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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, DECEMBER 18, 1852. NO. 34.

Eastern Shore Steam boats!

The Boats of the *Eastern Shore Steam Boat Company* will run as follows:

The Steamer **Hugh Jenkins,** *Capt. James Tilghman*, will leave Light street wharf every *MONDAY MORNING* at 7 o'clock, direct for *CAMBRIDE and OXFORD*, returning same day via *ANNAPOLIS.*

The JENKINS will leaves as above every *TUESDAY MORNING*, at 7 o'clock, for ANNAPOLIS, SOUTH RIVER, COMBRIDGE, OXFORD and EASTON, and return on WEDNESDAY by the same route, leaving Easton at 7 o'block, A. M.

The JENKINS will leave every THURSDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, for St. Michaels and Miles' River Ferry, and return same day by Annapolis.

The Jenkins will leave every Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, West River, Cambridge, Oxford and Easton, and return on Saturday by the same route, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock A. M.

Passage to Annapolis 75 cents, West and South Rivers, $1; St. Mickael's $1; Cambridge and Easton $1 50.

The Steamer **OSIRIS**, *Captain Kirwan*, will leave Light street wharf for *KENT ISLAND, CORSICA, CHESTERTOWN, CRUMPTON*, and intermediate Landings, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY MORNINGS, at 9½ o'clock.

Returning the OSIRIS will leave Crumpton at 7 o'clock on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNINGS, touching at all the Landings on her trips to Baltimore. Passage $1.

Mr. For (opposite the wharf) will receive and receipt for FREIGHTS for both boats.

WILLIAM CALLOW, Agent,
Office Light street wharf.
April, 17, 1852.

THE STEAMBOAT

LADY WILMER,

CAPT. JOSHUA PENNINGTON,

WILL, for the balance of the season run as follows:

Leaving Fredericktown on Mondays, at 9 o'clock, for Port Deposit.

Leaving Port Deposit on Mondays, at 3 o'clock, for Philadelphia.

Leaving Philadelphia on Wednesdays at 12 o'clock for Port Deposit.

Leaving Port Deposit on Thursdays, at 9 o'clock for Fredericktown.

Leaving Fredericktown on Thursdays at 3 o'clock, for Philadelphia.

Leaving Philadelphia on Saturdays, at 9 o'clock for Fredericktown.

The LADY WILMER has been handsomely fitted up for the accommodation of passengers, and has capacity for a large amount of Freight. Farmers, Merchants and others having produce or merchandise to ship, will find it to their interest to patronize this line.

Passage to er from Philadelphia, $1.

WILMER & DAVIS,
Port Deposit
GILPIN & STEPHENS,
No. 47 North Wharves, Philadelphia,
AGENTS.
Sept. 25, 1852.

The Steamer

CECIL

Will leave her wharf, Light Street, near Camden, every SATURDAY MORNING, at 10 o'clock, for SASSAFRAS RIVER, stopping at KENNARD'S LANDING, TURNER'S CREEK, FREDERICKTOWN, and GEORGETOWN, returning by the same route on MONDAY, leaving Georgetown at 9 o'clock, A. M.; every TUESDAY MORNING, at 8 o'clock, for all the above places, returning the same day.

For Taylor's Island and Church Creek

The steamer CECIL will leave her wharf, Light street, near Camden, every *Wednesday morning* at 7 o'clock, for the above places, and land and take off passengers also on the river, returning next day, leaving Church Creek at 7 o'clock.

☞On TUESDAY, Excursion Passengers will be taken the round trip for one dollar.

E. G. STURGEON,
Captain.
June 5, 1852.

J. LEEDS BARROLL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Tenders his professional services to the public Office on High street.
C. Town, April 24, 1852.

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

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

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

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

Le FEVRE, BLACK & Co,
GRAIN & PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No 71 SOUTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.

We possess every facility to transact the grain business to advantage, and long experience has given us a thorough knowledge of the trade.

By devoting close personal attention to the interest of those who consign to us, we are able to procure the best prices and give good satisfaction.

G. H. LE FEVRE.
JAS. J. BLACK,
GEO. W. MEARS.

REFERENCES:
Daniel Jones, Esq., Kent county, Md.
Dr. T. C. Kennard, " " "
G B Westcott, Esq., " " "
Myers Claghorn & Co., Philadelphia

***Liberal cash advances made upon consignments when stored.
June 26 1852.—1y.

WOLF & SLAGLE,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
No. 110 Pratt Street, between South St. and Cheapside, Baltimore,

HAVE on hand a large and well selected stock of

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS,

which we offer to our friends and customers upon the most reasonable terms—we are receiving daily additional supplies to our regular stock, which enables to furnish our customers with fresh and and good goods, at the lowest cash prices.

EDMUND WOLF,
CHAS. W. SLAGLE.
Oct. 2, 1852.

The Latest News.

HAVING just returned from Philadelphia we shall open on Monday, the 27th inst., th largest assortment of

GOODS

ever offered to the citizens of the Lower District—consisting of

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
Drugs,

Medicines,
PAINTS, OILS,
DYE STUFFS, &C., &C.

BOOTS & SHOES!

The largest, cheapest, and best assortment ever before offered—among them are 10 cases of those city made boots such as we sold the past season, and which we warrant to give satisfaction—having had them made to order for my own sales.

HATS, Caps,&c.:

A great variety of styles and fashions.

READY MADE CLOTHING:

A splendid assortment. Call and see them. WE PROMISE TO SELL THEM AS LOW AS THEY CAN BE PURCHASED IN BALTIMORE AND A BETTER ARTICLE.

ABEL J. REES.
Rees' Corner, Sept. 25, 1852.

ALWAYS on hand all kinds of Plough castings such as is used by our farmers WM. P. FRANCIS.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS for sale by
WM. P. FRANCIS.

JUST received and for sale, a very choice lot of Segars.
WM. P. FRANCIS.

Notice.

THE accounts due Wroth & Wickes have been placed in the hands of William H. Hamilton for collection.

The necessity of having this business finally arranged must be apparent to all who are indebted to us; and unless satisfactory arrangements are made by the 11th of December next, we shall be constrained to resort to legal means.

P. WROTH,
J. A. WICKES.
Nov. 20, 1852.—3w

SELLING OFF.

THE undersigned intending to leave Chester Town, offers his present stock of

Jewelry, Watches, &c., &c.,

below cost. Persons desirous of purchasing any thing in his line, will find it greatly to their advantage to give him a call, as he is determined to sell out at all hazards.

LOUIS DUCOMMON.
Chester Town, Oct. 23, 1852.

Boots & Shoes!

100 Pair of Long Boots made expressly for my sales, suitable for negroes. (no Yankee about them) which we will sell at 10 per cent less than the same article can be bought in Baltimore—also, a good assortment of mens fine sewed boots, and a good article of pegged work—prices from $2,50 to 4,50—a general assortment of boys' and youths' long boots, with a general assortment of Lace Boots, Shoes, &c. A few pair left of those heavy lace boots for negroes wear, homemade—price $150. Call and see them.

ABEL J. REES.
Rees' Corner, Oct. 9, 1852.

Guano! Guano!! Guano!!!

J J. & F. TURNER,

NO. 36 PRATT ST., BALTIMORE,
DEALERS IN GUANO, BONE DUST,
GRAIN, FLOUR, MILL FEED AND SEEDS,

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

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

July 21, 1852.—1y.

WANTED.

1000 dozen Eggs;	500 lbs Tallow;
2000 lbs Rags;	100 lbs Butter;
500 lbs Feathers;	100 bsh Potatoes;
10000 lbs Pork;	100 bsh dried Apples;
1000 lbs old Bacon	50 bushels dried Peaches.
500 lbs Lard;	
500 bush Oats,	

For which the highest market price will be paid in *Cash*, or in in exchange for goods at low prices. A. J. REES.
Rees' Corner, Oct. 23 1852.

Miss Earle.

Has just received a stock of fancy

Goods

to which she invites the attention of the Ladies. Oct. 16, 1852.

NEW FALL MILLINERY.

MRS MARY PERKINS has just returned from the city with a beautiful assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS, to which she invites toe attention of the ladies.

Chestertown, Oct, 9, 1852.

P. S.—She has on hand a large assertment of dress trimmings.

Shingles!!

A VERY LARGE LOT and complete assortment of SHINGLES now unloading and for sale by

CHAS. H WICKES.

Quick sales being desirable *early customers* will be supplied on *very LOW TERMS*
July 10, 1852

EDWARD B. HARRIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 4 Bowley's Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
July 3, 1852.—tf.

Situation Wanted.

A YOUNG MAN, with a small family desirous of a situation as overseer. He can bring the best of reference.

Nov. 13, 1852.

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.

ALONE.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead.
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head.
Her orphaned children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan;
Then felt the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
But, ah! no more for him!
His little world, once warm and bright,
It now was cold and dim.
Where was her sweet and kindly face?
Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling-place,
And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
The self-denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased despair;
And promised future weal;
The clean bright hearth—nice table spread;
The charm o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whatever she said—
All gone—he was alone!

He looked into his cold, wild heart,
All sad and unresigned;
He asked how he had done *his* part
To one so true, so kind?
Each error past he tried to track—
In torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring hers back—
In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last; but when he dreamed
(Perchance her spirit woke,)
A soft light o'er her pillow gleamed,
A voice in music spoke—
"Forgot—forgiven all neglect—
Thy love recalled alone;
The babes I leave; oh! love, protect!
I still am all thy own."

[From the Albany Journal.]

To "Normond."

The dear old past twines round my heart
Like a dead vine round a tree;
I dream of the ones of other days,
And my thoughts steal back to thee.

They steal back to THAT Sabbath eve,
THAT twilight by the sea,
When I turned away from all the world,
To find a world in thee.

Thou art not absent in thy grave,
Nor absent o'er the sea,
But thou art absent in thy love,
And my world is lost to me.

The rain is falling from the clouds,
The sear leaves from the tree,
And the tears are falling from my eyes,
To the memory of thee.

Oh, once thy smiles were warm and sweet,
As a sunshiny flower tree;
But now they are cold! ah, very cold!
And fall like frost on me.

There is a rainbow in my soul
Which in my dreams I see.
'Tis formed of the last rays of thy love
And the tears of my memory.

Then never, never call me false—
False I can never be;
My love's a river strong and deep,
Flowing down to eternity.

JULIA, of MOBILE,

MISCELLANY.

A Hero for the Occasion:

An Amusing Story.

Many of our readers no doubt recollect the facetious comedian, Jim Willis, who played in St. Louis some years ago. He was a pure compound of human nature, a man who could with ease make others laugh, but seldom laughed himself, A melanchally mania through life, caused him to 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' are half his race was run.

About the time the Texas excitement ran so high in the United States, Jim Willis was in Pittsburg in that situation so common to play actors, 'flat broke,' standing on the wharf, with his solemn visage expanded, planning how he could get down the river without money, when he heard a drum and fife. He saw a half uniform soldier about embarking for New Orleans, bearing a Texas banner. A thought struck him Next day he sent his trunk on board the first boat to start, and just as the captain tapped the bell the last time, Willis stepped on board, dragging his trunk into an unoccupied state room and took from his theatrical wardrobe a soldier's coat, with a buff breast and three rows of buttons, a chappeau with an immense plume, a red sash, and a pair of false whiskers—By the time the boat got, fairly under way, Jim was fully equipped, with his stage sword hanging gracefully by his side. Drawing on his white gloves, he hesitated a moment, but relying on his peculiar powers he opened the door into the cabin which was filled with passengers. In a moment all eyes were turned towards him, but he walked up to the bar and drank a glass of brandy and water.

In the meantime all was bustle and confusion to find out who the officer was. A general rush was made for the register, but he had not yet put down his name—the captain was consulted, but he knew nothing. At length, however, felling a little curiosity himself, he walked up to Jim, bowed very politely, and said;

'Sir.'

'Sir to you,' said Jim, touching his chappeau, in a military fashion.

'Will you do me the favor to register your name, so that I can provide a state room for you.'

'Oh, with pleasure,' said Jim and walking up to the register, he flourished in round text, 'C. P. Edwards, Major Texas army.'

The crowd passed around the table—they read the name—universal enthusiasm prevailed, and three tremendous cheers for Texas and liberty!

Jim took off his chappeau, acknowledged the compliment with a graceful bow and a few very patriotic remarks.

It is almost needless to add that from that moment the major was a lion.

Every one sought his acquaintance; the ladies opened the cabin to get a peep at him; he was placed at the head of the table, and at night was made as drunk as Bacchus on champaign.

Next day he was promenading the hurricane deck, linked arm in arm with the captain and a warm hearted Southerner, who resided in Vicksburg.

'Major,' said the Sotuherner, 'I know you have been on a mission to collect arms, amunition, and recruits; but on this subject you must of course be mum, in consequence of the treaty between Mexico and the United States. For my part, I could see every d—d copper colored rascal hung like dogs on the tree.'

'Whatever my business may have been, I find I have exhausted my means in the cause; in fact, I fear I shall not be able to pay my passage until I get to New Orleans.'

'Don't mention it,' said the captain 'I could not think for a moment of taking anything from you.'

'I have it,' exclaimed the Southerner, 'come along with me.'

The trio adjourned to the clerk's office, where a stiring appeal for aid to Texas was written. The Southern gentlemen carried it among the passengers, and collected $150, which was handed over to Willis. At night a grand supper was given, at which speeches were made and 'toasts' were drank. The cabin was decorated with the star spangled banner, entwined with the flag of the lone star, manufactured by the ladies out of some of their red and white 'oh-no-we-never-mentions,' for the occasion.

At 12 o'clock the company commenced singing songs, and at lenght the major was called upon to favor the company with one. He complied by singing his favorite song of Billy Barlow.

'Bravo!' said one
'Excellent!' said another.
'Capital!' said a third.

'I could do it a d——d sight better,' said Jim, who was fast verging into the fourth stage of intoxication, 'if I had the proper togs on.'

After giving three faint huzzas for Texas, the party broke up.

Next morning the clerk went into Willis' state room to call him to breakfast. Imagine his supprise when he discovered that the major had turned in all standing with boots, chappeau and sword on, his feet snugly laid on the pillow. He was a Texas major, and of course no fault was found.

Thus things ran on, and Willis reached New Orleans in triumph. There he doffed his uniform and returned to Vicksburg where he got an engagement in the theatre. He became a great favorite; and when he was at the zenith of his glory, the old gentleman that he met on the boat went to the theatre.—Between the pieces Willis sung 'Billy Barlow'—the old fellow was bewildered. The afterpiece came on, and Willis appeard in the identical suit in which he had enacted the Texas major.

'You d——d rascal, I ought to shoot you, but the trick was so clever I forgive you, so let's say no more about it.'

Jim looked at him a moment with a serious expression, and then replied, 'Man in his time plays many parts.'

Girls and Fleas

OR HOW A MAN LOST A WIFE.

'Many years ago—oh, very many years ago, I enjoyed a full week of North Carolina hospitality which was then, as now, cordial, generous, and better than all, altogether sincere. The American people are every where hospitable, and it being so they are rather obedient to an every-day feeling than to an impulse; a feeling, too, which has nothing to do with northern or southern latitudes.'

'Uncle, tell me your story—'

'Well, I fell in love, as we used to say, with a pretty girl; she was only seventeen, and the sweetest, loveliest—

'Yes, I know,' said I, 'I have seen such kinds'

'But Ellen, I tell you, was a Nonparell—modest, retiring—don't interrupt me—and she loved me, and I loved her with a love so pure that it's no wonder the course didn't run smooth. Soon after our engagement, it was early August, and I went to visit Col. L., a friend of her father in the country. We found there a half dozen—yes more—young ladies—and real devils they, were, so different from my Ellen. The old Col. was delighted with the noise we made, the gaiety and fun; he was fond of fun and was as gay as any of us. We had a glorious dance.'

Here my uncle stopped. He was busy with memories too sacred to be scattered by any thoughtless speech of mine. An old man's recollections; but he resumed.

'Arthur, I hate fleas. * * My host showed me my room. I was fatigued with riding and dancing and playing, and I was soon asleep and dreaming.—The ladies had left the room before I did; a half dozen huddled together in one large chamber, as I discovered afterwards. I suppose there were plenty of beds in it, but as for them I neither knew nor care. Col. L came to my room and awoke me—no one's here. I had neither pantaloons nor slippers, but it was a warm night, and the floor smooth and cool.

'Now look, said he, as he placed my eye to the key hole

'I noticed that the door was ajar, but I peeped. By thunder the girls were searching for fleas in their sacred linen, and Ellen was among them—six of them by crackee!

'I had no sooner seen this, and degested a thought that Elen might have been in better business, than that same Col'nl gave me a push with both his hands, and in a twinkling I was in the room on my hands and knees to all the girls!

'I think I went and dressed myself. Col. L. did not sleep in his own house that night. I had letters which required me to leave very early—before breakfast. I received a letter from Ellen two days afterwards, and I have not seen her since.'

MATERIAL FOR BUILDING HOUSES.—The Scientific American, in an article on the cost of materials for building houses, says that a house near Fishkill has been constructed, the walls of which are prepared gravel. Walls two hundred and fifty six feet in circumference, and eleven feet four inches high, cost $79 to put up, and this amounts to as many feet as are embraced in a house 45 feet long 25 feet wide and 21 feet high—2 stories and a half. The materials of which the walls are made, are compounded of eight bushels of slacked lime, 16 bushels of sand, and about sixty bushels of fine and coarse gravel. This wall has stood summer heats and winter frosts, and getting harder and better every day. When stone, wood and brick are high, this is considered a very economical material, especially for the construction of cottages around the neighborhood of a large city.

"Papa, what does the Editor lick the Prices Current with?"

"Whip it? He don't whip it; boy."

"Then he lies, Pa."

'Hush! Tom, that is a very naughty word."

"Well, by Golly, this ere paper says; 'Prices Current carefully carrected'—and I guess when I gets corrected I gets licked—hey—don't I?"

"Nuf ced, my son."

"We ought to love our father and mother best; hadn't we, Jane?"

Jane—"Yes, George."

George—"Yes, that's right; 'cause if we don't we shall be sure to get a whipping."

"Please, Mr. Smith, pappy wants to know if you won't lend him the model of your hat?"

"Certainly, my son; what for?"

"He wants to make a scare-crow, to keep the corn out of the turkey-buzzards"

Exit, youth, followed by Smith and a new cow-hide'