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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. OCTOBER 9, 1847. NO. 24.

HATS, CAPS, LADIES' MUFFS, BOAS, &C.

To Merchants, Hatters and Others.

GARDEN & BROWN,

Hat and Cap Warehouse and Manufactory,

No. 196 MARKET STREET,

Second door below Sixth, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY solicit attention to their large and complete stock of Hats and Caps, manufactured under their own immediate direction and superintendence, with all the advantages of modern improvements to enable them to combine the important qualities of durability, taste and beauty of finish with extreme cheapness of price.

An immense and beautiful assortment of all varieties and prices of Beaver, Brush, Silk, Moleskin, Russia, Cassimere, Wool, Sporting and Ashland Hats. Also, a general assortment of every variety of Caps, Otter, Fur Seal, Hair Seal, Muskrat, Plain and Fancy Cloth, every style, Red, Black and Brown Mohair, Sealette, Glazed, Oiled Silk and Fur Caps.

Ladies' Muffs, Boas, &c., at the very lowest prices.

Buyers by the dozen or less, are invited to call and see if it is not to their interest to deal with us.

Particular attention paid to the packing of Hats, &c.

Cash paid for Muskrat and Shipping Furs

GARDEN & BROWN,

No. 196 Market Street, below Sixth st.,

Philadelphia, July 24, 1847. 3m

State of Maryland, Cecil County, Set:

UPON application made to me, the subscriber, one of the Judges of the Orphans Court of Cecil county by Thomas Burnside of said county imprisoned for debts he is unable to pay, by his petition praying the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this State, a schedule of his property, and of his creditors and debtors, on oath, as far as he can at present ascertain the same being annexed to his petition; and the said petitioner having satisfied me that he has resided for two years last past in the State of Maryland, and he having taken the oath prescribed by the Act of 1805, chap. 110, and given bond with security sufficient for his appearance before the Judges of Cecil county court, on the first Tuesday in the next October term of said court, and at such other time or times as the said court may direct, to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be made against him relative to his application, and having complied with the requisitions of the Act of assembly, passed at December Session 1825, entitled an act relative to insolvent debtors chapter 205 and the several supplements thereto, by executing a Deed of all his property, real, personal and mixed, to John Conard appointed by me Trustee to the said Thomas Burnside, and the said Trustee having given bond with approved security for the performance of the trust, and certified in writing to me, that he was in possession of all the Estate of the said petitioner mentioned in his schedule. I do therefore order that the said Thomas Burnside be discharged from imprisonment, and that he give notice to his creditors of his application for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of the State of Maryland, and that the first Tuesday next after the third Monday in October next is the day appointed for his appearance before the Judges of Cecil county court to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be propounded to him relative to his said application, that the said notice be given by advertisement in some newspaper printed on the Eastern shore of Md. once a week for at least three months before said first Tuesday in the next October term of Cecil county court.

Given under my hand this fourth day of May, Eighteen hundred and forty-seven,

ABRAHAM CHANDLER,

True copy, Test,

GEORGE McCULLOUGH,

Cl'k Cecil County Court.

July 10, 1847. 3m.

Cheap Watches and JEWELRY.

AT the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96, North Second street, corner of Quarry.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewl'd, 18 car. cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jew'd	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, 7 jewels,	18 00
Silver Lepine Watches, jew'd, 1st qual.	14 00
Superior Quarter Watches,	10 00
Imitation quarter watches, not war.	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	8 00
Fine silver spectacles,	1 75
Gold bracelets, with topaz stones,	3 50
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 16 carats,	2 50

Gold finger rings, 37½ cts. to $8; Watch Glasses—plain 12½ cts, patent 18¾, lunet 25. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold or O. CONRAD.

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines and Quarters, lower than the above prices.

dec'r 19, 1846.

CLOTHS.

Gentlemen are requested to call and look at our assortment of French an American cloths and cassimeres—these goods have been purchased at very low prices and will be sold much below the usual rates.

WICKES & BRO.

Sept 25, '47

ECONOMY, UTILITY AND LIGHT.

Pine Oil, Solar Lard Lamps

M. B. DYOTT & KENT,

LAMP MANUFACTURERS,

No. 64 South Second St, one door below Chestnut,

PHILADELPHIA.

HAVE constantly on hand a complete assortment of Dyott's Patent improved Pine Oil Lamps, which are superior in construction, more simple in arrangement, and embrace improvements and advantages possessed by no other Lamps. The cost of burning them does not exceed one half of that of any other light, and produces a light more brilliant than gas. The lamps are so constructed that they can be burned dry, when the wick is short. The wick, which is consumed, being supplied with oil by a feeder underneath it. This arrangement keeps the oil always pure in the lamp, and renders other cleansing altogether unnecessary, and the recent improvements made by the patentee, adds beauty to their appearance, and renders their management so easy, that a child can take care of them. They are perfectly safe, and free from unpleasant odour.

In addition to the above, we have a large and handsome assortment of *Dyott's newly improved Solar Lard Lamps*, a great variety of patterns; Hanging Lamps, suitable for Churches, Stores, Halls, Factories, Lodge Rooms, Hotels and Billiard Saloons, and Lamps with shades, designed for reading, and for every other purpose where light is required. A handsome variety of *Candelabras, Bouquet Holders*, and every article pertaining to the lamp business. Having every facility for manufacturing, we are prepared to sell, wholesale and retail, as cheap as any other dealers, and the articles are warranted equal in appearance, and superior in construction, to any that can be procured elsewhere.

N. B. Lamps, &c. regilt, silvered, bronzed and repaired in the best manner Oil lamps of every description altered to burn Pine Oil.

Phila., Sept. 4, 1847. 3m

Hover's First Premium Ink.

No. 87

North Third street Philadelphia.

The celebrity of the Inks manufactured by the subscriber, and the extensive sales consequent upon the high reputation which they have attained, not only throughout the United States, but in the West Indies and in China, has induced him to make every necessary arrangement to supply the vast demand upon his establishment. He is now prepared with every variety of Black, Blue and Red Inks, Copying Inks, Indelible Ink, and Ink Powder, all prepared under his own personal superintendence, so that purchasers may depend upon its superior quality.

Hover's Adamantine Cement, a superior article for Mending Glass, China, Cabinet, Ware, &c., useful to every Housekeeper, being a white liquid, easily applied, and not affected by ordinary heat—warranted.

☞Pamphlets, containing numerous testimonials of men of science, and others, will be furnished to purchasers.

For sale at the Manufactory, Wholesale and Retail, No. 87 North Third Street, opposite Cherry Street, Philadelphia, by

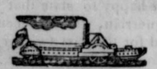
JOSEPH E. HOVER,

Manufacturer.

February 6, '47. 1y

For Chester Town and Centreville.

THE STEAMER



MARYLAND,

WILL leave Baltimore on WEDNESDAY, the 24th inst., for Chester Town and Centreville, from her usual place of starting lower end of Dugan's wharf. Will leave Centreville at 11 o'clock, and Chester Town at 1 o'clock for Baltimore. Passage $1.

N. B. All baggage at the owner's risk.

L. G. TAYLOR.

March 20, 1847.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT IN BALTIMORE.

ROBERT LAWSON, JR.,

Has opened a general assortment of Saddlery, Harness, Home and Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Bridles, Collars, &c.

AT NO. 16, SOUTH CALVERT ST.,

Baltimore,

Opposite Earnest & Cowles China Store.

The above are his own manufacture of the best materials and made in workmanlike style. He offers them wholesale and retail at the lowest market prices and will thankfully receive orders and execute them with promptness.

August 28, '47

LUMBER

JUST received and for sale 100,000 feet Cullings, Common and Pannel Boards 2 in. a 1½ in. Pannel Plank, hemlock fencing boards, 56,000 Cypress and Juniper Shingles. Also a large lot of scantling, Joice, &c. The above boards and shingles can and will be sold lower than the Baltimore prices.

N. WILEY.

Chester Town, July 10, '47.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months

☞For Prospectus, see fourth page.

POETRY.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

Written for the Saturday Rambler,

BY CLARA.

Didst ever know a night so long
That morning came not near,
Or ever see a cloud so dark
A star might not appear?

E'en so with me,—a darkened veil
Has e'er my pathway hung,
And woes as thick have clustered there
As e'r a ministrel sung.

The friends who of my soul were part,
Were rudely from me torn;
O God! the fearful agony
When from me they were borne!

All, *all* was dark—I prayed to die,
For living is not life,
Without the friends that make it dear,
And share with us its strife.

Those days passed on.—a ray of hope
Dawned on my weary soul;
It woke new life, and from the past.
Deep bitterness it stole.

And life was once most dear to me,—
Once more I prayed to live,
That I might gladden other hearts,
And pleasure to them give.

And now, O now! my heart leaps up
With happiness untold;
For what to me deep darkness seemed,
A brighter day unrolled.

O may I e'er, with humble trust,
Await my Father's will,
And calmly say to all his ways,
In meekness, "Peabe be still."

Then should my way again be dark,
My heart again be sad,
In love, and hope, and patient trust,
My soul may still be glad.

OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS.

"Well, Julia, suppose I ask your father—his refusal cannot make things much worse than they are at present. Suspense, Julia, is the cause of the most bitter feelings."

"We must not be hasty, Robert—our situation requires caution; by a little management we may possibly succeed, gloomy as the prospects seem to be: Now don't say anything to pa about it yet—I had much rather you would not. The best possible way for us to accomplish our wishes is not to advance too soon."

"Too, soon, too soon, Julia! Have we not waited two long years and more? and have you not all along been preaching that same doctrine. "too soon?" Too soon indeed!"

"Well, don't be angry—throw that frown from your countenance and look pleasant, we will immediately set about some plan by which to effect what you so much desire. Come, smile away your anger—the skies of love are sometimes clear."

Robert Moultrie loved Julia Hallowell, and she loved him; two years or more had passed since they had agreed—come weal, come woe—to trudge through life together. Two very long years! Two years seem an eternity to wait upon the eve of bliss, and to delay a happy consummation

Julia's father was a wealthy shipping merchant residing in the port of Charleston, South Carolina. Some old inhabitants remember the firm of Hallowwell and Haddington. He was an upright and highly honorable man—but whose ipse dixit was supreme law wherever his power could be exercised.

Robert Moultrie was a clerk in the counting-room, and his salary, which was his sole dependence, though far above the pittance generally allowed to young men similarly situated, amply sufficient to warrant his assuming the expenses of a family, did not elevate him to that importance in society which would justify him in presuming upon the hand and heart of the daughter of the wealhty shipper.

The character of this young gentleman was unimpeachable, and he was as much respected for his talents as he was for his correct deportment; but (*but* is a wicked word) the curse of Gehaza was upon him—he was poor!

Robert had been in the counting room of Mr. Hallowell since he was fourteen years of age. He had grown up in the family, and by the side of this lovely heiress, who had been promised to a thing of wealth and show. The thing was in the Indies, amassing riches to lay at the feet of his bride, but his soul had on it the stain of dishonor, and Julia had vowed before her God, that she would never be his wife. Mr. Hallowell knew that Robert generally attended his daughter to church, and that he went and came with her when she visited her acquaintances, and so on; but he never dreamed that the wily Cupid was itching his darts successfully into the bosom of both; and the arrows of the little god were firmly fixed, and he dealt out the silken cord until they were far out upon the sea of love, too far to proceed or return without each other.

"Do tell me, Robert, what is the matter with you! I have been a witness to your downcast looks and sorrowful appearance until I have become melancholy myself! What's the matter boy?"

This question was asked by Mr. Hallowell one day, when Robert and himself were in the counting room alone, and if any individual has passed a like fiery trial, he can have some idea of Robert's feelings, when the very man whose daughter he loved so well, was contriving the best plan to learn from him the secret of his unhappy appearance, and addressed him in such kind, affectionate language. It went too deep, however, into the recesses of Robert's bosom for him to return an immediate reply. Mr. Hallowell, however, plainly saw a something upon his mind that made him unhappy, and he wished, if possible, to remove the cause; whatever it might be he urged a candid revelation of all that affected his feelings, and promised his assistance to relieve him, whatever it might require. Robert succeeded, however, in putting him off that time, and trembled at the thought. When, at their next meeting, he related the matter to Julia

"I thought," sath she, laughing, "you were not so anxious to ask the old gentleman as you appeared to be. Now, that was a stumper, Robert. Why did you not tell him? Why did you not? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, Julia, to tell the truth of the matter, I left this morning with the intsntion of telling him all about our affection for each other; and if he refused, I was determined to act for myself without further advice, but when I came before him I felt something in my throat as if I was choaking, and I could hardly talk to him on business matters—much less on love affairs."

The lovers continued to meet often, and the return of the other admirer from the Indies being soon expected, it became necessary that they should prepare for the trials that awaited them. In short, Mr. Hallowell was endeavoring to ascertain the cause of Robert's apparent unhappiness, more from good feeling towards the young man himself, than for the unimportant mistakes made by him in his accounts. The next opportunity that offered, he repeated his former questions, and insisted upon an immediate reply.

Robert stammered and stuttered a good deal before he could answer, but at last he did say:

"Why, sir, I am much attached to a young lady of this city, and have reason to believe she is equally attached to me, but there is an obstacle in the way ——"

"Ah, indeed! And does the obstacle amount to over a thousand dollars? If it does not, you shall not want it. I'll fill up a check now. Have all the parties consented?"

"Why, sir, the cause of my—the reason—the—that is—the cause of my uneasiness is, I am afraid her father will not consent."

"Why, who is he? Refer him to me. I'll settle the matter."

"He is a rich man, sir, and I am not."

"His daughter loves you, does she?"

"I think—a—yes sir"

"She says so, any how, don't she?

"Why—I—yes—she—she—yes, sir, she has said as much."

"Is the old fellow very rich?"

"I believe, sir, he is tolerably well off."

"And he won't consent? By the powers of love, he must be an old Turk—he won't hey? Here give me his name. I'll soon settle the matter. But stop, has he any thing against you? Does he know me?"

Here the old gentleman went over a string of questions which Robert felt no disposition to answer, and which is not worth our while to relate. The conclusion of the conference left Robert in possession of a check for a thousand dollars, a letter of introduction to Parson Green of the Presbyterean Church, and the following advice from the lips of his father-in-law in "prospective." He was to run away with the girl, to use Mr. Hallowell's carriage, and the black waiter George was to drive them, &c., &c.

Robert governed himself in strict accordance with the advice given, and before dark the parties were before Green, whose scruples of conscience were quieted by the introductory letter. They were soon pronounced husband and wife, and jumped into the carriage followed by the blessing of the parson, whose fee was a small part of the thousand dollar check. George was directed to drive to a rich old childless uncle of Robert's, who lived about five miles from the city, and to whom the secret was told. The old man, thinking the joke was too good a one to be enjoyed alone, sent out for some of his neighbors. Midnight found the jovial assembly demolishing the good things provided by the aunt and laughing over the trick played on the wealthiest shipper of the south.

Early in the morning Robert Moultrie and Julia attended by their uncle and aunt, went to the house of Mr. Hallowell, the young couple being anxious for the effervescence of a father's wrath to be over, and the antiquated pair to witness the reception, and, if necessary, to act as moderators between the parties. They were met in the parlor by Mr. Hallowell, whose first words were:

"You young rogue, you! Little did I know how my advice was to act upon me. Well, Robert," he added laughing, "you certainly caught me that time, and you deserve to be rewarded. Here, my boy—my son, I suppose I must say—here are deeds for property worth ten thousand dollars, and henceforth you shall be my partner in business."

From the Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

I shall give you a sermon to-day drawn from the following text:

The lady who, before a tub,
Is dot ashamed to wring or rub,
Or on the floor ashamed to scrub,—
And cares not who calls in to see
Her laboring so industriously,
Will make a wife for you or me.

My hearers—it was ordained by Heaven—not by the Devil—that every man should have a wife, and every woman be blessed with a husband. In the beginning, God made two of *genus homo*—opposite sex. The one He electrified positively and the other negatively; so that when they approximated, like two thunder clouds an electrical, magnetical, or some other mystical discharge would be produced from one to the other. The how, the why and the wherefore, no mortal has yet been able to understand—neither is it necessary that he should. The sexes naturally approach and adhere to each other through some mysterious influence that admits of no solution. Let it suffice that it is so. When the Great *Man*-ufacturer created Mr. Adam, (I forget his first name.) He saw that it was not good for him to be alone, so He mesmerised the man—dug a rib from his side without the least particle of pain—and from it made the beautiful Miss Eve to be a *help* meet for him, as well as a fancy plaything.—Now, without knowing what love was, they set eyes upon one another. He cast sheep's eyes at a distance, she threw some killing glances in return, that fired his soul, and set his heart strings to vibrating like a spunter upon a chesnut rail in a sou'-wester. They finally came together, and touched points, just as naturally as a couple of apple seeds swimming in a basin of water. But, situated as they were at first—and having little or no manual labor to perform—Eve could be of little utility to Adam, and Adam could'nt do a great deal for Eve. Still they loved, and were ready to assist each other in case of any emergent casuality: and so, when they found that aprons were necessary, they set to, and, with the needle, worked together for mutual good. Eve only understood plain sewing—she knew nothing about your embroidery, lace working, and piano playing, and cared the same. The couple were perfectly happy in their rude and rough state, till the "old sa'pint" got among 'em; and even then they stuck to each other through thick and thin—through all the brambly vicissitudes of life—from Paradise to Perdition.

My brothers—since you know that marriage is a divine institution, and that every one of you should have a wife, what kind of a rib would you select?—a pretty, little useless doll, or a woman big and spunky enough to "rassle" with a bear and come off first best? I imagine you would care nothing for either extreme; but you would look for personal charms. O, you foolish idolators at the shrine of beauty! Know you not that hundreds of husbands are made miserable by handsome wives, and that thousands are happy in the possession of homely ones? homely without, but beautiful within. Alas! what is beauty? It is a flower that wilts and withers almost as soon as plucked—a transcient rainbow—a fleet—a deceitful will o'-the-wisp—suffumigated moonshine. The kind of wife you want is one of good morals, and knows how to mend trowsers—who can reconcile pealing potatoes with practical or fashionable piety—who can waltz with the dash-churn, and sing with the tea-kettle—who understands broomology, and the true science of mopping—who can knit stockings without knitting her brows, and knit up her husband's "ravelled sleeve of care"—who prefers sewing tares with the needle to sowing the tares of scandal with the tongue. Such is decidedly a *better* half.—Take her, if you can get her, wherever you may find her let her be up to the elbows in the suds of a wash tub, or picking geese in a cow stable.

My hearers—our text speaks of a lady before a tub. You may think it absurd, but let me assure you that a female can be a *lady* before a tub or in the kitchen, as in the drawing room or parlor. What constitutes a lady? It is dot costly dress, paint for the cheeks, false hair and still falser airs; but it is her general deportment—her intellectual endowments, and that evidence of virtue which commands the respect and silent admiration of the world. She would be recognized as a lady at once—it matters not where, or in what situation, she were found—and be regarded as such—whether scorching bed bugs with a hot poker or "hollering" hallelujah at a Methodist camp meeting. All that I have further to say, fellow bachelors, is, that when you marry, see that you get a *lady*, inside and out—one who knows how to keep the pot boiling, and looks well after her household. So mote it be!

Dow, Jr.

☞Toothless people, and all who are troubled with poor grinders, will be "tickled" with the following bread making recipe:—when the loaves are moulded, and before they are set down *to rise*, rub lightly a small quantity of clean lard over them. "Do this," says a western paper, "and you will have a crust beautifully soft and tender." Try it, wives, who have *crusty* husbands.

MEAN MEN

"I've known some mean men in my time. There was Deacon Overreach, now; he was so mean he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he travelled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. Lawyer," he continued, addressing himself to Barclay "I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and, good stories, like potatoes, aint as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though considerable older than I be; and a mean neighbor he is, too. Well when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kelp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.

"Parson," says he. "what's the price of a license?"

"Six dollars," says he.

"Six dollars," says Hugo. "That's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take less?"

"No," says he. "That's what they cost me to the Secretary's office at Halifax."

"Well, how much do you ask for publishing in Church, then?"

"Nothing," says Parson.

"Well, says Hugo, that's so cheap I cant expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?"

"Three Sundays."

"Three Sundays," says Hugo. "Well, that's a long time, too. But three Sunday's only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait."

So off he went a-jogging towards home, and a-looking about as mean as a new-sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as hard as his horse could carry him.

"Parson," says he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot to night with my tongue that I can't undo with my teeth."

"Why, what in nature is the meaning of all this?" says Parson.

"Why," says Hugo, "I've been ciphering it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing banns, after all. You see, sir, it's potato-digging time; and if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to night, she can begin to dig our own to-morrow; and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over: for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants work like smoke at first, but they get sarcy and lazy after a while."—*Life in a Colony, by Sam Slick.*

A REMARKABLY SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

The Syracuse Star gives currency to the following, which if true, is one of the most remarkable coincidences that has come under our eye for many a day:

"We give the facts stated below upon the best authority. They furnish another brief and singular chapter in the history of the sudden demise of Mr. Wright

"Among the "immortal seventeen Senators" of 1823, Silas Wright and Heman J. Redfield were conspicuous. For nearly 30 years past they have not only been warm political friends, but on terms of personal intimacy. About two weeks since, Mr. Redfield, who resides at Batavia, received a friendly letter from Mr. Wright, in which the writer alluded touchingly and eloquently to the sad havoc that Death had made in the ranks of the Seventeen Senators. To this letter Mr. Redfield made a reply in which he dwelt at length upon the sad allusion Mr. Wright had made, and expressed his thankfulness that so far the lives of his friend and himself had been spared. This letter was received by Mr. Wright on the morning of his demise, and it was while reading it in the Post office that he was attacked by the disease which suddenly terminated his useful and honorable life.

Boots vs Stockings.—At a north country inn, the boots being called a shrimp of a lad, in country attire, presented himself.

"Well, are you the boots?"

The youth, supposing no doubt that the gentleman was up to a joke, replied,

"No, I'm the stockings, sur."

The traveller, not exactly pleased with the answer, then asked:

"What do you mean?"

"Wha," repeated the boy, in a simple laugh. "I'm the stockings, sur."

"Stockings! What do you mean by stockings, you impertinent snapper, you?"

"Wha, sir," said the boy, with an unaltered countenance, "I'm under boots, so I must be stockings, sur."

"Jake," said an old farmer one day to one of his mowers, "do you know how many horns there are in a dilemma?"

"No, replied Jake, "but I know how many horns there are in a quart of whiskey."

Tall Officers.—Gen. Scott is over six feet four. Gens. Worth and Twiggs, Cols. Harney and May, and Major Lally, are all six feet or upwards, and like Frank Granger, "well proportioned." Colonel Doniphan stands six feet two, and so far as altitude is concerned, the port, Captain Pike, might pass for a twin brother. Pretty fair specimens of the "perfidious Yankees."