calling loudly upon you. Let not, I beseech you, that voice fall unheeded upon your ears.' Henry, that father, I doubt not, is in Heaven, and could he now look down and witness what has transpired, his own flesh blood a traitor to his country, what misery would be his. It is not too late to turn from your course now.'

Henry Edson had sat a silent listener when his brother had been speaking, and it was quite evident that the words of George cut deep to his heart. He was affected, for a tear drop stood in either eye awhile and then crept slowly down his cheek. At length he said—

'George, when I struck you I was very angry, as you must know. For days I had been labouring under a most feverish excitement, and was hardly in my right mind. I became piqued at some course pursued by the Americans, and in an evil hour determined to join the enemy. You upbraided me for it, and I struck you a terrible blow. But can you, will you forgive me for it?'

'Freely, freely, brother; I have long since forgiven you for that.'

'Curse me, George, I know not what I was about when I deserted my country in her our of need. But you say it is not too late to repent even now.'

'Too late—no, no,' and the eyes of the younger brother sparkled as he spoke.

'Then, George, we have remained idle long enough. See, our assistance is needed. To the work briskly and the day is ours. May God forgive me for what I have done!'

They sprang to the task before them, and throughout the American lines from that day to the time when peace was declared and our country was relieved from the thraldom of the British yoke, two better soldiers than the brothers Edsons could not be found.

UGLY VS. UGLY.—In the eastern part of Delaware county in this State, there resides a man named B——, now a justice of the peace, and a very sensible man, but by common consent the ugliest looking individual in the whole country; being long, gaunt, sallow, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer, gaunter, uglier, by all odds, than himself. He could give the "Squire" fifty, and beat him. Without saying a word, B—— raised his gun and deliberately levelled it at the stranger. "For God's sake don't shoot!" shouted the man, in great alarm. "Stranger," replied B——, "I swore ten years ago, that if I ever met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him: and you are the fust I've seen." The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his "rival," replied: "Wal, captain, if I look worse than you do, shute! I don't want to live any longer!"—*Knickerbocker.*

☞There is an old toper in Maine who is making quite a fortune out of the anti liquor law. He goes into New Hampshire and gets fuddled, and when he comes back charges his neighbors twelve and a half cents for smelling his breath. He'll do.

## Dick Daily's Stump Speech.

*Fellew Citizens.*—This are the day for the poperlation of Boonville, like a bobtailed pullet on a rickerty henroost, to be lookin' up. A crisis has arrived—and sumthin's bust! Where are we? here I is, an' I'd stand here an' expirate now till the day o' synawogues if you'd whoop for Daily. Feller citizens—Jerusalem's to pay, and we haint got any pitch. Our hyperbolical an' majestic canal boat o' creation has unshipped her rudder, and the Captain's broke his neck, an' the cook's div to the depts o' the vasty deep, in search o' dinnu!—Our wigwam's torn to pieces like a shirt on a brush fence, an' isty of these are latitudes is a varnishin' in a blue flame! A-e such thin's to be did? I ask you in the name of the American Eagle, who whipped the shaggy-headen lion o' Great Britain, an' now sits a roostin' on the magnetic telegraph, if such doings is a goin' to be conglomerated! I repeat it to you in the name o' that peacock o' liberty when he's flew in o'er the cloud-capped summits o' the Rockey mountains, if we's goin' to be extemporaneously hogyogged in this fashion,

"O, answer me!
Let me not bust in ignorance!"

as Shakepeel says. Shall we be bamboozlefied with sich unmitigated outdacousness? Me thinks I hear you yelp—"No, sir-see-hoss!" Then 'lect me to Congress and there will be no revolution. Feller Citizens—if was I standin' on the adamantine throne of Jubiter and lightnin's was a clashin' around me, I'd continue to spout! I'm full ov the bellin' lath rove Mount Etny, an' I won't be quenched! I'v sprung a leak, and must howl like a bear with a sore head. Flop together, jump into the ranks an' hear me thro'—Feller citizens—you know me an' rip my lungs out with a nail-grab if I wouldn't stuck te yer, like brick-dust to a bar ov soap. Where's my opponent? He's nowhere? He ain't a cat-bird in a garret to me! I was brought up among you, feller citizens, and he was pupped in a school-house, but he can't get me with his highfalootin words. Hictum, strictum, albro, anto, catnip, Brazil, Logloony an' Buffin's Bay! What do you think ov that?

"Go it Poorky—root hog or die!"

as Shakepeel said when Cæsar stabbed him in the House of Representatives.'

Feller citizens elect me to Congress, an, I'll abolish mad dogs, musketers' an' bad cents. I'll go in for teeto al annihilation of niggers, campmeetin's and jails. I'll repudiate crows an' dustify hen hawks. I'll have barn raisins' every day (Sundays excepted) and licker enough to swim a skunk. Yes, feller citizens, 'lect me to Congress, an I shall be led to exclaim in the sublime, the terrific language of Bonypart, when perchin' in the wilderness—

"Richard's himself again!"

On, then onward to the polls; "gallop apace fiery footed steeds," an' make the welkin tremble with anti-pasidonic yells for Daily. Cock yer muskits—I'm a comin'.

"Hence ye, Brutis broad axe an' glory."

Let's licker.

S-say! Do you believe in the Knickerbocker Rockers? Do you love fig's peat? Do you love tamb's lungs? Do you live near the shotacary pop? Did yonever ride in a waggons baggon?—*Sunday Mercury*

Ye'es! Was you every shocked by a balvanic gattery? Did you hear Wan el Debster's late speech in your city? Did you ever see a steamboat bile her buster? Did you ever drink a scottle of botch ale? and,—oh, speak! do you always vote the tig wicket?—*Ky. Rifleman.*

☞King George the second being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's speech, replied:—"I hope the man's punishment will be of the mildest sort, because I have read both; and, as far as I understand either of them, I like the spurious speech better than my own."

Two widowers were once condoling together on the recent bereavement of their wives, one of them exclaimed, with a sigh-

"Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the dear dec'd, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first."

'There I surpassed you," said his friend "for the last day of mine was the happiest."

☞A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, you have sons big enough to do something for you now." "The difficulty is," replied the poor man, "they are *too big* to work."

☞The last question discussed before the Shakerag Debating Society was:—"Where does a candle *go to* when it *goes out?*" The question, after much discussion, was unanimously decided in the *affirmative.*