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THE KENT NEWS.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid.

THE STEAMER



OSIRIS,
CAPT. JAMES THGHMAN,

Will leave the lower end of Dugan' wharf, (the Steamer Maryland's old whf MONDAY, the 18th instant, at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, Cambridge, Millitown Oxford and Easton, and returg on TUESDAY by the same route, leavin Easton at 7 o'clock.

The OSIRIS will leave the same wharf every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 7 o'clock, for Corsica and Chester Town, and return same day, calling at Kent Island WEDNESDAY Afternoons and SATURDAY Mornings.

The OSIRIS will leave the above wharf every THURSDAY Morning, at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, West River, Wye Landing, St. Michael's, and Easton, via Miles River Ferry, and return on Friday, leaving Miles River Ferry at 7 o'clock.

Feb. 23. 1850.

FASHIONABLE
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.
J. P. HARTMAN,
No. 163, *Baltimore street, between Charles and Light sts.,*
BALTIMORE,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and customers that he has now on hand, and is daily receiving a choice assortment of goods adapted to wear; such as Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmerets, &c. In fact, goods of every description in the above line, and of the very *latest styles.* He flatters himself that he can offer GREAT INDUCEMENTS to purchasers. His stock of *READY MADE CLOTHING* is surpassed by none. Doing an almost exclusive cash business, he is enabled to *sell below the market price;* and he would say to those who buy for the ready money, that, by giving him a call, they will *save from ten to twenty per cent.* An examination of his stock is most respectfully solicited.

Bal. Mch. 16 '50——3m.

ESTATE OF ANN SUDLER.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, April 2, 1850.

On the application of Emory Sudler, Extr of Ann Sudler, late of Kent county deceased. Ordered. That they give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chestertown.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereunto set my hand and seal of my office, affixed this 2nd day of April, 1850.

[Seal] EBEN. WELCH.
Test, Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above Order this is to give notice that the subscribers of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Md., letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Ann Sudler, 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 Orphans' Court, on or before the 29th of October, 1850, they may otherwise be excluded from the benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of April, 1850.

EMORY SUDLER,
Ext'r. Ann Sudler, dec'd.

april 6, 1850—3w

ESTATE OF FRANCIS HOLLINGSWORTH

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, April 2, 1850.

On the application of Colin F. Hollingsworth, Adm'r F. A. Hollingsworth, late of Kent county deceased.

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chestertown.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of my office, affixed this 2nd day of April, 1850.

[Seal] EBEN. WELCH,
Test, 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 Md., letters of Administration on the personal estate of F. A. Collingsworth, 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 thereof to the Orphans' Court, on or before the 29th October, 1850 they may otherwise be excluded from the benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of April, 1850.

COLIN F. HOLLINGSWORTH,
Adm'r F. A. Hollingsworth.

April 6, 1850.—3w

JUST received direct from the importers N. Y. 1 case (small) plaid Ginghams the following colors, green, blue, orange, cherry, purple and brown, which we are running off at the low price of 12½ cts. per yd.

A. G. MATHIOT & CO.
No. 27, N. Gay st. Baltimore.
March 16, 1850.

THE KENT NEWS.

"Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD., APRIL 13, 1850. NO. 49



Vendue.

BY order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the subscriber will sell at public sale, at the Hotel, lately occupied by C. B. Tilden; on

TUESDAY

the 16th instant if fair, if not, on the next fair day, all the *PERSONAL ESTATE* of Mrs. E. Tilden, late of Kent county, deceased,—comprising a lot of Bacon; an assortment of Liquors, and other articles.

☞Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, A. M.—terms will be made knowu on the day of sale.

RICH'D HYNSON, Adm'r
of E. Tilden, dec'd.

April 6, 1850.——tds

VENDUE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the subscriber will sell at public sale, on

TUESDAY

the 16th instant, if fair, if not, the next fair day, at the HOTEL in Chester Town, lately occupied by C. B. Tilden, all the ***Goods and Chattles*** of Charles B. Tilden, late of Kent county, deceased,—consisting of a fine assortment of

HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE;

a YORK WAGON and a large four wheel square body carriage, both in good repair; a well broke carriage Horse; two Cows and a variety of other articles.

☞Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. Terms will be published on the day of sale.

RICH'D HYNSON, Adm'r
of C. B. Tilden, dec'd.

Apr 6 1850.——tds

NOTICE.—The books of C B. Tilden, dec'd are in the hands of the subscriber. He respectfully requests all persons indebted to him, to call and settle in the course of the present month, after the first of next month, all unsettled claims, will be put in a legal train for collection.

RICH'D HYNSON.
Adm'r of C. B. Tilden dec'd.

April 6. '50.

POSTPONED

SALE.

IN consequence of the inclemency of the weather, the subscriber has been unable to have the necessary surveys made preparatory to the sale of the Farm lately owned and occupied by Mrs. Alphonsa Blake, deceased, in time for the sale as advertised to take place on the 2nd of April next. The sale of said Farm is therefore postponed until

Wednesday,

the 17th of April next, then to take place at the tavern door of the late Charles B. Tilden, in Chester Town, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

RICH B CARMICHAEL.
March 30, 1850.

ESTATE OF JOS DOMAN.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, April 2, 1850.

On the application of William F. Smyth, Executr. of Joseph Doman, 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 in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chester Town.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my (Seal) hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 2nd day of April, 1850.

Test, E. WELCH,
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 Testamentary on the personal estate of Joseph Doman, 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 28th day of October 1850, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 2nd day of April, 1850.

WM. F. SMYTH, exor.
Joseph Doman, dec'd.

April 6, 1850.—3w

Oyster Shell Lime.

THE subscriber proposes to deliver this article to order, well burnt, at any of the Landings on the Chesapeake Bay or Sassafras River, at 7 cts. per bushel, cash —or 7½ on 4 and 6 months time. To learn the merits of shell lime, see Dr. Higgins' Report.

WILLIAM T. SKIRVEN,
Fairlee Point

March 16, 1850. tf

BLANKS

FOR sale very low at the Kent News office.



POETRY.

[Written for the Kent News.]

TO A FRIEND ON THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL.

Rise dear one rise to hope and glee,
The golden sun is dawning!
Rise dear one rise and hail with me,
This happy April morning.

Each eye is bright with pleasure's glow,
Each lips is laughing merrily;
A smile is cast o'er every brow.
And the very sky looks cheerily.

Hark to the sound of the Minstrels lay,
To the lark so gaily singing;
While a thousand, thousand happy hearts,
Their April tunes are ringing.

'Tis a joyous day of mirth and love,
And my heart is overflowing;
Come let us raise our hearts above,
While pure and fresh and glowing.

Rise, let us on this glorious day,
Praise God for our creation,
And pour our grateful feelings forth
A pure, and warm libation.

Rise dear one, rise to chastened joy,
The golden sun is dawning!
Come dear one, come and hail with me,
This lonely April morning.

KATE.

April 1st, 1850.

"Loved at Home."

The following beautiful lines are from Eliza Cook's Journal:—

I NEVER had a ten-pound note, I care not who may know-
Nor golden brooch, nor silver chain, nor aught that's worn to show;
I've earned each meal I've had for years by honest daily toil,
Yet few have had a merrier heart or worn a merrier smile.

For I have had a blessed home, beneath whose humble roof
A mother's nightly prayers for me where breathed without reproof;
And where my sisters' clustering love grew round my friendly stem,
And looked into mine eyes with hope as I look joy to them.

Ye who have given my lips delight, and ye whose friendly pross
Has ever held my hand in yours to welcome and to bless
Oh, ye have ever heard me say, "Whatever else may come,
There's no such joy on earth for man, as being 'loved at home."

If pride could see my scanty room, some twelve feet six by ten,
And take down all the shattles there, it would scarcely soil a pen;
But there are years of mother's love- in letters week by week,
A wealth that hearts can better weigh than tongues can aptly speak,

And judging hence from what I've felt where'e I see a face
Smile-lighted on the path of life, I'm certain I can trace
The root whence that sweet influence can only truly come,
The inward joy that fills the soul when we are "loved at home."

POPULAR TALES

CHARLES ELLSTON.

A CAPITAL STORY.

"I must leave this place to-night; I can bear their marked neglect and open taunts no longer," said Charles Ellston, and he left the richly furnished parlor, where, with some fashionable guests, sat Mrs. Merton and her two eldest daughters, and went forth into the Garden. "Yes, I must go," he continued, "no one cares for me; and why should they for the penniless being whose very origin is unknown? Alas, how hard it is to be thus cast upon the world friendless, and beloved by none—none!"

And he buried his face in his hands, overcome with the intensity of his feelings.

"None, Charles?" said a clear silvery voice behind him, and a hand was gently laid upon his shoulder.

He started, and turning round, said:

"Yes, yes, Helen, pardon me, I spoke unthinkingly. You still love me?" he added, inquiringly.

"I do Charles, and my father—"

"Yes, your father, my noble benefactor, Helen. He still loves me."

"Then why leave us Charles?" she said in a tender tone.

"Because, Helen, you know I have been already the cause of much dissension in your family—God forbid that I should be so any longer. And besides, Helen, you know what treatment I have received from our mother and sisters. I have borne it long, out of respect to your father and love to you, but I can bear it no more. I will go forth into the world in hopes of building up a fortune, and say, Helen, if I should be successful and return, will you—"

"I will love you still," she said, interrupting him. "Oh I will always love you Charles."

"Farewell," said he.

And imprinting a kiss on her rosy lips he tore himself away. In another hour he had quitted that house, where he had spent so many happy days with Helen.

Charles Ellston was a dependent on the bounty of Mr. Morton. He had found him one day, when about four years old, wandering about the streets of the city, a lost child. He kindly took him home and used every endeavor to discover his parents, but all to no purpose. At last finding his inquiries were useless, he raised and educated him as his own.

Unlike her husband, Mrs. Morton was of a proud aristocratic spirit, and could not bear one whose birth was so uncertain as that of young Ellston. She had diffused some of this spirit into her eldest daughters; but Helen, the youngest, like her father, possessed a noble and kind heart, and looked only with compassion and love upon the poor, tho' noble youth.

He was now about seventeen years of age, and the insults that were heaped upon him were felt severely. It is true, when Mr. Merton was present, none dare show the least disrespect toward him, but this only served to make him feel it more accurately, in his absence.

It was on this very mentioned evening, that a new insult had been offered to him and he determined not to live another day where he was exposed to them. Nor would it have caused him one feeling of regret had it not been for Mr. Merton and Helen; but however dear they were to him he resolved to leave them. He left, too, without informing Mr. Merton, for he well knew he would insist on his staying and he would not be the author of discord in that family, where dwelt the only two on earth he could call friends.

It was near the close of a summer's day that a steamboat touched the wharf one of our Southern cities, and from its crowded decks poured stream of weary travellers, eager once again to set foot upon land.—Among the last who stepped on shore, was a tall youth, with a valice in his hand who walked slowly from the landing, and bent his way toward the shipping warehouses along the wharves. He was in search of employment. But alas, he was a stranger, and had no recommendations.

With a dejected mein and sorrowful step he was about giving up all hopes, when he came to a large warehouse which he had not before entered. He walked into the counting-house, where sat a gentlemen apparently about forty years of age. To the youth's enquiry whether he was at the head of the establishment, he replied in the affirmative.

'What do you wish, my lad?" he enquired.

"Do you want a lad to assist in your store?—I have no recommendations to offer you sir," he continued modestly. 'I have just arrived in the steamboat from the north, and have neither friends nor money. I cannot even buy a lodging for the night.

And seeing the merchant looking incredulously at him, he could contain himself no longer, but said imploringly:

"Oh, sir, do not refuse," and the tears trickled down his cheeks.

The merchant touched by his grief, and convinced by the openness of his manner, hesitated a moment, and finally took him to his house. A few days proved the truth of the youth's story, and he was employed at once by his new benefactor.

In the course of time he rose, by degrees until he became head clerk in the establishment of Mr. Thompson. He also, by his amiableness, became the favorite of the wealthy family of the employer, with whom he still resided. All loved him, and he loved them in return, as father, mother, and sister. For although Charles (for it was Charles Ellston,) thought that Emma Thompson was almost as beautiful as his own Helen, yet he still remained faithful to the latter, and could but think of the former as a sister.

Five years had rolled by, and he had now become proprietor, of the large establishment which he had entered as an errand boy—Mr. Thompson having retired from business.

One evening, he was sitting in familiar conversation with the family, Mrs. Thompson, after looking steadfastly at Charles for some time remarked how much Emma and he resembled each other.

"Yes," said her husband I have often remarked it—they looked as much alike as tho' they were really brother and sister.—Our Charles—poor little fellow, could not have been more like Emma.'

"Your Charles?" I never knew you ever had any child besides Emma," said he "When did he die?"

"Would to god he had died!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, "then would I have known he was in heaven; but now, perhaps, if he is still alive, he is buffeted about by strangers, whose hard hearts can seldom feel like parents."

And then she gave vent to her feelings in tears.

"He was lost, then?" asked Charles.

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson. "About seventeen years ago, I and Mary, journeying north for the benefit of our health, to visit some friends in New York city, took with us our little Charles, who was scarcely four years old, and then our only child. We arrived there in safety, and after staying with our friends some time, set out on our return home. Anxious to prosecute our journey, we immediately, on our arrival in Philadelphia, took the steamboat to proceed immediately on. I went to see to the safety of the baggage, thinking that my Mary and Charles were in the Cabin; but what was my surprise, when, on going into the Cabin some time after the boat had left the wharf, to find Mary there alone. She thought that I had Charles with me, and she swooned away when I informed her I had not. We searched the boat over but no Charles could be found; and then it struck us that he had wandered on shore before the boat left the wharf, and consequently was left behind. How harrowing were our thoughts! to think that every minute the distance was increasing between us and our dearly beloved child.—But there was a thought still more distressing. Perhaps he had fallen overboard unseen, and was drowned. However, I determined, on arriving at New Orleans, and leaving Mary with her friends and relations, to return to Philadelphia, and spare no pains nor expense in trying to discover his fate; but the great mental excitement and bodily fatigue I had undergone, threw me into a fever on the way, and it was several months before I recovered. When I did, and arrived in Philadelphia, no trace could be discovered of our child, and never since have we heard anything concerning him. But God be praised, Charles, he has given us a son in you."

'But was there no mark by which he could have been known if he had been left behind, as you first supposed?' asked Charles eagerly.

'Yes there were scars of a dog's teeth on his left wrist, and besides he wore a locket—a birth-day present from his father—around his neck, with "CHARLES" engraved on it,' said Mrs. Thompson with tears in her eyes.

"Then father, mother," said Charles, bearing his arm and drawing from his bosom a locket, which he threw into Mrs. Thompson's lap—"behold your lost son!"

For an instant she stood amazed—the next they were locked in each other's arms. Then turning to Emma, he for the first time pressed to his bosom a sister.

How different was his situation now, from the day on which he first set foot in the city of New Orleans. Then he was poor and friendless, with scarce a place to rest his head—now he was wealthy, surrounded by friends, and blessed with a father's, mother's and sister's love. He could claim now, what her noble father would not have refused, even to the poor youth, had he asked it—Helen's hand; and even her proud mother would not object to receiving her son-in-law, the heir of the richest merchant in New Orleans.

Mirth and music resounded throughout and joy and gladness reigned predominant in the splendid mansion of Mr. Merton. It was the birth night-ball of his lovely and accomplished daughter, Helen, given on her nineteenth birth-day, and the magnificent saloons were thronged by the youth, beauty and elite of the metropolis. All paid willing homage to her fascinating charms. Nor beneath their fervent congratulations did there lurk aught of malice or envy; for the sweet disposition and gentle manners of Helen Merton had won the good will of all who knew her. And now, as she replied to their warm-hearted wishes, she looked more beautiful than ever. She was attired in a plain white dress, looped with roses, and fitted exquisitely to her finely moulded form; her shining chesnut curls were confined by a costly diamond head band, sparkled on her forehead, rivalling the transparent beauty and clearness of her complexion.

At times when she would mingle in the giddy whirl of the dance a smile would play upon her lovely features; but when over, a melancholy expression would steal into her laughing eye, telling of something wanted to complete her happiness. She was thinking, perhaps, how he, who many years ago, had won her maiden love, might, while she was surrounded by wealth and luxury, be dragging out the prime of life in poverty and distress. Yes, she still remembered the companion of her childhood. Such is woman's constancy and love. Alas, that it should so often be abused.

The evening was somewhat advanced when Mrs. Merton approached Helen, locked arm in arm with a young man, whose dark countenance, raven hair and eyes, and tall straight form, indicated a native of the South.

"Mr. Thompson, of New Orleans, my dear said Mr. Merton.

And then, after conversing a few moments he sauntered to the opposite side of the saloon.

"Who is that handsome young man just now introduced to Helen?" asked Mrs. Merton of her husband.

"That is Mr. Thompson of New Orleans the richest merchant in that city, and his father was before him. He arrived here but the day before yesterday. I was introduced to him yesterday, and invited him to night, and if the impression of his features is not felt on Helen's heart, which has hitherto been so callous, none will ever regret the disappearance of—"

"Your protage, Charles Ellston,' said his wife sarcastically.

Mr. Merton did not answer her, he only turned away.

At first when the stranger was introduced to Helen, there appeared an air of embarrasment, but gradually wore off, and he entered into conversation with his usual vivacity. In the course of it she asked him if he had ever been in the city before. He replied that he had been, when about 17 years of age, and that he had then become acquainted with several of his own age, whose acquainance he highly prized. Among those he mentioned, was that of Charles Elliston, in particular.

As he pronounced the name, he bent his dark eyes full upon her, and perceived that she startled, while for an instant, agitation was visibly depicted on her countenance.—After a moment's pause he continued:

"But I have made inquiries, since my arrival respecting him, and hear that he has returned the kindness of his benefactor your father by ingratitude by leaving his house, and going, no one know whither."

"Oh, no, sir, do not believe that; it is an idle report. He had reason for leaving my father's house,' and her voice trembled, and a tear stood in her eye.

Just then a gentleman advanced to claim her hand for the last Cotillion, and the conversation was abruptly terminated. Charles resigned her silently but his heart felt full.

It is strange how the lapse of a few years between youth and manhood, will change the face and disguise the form; the slight tripling that a little while ago clambered, on our knee, we can scarcely recognize in the full, stately form, and demeanor of the man. So it is with Charles Thompson, and no wonder Helen and her father could not see in the rich merchant from the South, the poor lad, who six years before had left them with scarce a dollar in his pocket.

It was the morning following, the ball and Mr. Mrs. Merton and Helen were sitting in the parlor, the former two engaged in discussing some private affairs, the latter with her head resting upon her hand, apparently in deep thought. The servant entered and handed Mr. Merton a letter.—He opened it and after having perused it for a few moments uttered an exclamation of joy. Both his companions looked up. Seemingly overcome with the excitement of some usually pleasing news, he approached his daughter and gently patting her on the cheek, said:

"Come, come, Helen dear, cheer up.—Charles our own dear Charles has returned; he is in the city and will be here in half an hour. Cheer up my dear."

And he begun to pace the floor.

"See here" he continued, as a splendid equipage with servants in livery drove up to the door from which a young man alighted, here is Mr. Thompson, to, how glad I shall be to introduce them to one another."

"I don't see why you should be?" said his wife, "though perhaps your Charles, as you call him, may be as rich as Mr. Thompson. You know he left, word that he was going to seek a fortune."

And she pronounced the last word with a sneer.

"And he hopes he has found it, madam,' exclaimed Charles, who entered just at that moment, "thanks to an all wise Providence that directed me to my father's house. It is Charles that stands before you!"

With a shriek of delight, Helen threw herself into his outstretched arms, and wept tears of joy on his bosom; while the old man stood motionless, but his eyes were wet and his lips quivered, though not with grief.

When they had become somewhat composed, Charles related to them what occurred since he left them. The joy that beamed in the swimming eyes of the delighted girl as she hung fondly on her lover's arm, was only equalled by tenderness with which he returned her look of affection. How deep was the bliss of that moment, making amends by delight, for long years of doubt and absence. It was not long before Chales renewed again the boyish vows he had pledged to Helen, and the blushing girl listened smiling and weeping by turns. Need it be added, that in a short time Helen and Charles were united at the altar, and that even the aristocratic mother smiled upon the union of her daughter with the ci devent Charles Ellston.

DOWN WITH THE TELEGRAPH

Why Fanny I believe you are going crazy.

Going crazy she echoed, and isn't it enough to make any one go crazy, when such things are taking place, and the cowardly men darsn't stop 'em. I wish I wasn't a woman.

But what's in the paper to make you act so?

Can't you read don't it say there, Woman and children starving to death by Morse's telegraph—Fatal speed of the cholera by electric telegraph—Two hundred and fifty dying a day in New Orleans by magnetic telegraph—Horrible riot in New York &twenty seven lives lost by telegraph—Terrible fire in Boston, large amount of property destroyed by telegraph; Welch's circus blown down and lives lost by electry-magnetic telegraph—and yet you men sit here with folded arms and never raise a finger to stay the progress of this inhuman, all devastating, and devouring monster, I wish I was a man! and Aunt Sally flew out of the room, leaving Uncle Dick wrapped in astonishment.

☞That is a pretty thought of one of our poets:

"Woman is the heart of the family,
If man is the head."

When the heart is right the head seldom goes astray.