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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 advane

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THE KENT NEWS.
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EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY

Sabbath Evening at Home.

When Sabbath bells have ceased their sound
And the hours of day are passed,
And twilight draws its curtain round,
And shadows gather fast—
There is one spot, and one alone,
Round which our hearts most cling,
And fondest memories, one by one,
Their choicest treasures bring.

That spot is Home: its sacred walls
Admit no discord then;
Nor crowded marts, nor festive halls,
Nor gayest haunts of men,
Can know a joy so sweet and pure—
None such to them is given;
Might joy like these for aye endure,
This earth were quite a heaven.

I've wandered far 'meng other bowers
Than those my childhood knew,
With hope of gathering fairer flowers
Than in those gardens grew,
Yet in the cold world's carrest throngs—
'Mid its din and stormy strife,
Affection turns to scenes and songs
Of my young, joyous life.

Home's well loved group! It's Sabbath song:
Its tones I seem to hear;
Though borne through many a league along,
They come distinct and clear
O Sabbath night! O treasured home!
Fond pride of Memory's train—
Bright thoughts of thee, where'er I roam,
Shall bring my youth again.

NEW MUSIC.

SEARCHER OF HEARTS.

The new Hymn sung by Miss Catharine Hayes at her Concerts—Poetry by George P. Morris. Music by W. V. Wallace. Hall & Son, Broadway

I.

Searcher of Hearts!—from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to Thee.

II

Hearer of Prayer!—oh guide aright
Each word and deed of mine:
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory Thine.

III

Giver of All!—for every good
In the Redeemer came:—
For shelter, raiment and food,
I thank Thee in His name.

IV

Father and Son and Holy Ghost!
Thou Glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let Thy will be done.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE OF THE WEDDINGS.

A few days ago, there arrived in Boston a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined quietly in the bonds of matrimony. As soon as they were fairly domiciled, the would-be bridegroom—who was a rough but, apparently, honest specimen of the country Yankee—sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who quickly answered his summons.

"Say, lan'lord," interposed the stranger, pointing to his modest dulcinea in the corner of the parlor, "this is my young woman. Naow we've cum all the way from Rhode Island, and want to get spliced. Send for a minister, will yer—want it done up, right straight off."

The landlord smiled and went out, and half an hour afterward a licensed minister made his appearance, and the obliging host, with one of two waggish friends, were called in to witness the scene."

"Naow, Mr. Stiggins," said the Yankee, "deu it up brown, and yer money's redy," and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced by directing the parties to join hands. The Yankee stood up to his blushing lady love, like a sick kitten hugging a hot brick, seized her by the hand, and was as much pleased as a raccoon might be supposed to be with two tails.

"You promise, Mr.———," said the parson, 'to take this woman."

"Yaas," said the Yankee, at once.

"To be your lawful wedded wife."

"Yaas—yaas."

"That you will love and honor her in all things?"

Yaa—"

"That you will cling to her, and her only as long as you live."

"Yaas, indeed—nothin' else!" continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner, but here the reverend clergyman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and especially to the annoyance and discomfiture of the intended bridegroom.

"Yaas—yaas, I said," added the Yankee.

"One moment, my friend," responded the minister, slowly, for it occurred to him that the law of Massachusetts does not admit of this performance without the observance of publishment, etc., for a certain length of time."

"Wot'n thunder's the matter, mister. Don't stop—put'er thru. Nothin's split, eh? Ain't sick, mister, be yer?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have thought that you can't be married in Massachusetts—"

"Can't?—wot'n nature's the reason? I like *her*, she likes *me*—wot's t'hender?"

"You havn't been published, sir, I think."

"Hain't agoin' to be, nuther! at's wa we cum 'ere for, on the sly: go on old feller."

"I really sir," said the parson.

"Raill! wal, go ahead! Tain't fair, you see, 'taint, I swaow; you've married me, and ain't teched her. Go on—doan't stop here, 'at aint jest the thing, naow by grashus 'tain't!"

"I will consult—"

"No you won't—no you don't—nothin' ner nobody, till this ere business is concluded, noaw *mind*, I tell ye! said Johnathan resolutely, and in an instant he had turned the key in the lock amid the tittering of the witnesses, who were nearly choked with merriment.

"Naow, mister, as we ware'—continued the Yankee, seizing his trembling intended by the hand again—"go on, right straight from were you left off; you can't cum none o' this halfway business with this child; so puter thru, and no dodging—it'll all be right—goly!"

The parson reflected a moment, and concluding to risk it, continued—

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yaas" said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor, and obey.'

"Them's um!" said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

'And that you will cling to him, as long as you both shall live."

"That's the talk," and the lady said 'yes' again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife

"Hoorah!" shouted Jonathan, leaping nearly to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

"Hoorah!" continue! Jonathan 'wot's the price? How much?—spit it out—don't be afeared—you did jest like a book old feller!—ere's a V, never mind the change—send for a hack, landlord—give us yer bill; I've got her! Hail, Columbia happy land!" roared the poor fellow entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterwards he was on his way to the Providence depot, with his wife, the happiest man out of jail.

We heard the details of the above scene from an eye witness of the ceremony, and we could not avoid putting it down as "ONE OF THE WEDDINGS."

A Touching Appeal.

The Newark Daily published the following, and although we are not among the editors whose assistance is requested, we shall cheerfully aid in giving circulation to the appeal. Often has the pen of Kate's disconsolate master enriched our columns and delighted our readers with vivid naratives of piscatorial recreation. We sincerely sympathize with our friend, and join in the wish expressed by our contemporary.—that the property will be restored without other reward than the consciousness of doing a good action:

To the Citizens of the Commonwealth of New Jersey. Greeting:

DEARLY BELOVED:—Know ye that I was possessed of a beautiful mare, named Kate, and that on the 26th of September last, she was stolen, by some denizen, I fear, of your state and was traced to Deckertown, where the trail was lost. I trust you will not therefore regard it as impertinent in me if in these afflictive circumstances; I invoke your aid.

That you may know something of the depth of this affliction, I will recount some of the excellent qualities of this quadruped, which are many and great. She is very kind in her disposition, and whether in harness or under the saddle, she is is pronounced by those who knew her best, to be the most complete of her species. No terrors can alarm her, no accident can provoke her to run; and she will jump so gently over a hemlock log, that may have fallen across the road, if you are in a sleigh, that you hardly know anything has happened.—She is a real missionary in her feelings, and delights in nothing more than in bearing her master out into the destitute settlements to preach. She is punctual in attendance upon the presbytery; but snuffs at those deacons, who when they know they the Presbytery is to meet in their place, have no oats yet thrashed out. Hospitable in her feelings, she loves this kindness exemplified in others.

She loves to have a good preacher's horse drop in of a Sunday evening; she cheerfully welcome him to a stall by her side, and is willing to share with him her last morsel. When her master is wearied with study, she loves to bear him out on little excursions in which he may obtain, by means of his fly rod, a bountiful supply for his breakfast table.

She knows every good trout stream and hole within ten miles of this place; but will trot past a pickerel pond without designing to notice it. She thinks ministers of the Gospel do right to preserve their calling, and in accordance with apostolic examnle. Many excellent doctors of divinity, who have sought recreation and health in the country, she has borne on excursions of this character, and received their warm commendations; while she, on the other hand, has highly esteemed them, as sensible men.

She aims to do everything from correct principles, and could not be induced, for the sake of exercise, to neglect a single known duty. She was never known to turn away from the poor and the afflicted because they were in humble circumstances but would stand by them to the last, even though compelled for want of food to gnaw a post. She rejoiced in visits of mercy, and cheerfully went any distance to impart comfort to the disconsolate, or aid them in the burial of their dead She was excellent at funerals, having a very fast wain, and was ever at the service of the infirm and aged, on such occasions. She would lead a procession for miles, faster than any horse known in this region, and yet not go out of a walk.—And what shall I say more, excepting that, in a single sentence she is the most perfect of her kind and her loss to me is great and irreparable. Dear Kate, shall I never see your pleasant face again?

A liberal reward has been offered for information leading to her recovery; and I engage suitably to increase it if necessary to any sum not exceeding a hundred dollars. I am willing to buy her of any one who has unwittingly purchased her of the thief and will secure him from loss, if he will give her up, and if the thief himself will bring her back, I will give him the reward and ask no questions.

That you may know what kind of an animal she is, I will describe her as she was when stolen. She is of medium size, chesnut color, beautifully formed, flowing mane and tale, deeply cut in the mouth by the bit is very fleet, having never been struck with the whip, her feet very small, the hind ones white, with windgalls and marks of interfering, has no superior as a lady's horse, was the delight of my daughters, is old enough to be a grandmother, but is as sprightly as a colt, and is marked with the collar and saddle very slightly.—Could you see her turn out on a big procession, you would think her feet hardly touched the ground. I never knew her predilections, however, for she is a prudent animal; but I always fancied that when she turned out in a procession of the opposite party, her head and tail rather drooped; but she always went cheerfully when borrowed on such occasions, and was but slightly influenced in her feelings by the company she was in, or was too proud to show it.

Governor Johnson paid a visit to this place after she had been stolen, and, I say it with great reluctance that he never inquired about Kate, nor came to condole with me, nor offered to issue his proclamation, although the crime was so base, and had been committed within the precincts of his official rule But "I write this more in sorrow than in anger," and he is justly punished for his official delinquency.

Lest my efforts to recover Kate should fail, I invoke your aid, citizens of New Jersey I do earnestly solicit all benevolent kindhearted editors, for such Kate loves to issue this my humble address; to the good people of the commonwealth that all may know the circumstances of the case, and unite their efforts to wipe off from their State the grievous stain of giving harbor to the black hearted villain who would be so mean as to steal a minister's horse.

HENRY A. ROWLAND.
Honesdales, Pa., Nov. 12, 1851.

Could'nt Cure Him.

A good story is told in an eastern paper, of the treatment of a drunken husband, by his amiable spouse. After trying various expedients, all to cure drunkenness she at last bethought herself of another plan of making a reform drunkard of her lord.

She engaged a watchman for a stipulated reward, to carry Philander to the watch house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to frighten him a little when he recovered. In consequence of this arrangement, Philander waked up about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange and dim department. Raising himself upon his elbow, he looked around until his eyes rested on a man seated by a stove smoking a segar.

"Where am I?" said Philander.

"In a medical college," said the segar smoker.

"What a doing there?"

"Going to be cut up."

"How comes that?"

"Why you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we bought your body, to make a 'natomy."

"It's a lie—I'm not a dead."

"No matter—we bought your carcass from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make of you. If you're not dead that's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up dead or alive"

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"Aye, to be sure we will, now, directly," was the resolute answer.

"Well, can't you let us have somthing to drink before you begin?"

This last speech satisfied the watchman, that Philander was a hopeless case; and, as his reward was contingent on his successful treatment of the patient he was not a little chagrined at the result; so, with no gentle handling, he tumbled the irreformable inebriate out of the watch house.

Eccentric Preacher---Funny Illustration

The discourse from which the annexed passage is taken actually was preached in the town of Zanesville, Ohio, some years ago. The name of the Reverend Divine, who was a colored gentlemen, and, we believe, a sincere and humble christian, we have forgotten, but the Judge Harper, to whom he refers we remembered well. He was, we believe at that time, President Judge of the 12th Judicial Circuit Court of Common Pleas—has since represented the district in Congress, and is, if we are not mistaken, the present representative. The Judge was present at the delivery of the sermon and brought in by the preacher, by way of illustration to a certain position, then and there taken by him. But to the passage:

"My dear friends and bredren," said the preacher, "de soul ob de brack man is as dear in de sight ob de Lord, as de soul ob de white man.

"Now, you all see Judge Harper a settin dah, leanin on his gold-headed cane—you all know de Judge, niggers, and a very fine man he is, too. Well, now I is a goin to make a little comparisment Supposin' de Judge some mornin puts his basket on his arm, and goes to market to buy a piece ob meat. He soon finds a nice, fat piece ob mutton, and buys it, and claps into his basket and trots off wid it. Do you spose de Judge would stop to quire wedder dat mutton was ob a wite sheep or ob a brack sheep! No, noffin ob de kind—if de mutton was nice and fat, it would be all de same to de Judge—he would not stop to ax wedder de sheep had white wool or brack wool.

"Well, jist so it is, my friens, wid our hebenly master. He does not stop to ax wedder a soul 'longed to a white man or brack man, or no odder man—wedder his head war kivered wid wool—de only question he will ax will be, "Is dis a GOOD soul;' and if so, de Master will say "Enter into de joy ob de Lord, and set down on de same bench wid de white man—you are all now on a perfect quality.'"

TO PRESERVE EGGS—Eggs may be preserved for any length of time by excluding them from the air One of the cleanest and easiest way of doihg this is to pack them in clean dry salt in barrels or tubs; and to place them in a cool and dry situation. I have eaten eggs thus preserved that were a twelve-month old, and that had been some months aboard ship, in a tropical climate and yet retained all the peculiar sweetness of new laid eggs.

Interesting Proceedings

At the conclusion of the session of Queen Ann's County Court on Wednesday last, Col R. B. Carmichael as the representative of the Bar of this county, rose, and after some eloquent and affecting remarks, presented the following resolutions.

At a meeting of the bar of Queen Anne's county held at the office of Carmichael & Brown, on Tuesday the 16th December inst., Col Wm A. Spencer was called to the chair. The meeting unanimously determined that the following paper should be read in open Court and directed Col. R. B. Carmichael to present it

The close of this session of Queen Ann's county Court will terminate the relations subsisting betwixt the members of this Bar and this Court. The Bar would not seperate from the Court and from each other, without tendering to the Court their testimony of respect and approbation.

With one of the members of the Court, the Honorable P. B. Hopper, former relations are to be resumed.—The leave the bar take of him is therefore merely formal. It is however due that he should receive from the bar the testimony of the respect and confidence he has ever had and an assurance of the same sentiments, in the new relations he is about to assume.

This testimony and his assurance we cordially and sincerely tender him.

With another member of the Court, not now present the Honorable John B. Eccleston, our relations are but changed, not broken. To him most cheerfully we say as much. We could not say less

The Honorable E. F. Chambers, Chief Justice of this Judicial District is about to take leave without prospect of a renewal of former relations.

The occasion requires of our feelings to say to him in words, that which our altered position does not admit that we may revive in action.

To him we say, he possesses and carries into retirement, the best wishes of each individual member of the bar.—That he leaves with us the recollection of a career on the Bench, signally distinguished by promptness, energy, industry, ability and probity."

If occasions have occurred, when the conflict of opinion sincerely entertained and ardently expressed has marred the harmony which should animate the relations of the Bar and the Bench, toward each other, these occasions have been trancient. No impression of them remains with the Bar. We assume that none exist in the feelings of the Court.

His Honor, Judge Chambers, will please to bear along with him the assurance that he has that he has the approval of our judgment, for the discharge of his official duties, and the best wishes of our hearts for his future welfare

The tribute is but words—it is all we can give—it is simple but it is true. That it may not pass away with the breath that utters it, we ask that it may be inscribed on the minutes of the Court.

Judge Chambers then delivered an eloquent and feeling address to the Bar in reply to the resolutions and bid them an affectionate farewell. Judge Hopper also responded to that part of the resolution which alluded to himself, and said that he endorsed most heartily the merited tribute of respect to his distinguished colleagues, and directed the preamble and resolutions to be entered upon the minutes of the Court. On Monday when the Grand Jury were about to be discharged, John Brown, Esq. Foreman of the Jury, delivered the following address to Col. John Tilghman, to which the Colonel feelingly responded.

TO COL JOHN TILGHMAN,
Clerk of Queen Ann's County Court.

"The Grand Jury having for many years witnessed the able, courteous, and satisfactory manner in which you have discharged the arduous duties of Clerk of Queen Ann's County Court, beg leave in closing their official connection with you, to tender their high regards for you, as an officer, a citizen and a gentleman and wish you in the retirement from the responsible place you have so honorably occupied, that happiness which a well spent life deserves."

After the delivery of the address to Col. Tilghman and his reply, Mr Brown, on behalf of the Grand Jury addressed Judge Chambers as follows:—

TO THE HON. E F. CHAMBERS, CHIEF JUDGE OF THE SECOND JUDICIAL DIST. OF MARYLAND:

The Grand Jury of Queen Ann's County having concluded their labors and being about to seperate for the last time under the present Judicial system embrace the occasion to tender to your Honor the sincere acknowledgement of the high obligation they feel for your long, upright, and eminent services.

For a series of years, many of this body have hombly co operated with yourself and your worthy associates, (recently called to labor in other fields) and now take pleasure as they feel it their duty, not only for themselves, but on behalf of the citizens of the county, to declare that they have ever witnessed from the Bench, those great and essential attributes of a Judge, ability, dignity, and impartiality. By your energy and firmness they have seen the guilty punished, the innocent protected, and the majesty of the law upheld, whilst order and decorum with due courtesy to all have been preserved.

The Grand Jury in finally parting, beg to assure your Honor of their individual respect and esteem and will add their warmest wishes for your happiness in retirement, and that you may ultimately reap the rich rewards of a well spent life."

Judge Chambers replied in most appropriate and eloqent language. These ceremonies took place before a large concourse of spectators. Every one present seemed to feel deeply impressed with the loss of such a man of Judge Chambers from the Bench. Without any intention to disparage his successors in the Appellate Court or in the County Courts, we will add that the public will remember with approbation his ability and integrity as a Judge, and regret the loss of his services. We wish him in his retirement all the happiness which his brilliant career is calculated to inspire. We understand the Judge intends again to come to the Bar and should he do so, we wish him great success and are assured that our wishes will be realized.—*Centreville Times.*

BURNING OUT STUMPS.

Where there are but few stumps in a field, the stump machine cannot always be used advantageoasely, and the expense of applying it would exceed the advantages. I have found that large stumps, which is not practical to remove by ordinary means, may very easily be got rid of by the following simple process. After a period of dry weather, when the exposed portion of the stump is dry and tender, cover it, with a quantity of dry combustible matter, such as shavings, small sticks of wood, rubbish of any kind, and sprinkle over and through the mass, a few pounds of rosin or a bucket-full of tar. Over this place a close and compact laying of turf, grass side in, in the same manner as the covering is applied to a coal pit and ignite the wood through an opening at the base—a hole being left at the top to produce the requisite draught till the fire is fairly kindled. Manage just as you would a were burning a coal-kiln, and let the burning continue till the *stump and its roots* are completely consumed. The ashes will make a good top dressing for the adjacent soil, and the great obsticle be removed effectually, and at a small cost. An hour's labor will do it.

Domestic Receipts.

BEEFSTAKES.—Steaks should never be covered after they are upon the dish; a cover smothering them, and thus they lose their best flavors. Beefstakes should be eaten as soon as they are cooked.

The best pieces for steak are the *surloin* and *ramp*. The top of the round, next to the eitch bone, is very juicy, and by pounding it with a mallet may be made as tender as the rump. The steaks should be cut nearly an inch thick. It is not necessary to grease the gridiron before putting on the steak, indeed the flavor of the meat is much impaired by so doing.

Prepare a brisk fire of coals, put your gridiron ever it, but do not let your gridiron get hot before you put on the steak. As soon as the sinews become crisped a little, turn the steak. Do not spill the gravy upon the fire. Take up the steak on a hot dish, turn the steak and replace it upon the gridiron. It will require ten minutes to scald it through and brown the outside. As soon as the steak is cooked, put it on a hot dish and serve.

FRIED BREAD AND DIP.—Roll some light biscuit dough, an eight of an inch, cut it in forms three inches long, and one inch wide, and fry in hot lard, shake the kettle while frying; fry to a light brown. Have ready a dip made by stirring into boiling milk—say one pint—one teaspoonful of salt, one quarter of a pound of butter, into which one tablespoonful of sifted flour is braided; break open each fried cake, drop it into the dip, put them into your dish, and when your dish is full, pour in as much of the dip as you like, and serve. This is an excellent breakfast.

BLOOMERS ON SKATES.—The Boston Herald says: "A large number of our citizens were regaled on Saturday afternoon' with the spectacle of some fifteen or twenty young ladies, in the Bloomer costume, skating on Back Bay. The ladies proved themselves to be most excellent and graceful skaters, not one of them catching a fall. Go it ladies while you're young.