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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.

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$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.

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THE Subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of *Coach Trimming* and *Harness Making*; also *Painting, Varnishing, Cleaning*, &c. *Bridles, Halters, Girths* &c. made and repaired. He may be found on Maine street, opposite the residence of Hon. J. B. Eccleston, where he will be pleased to see all persons wanting any thing done in his line, which will be done cheap, and at the shortest notice.

JOHN E. LAWRENCE.
Chester Town, April 2 1853.

FOR PORT DEPOSIT, FREDERICKTOWN, GEORGETOWN, MARYLAND, & PHILADELPHIA
THE STEAMER

LADY WILMER
Captain William Wilson,

WILL commence her regular trips between the above places, on Monday the 7th of March, touching at *Craig's Wharf, Port Hermann, Ford's Landing; Turner's Creek Havre de Grace; Ferrybille*; and other intermediate points; and run as follows:

Leave Port Deposit on Mondays at 9 o'clock A. M. for Fredericktown and Georgetown; leave Fredericktown on Mondays, at 4 P. M. for Philadelphia; leave Philadelphia on Wednesdays, at 2 P. M., for Fredericktown and Georgetown; leave Fredericktown on Thursdays, at 9 A. M. for Port Deposit; leave Port Deposit on Thursdays, at 4 P. M. for Philadelphia; leave Philadelphia on Saturdays, at 9 A. M., for Port Deposit.

PASSAGE ONE DOLLAR.

The Steamer LADY WILMER has been handsomely fitted up for the accommodation of passengers, and is calculated to carry a large amount of freight. All way freights down to be paid by the shipper. All down freights must be delivered on her wharf, (first below Race street) one hour previous to the time of starting.

WM H. GILPIN, Philadelphia,
WILMER & DAVIS, Port Deposit } Agents
Mar. 19, 1853.—Sw.

WATCHES
GOLD & SILVER WARE.
L. H. MILLER & CO.,
Wholesale Watch & Jewelry House
No 227 Balt., st S. E. cor. Charles st.,

IMPORTERS of English and Swiss watches and Tools of every description, Watch case Makers and Manufactures of Fine Gold Jewelry.—We call the attention of Southern and Western dealers in Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, to our very extensive stock, assuring them that in no article in our line shall we allow any establishment to surpass us, either in quantity, or quality or low prices. We are the only Wholesale House in this branch of trade in Baltimore, and shall use every fair means to induce Southern and Western merchants to open accounts with us. Our terms shall be as liberal and accommodating as can possibly be found in the United States.

We will take great pleasure in showing our goods to Southern and Western merchants, whether they open account with us or not.

L. H. MILLER & CO.
Importers of Watches, Baltimore
Feb, 5, 1853—3w

PURE old Cognac Brandy—Rye Whiskey—Port—Maderia & Champagne wines—of fine qualities.—for sale by
W. N. E. WICKES.
May 7, '53.

WM. THOMSON. N. W. NOLAND. J. E. REYNOLDS.
Port Deposit Steam Frame, Sash, Door and Shutter FACTORY.

WE, the undersigned, having just fitted up our new Sash Factory, are prepared to furnish all kinds of
FRAMES, SASH, DOORS AND SHUTTERS,
of the best material and workmanship. Being ourselves practical mechanics, we feel confident in saying that we can supply, as well as please all.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS are earnestly requested to give us a call. As we are situated at the great Lumber Mart, we can afford to manufacture work in a cheaper and better style than elsewhere. We therefore solicit your patronage, hoping that you will not forget us, as our work needs only to be seen to be recommended. We are also prepared to work all kinds of mouldings suitable for moulding doors, washboards, &c. We shall use the best material for every thing, and pledge that our work shall be unrivalled.

WM. THOMPSON & CO.
Port Deposit, Md., March 26 53—6m

WILLIAM G. SETH,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NO. 4 BOWLEY'S WHARF
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE undersigned, having retired from the late firm of Godwin Seth & Co., begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has taken the Counting Room No. 4 Bowley's Wharf (up stairs) and will give his attention exclusively to the Commission Business.

He returns his thanks for the encouragement received, while a member of the late firm, and offers his services for the sale of Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats and Country produce generally, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit the confidence and receive a share of the patronage of the public.

WM G. SETH,
No. 4 Bowley's Wharf, Balt, Md
May 22, 1852.

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH CANADIAN TROTTING STALLION
Young Moscow,

Will stand this season at the following places in Q. Ann's and Kent counties. Commencing at Centreville Monday March 21st, will remain there till noon Wednesday, when he will leave for Chestertown—remain there till Saturday morning, when he will leave for George Town X Roads—remain there till mid-day Tuesday the 29th March, when he will leave for Millington—remain there till Thursday afternoon 3 o'clock, when he will leave for Sudlersville—remain there until Saturday morning, when he will leave for Church Hill, where he will stop till late in the afternoon on his way to Centreville—and so at each of the aforesaid places on the days above specified in every other week till the 30th of June, when the season closes. TERMS—Six, ten and fifteen dollars. For particulars see hand bill.

JAMES T EARLE,
CHARLES H. TILGHMAN.
March 26, 1853.—tf.

Guano! Guano!! Guano!!!
J. J. & F. TURNER,
NO. 36 PRATT ST. BALTIMORE.
DEALERS IN GUANO, BONE DUST, GRAIN, FLOUR, MILL FEED AND SEEDS

HAVE on hand a large supply of No. 1 Peruvian Guano nos 2 and 3 Patagonian and Mexican Guano—fine and coarse ground bone dust—Grain of all descriptions—white wheat, family extra and super flour, warranted to give satisfaction—Mill feed of every grade—Clover, Timothy, Millet, Orchard and Herd Grass seeds, which we offer for sale at the lowest prices. We call the attention of farmers to our 1st quality Patagonian Guano, containing 17½ per cents of Salts of ammonia and 37 per cent of Phosphates; and 2nd quality, containing 13½ per cent of Salts of ammonia and 25½ per cent of Phosphate.

The accounts from those who have used it warrants us in recommending it as the cheapest Guano in this market.

July 21, 1852.—1y.

Attention,

HAVE the honor of announcing that I rented the room in Princess street, formerly occupied by the portrait painter, Mr. Unger, where I shall teach the science of FENCING, and the French, German and Italian LANGUAGES, and where I can be found Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 9 o'clock in the morning, until 6 o'clock in the evening. The public are invited to visit.

JOSEPH VANDOR.
April 16, '52—tf

POETRY.

The Dying Girl to Her Mother.

Last night I had a dream, my mother—
I thought an angel fair
Came hovering round my bedside, mother,
With wreath of golden hair,
And eyes that brightly, sweetly shone
Like wintry stars above,
And that he whispered in my ear
Soft, gentle works of love.

'Be patient with thy sufferings,'
The radiant seraph said,
'I'll bear thee soon to fairer worlds,
Where dwell the early dead;
Where music freights the fragrant air,
And flowers immortal bloom,
And shrink not that to take thee there
I pass thee through the tomb!'

I waked—the angel bright was gone,
And I was all alone;
But still I knew his words were,
For every gentle tone
Fell like sweet music on my soul—
And so I long to go
To that fair land in which he dwells,
Unknown to grief and woe!

MISCELLANEOUS.

(Written for the Kent News.)

Little Mary's Adventure.

By Minna.

It was on a beautifully bright and glorious Sabbath morning that little Mary arose early from her soft and downy bed that she might enjoy the pleasure of a lonely ramble before it was time to start to church. She wished very much to inhale the fresh, fragrant, and balmy air of that fine dewey spring morning. 'Oh! how beautiful the sky looks towards the east,' she exclaimed; 'I wonder what it is that lends it that glorious rich crimson and golden hue? Oh! now I know! it must be the rising son, and I am determined to see him ride up in his dazzling fiery chariot this morning, a sight which I have never seen in my whole life before; now he is just showing his golden crowned head above the glowing horizon, and seems to me rejoicing as a strong man to run a race."

She had now rambled on until she had reached a beautiful grove, about half a mile distant from the house. The lovely flowers, decked with the dew-drops of the morning, glittering like diamonds on their blushing petals, were exhaling a delightful fragrance enriching the soft breezes that so gently fanned the parian brow and pale cheek of the little wanderer, while the dulcet music of the sweet feathered songsters of these bright rural bowers, floated softly on the passing zephrys, and charmed her with its mglody. "Oh! pretty, pretty birds!" cried she, "wish I could catch every one of you then I should be so happy, and would give one to mama, one to papa, and one to little buddy, and let me see, then I should have more than I could keep, so I would give one to cousin Anna, because she is kind, and I know she would lend me her playthings when I wanted them; but as for cousin Tina, I would not give her a single feather for her pains, because she made me so angry yesterday for not lending me her baby when I asked her to, but told me right down she would do no such a thing—an ugly brat, she is always as cross as a hog and as sour as a crab-apple;—so I don't love bad Tina a bit. Bless, Oh! less that sweet little red bird! Come here pretty red bird; come fly into my hand, just into my hand, little birdie, and I will hold you fast."

But little birdie had no notion of having so much politeness as to heed the invitation of little Mary; but hopped from branch to branch with the most perfect nonchalance, twittering with all his might, and altogether indifferent to the solicitation of the highly excited child."

Little red bird bird won't come to me at all," cried Mary, seating herself on the soft green grass, and began to cry, like a silly little girl, as she was; but while sitting on the grass, with her eyes fixed little red bird, and tears trickling down her cheeks, she felt something creeping slowly over her lap, and looking down discovered a very large yellow and brown snake. She gave one wild shriek spring and one convulsive scream of horror and fell prostrate on the earth. It so happened that Laurentine, the little cousin had also taken a morning walk to the same grove that had attracted Mary, but not like her, to talk to and cry for the birds. The object of Tina was to seek quietude, where she could without interruption study her Sabbath school lessons. She had, though not intentionally, heard the unkind remarks of Mary respecting her, which in truth was blended with falsehood.—She had not told Mary that she would not lend her baby to her, but merely said, 'Cousin, I cannot do so, because mama forbade my doing it." But no sooner had she heard the wild scream of Mary than she flew to her assistance, though ignorant of the cause of her alarm. On arriving at the spot where lay the prostrate child, she beheld the object of her terror still in close proximity to her little cousin. Now Tina was not a very courageous child, and if there was one thing in the world which she most dreaded, it was a snake;—completely terrified for a few moments she was at a loss what course to pursue; at first she thought of running to the house of her uncle, and informing him of the situation of his daughter, but then the distance was so great, that the slippery reptile might, as she supposed, sting little Mary to death before she accomplished anything in that way. "Now father in heaven, help me!" she cried, and catching a long stick which lay at her feet, she struck several times on the ground, hoping by this means to frighten the enemy; and at length had the satisfaction of seeing him abscond, and drag his supple body swiftly to a thicket not far distant. She then approached the fallen child, and found her apparently lifeless.

"Oh! what shall I do!" she cried, bursting into tears "What shall I do? Mary! Mary! look at me. Mary! I am Tina, and I love you, dear little cousin!"

But little cousin moved not, nor heeded the voice that spoke to her so kindly. Tina now thought of a little stream of water that was near, and remembering to have seen her mother throw water in the face of a lady that had fainted, she ran hastily to the stream for the purpose of procuring some to bathe the face of Mary, but on on reaching the stream, another difficulty which she had entirely overlooked, presented itself,—she had nothing in which to bear the pelucid element to the insensible little girl, but suddenly recollecting her pocket handkerchief, she suddenly dipped it into the stream until it was completely saturated, and with it dripping with elexir for restoring life, as she thought, she again sought little Mary, and wrung the contents of her handkerchief in the face of her patient, bathing her forehead and temples almost as much with her tears as with the water of the stream, and calling her tenderly by name, Mary at length opened her eyes; at first she knew not where she was, but the whole truth soon flashed upon her mind, and rising up, threw her arms around Tina, and said:

'Oh! Tina, I do not deserve your kindness, but will you forgive me for my wilful and selfish behavior? and I will never do so any more."

"I forgive every thing," said Tina; "but come, try to get up and walk, and I will accompany you home." And the two little girls set off hand-in-hand. Tina feeling supremely happy, because she had performed a good action, and Mary ashamed of the spiteful feelings she had entertained towards her kind little cousin, whom she ever loved afterwards, and to whom she would have given all the red birds in the grove had they been hers.

ROCK HALL, May, 1853.

Indians upon Kent Island.

We select from the report of the proceedings of the Maryland Historical Society, published in the Baltimore American, the following:—

A Short Historical Paper relating to the long-forgotton Tribe of Indians upon the Isle of Kent. By GEORGE L. L. DAVIS.

In the petition of Col. W Clayborne and his associates to the English Crown, in the year 1638, it is alleged (1) (nor was it subsequently denied by Lord Baltimore) that they "bought" the "Isle of Kent" from the "Kings" of the "country." From documents published in the History of the indefatigable Bozman, it is further evident that he had traded with the *Susquehannocks;* and the 'kings' it is presumed, where the chiefs of that powerful and giant-like (2) confederacy, whose name is still written upon the largest river of Maryland. It is also known that they wielded dominion over a considerable part of the Eastern and of the Western Shore; that they were the lords of some, the allies of other tribes and confederacies; and that, in their treaty with the Commissioners of Maryland in 1652—a treaty which ceded the territory including the site of Chestertown, Centreville, and Easton—they clearly and expressly admitted his title to the Island.

In a far greater obscurity, however, is involved the history of the tribe, which lived *side by side*, with the first colonists of the Eastern Shore—the first rather, within the present territorial limits of Maryland. Neither its name nor its exact locality has yet been given by any historian. The proof has not even been produced, that the Island was ever a dwelling-place of the Indians. But some evidence is still accessible. Upon old and mutilated record now lying undisturbed, amid a mass of dirt and rubbish, in the second story of the Court House at Chestertown, the fact is stated (3) that in the year 1652 Mr. Francis Hunt was "*slain by the Indians upon the Isle of Kent.*" There are also traces of the name and village of the tribe. The foot print of the Indians upon the Island is clear, distinct, and unmistakeable; and testimony, which springs from many independant sources, terminates at the common central point. The relics still discoverable upon the surface of its soil—the history of some of its most ancient land titles—the Earth—the Water—and the Record—all speak out, after the lapse of more than two hundred years! And it may be confidently stated, that the name of the tribe was *Matapeake;* (4) and that the site of the village was upon a tract of one hundred acres, upon the *South East side* of the Island. The tract was owned by the late General Emory, and is now a part of Capt. Legg's estate. It was surveyed for Mr. Henry Morgan, (5) in 1650; and sold by him the following year, to Mr. Edward Coppedge, (6) in whose family it remained for several generations. (7)

In the patent, it was bounded (8) on the West, by a line running North from the head of "Matapeake Creek:" on the East by Long Creek, and on the South by Matapeake. On the Rent Roll of a later date, it assumed the name of "*Indian Spring*"—and that is its present name. The creek once called Matapeake, (9) but now indeed without any name, forms a branch of Long Creek, and is one of the most beautiful streamlets upon the Island. Immediately south of it is a tract now called "Wantapax," a corruption doubtless of *Matapeakes;* and a little to the east or south-east, between Long creek and Cox's bay, is another which now bears the name of "Matapax Neck," and upon which the Matapeakes probably lived, after the date of the patent to Mr. Morgan. The old spring upon Capt. Legg's estate was nearly dry when I examined; but within the recollection of persons still living, it has been called by the name given to the tract in his possession. As late as the lifetime of General Emory, there were extensive shell banks upon the Island, chiefly upon its south eastern side, including the tract of Capt. Legg, and it is generally believed that the Indians subsisted, in part, upon the shell fish of the Chesapeake and its tributaries. Near the old "Indian Spring" can still be found, here and there, an arrow-head, a battle-axe, or some other memento of a by-gone, long forgotten tribe of Indians. And that the Indian *village of Matapeake* was situated upon the south-east side of the Island, it is further evident from the relative date of the early surveys and patents; from the position of Fort Kent, at the southern extremity, and Fort Crawford (10) upon the south-west side of the Island. It would seem the southern part was first settled: then the south-western, northern and western. And Fort Crawford was an important link in the little chain of early defences and settlements extending from the southern along the south-western side. The plantation of Mr. Hunt, on the south-east, just above the Matapeakes, formed an exception; but his sad fate only confirms the general inference.

The occurrence of no other collision, the absence indeed of all further allusion upon the records of the court would warrant the presumption that some of the Matapeakes lived a long time upon the Island, in a comparative quiet, and at peace with the colonists. (11.) About "fifteen Indians" were there, within a period subsequent even to the birth of the oldest living inhabitant. And, if the following case, which is based upon the best verbal testimony, be a fair index or example, they were not surpassed in the art of archery, by any upon the continent. The deed indeed deserves a blazonry—"I remember the Indians," says Mr Jas. Bryan now in his ninety-sixth year. (12) "Their last dwelling-place was upon the North-West side of the Island, near the mouth of Broad creek; and they lived in their cabins of bark, upon a small tract of wood-land, near the gate, which opens upon the estate now owned by General O'Donnell, of Baltimore. I was then a well grown boy. They always seemed friendly; and I frequently saw them. I was with Ben Richardson when he challenged a small party of them. We were passing by the wood near the cabins. One of the Indians took him up. Richardson had acquired a fame, both far and near, for his skill in the use of his rifle. The wager was a gallon of spirits, for the best shot out of three, on each side, and at the distance of one hundred yards. They blazed a tree; then drew a circle, with a round black spot at the centre. Richardson used his rifle; the Indian had nothing but a bow and arrow. The bow was at least two yards long, with a string of raw skin; and the arrow was wood, pointed with steel, and decorated with the gayest and most beautiful colors. Upon the first fire, Richardson struck the mark about an inch from the centre.—The Indian running up to the tree, and looking at the mark, shook his head, as if afraid to try. After awhile he took his position, resting the point of his arrow upon the ground. As he raised the arrow, he drew the bow. The arrow, in its flight, I could not see. It grazed the centre of the mark! Such whoops and hurrahs I never before, and have never since, heard. The Indian left the arrow sticking in the mark, while Richardson followed him, in the two unsuccessful attempts. In the meantime, a large crowd assembled. And another Indian, swift *as a horse*, ran to the store for the rum, which was consumed immediately after his return. I remember I drank some of it, myself. The Indians left the Island shortly after this incident. And I also remember the very time of their departure. It was the day of a fair. They left the Island near the mouth of the creek, and turned their faces Westward. They were the last of the Indians upon the Island."

It is said that the colonists, at a very early period, decoyed some of the Indians. While receiving a homage due only to the Piety, they fired upon them, without mercy or honor; and a slight resistance was followed by a raking slaughter. In marking a deed of such dark and damning infamy, Providence thought fit to smite the earth with barrenness. A spire of grass did not grow upon the spot for many generations; and the scene of the massacre, to this day, is called '*Bloody Point.*' It is a half-mile North-west of the site of Fort Kent, which stood near *Kent Point*, the southern extremity of the Island. A story unsustained by recorded or other evidence, hardly deserves the name of a romance; and history, which records facts, looks with contempt upon every thing approaching fiction. But the tradition of Bloody Point is traced back one hundred and fifty years, through several persons living during the boyhood of Mr. Bryan; and it is but proper to state it, for whatever it may be worth. If true at all, it has its historical basis, at a period probable not remote from Leonard Calvert's conquest, or Colonel Clayborne's first arrival; and, while the documents and records of that period are, many of them, destroyed, the remaining ones shed no light upon the subject. The story of the Indian *belle*, who fell *in love* with one of the colonists upon the North side of the Island; who embraced him immediately after his arrival; and who subsequently went with him to England, is undoubtedly a pure invention; and, notwithstanding the belief of some persons, is one of a very late date. There is nothing, in history, to sustain it; unless it be the absence of all "*bloody*" encounters, in that part of of the Island; and the formation of a settlement at '*Love Point*,' ten years before the date of the patent for "Indian Spring," on the South-east side.

(1) Bozman, 2. p. 582.
(2) Smith's History of Virginia.

(3) Kent Island Court Record, 1647 to 1653, fol. 56

(4) Spelt upon the oldest record, *Matapeck*—But I adopt an orthography more in conformity with that of *Chesapeake*, which was once spelt *Chisapeack*. In another part of the Record *Matapeck* looks very much like *Whatapeck*. But M, upon many of the old Records, is written exactly like our present *Wh*. For the old orthography of *Chesapeake*, see Smith's History, (now a rare book in Maryland,) vol. 1. pp. 74, 116, 190, and 191. In the Transcript, in 1727, of the Record, the last syllable of *Matapeck* is spelt like that of *Chesapeake*.

(5) Rent Roll of Queen Anne's, fol. 5.

(6) Land Records of Kent County, 1648 to 1679 p. 4.

(7) Rent Roll of Queen Anne's.

(8) Kent Island Court Record, 1647 to 1652, fol. 42. Land Record of Kent county (a Transcript) 1648 to 1679 p. 5.

(9) The name of the tribe was the same as that of the creek or river upon which it was *permanently* seated. And this, I believe, is *universally* true of the Indians upon the Chesapeake, and its tributaries.

(10.) This fort has not yet been noticed by any historian of Maryland. There is a creek upon the island, still called "Craney," and upon the Land Records of Kent county, transcript from 1648 to 1679, there is a deed from Wm. Burbage, Capt. Ed. Streeter and Eliz. Streeter to Thos. Ringgold, in the year 1655, for a tract of one hundred acres "between Craney Creek and Crafford Fort." See p. 96. See also another deed, p. 48; the deed, upon the Records of Kent, in 1685, from Ellis to Miller; and the deed, in 1691, from Ringgold to Miller. See also upon the Rent Roll of Queen Anne's fol. 191, a resurvey, in 1716 for Miller.

(11.) The correspondence of the early Roman Catholic missionaries, one of whom, the Rev. John Altham, was stationed upon the island—a correspondence lately brought to light, through the agency of the Rev. Mr. McSherry—has furnished the material for one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Maryland. And although the Island was but the centre of a large circle of labor, including the Susquehannocks, and other Indians, who traded with the colonists; and there is no reference, in Mr. Campbell's excellent paper, to any Indian upon the island; and none, it would seem, in that part of the correspondence, which is now accessible at Georgetown College; yet there is some ground, at least, for the inference, that the Rev. Father Altham instructed the Matapeakes, and that some of them embraced the christian religion.—This island was the chief seat of Father Altham's operations, about ten years before the date of Mr. Morgan's patent.

(12) In a long interview, I took the opportunity of testing his memory, in a variety of ways. And I was struck with its accuracy, distinctness, and vividness, especially as regards the events and scenes of his early life. From Dr. Harper, I learn, that he was a soldier in 1776 and 181[illegible] and now receives a pension. He was born and bred upon Kent-Fort Manor. His father, and I believe his grandfather, lived on the same Manor.