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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. 14. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1853. NO. 7.

Coach Trimming,

HARNESS MAKING &c.

THE Subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of *Coach Trimming* and *Harness Making;* also *Painting Varnishing, Cleaning, &c. Bridles, Halters, Girths &c.*, made and repaired. He may be found on Maine street, opposite the residence of Hon. J. B. Eccleston, where he will be pleased to see all persons wanting any thing done in his line, which will be done cheap, and at the shortest notice.

JOHN E. LAWRENCE.

Chester Town, April 2, 1853.

FOR PORT DEPOSIT, FREDERICKTOWN, GEORGETOWN, MARYLAND, & PHILADELPHIA.

THE STEAMER

LADY WILMER

Captain William Wilson,

WILL commence her regular trips between the above places, on Monday the 7th of March, touching at *Craig's Wharf, Port Hermann, Ford's Landing, Turner's Creek, Havre de Grace, Perryville,* and other intermediate points, and run as follows:

Leave Port Deposit on Mondays, at 6 o'clock, A. M., for Fredericktown and Georgetown; leave Fredericktown on Mondays, at 4 P. M., for Philadelphia; leave Philadelphia on Wednesdays, at 4 P. M., for Fredericktown and Georgetown; leave Fredericktown on Thursdays, at 9 A. M., for Port Deposit; leave Port Deposit on Thursdays, at 4 P. M. for Philadelphia; leave Philadelphia on Saturdays, at 9 A. M., for Port Deposit.

☞ PASSAGE ONE DOLLAR.☜

The Steamer LADY WILMER has been handsomely fitted up for the accommodation of passengers, and is calculated to carry a large amount of freight. All way freights down to be paid by the shipper. All down freights must be delivered on her wharf, (first below Race street) one hour previous to the time of starting.

WM. H GILPIN, Philadelphia, WILMER & DAVIS, Port Deposit. } Agents

Mar. 19, 1853.—3w.

WATCHES

GOLD & SILVER WARE.

L. H. MILLER & CO.,

Wholesale Watch & Jewelry House

No 227 Balt., st. S. E. cor. Charles st.,

IMPORTERS of English and Swiss watches and Tools of every description, Watch case Makers and Manufacturers of Fine Gold Jewelry.—We call the attention of Southern and Western dealers in Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, to our very extensive stock, assuring them that in no article in our line shall we allow any establishment to surpass us, either in quantity, or quality or low prices. We are the only Wholesale House in this branch of trade in Baltimore, and shall use every fair means to induce Southern and Western merchants to open accounts with us. Our terms shall be as liberal and accommodating as can possibly be found in the United States.

We will take great pleasure in showing our goods to Southern and Western merchants, whether they open accounts with us or not.

L. H. MILLER & CO.

Importers of Watches, Baltimore.

Feb. 5, 1853—3w

WM. THOMSON. N. W. NOLAND. J. E. REYNOLDS.

Port Deposit Steam Frame, Sash, Door and Shutter FACTORY.

WE, the undersigned, having just fitted up our new Sash Factory, are prepared to furnish all kinds of

FRAMES, SASH, DOORS AND SHUTTERS,

of the best material and workmanship. Being ourselves practical mechanics, we feel confident in saying that we can supply, as well as please all.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS are earnestly requested to give us a call. As we are situated at the great Lumber Mart, we can afford to manufacture work in a cheaper and better style than elsewhere. We therefore solicit your patronage, hoping that you will not forget us, as our work needs only to be seen to be recommended. We are also prepared to work all kinds of mouldings suitable for moulding doors, washboards, &c. We shall use the best material for every thing, and pledge that our work shall be unrivalled.

WM. THOMPSON & CO.

Port Deposit, Md., March 26,53—6m

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.

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH CANADIAN TROTTING STALLION

Young Moscow,

Will stand this season at the following places in Q. Ann's and Kent counties: Commencing at Centreville Monday March 21st, will remain there till noon Wednesday, when he will leave for Chestertown—remain there till Saturday morning, when he will leave for George Town X Roads—remain there till mid-day Tuesday the 29th March, when he will leave for Millington—remain there till Thursday afternoon 3 o'clock, when he will leave for Sudlersville—remain there until Saturday morning, when he will leave for Church Hill, where he will stop till late in the afternoon on his way to Centreville—and so at each of the aforesaid places on the days above specified in every other week till the 30th of June, when the season closes. TERMS—six, ten and fifteen dollars. For particulars see hand bill.

JAMES T. EARLE,

CHARLES H. TILGHMAN.

March 26, 1853.—tf.

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 27, 1852.—1y.

Attention,

I HAVE the honor of announcing that I rented the room in Princess street, formerly occupied by the portrait painter, Mr. Unger, where I shall teach the science of FENCING, and the French, German and Italian LANGUAGES, and where I can be found Mondays', Wednesdays' and Friday's, from 9 o'clock in the morning, until 6 o'clock in the evening. The public are invited to visit.

JOSEPH VANDOR.

April 16, '52—tf

$250 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber, on the 24th of October 1850, a negro man named JOE WRIGHT. Said negro is about 23 or 24 years of age, dark skin, about 5 feet 5 or 6 inches high, made and regularly features. He took with him a fine dress black coat and pantaloons, a drab great coat, a new pair of grey kersey pantaloons, a casinet roundabout, well worn and a fur hat and cap.

I will give the above reward for the apprehension of said negro, if taken out of the State of Maryland; $200 if taken out of the county, and $50 if taken in the county—in any case to be lodged in the jail at CHESTER TOWN.

JAS. H. GALE Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

A FULL ASSORTMENT Hosiry Gloves Canton Matting, Cloth & Linen Table covers, Linen and Cotton Table Diaper, Towelling, &c., for sale by W. N. E. WICKES.

May 7, 1853.

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 according ly.

All communications must be post-paid.

POETRY.

The Maniac.

They say I'm mad because I try
With shouts to calm my brain:
And when I dance I know not why
They bind me with a chain;
Avaunt! hollos! I will be gay,
Grief counts but little worth—
Since I have wept my tears away
What is there left but mirth?

Bring me companions! Am I mad?
No wonder I should rave;
They took the only one I had
And hid her in a grave,
And I am kept here—a merry thing—
Wherefore full well I know
Ha! ha! because I laugh and sing
They will not let me go.

I saw the moon come down last night
And dance upon the sea.
Go catch her ere she takes her flight,
And bar her up with me.
The sun, they say, at rise of day,
Did what he should not do;
He smiled and made the hills look gay,
Let him be prisoned too.

And yonder star is quite as bad—
Run seize it ere it fly;
We'll dance together—all are mad—
Sun, moon and star—and I—
Look! ho! aside my fetters cast!
That image—loose my chain—
'Tis she! she's there—help, hold her fast!
Ha! ha! she mine again!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Murderer's Creek.

A TRADITIONAL STORY.

Little more than a century ago, the beautiful region watered by this stream was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct or has become incorporated with some other savage nation of the west.—Three or four hundred yards from where the stream discharges into the Hudson, a white family by the name of Stacy had established itself, in a log hut, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacy had made himself by his skill in a variety of little arts highly animated by the savages. In particular a friendship subsisted between him and an old Indian called Naoman, who often came to his house and partook of his hospitality. The Indians never forget injuries nor benefits. The family consisted of Stacy, his wife, and two children—a boy and a girl—the former five and the latter three years old.

One day Naoman came to Stacy's log hut, in his absence, lighted his pipe and sat down. He looked very serious, sometimes sighed deeply, he said not a word. Stacy's wife asked him what was the matter and if he was sick. He shook his head, sighed and said nothing, and soon went away. Next day he came again and behaved in the same manner. Stacy's wife began to think strange of this, and related it to her husband; who advised her to urge the old man to an explanation the next time he came. Accordingly when he repeated his visit the day after, he was more importuned than usual. At last the Indian said, "I am a red man, and the pale faces are our enemies—why should I speak?" "But my husband and I are your friends; you have eaten salt with us a thousand times, and my children have eat on your knees as often. If you have any thing on your mind tell it to me." "It will cost me my life if it is known, and the white-faced women are not good at keeping secrets," replied he. "Try me and see." "Will you swear by your Great Spirit, you will tell none but your husband?" "I have none else to tell." "But will you swear?" "I do swear by our Great Spirit I will tell none but my husband. Not if your tribe should kill me for not telling."

Naoman then proceeded to tell her, that, owing to some encroachment of the white people below the mountains, his tribe had become irritated, and were resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach. That she must send for her husband, inform him of their danger, and as secretly as possible take their canoe, and paddle with all haste over the river to Fishkill for safety. "Be quick and do nothing that may excite suspicion," said Naomah as he departed. The good wife sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing, told him the story, and as no time was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat, which was unluckily filled with water. It took some time to clear it out, and meanwhile Stacy recollected his gun, which had been left behind. He proceeded to the house and returned with it. All this took up considerable time, and precious time it proved to his poor family.

The daily visits of old Noaman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of the tribes who had accordingly paid particular attention to the movements of Stacy. One of the young Indians who had been kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take to their boat, ran to the Indian village about a mile off, and gave the alarm. Five Indians collected and ran down to the river sides where their canoes were moored, jumped in and paddled after Stacy, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained on him so fast, that twice he dropped his paddle and took up his gun. But his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him if he fired, and they were afterwards overtaken, they would meet no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly reframed, and plied his paddle, till the sweat rolled in big drops from his forehead. All would not do; they were overtoken within a hundred yards of the shore, and carried back with shouts of yelling triumph.

When they got ashore, the Indians set fire to Stacy's house; and dragged himself, his wife and children to the village. Here the principal old men, and Noaman among the rest, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief among them, stated that some of the tribe had undoubtedly been guilty of treason, in apprising Stacy, the white man, of the designs of the tribe, whereby they took the alarm and well nigh escaped. He proposed to examine the prisoners, as to who gave the information. The old men assented to this, and Noaman among the rest. Stacy was first interrogated by one of the old men, who spoke English, and interpreted to the others.—Stacy refused to betray his informant.—His wife was then questioned, while at the same moment two Indians stood threatening the two children with tomahawks in case she did not confess. She attempted to evade the truth, by declaring that she had a dream the night before which had alarmed her, and that she had persuaded her husband to fly.—"The Great Spirit never designs to talk in dreams to whites," said the old Indian; "Woman thou hast two faces and two tongues. Speak the truth or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them, ready to execute their bloody orders.

"Wilt thou name," said the old Indian "the red man who betrayed his tribe? I will ask thee three times. The mother answered not. "Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time." The poor mother looked at her husband, and then at Noaman who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor?" 'tis the third and last time. The agony of the poor mother waxed still more bitter; and again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless; a pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

"Stop," cried Nacman. All eyes were turned upon him. "Stop," repeated he in a tone of authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment—I am the traitor. I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire and shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I that told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will, I am ready." A yell of indignation sounded on all sides. Naoman decended from the little bank where he sat; shrouded his face with his mantle of skins and submitted to his fate.

He fell dead at the feet of the white woman by a blow from a tomahawk.

But the sacrifice of Naoman, and the firmness of the Christian white woman, did not suffice to save the lives of the other victims. They perished—how, it is needless to say; and the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the pleasant stream on whose banks they lived and died, which to this day is called Murderer's Creek.

Execution of Arthur Spring.

PHILALELPHIA, June 10, P. M.—Arthur Spring the murderer, was executed this morning at the jail yard, at a quarter past eight o'clock. He died apparently without a struggle.

A few minutes before the execution took place, the Rev. Dr. Street, who was in attendance, put the following question to the prisoner:—"Is young Arthur, your son, guilty of the murder of Mrs Shaw and Mrs. Lynch?" To this the culprit made the following answer: "He is no more guilty of their murder than I am." The last words of Spring were:—"I went to bed that night—I mean the night of the murder—at seven o'clock, and did not rise until breakfast time the next morning. I knew nothing of the murder till the officers arrested me."

Spring denied most positively and earnestly his having committed the murder for which he had been convicted.—He also protested his innocence of the murder of Rink, with which he had been charged. Of these he alleged, before passing from time into eternity, that he was entirely guiltless.

He passed the night with apparent composure, and this morning he ate a hearty breakfast, remarking, whilst eating, hat it was the last breakfast he would ever have. Whilst on the gallows he stood up firm—not the slightest tremor was visible. Quite a large number of persons witnessed the execution, which has caused a great sensation throughout the city.

Before ascending the scaffold, Spring asked for some liquor which the Sheriff refused to give him.

Thousands of persons witnessed the execution. An immense heterogeneous mob or concourse of persons, all sexes, colors and sizes, surrounded the prison.

The neck of the culprit was broken instantly upon the trap falling, which is the reason of his not struggling. He was allowed to hang 27 minutes. He was taken out down and the body taken by Drs Kirkbridge and McClintock, for an examination of the brain, after which it will be handed over to the Rev. John Street for burial. Everything went off orderly.

"Put that Impudent Rascal Out."

While the congregation was collecting on a certain occasion; an old, dark, hard-featured, skin and bone individual, was wending his way up the isle, and taking his seat near the pulpit. The officiating minister was one of that class who detests written sermons, and as for prayers, he thought they ought to be the natural outpourings of the heart. After the singing was concluded, the house as usual was called to prayer.—The genius we have introduced did not kneel, but leaned his head devotionally on the back of the pew. The minister began by saying:

"Father of all, in every age, by saint and by savage adored."—"*Pope,*" said a low but clear voice near the old hard features. The minister, after casting an indignant look in the direction of the voice, continued:—"whose throne sitteth upon the adamantine hills of Paradise"—"*Milton,*" again interrupted the voice. The ministers lips quivered for a moment, but recovering himself, began, "we thank Thee most gracious father, that we are permitted to assemble once more in Thy name, while others equally meritorous but less favored, have been carried beyond that bourne from whence no traveler returns."—"*Shakspeare,*" interrupted the voice: this was too much, "put that impudent rascal out," shouted the minister.—"*Original,*" ejaculated the voice, in the same calm and provoking manner.

The Printer

A Printer is the most curious being living. He may have a *bank* and *quoins* and not be worth a *penny*—have small caps, and have neither wife nor children. Others may run fast, but he gets along swiftest *setting* fast. He may be making *impressions* without eloquence; may use *lye* without offending, and be telling the truth, while others cannot stand when they sit, he can *set* standing, and even do both at the same time—use *furniture*, and yet have no dwelling—may make and put away *pi*, and never see a pie, much less eat it during his life—be a human being, and a *rat* at the same time, may *press* a great deal, and not ask a favor, may handle a *shooting iron*, and know nothing about a cannon, gun, or pistol; he may move the *lever* that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog with his nose under a mole hill—spread *sheets* without being a housewife; he may lay his *form* upon a *bed*, and yet be obliged to lay on the floor; he may use the *ball* without shedding blood, and from the earth he may handle the "*".

A lady who was not wholly indebted to nature for her blooming red cheeks, was seen passing up the street the other day, with a written label on her back—"Beware of paint!"

A MELANCHOLY SIGHT.—Dr. Reid, a traveller through the highlands of Peru, is said to have found lately in the desert of Alacame, the dried remains of an assemblage of beings, five or six hundred in number, men, women and children, seated in a semi-circle; as when alive, starting into the burning waste before them. They had not been buried; life had not departed before they thus sat around, but hope was gone, the Spanish invaders were at hand, and no escape being left, they had come hither to die. They still sat immovable in that dreary desert; dried like mummies by the effect of the hot air; they still kept their position, sitting up as a solemn council, while over that dread Areopagus silence brooks everlastingly.

ABOLITIONISM.—The N. Y. Mirror, in reply to a base attack from an abolition journal, says:—

"One H. C. Wright, in the christian city of Boston, a few days ago, after denouncing the Constitution and the Government of the United States, went to work at the Deity, and said—If God sanctions slavery, I will put my heel upon Him; I will refuse to obey Him, and put such a God upon the auction block and sell him like a beast. I will spend my money to overthrow such a God!"

RESPECTFUL.—A strictly othodox old gentleman in Massachussetts, returned home one Sunday from Church, and began to extol the merits of the sermon.

"I have heard, Frank," said he, "one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a christian society. It carried me to the Gates of Heaven."

"Well, I think," replied Frank, "you had better have dodged in, for you will never get another such a chance."

☞A Kentucky traveller, dining at a large hotel in Albany, was annoyed by the showing off of some of the members of Assembly, who kept calling each other from their respective counties, after this fashion—"I'll thank the gentleman from Oneida," &c. &c.,—whereupon the Kentuckian said to the huge darkey waiter, "I'll thank the gentleman from Africa for a slice of ham." This cooled off the fashion of addressing the gentleman from ——, ——, and so, and so.

☞Grace Greenwood, who is now in Italy, on asking a poor woman who had placed one candle at the image of a saint, and another at the image of the devil, why she placed one at each, was told by the poor devotee, that 'she knew not into whose hands she might fall, so she thought she had better be civil to both." What a politician in petticoats!

☞"You're from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy clerk in a book store to a homely dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble.

"Yes."

"Well here is an essay on the rearing of calves."

"That," said Aminidab, as he turned to leave, "thee had better present to thy mother."

☞"Seventy-five cents per gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, on looking over the prices current. 'Why bless me! my dear old man gave two dollars and a bushel of the very best potatoes for me. However, the *gals* of this day aint nigh so dear as I was then."

☞Mrs. Partington is said to have anxiously inquired if Uncle Tom is a better man than Enoch, of biblical memory. Her reason for making this inquiry is that she has heard that Uncle Tom has been translated 7 times while Enoch was tranglated but once.

☞'Sambo, was you ever drunk?'

'No, Josh, I was neber drunk, but I was intoxicated once on ardant spirits, and dat's enough for dis nigger. Golly, if my head didn't feel as if all the niggers in the world was splittin' wood on 'em.'

☞Fanny Fern delicately styles a certain complaint from which children suffer in cherry time, "*a pain under the apron.*"

☞One of our exchanges says: 'An old sheep gave birth yesterday to a lamb belonging to a widow lady in the village with six legs!"

☞Young ladies should never object to being kissed by printers, they should make every allowance for the *Freedom of the Press.*

☞Why will all the handsome ladies flock to the Crystal Palace?

Because they are fond of seeing themselves in the glass!