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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:

$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, $10. 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 willbe 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.

TRUSTEE'S
Sale.

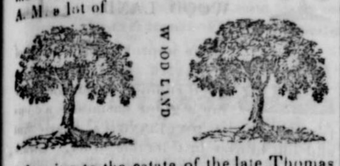
BY virtue of a decree, of the Chancery Court, the undersigned will expose to

PUBLIC SALE,

at the Hotel of John McDaniel, Esq, in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY

the 17th day of June next, at 11 o'clock A. M. a lot of



belonging to the estate of the late Thomas Bien, in Fine Neck, adjourning the lands of John Constable Wm Copper and others, in Kent County, containing about 45

ACRES

of wood-land. Part of which is well Timbered with White Oak, Chesnut and pine. The land will be divided into lots to suit purchasers.

TERMS OF SALE.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE, a credit of 6, 12, and 18 months with approved security.

JAS. B. RICAUD,
Trustee.

May 24, '51.

NOTICE.

THE LADIES of the Methodist Protestant Church, intend having a Strawberry and ice Cream entertainment on the 18th and 19th instant at the Ship Yard, for the purpose of liquidating a debt due on their Parsonage.

Dinner with all the delicacies of the season will be provided on the ground.

June 7, '51.—2t

WOOL!

Wool! Wool!

WOOL!

THE undersigned respectfully inform his friends and customers that he is prepared to Exchange Kersy, Satinett, and Blankets for WOOL on liberal Terms.

J. L. STAM agent for
T. Murphy.

May 24, '51.

BUTCHERING.

THE subcriber respectfully informs the public that he has commenced the above business. He feels competent that he can give satisfaction to all who will patronize him. *He* will be found in the **Market House**, at STALL No. 11, *every morning in the week*, until 9 o'clock, and will also keep best fresh meat that MARKET can afford, every day, during the week; Sundays excepted; during the balance of the week at the the old stand of the late Geo. B. Usilton, up town. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a share of public patronage.

Farmers having Stock for sale, will find it to their interest to call on the undersigned before selling. In case of my absence any orders left with Mrs. Usilton, will be promptly attended to.

WM. PERKINS.

☞P. S. Persons indebted on last year's account, are respectfully requested to call and settle. W. P.

May. 17. 1851.

SIMON WICKES,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,

HAS just received, and has on hand a larger stock than has ever been kept in this place, which he will sell very low for cash or to punctual 12 month customers.

March 8, 1851.

DOCT. JAYNES' justly celebrated Medicines for sale by

S. WICKES.

Mch 8, '51.

ETHERIAL and Camphine Oils from 60 to 70 cts. per gal (warranted pure) for sale by S. WICKES.

Mch. 8, '51.

THE KENT NEWS.

FRUSTRA, LABAROT, QUI OMNIUS, PLACERE STUDET—"HE LABORS VAINLY, WHO ENDEAVORS TO PLEASE EVERY ONE."

VOL. 12. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JUNE 14, 1851. NO. 7

POETRY.

Why this Longing.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Why this longing clay-clad spirit?
Why this flattering of thy wings?
Why this striving to discover
Hidden and transcendant things?
Be contented in the prison,
The captivity shall cease—
Taste the good that smiles before thee;
Restless spirit be at peace!

When the roar of wintry forests,
With the thunder's crash and roll,
With the rush of stormy waters,
Thou wouldst sympathise, O soul!
Thou wouldst ask them mighty questions
In a language of their own,
Untranslatable to mortals,
Yet not utterly unknown.

Thou wouldst fathom Life and Being,
Thou wouldst see through Birth and Death,
Thou wouldst solve and riddle—
Thou a speck, a ray, a breath.
Thou wouldst look at stars and systems,
As if *thou* couldst understand,
All the harmonies of Nature,
Struck by an Almighty hand.

With thy feeble logic tracing
Upward from effect to cause,
Thou art foiled by nature's barriers,
And the limits of her laws.
Be at peace, thou struggling spirit!
Great Eternity denies
The unfolding of its secrets
In the circle of thine eyes.

Be contented with thy freedom—
Dawing is not perfect day;
There are truths thou canst not fathom,
Swaddled in thy robes of clay,
Rest in hope that if thy circle
Grow not wider here in Time,
God's Eternity shall give thee
Power of vision more sublime.

Clogged and bedded in the darkness,
Little gem abide thine hour,
Thou't expand in proper season,
Into blossom, into flower.
Humble faith alone become thee
In the glooms where thou art lain;
Bright is the appointed future;
Wait—thou shalt not wait in vain.

Cease thy struggling, feeble spirit!
Fret not at thy prison bars;
Never shall thy mortal pinions
Make the circuit of the stars.
Here on earth are duties for thee,
Suited to thine earthly scope;
Seek them, thou Immortal Spirit—
God is with thee—work in hope.

MISCELLANEOUS

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narratve purports to have been given by a father to his son as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of grieving and resisting a mother's love and counsel.

"What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered, failed to move. She arose to go home, and I followed at a distance.—She spoke no more to me till we reached her own door."

"It is school time now," said she. "Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

"I looked astonished at my boldness, but replied, firmly."

"Certainly you will go, Alfred. I command you."

"I will not!" said I, with a tone of defiance.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this moment, or I will look you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it," said I, "you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deathly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

"Will you go Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—oh my son, hear me!—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother!—How my head reals, as the torment of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast.—'Oh! Heavenly Father, she cried,' she cried, 'forgive him—he knows not what he does!' The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckond him in—"Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his own room," said she, and turned away from me. Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look—it will follow me—it was a look of agony, mingled with the intenest love—it was the last unuttered pang from a broken heart.

"In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would throw myself from the open window dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, out of my stubborn pride rose in an instant, bade me not yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me' I flung myself on the bed, and fell asleep.—Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach the door. It was my sister.

"What may I tell mother from you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Oh, Alfred! for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

"I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed to pass another wretched and fearful night.

"Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come in? Are you sorry for what you have done?" she asked.

"I cannot tell what influence opperating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother that thrilled through me, melted the ice from my frozen heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. But my words give the lie to my heart. when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, *bnt I did not.*

"I was awaken from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

"Get up Alfred. Oh, don't wait a minute! Get up and come with me. Mother is dying."

"I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up melancholy, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. she had not undressed.—She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she was sized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

I cannot tell my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it—I believe myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her—I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all fire. My sister threw her arms around my neck and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of the hand—her eyes unclosed.—She had recovered conciousness but not speech She looked me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother, mother," I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me."

She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me. and lifting her thin white hands, she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upwards. She moved her lips in prayer; and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me. The joys of youth had left me forever.

"Boys, who spurn a mother's controle, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, *beware!* Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for you future years."

FORTUNE-HUNTING IN CALIFORNIA.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

Mr. Silas Rowe, one of the former publishers of the Belfast, Me. Journal, started for California, by the overland route, soon after the discovery of gold. In a recent letter to the Journal, we find the following description of his adventures since leaving home, as recounted by himself:

"One might about as well be dead as to have suffered and met with all I have since I left home. First I had a brother murdered on the plains, next. I was one of the twenty-three men in our trains, that had the Asiatic Cholera, and was the only one, of the twenty-three, who lived!

On arriving in the country, I found mining a business I could not follow, and so, without means, commenced a boarding house; was taken sick with a fever, and during its prevalence the flood came and destroyed all I had—$1500—leaving me sick and penniless. Not discouraged I strove on—got me up a good two-story building. with out buildings extending eighty-eight feet My second story was finished, carpeted, and well furnished for my family. My store contained five thousand dollars worth of goods, and my buildings cost five thousand more; that is rising ten thousand dollars.

On the night of the 11th of November, a building adjoining mine took fire, and in the incredible short space of ten minutes from the first all was in ruins. I took my sick wife in my arms and barely escaped from the flames. My fortune then consisted of a sick and helpless wife clothed in a night cap, night gown, and chimise, and I the clothes I stood in, and in my pocket two dimes. Besides the building and goods, I lost $300 in gold dust, my own gold watch and chain, gold pencil, gold pen, and other jewelry, and a set of the same belonging to my wife, with all her wardrobe and mine. Besides this I was in debt twenty-four hundred dollars! Was not this a fine fix for one in California?

Board for myself; wife, and nurse, could not be obtained short of eighteen dollars per week, *each*,—a nurse thirty five dollars per week—a room for us ten dollars a week—and doctor's visits sixty or eighty dollars a week. That's *only* the snug little sum of *one hundred and seventy nine dollars per week!* Under such circumstances—in debt, with two dimes in my pocket, and my health poor, I don't wonder my friends have sent me home in the W. O. Alden, and buried me besides. I could not go home, for I had nothing to pay my expenses; and I had too much on my hands to think of dying; so I lived on. My wife has not set up an hour for seven weeks. For the last six days I have felt a little courage that she may recover.

Some of my friends, finding me in this dilemma, ran me for an alderman in the city of Sacramento. Until the day of the election, I could not leave my wife's sick bed. and I had not a dollar to procure electioneers. The result was that my opponent, having about seventy rum-shops open all day, free, and at expense of from five to six thousand dollars, secured *six vote s* more than I did; so I am not an Alderman. To-morrow I again run for Alderman, with a pretty certain prospect of defeat The Democratic party and the Whig party have each their candidates, and the contest to-morrow will cost large sums of money. I am the *squatter* candidate, as I was before. I could have been nominated by the Democrats, provided I would have *requested* my name to go before the convention. This I refused because I was the squatter candidate, and would not acknowledge any other nomination binding on me; still without any consent they did use my name in the Democratic convention; and I was defeated by *one vote!*"

In conclusion Mr Rowe, with idomitable enterprise and perseverance, "notwithstanding all my reverses and discouragements, I have commenced trade again with a partner, and am doing tolerably well, yet what ill luck I shall next meet with I cannot foretell; but as I have courage, determination, and health; at present, I shall live in California until my bad luck turns or I die."

THE POTATO DISEASE.—A practical man, and a thinker, sends to the Boston Courier, the following receipe for the cure of the vegitable disease known to the potatoe rot, which may not be too late for trial at the present season:

What I purpose, to save this escullent from destruction, is Sulphur (or Brimstone as it is usually called.) After the ground is prepared, and manured in the usual way put a table-spoonful of sulphur in each hill. Then plant your potatoes, and cultivate in the usual way. This is all that is necessary to insure a good crop of good sound potatoes.

The theory of this is, that the sulphur graduall undergoes decomposition, and evolves gasses which keep the potatoe free from this destructive animal. Good, well rotted barn-yard manure should be used for the experiment, but if compost is used care should be taken that neither lime or ashes are in it, for if there is, the alkali of the lime or ashes will combine with the acid of the sulphur, and neutralize them, so as to be of no effect, either as a manure or a cure of the rot.

A CALIFORNIA EXPEDITION AGAINST MEXICO.—The crime referred to in the following extract from a letter of a San Jose correspondent of the Alta California, is stated by the California papers to be a projected expedition to revolutionize one of the Mexican States. It is also stated that Gen. Morehead has enlisted large numbers of men, and supplied them with arms which belonged to the State:

"The Governor transmitted to the Legislature this evening, (Friday,) a message announcing the departure from this State, on the 20th instant, under circumstances of a criminal nature, of Joseph C. Morehead, Quartermaster General of California; that before his departure, the said Morehead, who had in charge 400 muskets and 99 000 cartridges, sold, through the house of Baker, Otis & Co. of San Francisco, a large portion of said arms, without authority of law or any other authority, and appropriated the the proceeds to his own use. The Governor asks the Legislature to make provision by law for the apprehension of Morehead, either by offering a reward, or by sending some person with authority to arrest him. Morehead it is stated, has gone to Mazatlan. In the house, the message was refered to a select commitea."

☞An urchin in a country school was reading the New Testament which reads thus:—

"And he saw Abraham afar off with Lazaus in his bosom."

The boy gravely spelled it out thus:

'And he saw a-broom afar-off with leather 'ears in Boston!"

☞The eye is never to be mistaken.—A person may discipline the muscles of the face, and he may control the voice, but there is something in the eye beyond the will, and we most frequently find it giving the tongue the lie direct.

Trial for Murder.

CONTINUED.

Chester Town, June 7, 1851.

The Court re-assembled this morning and the case of Wm. Shelton was called up. The room was densely crowded; every avenue was thronged and the house was one solid human mass. The prisoner who, 'till yesterday evening, betrayed no extraordinary evidence of perturbation, appears to be overwhelmed with the weight of evidence adduced against him. During yesterday afternoon he never once raised his head or eyes from the floor. The impression of every lawyer at the bar is that little doubt remains of his conviction. The evidence of Shaw (direct) is so strongly corroborated by circumstantial evidence, that the truthfulness of his statements manifests itself even to the minds of the most incredulous.

Mrs. A. J. Shelton—for defence, sworn. I was at the house of Nicholas Murphy the night of the murder; he is my father; Shelton and my father went out muskrating and returned to the house and went to bed. I went up stairs afterwards; Shelton was in bed.

Cross-examined.—I married in February last the brother of Wm. Shelton. I could see the boat from the door in which I was standing; when they returned the candle was not lit; we have no clock about the house; directly after they returned, Moore left the house, about dusk; it was a dark night; Wm. Shelton left Friday morning about 10 o'clock. I saw Drummond on Thursday and Friday morning.

Miss ——— Sills, sworn—Lives at Bohemia ferry; I saw Murphy and Shelton go out in the boat; I heard the return of the boat, and one man came to the house about dusk; who I took to be Shelton, but am not certain.

Cross-examined—I have been acquainted with Shelton for about one year; Murphy goes a gunning morning, evening and noon; Murphy and Shelton were gunning at daylight on Friday morning; I live about two hundred yards from Murphy's; my husband went up a week after the murder after Moore to testify in this case; my husband has been arrested in this case; I and my husband were taking a game of cards when I heard the return of the boat on Thursday; Friday was a cloudy morning; I rose at daylight; when they returned, Friday morning; Shelton said on Wednesday evening that Drummond wanted to come up and get a job of cutting ship timber; but he gave him the slip; I was playing a game called "first seven up," we were not betting; I saw no blood on the pants of Shelton on Friday morning; Shelton went away about 12 or 1 o'clock on Friday; there was no one in the boat but Murphy and Shelton.

Wm Hudson, for defence, sworn—Some time before Shelton left Vochel's mills, he shaved off his whiskers and after that permitted them to grow out all round his chin; said he intended to leave; he could get better employment; he preferred cash to orders.

Daniel H Kennard, for defence—I passed the house of Cosden shortly after sundown; I was sitting at the tea-table of Mr Rochester's, I heard the report of two guns. Mr. Cosden had just come down from the stable as I passed; Miss Cosden and the little girl were driving a flock of geese into the pen; I stopped at Cosden's not over 15 minutes; it was not long after my arrivel at Rochester's that I heard the report of the guns; I opned five gates in going from Cosden's to Rochester's.

Mr. Crouch, sworn.—The negro woman came from Cosden's to my house, about half past 7 o'clock, breathless; my house is less than a mile from Cosden's.

John Vanpelt, for state, sworn.—Lives near head of Sassafras, knows the opinion of the neighborhood concerning Shaw from his general reputation I would believe him on his oath.

James L Pryor, for State, sworn.—Lives near head of Sassafras; knows Stephen Shaw do not know his character.

Samuel E. Briscoe, recalled.—Knows Shaw; has no knowledge of his character.

Major Wm. Rothwell, for State, sworn. There is a place where the river could be forded near head of Sassafras, which makes the distance to Cosden's from the river two miles; has known Shaw for 12 years; upon my knowledge of his character, I would rather take his word than many people's oaths.

Major Eaton, for State, sworn.—Has known Shaw for 20 years; knows his character; is sober, I would have no hesitation in believing him on his oath. Miss Webster identified Roberts on Saturday. There is a general resemblance between the two, Roberts and Shelton.

Henry S. Mitchell, for State, recalled.—Lights were out when I got to Cosden's; I walked as fast as I could from Georgetown Cross Roads. The stairway is difficult for a stranger to find; Miss Webster afterwards identified another man with dark hair and whiskers; Roberts and Shelton much resemble each other.

Wm. Osmond, for State, recalled.—I was there the night of the murder; Miss Webster said she did not think she could live; she said after the women were all shot below, the little girl ran up stairs and set down; that the man afterwards came up and took no notice of the little girl; that the man offered violence to her person, and upon her resisting him—(she told him it he wanted money, all in the house was in the trunk under the bed; that he took it out and rifled it, returned)—raised up the clothes and shot her; I carried in Blakeway and Roberts to Miss Webster; she identified Roberts.

F Cann, Sheriff, recalled.—The prisoner and Roberts much resembled each other when arrested and placed in my custody; Shelton was much darker than now.—[Roberts was here produced and compared.]

William Morris, for State, sworn. I know James Moore; I heard a conversation of Moore's in reference to the time the boat returned to Murphy's on Thursday evening; he said they left the house before sundown, and did not return until between 10 and 11 at night; he heard the clock strike 10 some time before they returned. He was staying at Murphy's. It was in consequence of talking of the murder that he made this statement. [This is the same Moore who testified yesterday.]

David Keavens, for State sworn.—I saw the two in jail together, and afterwards took Shelton for Roberts.

Andrew J. Crow, for State, sworn. Jas. H. Moore lives with me. He did not live with me at the time of the murder; he has told me that he saw Shelton and Murphy leave in the evening, and did not see them again that night; we were talking of the murder at the time.

Mary Hand, for State, sworn. Lived in Delaware last winter, in February; knows Stephen Shaw: he was staying with me while my husband left for Jersey; Stephen Shaw was not at home on Thursday night; he left to go to Coldwell. He came home about 11 the next morning, and told me the same story of the murder he gave before the Court on yesterday. (Objected to by the counsels for defence; but the Court decided it to be evidence.) Shaw looked bad; he said Taylor brought him into trouble; he said I would hear about it before night; that he went to meet Taylor at Coldwell; Taylor shot in the window and Shelton kicked open the door; and there arose great screams in the house; and some one says there was difficulty in getting in the Chamber. *He* said Taylor brought him into the difficulty, and I had best say nothing about it, for they would kill him like a dog if he told on them.—Shaw appeared to be much distressed and troubled. Shaw ate but little afterwards; and seemed all the time to be in great trouble. I saw Shelton at the mill some weeks before the murder; he had bullets in his hand: [Cross examined—Shaw said Taylor shot through the window and Shelton kicked the door through. When a woman ran out of the house, Taylor shot her also; that he did not know if he killed her, as he ran away as soon as he could.

William Parker, for State, sworn. My conversation commenced with Mr. Drummond; I asked what became of his dirk; I then went to Shelton; he said he gave the dirk to Drummond on Monday; I denied to him the correctness of his statement; and then he said Drummond gave him the dirk on Thursday; the day after the murder.

Mr. Pescock recalled. The cattle had got through the garden and were lowing and running when we got there on Thursday night. Shaw said I omitted to state that "he heard the lowing of cattle while he was running."

Mr. Briscoe recalled. From Mr. Lear's to Ward's hill is 3 miles—from there to Sassafras crossing place, 2 miles; from there to Cosden's, 3 miles; from Thomas' to Cosden's, 7 miles. The shortest route is 6 to 6½ miles. The woods spoken of by Shaw, as the place where they met, would be the shortest route.

Wm. Cann, for State, sworn. Lives opposite the Bohemia ferry; knows Manor Creek; was home on Thursday, 27th Feb.; was at work on the shore during the evening; I saw a boat going up Bohemia river; the boat was there, containing two persons; it was of the same color and size of Harris' skiff; it went directly up the river. There was no boat in Manor Creek; it would have been compelled to have passed me.—it was near an hour before sundown that the boat passed me; the boats went towards McLean's landing; no one was in Manor Creek shooting until after sundown, shortly after which time I left the shore.

[Cross-examined.] I first heard of the murder on Saturday; I mentioned the fact of his seeing the boat about a week afterwards; I heard a day or two afterward that Murphy and Shelton were muskrafting, and I knew the night was to dark; there was a public sale on the 26th, which impresses the fact upon my mind.

Robert Willis, for State, sworn. From Blackbird to Bohemia ferry, is 13 miles.

The evidence was closed at 12 o'clock on Saturday, and the counsel immediately proceeded with their argument before the jury—who retired at 5 minutes past 12 on Sunday morning, and after an absence of 58 minutes rendered a verdict of *guilty of murder in the first degree.*

☞Father, I hate that Mr. Smith, said a Chesnut street beauty, the other day, to her honored parent.

'Why so, my daughter?'

'Because he always stares at me so harp when he meets me in the street.'

'But, my child, how do you know that Mr. Smith stares at you?'

'Why, because I have repeatedly seen him do it.'

'Well, Julia, don't you ever look at the impudent man again when you meet him, and then he may stare his eyes out, without annoying you in the least. Remember that it always takes two pair of eyes to make a *perfect* stare.'

'Ahem—well—I—I—believe you're right, father!'

☞Good morning, Mr Grimes! I come over to see if you'd lend our dad your pickax, to saw off a board to make a chicken coop to put our dog in; he runs after our neighbors' cows, and they won't come about any more, so we have to drink our coffee without milk or sugar.'