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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

VOL. 13. SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852. NO. 7.

ESTATE OF GEORGE ROEDER.

Maryland Kent county Orphans' Court. May 25, 1852.

On the application of James B. Ricaud and Abraham Roeder, Administrators C. T. A, of George Roeder, late of Kent county dec'd..

Ordered that they give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same to be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper, printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid,

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

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of George Roeder, late of Kent county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 15th day of December. 1852, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under our hands, this 25th day of May, 1852.

JAMES B. RICAUD and
ABRAHAM ROEDER.
Adm'rs C. T. A. of George Roeder, dec'd.
May 29, 1852.

ESTATE WILLIAM F. MEEKS.

Maryland, Kent county Orphans' Court, May 25, 1852.

On the application of Robert McNamee Administrator of William F. Meeks, late of Kent county dec'd. Ordered that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be to be published once a week for the space of four successive weeks in some news paper printed in Kent county

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid,

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

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber, of Kent county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of William F. Meeks 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 subscriber on or before the 15th day of December, 1852, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 25th day of May, 1852.

ROBERT McNAMEE,
Adm'r Wm. F. Meeks dec'd.
May 29, '52.—4w.

ESTATE OF ALBERT HERBERT

Maryland, Kent county Orphans' Court May 25, 1852

On the application of Lawrence M. Ricaud, administrator of Albert Herbert, late of Kent county dec'd, Ordered that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once a week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans's Court of the county aforesaid,

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

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Albert Herbert late of Kent county dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers to the subscriber on or before the 15th day of December 1852, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 25th day of May. 1852,

LAWRENCE M. RICAUD,
Adm'r of Albert Herbert, dec'd.
May 29, '52.

GARRITT COX & SON,
COACH & HARNESS
MANUFACTURERS,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

CARRIAGES of every description constantly on hand and at all times punctually made to order; which for neatness, durability and style, can not be surpassed. No expence being spared, none but workmen of acknowledged skill and celebrity are employed, and all the materials used are invariably the best that can be obtained in the market. The whole conducted under the immediate superintendance of the Proprietors, whose constant study is to give the highest satisfaction.

☞Orders executed with precision and dispatch and repairs carefully done ☜WARRANTED TWELVE MONTHS.☜

Mch 6, 1852.—6m

This certifies that we have appointed JOHN PERKINS, to dispose of carriages for us throughout the State of Maryland.

GARRITT COX & SON.
Middletown, Del., April 2, '52

Wool Wanted.

W. N. E. WICKES; agent for the Swantown Mills, will exchange *KERSEY* for *WOOL*, or buy wool in exchange for goods.

May 22, '52.

JUST opening a fresh lot of Green and Black TEAS. W. N. E. WICKES.

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1,50, payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2,50 at the end of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

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

All communications must be post-paid.

POETRY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE KENT NEWS.]

Shun the sting of Alcohol.

BY MYRA.

United States—thou favored land,
Home of the brave and free,
The Almighty with a bounteous hand
Sends blessings rich on thee:
Thy laws breathe forth the mildest tones,
Unoppressed by tyrants powers,
While in the world's five different Zones,
No land so free as ours.

All o'er thy wide extended fields
Rich crops of grain appear,
And plentifully do they yield
Those bounties every year;
Behold thy lofty forest trees—
Thy waters deep and wide,
While on their bosom with each breeze,
Thy ships sail o'er the tide.

Thy stars and stripes doth never wane,
But float on every sea,
Our nation's pride—the tyrant's bane,
They proclaim our liberty,
Religion too, with lustre bright,
Untrammeled by the laws,
Shed forth a holy, glorious light,
Repulgent as the stars.

If this picture bright on which I look,
No blots could tarnish then,
With pleasure I could close my book,
And lay aside my pen;
But ah! intemperance stalks abroad,
With hasty, rapid stride,
Causing forgetfulness of God,
And spreads destruction wide.

There's nothing in the world we know
More loathsome to the sight
Than a drunkard reeling to and fro,
Who will curse and sweare and fight;
He vents his rage on all he meets,
And with a maniac scowl,
He'll stagger up and down the street,
And like a demon howl.

Intemperance brings a train of woes
We scarcely can conceive,
Could I the drunkard's home disclose,
The incredulous would believe;
There qualid poverty doth dwell,
And sit with haggard eyes,
The mischief caused no tongue can tell,
By this nefarious vice.

Behold the sot with bloated face,
With red lack lustre eyes,
A blot, a stigma to his race,
Whom all the good despise;
He takes the last pittance from his wife,
And to the grogshop goes,
There gets the liquid fires of strife,
With all its train of woes.

Come, let us look into his cot,
Though which the wind pass free,
See there the wife whose hapless lot
Is pain and misery;
With pallid cheeks and sunken eye,
And heart with anguish wrung,
She hears her helpless children cry
For bread which she has none.

Her cheeks grows paler as she hears
The stagger's steps draw near—
The step of him who pledged his vows,
To love, protect and cheer;
The shivering children closer cling
Unto their mother's side,
The drunken father staggers in,
And like a fiend doth them divide.

He bids his wife his supper get,
Who tells him she has none;
He then flies in a violent pet
And knocks her prostate down;
Now see him sieze her by the hair,
And drag her to the door,
The children cry, "O! father, dear!
Don't hurt poor mother so!"

He pushes them all out the hut,
Saying, "go you rebels all;"
Upon them then the door will shut,
And in the ashes fall,
But O! that mother's pain and woe,
No language can describe,
To see her infant in the snow,
Half perished by her side.

No tongue can tell her agony—
She sinks beneath the load;
"My babes, alas! my babes must die!
Have mercy, O. my God!"
With streaming lock and straining eyes,
And heart with anguish wild,
From the cold ground on which it lies,
She lifts her youngest child.

You ask from whence this misery springs—
This pain and sorrow all?
I answer, from the deadly stings
Of poisonous Alcohol;
Ye venders of this fiery draught,
Say, can you harmless be?
In scattering firebrands and death
Throughout your country?

Professors of religion, now,
Who in this traffic plod,
Say, can you stand with tranquil brow
Before the throne of God;
For a few pence you'll send your soul
With devils dark to dwell,
And there eternally to howl,
Amidst the fires of Hell.

Ye drunkards, O! I pray you think,
If you draw one sober breath,
You stand upon the fearful brink
Of everlasting death.
The word of God excludes you from
The kingdom of his grace,
In Heaven you can never come,
Nor see His smiling face.

Kent county, June 5, 1852.

SELECT TALES.

Providence Prospers Honesty.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

BY MRS. ST SIMON

A poor boy, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of he rich merchant, Samue Richter, in Dantzic, and asked the book keeper for alms. "You will get nothing here,' grumbled the man without raising his head from his book; "be off."

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, at the moment Herr Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning to the book keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the mean ime Herr Richter glanced towards the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground "Ha! my little lad, what is that is that you picked up?" he cried. The weeping boy turned, and showed him a needle

"And what do you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer. "I will sew up the big ones"

Herr Richter was pleased with this reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face. "But are you not ashamed," he said, in a kind, though serious tone, "you, so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah my dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how, and I am too little yet to thresh, or fell wood My father died three weeks ago, and my mother and my little brothers have been nothing these two days Then I ran out in anguish, and begged for alms. But alas! a single peasant only gave me a piece of bread; since then I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this and his hardens many a heart against those of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a piece of money, and said:

"There is half a dollar; go to the baker's and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother, and your brothers, but bring back the other half to me."

The boy took the money, and ran joyfully away

"Well" said the surly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again"

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter. And as he spoke he beheld the boy returning, running with a large loaf of black bread in one hand, and some money in the other."

"There good sir!" he cried, almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then, being very hungry he begged a knife, to cut off a piece of the bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence a pocket knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste and was about to bite upon it. But suddenly he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and folding his hands rehearsed a silent prayer Then he fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narative that his father had lived in a village, about four miles distant from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had been burned to the ground, and much sickness in the family had compelled him to sell his farm He had then hired himself out to rich neighbor but before three weeks were at an end, he died broken down by grief and excessive toil. And now his mother, whom sorrow had strown upon a bed of sickness, was with her four children, suffering the bitterest poverty He—the eldest—had resolved to seek for assistance, and had gone at first from village to village, then had struck into the high road, and, at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched—He had but one child and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as test of his gratitude. "Listen my son!" he began, "have you then really a wish to learn?"

"Oh, yes: I have indeed!" exclaimed the boy, "I have read the catechism already, and, I should know a good deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for mother was sick in bed."

Herr Richter suddenly formed his resolution.

"Well then," he said, "if you are good and honest, and industrious, I will take care of you. You shall learn, have meat and drink and clothing, and in time earn something besides Then you can support your mother and brothers also."

The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said sadly, "My mother all this while has nothing to eat."

At this instant as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Richter's house.—This man confirmed the lads story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottleib, and food, and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time Herr Richter directed his book-keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care with an additional sum enclosed for the poor family, and promising further assistance.

As soon as this was done, Herr Richter at once furnished he boy with decent clothes, at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottleib's story and the plans which he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the latter, and she faithfully kept her word

During the next four years Gottleib attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster father took him into his counting room, in order to educate him for business. Here as well there at the writing desk, as on the school bench, the opening youth distinguished himself by the faithful industry with which he exercised both. With all this, his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother until she died, and after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth, it is true, but by the aid of the noble Richter and her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottleib in the world, except his benefactor.—Out of love for him, he became an active zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills—When by care and prudence, he had gained over a hundred dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax, which was very good and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster father to advance him to hundred dollars which the latter did with great readiness And the business prospered so well that in the third year of his clerkship, Gottleib had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars, without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined, made him in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer.

This happened during the customary five years clerkship At the end of this period, Gottleib continued to serve his benefactor five years more with industry, skill and fidelity; then he took the place of the book-keeper, who died about this time, and three years afterwards he was taken by Herr Richter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest Gottleib now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the 65th year of his life, Herr Richter closed his life in death.

Before decease, he placed the hand of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two and twenty years in that of his beloved foster son. He had long looked upon them as his children They understood him; they loved each other, and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly they solemnized their betrothal at the bedside of their dying father

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death the house of Gottleib Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships, employed in navigating the Baltic and North Seas, and the care of Providence seemed especially to watch over the interests of their worthy owner; for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining years with the tenderest affection, until, in her two and seventieth year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers into his house, and destined them to be his heirs. And in order to conform them in their humility, he often showed the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, of fortune and of honest industry, passed in peace from this world.

Psalms xxxvii. v. 37: Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.

(From the Spirit of the Times.)

THE MAN THAT GOT HUMBUGGED.

The stage in which I was a passenger had stopped to change horses, and 'feed' the passengers, at a small town in Vermont, and dinner over, we were awaiting the arrival of a stage upon an intersecting route, to proceed upon our journey. Cigars had been lighted, and, by way of passing our time, we had critical examination of the mammoth pictorial posters of Barnum's Menagerie, which covered the walls of the spacious barroom. Barnum's name opened a fruitful topic of conversation; every one seemed stored with anecdotes of the "Napoleon of Showmen," and the Woolly horse, the Feejee Mermaid, and Joice Heth were not forgotten in the discussion which followed.

Suddenly a long slab sided individual, with an owl-like expression of wisdom and dignity, who had been listening to our remarks with an evident desire to take a hand, broke out—

"I s'pose you think that's an all fired big concern! Any body would who hadn't seen it."

"Then I suppose you have seen it?" replied my legal friend

"Yees, I seen it at Springfield," was the reply; it's a *darned humbug*"

"Is it possible?" said the Major, seeing a prospect of fun. Couldn't you oblige us with a description of the institution?"

"Certainly," answered Jonathan; "here is the stage, and as soon as we get started, I'll give you all the items. They can't humbug me often, and when they do, I cal'late to advertise for 'em till I get square."

In a few minutes we were under head way, and our verdant friend commenced unbosoming himself.

Yer see, Barnum was a going to show his caravan down to Springfield Fourth of July, and I thought there'd be a good chance to see the elephant and celebrate the day both at once'. What I wanted to see more than all the rest was the Car of Jugglenot, drawn by a string of elephants"

"Did it meet your expectations?"

"I never seen one side of it. Before I got in to town, they had gone through paradin', and the elephants were unharnessed, and the Car of Jugglenot was into a wood-shed. I made up my mind right off then, that the hull consarn was a humbug"

"Was Barnum aware," I asked, "that you were to be in town?"

"Not as I know," was the answer.

"If he had known it," added the Major, "he would doubtless have waited.—But you visited the exhibition, suppose?"

Of course; I was bound to do that, if it bust me. That was a bigger humbug than all the rest."

"How so?"

"Why in the first place, I expected to see Jenny Lind."

"Was she announced in the bills?"

I don't know; I didn't read 'em, but I axed the man that stuck up the pictures if she'd be here, and he said yes, and that she would sing the bird song standin' on a top of a cage of coccatoots and parrots. She wan't there, and I never seen one side of her—and then I knowed the whole consarn was a darned humbug.

"Well, then, I went around and took a look at the elephants—had hard work to get around to; there was mor'n a hundred thousand people to the tent.—Finally I got ware they was, and the folks was all feedin' 'em with apples and cakes and things. I had some doughnuts in my hat, so I held it out to one of the darned things, to see if he'd take one."

"Did he take one?"

"He took 'em all, *and the hat to*, and stuck 'em in his nasty, peaked mouth, and begun eatin'. I hollered to the keeper, and told him it was a bran new hat. He said never mind, he'd get it again."

"Did he get it?"

"Yes, he got, but a hat aint of much account after an elephant's chawed it.—*Then*, I'd a sworn the hull consarn was a darned humbug. Well, I took a look at Tom Thumb, and the Ceylong Chief, and the man that fiddled with his toes, and the feller that went in with the lions. The wild animals was all well enough, but I didn't see as they looked any different from anybody else's. I *expected* Barnum's lions would be twice as big as any other There was one thing that was fast rate, though; that was the wax statuary—especially the 'intemperance family.' I told the man that tuk care of it I wished everybody that ever drinked a drop of sperrits had to stand and look at that abou a week—they'd never want to drink again. He said he wished so to.

"Take it all in all though, I was mad; I didn't see what I expected, and I didn't like the idea of being humbugged, so I enquired of one of the men that was stirrin' up the monkies where Barnum was, and he pointed him out to me, selling of lemonade out of a wagon I went up to him, and, thinks I, 'I'll give him a piece of my mind." Sez I—

"Mr Barnum——"

"Sixpence a glass," sez he.

"I looked at his lemonade; there was just one lone, solitary, second-handed slice of lemon in a whole wash-tub full of it, and he pedling it out at sixpence a glass. That made me madder than all the rest, so says I, loud and audiably—

'Mr. Barnum, I think your show's a darned humgug.'

"Young man," sez he, "I s'pose you paid you paid to come in?"

"Supposin' I did?" sez I.

"Well," sez, he. supposin' you have; you have paid your quarter, and you've a perfect right to think just what you please."

"Why," said the Major, after the sensation caused by the recital had somewhat subsided, "why didn't you demand your money back? You certainly could have compelled them to refund your quarter"

"You see the truth is," said Jonathan, scratching his head, "I didn't pay no quarter—*I crawled in under the canvass.*"

A DOCTOR AS IS A DOCTOR.—A self-sufficient humbug who took up the business of physician, and pretended to a deep knowledge of the healing art, was once called upon to visit a young man afflicted with apoplexy. Bolus gazed long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sublime opinion.

"I think he's a gone fellow."

"No, no!" exclaimed the sorrowful wife, 'do not say that.'

"Yes" returned Bolus, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time, "yes, I do say so: there arn't any hope, not the leastest mite—he's got an attack of nihil fit in his feet tronlis—"

"Where?" cried the wife.

"In his jost from is, and he can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of pains. You see his whole planetery system is deranged; fustly, his vox populy is pressin' on his advalorum; secondly, his entacarpial cutaneous has swelled considerably, if not more, thirdly and lastly, his solar ribs are in a concussed state and he ain't got any money, consequently he's bound to die."

PRETTY COOL.—A gentleman from the country now stopping at one of our hotels, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the fun, &c. After a few minutes conversation, the boarder drew his cigar case and asked the countryman:

"Will you take a cigar, sir?"

"W-all, I don't mind if I do," was the reply.

The cigar was passed to him, and also one which the boarder was smoking, for the purpose of 'giving him a light.' He carefully placed the cigar first handed to him in his pocket, then took his knife and cut off that end off the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his generous friend, and commenced smoking the remainder, remarking:

"It ain't often that a man from the country runs afoul of so clever a feller, in the city, as you are.—[Boston Bee.

MEAD.—Mix four pounds of pure honey in one gallon of spring water Boil in a copper kettle one hour, and remove the scum as fast as it rises. The liquor should be bottled, and kept closely corked until old enough to use. Aromatic herbs can be mixed, if liked.—The purer the water and honey are the better will be the quality of the mead. It will keep for years if placed in a place uniformly cool.