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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.

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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.

LAST ARRIVAL!

I HAVE just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore a large assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods,

which we offer to the citizens of Kent at LOW PRICES—and respectfully solicits from them a share of their patronage. We are under many obligations to them for past favours, and hope to merit a continuance of them as we shall endeavour to keep up an assortment of good goods, and offer them at small profits—*Please call and see them!*

ABEL J REES

Ree's Corner, Dec. 18, 1852.

Dry Goods;

Consisting of Muslins, from 4 to 10 cts. per yard; Bleached muslins from 5 to 12½ cts; and a few pieces of Sheeting goods 7-4 wide at the low price of 12½ cts per yard; Stripe tickings, drilling, osnaburgs, &c., also a large stock of prints and de lanes, at 12½ to 31 cts, alpaccas and other dress goods at equally low prices;—Sattinets from 31cts to $1 per yard; calicoes, plain and fancy vestings, serges, &c., &c.

Flannels, Flannels:

15 pieces assorted colors, and prices from 19 to 62½ cts per yard—Linseys from 12½ to 25 cts per yard.

Shawls:

Bay State, long and square Shawls, at various prices—both plain and fancy styles.

Blankets,

Of all qualities, from 1, 25 to $5 pe pair.

Trimmings, hosery gloves, comforts, ladie's worked collars, ribbons, edgings, laces, insertings, Swiss, Cambric and Jackonet muslins &c.—a choice variety for sale by ABEL J. REES.

Dec. 18, 1852.

Groceries:

A large stock—good brown sugar, 6¼ cts, white sugars from 9 to 12½ cts per pound; Molasses at 25, 31 and 37½ cts. per gallon—a choice assortment of BLACK AND GREEN TEAS, Spices' Soaps, Candles, Becon, Lard Salt, &c, &c.

Hardware:

20 kegs of Cumberland nails, just received and for sale low by ABEL J. REES.

Hollowware.

1000 lbs Hollowware—consisting of Ovens, Spiders, Pots &c.—large and small, with or without covers, just received and for sale by A. J. REES

Queensware.

One H. H. D., just opened, which makes our assortment complete—and I would only mention that a few of those CELEST TEA SETS are included in election. A. J. REES.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines.

Those Goods are always kept on hand to supply the needy, either at wholesale or retail.

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, Dec. 18, 1852.

A large variety of Locks, fastenings, Hinges, Screws, wrought nails, cutlery of kinds; Edged tools, quite a variety; hand and wood saws, files, rasps, &c—in fact almost anything in this line, can be furnished at low prices, at REES' CORNER.

Coats, Pants and Vests.

Just received by the last packet, another supply of these articles, and would refer to those who have purchased before, for the cheapness and quality of the goods. Call and see them?

ABEL J REES.

Rees' Corner, Dec 25, 1852.

ESTATE OF TEM. KEATTING.

Maryland, Kent county Orphans' Court January 11, 1853.

On the application of Edwin Crouch, Administrator of Temperance Keattinge, late of Kent county deceased 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 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,

I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 11th day of January, 1853.

(SEAL)

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 T. Keatting, 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 5th day of August, 1853, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 11th day of January, 1853.

EDWIN CROUCH,
Administrator Temperance Keattinge, dec'd

Jan 15, 1852.

Notice to Tax Payers.

DELINQUENT Tax Payers in the Middle and Lower Districts are notified that on the first day of February, 1853, it is my determination to put their accounts in the hands of deputies, whose interest and duty it will be to advertise and sell in every instance The present high prices of grain puts it the power of every farmer to pay his taxes if he has the disposition. I shall be in Chestertown on Tuesday and during Christmas week, and at Rees' Corner on Saturdays until further notice.

G. D. S HANDY.

Dec. 25, 1852

The Steamer
HUGH JENKINS,
Capt. James Tilghman,

WILL commence her trips, during the winter, on MONDAY next, the 27th instant, and continue to run every MONDAY and THURSDAY, leaving Baltimore at 7 o'clock, and return same day.

Dec. 25 1852.

LANDON ACADEMY
AND
MILITARY INSTITUTE.
JOHN R. JONES, Principal.

THIS INSTITUTION delightfully situated near *Urbana Frederick County, Md*; 3 miles from the *Ijamsville Depot* of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, and immediately on the stage road leading from Washington to Frederick city, is now in full operation. The location is proverbial healthy, the buildings commodious, and the rooms large and comfortable. The course of studies embrace the English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish and German Languages Mathematics, National and Moral Philosophy. The Military exercises do not in the least interfere with the Academical duties.

TERMS:—For board, tuition, washing, fuel, lights, and servant attendance, $160 for ten months.

☞Circulars containing particulars can had by addressing the Principal at *Urbana, Frederick County, Md.*

Dec. 25, 1852.—6t.

OYSTERS!

THE undersigned will keep during the present Oysters, which she will sell serve up in the best manner—her stand is the house formerly occupied by the printing office, where she will be pleased to see her friends and the public—oysters for sale by the gallon.

CLARA ALLEN.

Oct. 2, 1852.—tf.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—T. W. Eliason has a large stock of Men and Boys' Boots and Lace Boots, of good quality; also Women's Boots, Jenny Lind Ties: and Misses and Children's Boots, for sale very cheap.

Nov 13, '52.

KNIT SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, very warm and comfortable in cold weather, for sale by T. W. ELIASON.

Nov. 13, 1852.

BLANKETS! BLANKETS, at $1,50 to $5,50 per pair, by T. W. ELIASON.

Nov 13, 1851.

CASSINETS AND CASSIMERS.—T. W. Eliason has a good stock of Casstnets, at 19 to 75 cts per yard—Black Cassimers at $1 to 2 50 per yard. Also Satin and woollen vestings.

SALT! SALT!—T. W. Eliason has a large supply of fine salt in store and for sale low.

REMOVAL.
MRS. A. SIMMS

HAS removed her *Milinery Store* to the Dwelling House, corner of Princes and Main streets, where she will keep a variety of GOODS AND BONNETS, of the best and neatest style, made at small profits

Dec. 4, 1852.

POETRY.

A HYMN OF PRIASE.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I bless Thee for the sunshine on the Hills,
For Heaven's own dew-drops in the vales below,
For rain, the parent cloud alike distils,
On the fond bridegroom's joy—the mourner's wo!
And for the viewless wind that gently blows
Wher'er it listeth, over field and flood,
Whence coming, whither going, no man knows,
Yet moved in secret at Thy will, Oh, God!
E'en now it lifts a ring of shining hair
From off the brow close to my bosom pressed;
The loving angels scarce have brows more fair
Than this, that looks so peaceful in its rest;—
We bless Thee! Father for our darling child,
Oh! like thy angels make her, innocent and mild!

I rise and bless Thee, for the morning hours;
Refreshed and gladdened by a timely rest,
When thoughts like bees, rove out among the flowers,
Still gathering honey where they find the best:
And for the gentle influence of the night,
Oh! Heavenly Father! do we bend the knee,
That shuts the curtains of our mortal sight,
Yet leaves the mind with range and vision free,
For dreams! the solemn, weird, and strange that come
And bear the soul to an elysian clime,—
Unveiling splendors of a better home,
Where angels ministers to sons of time!
For all Thy blessings that with sleep descend,
Our hearts shall praise Thee, God, our Father and our Friend!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

The Stars Sink One by one from Sight.

The stars sink one by one from sight,
No trace of them we find;
They vanish from the brow of night,
And none is left behind
Alone,
And none is left behind.

The sun goes to his ocean bed,
In all his rays enshrined;
He wraps them round his crimsoned head,
And leaveth none behind
To mourn;
And leaveth none behind.

The beautiful and gifted dead,
The noblest of our kind,
Have cast their work aside and fled,
And we are left behind
Alone,
And we are left behind.

The old dear friends of early time,
Hearts round our hearts entwined,
Have faded from us in their prime,
And we are left behind
To mourn,
And we are left behind.

Pale stars, red sun, ye come again,
For whom no hearts have pined;
We call our darlings back in vain,
Still we are left behind
Alone,
Still we are left behind.

Oh! dear ones, teach us so to run
Our race, in sun and wind,
That we may win where ye have won,
Though we be left behind
Awhile,
Though we be left behind.

SELECTIONS.

(From the American Union.

IT'S ME;

—OR—

The Midnight Alarm in a Village Tavern.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Mr. Richard Mea was a well-to-do, fat elderly gentleman, who wore a wig and was very fond of his horse.

One evening Mr. Richard Mea drove his "hoss and shay" into a country village, and put up at the "tavern."

Having booked his name and gobbled down his supper, he retired to a clean, straw bed, and, very naturally, went to sleep.

He dreamed. He dreamed the hostler was cheating him, and had not given his horse any oats nor hay.

"Outrageous!" said Mr. Mea, in his sleep, to himself. "My dear hoss, I will see to you"

While Mr. Mea was struggling with his dream, he was the subject of a wide awake conversation in the bar room below.

The tavern had been repeatedly entered and robbed at night, and as several of the villagers had also suffered, it was the general impression that some robber, perhaps a whole band of robbers, were leagued and lurking in the vicinity! So every house was kept strongly bolted and barred at night, and especial precautions were observed at the tavern. Every stranger who arrived, was subject to double the amount of prying, village scrutiny, and every odd-looking man was considered a legitimate object of suspicion.

Mr. Mea was unusually fat, and had a rolling restless, pale blue eye—a wandering eye—indicative of diffidence before strangers.

'Did you ever see that man before!" asked the landlord of the hostler.

"No. I didn't. Did you?"

"I disremember," said the landlord, thoughtfully. Don't he look kind o' queer?"

"I think so, soon 's I sot eyes on him, said the hostler

"I dont like his eye," said the landlord.

"No more do I," chimed in the hostler.

"Is it a city team?"

"Yes, and a fust rate one, too. And it is a fast hoss; and he seems very particklar fond of him," replied the hostler.

"*Highwaymen* always *are* fond of their horses," said the landlord, significantly.

'Sh—sh! say nothing," he added in a whisper; "but you'd better be as wakeful as possible to-night."

"Certing, said the hostler, nipping up his mouth, to show his determination. "I ollers does

"Take something?"

"Don't mind," said the hostler; and they took something.

The landlord went to bed, and the hostler, being a man of all work, set two chairs against the wall, folded up an old newspaper and placed it on a shelf, and being then near the decanters took another powerful dose, and having thus achieved the great task of "setting things to rights," fastened the door, and stretched himself at length on an old yellow settee. Being determined to keep a vigilant watch—he was soon *snoring* profoundly.

The indignation of Mr. Richard Mea was so great, to think the hostler should neglect his horse, that finally he burst the bonds of sleep, kicked off the coverlid, and arose, in a high state of perspiration.

He looked at his watch.

"Midnight!" said Mr. Mea. "I suppose everybody's asleep by this time. I mean to go out to the stable myself. if I go down in my socks, nobody will hear me. I will go just as I am, and see for myself, and if that rascally hostler has cheated my hoss, I'll give him a blessing in the morning, see if I don't."

So Mr. Mea as it was a warm summer night went down softly; in his shirt and drawers—his night-cap substituted for his wig.

He was a spectacle more remarkable than romantic. A ghost, if it had seen him, would have laughed itself most to death.

As he entered the bar room, he perceived the hostler, fast asleep, and shook his fist in his face, in anticipation.

'Snores!' was the only reply.

Mr. Mea seized the hostler's lantern, and crossing the bar room, unfastened the door and went out.

Contrary to expectation, he found that his horse had been taken excellent care of. He was reclining upon a glorious heap of straw, and the manger showed that he had not had a great appetite for his tea.

'That confounded dream!' muttered Mr Mea as he recrossed the stable-yard. 'What a fool I've made of myself. I hope nobody will find it out. Baul the lantern's out!'

As there was no moon that night, the sky being overcast, he groped his way in the dark. 'I hope I shan't make a noise, getting back,' thought he.

He reckoned without his hostler.

On trying to open the door, he found it fast much to his surprise and horror!

The hoster had just awoke, and finding the door ajar, shut and re-fastened it, in some doubt whether he had before fastened it.

Mr. Richard Mea tapped lightly.

As the hostler had by this time felt for his lantern and found it gone, a horrible suspicion came over him that some thief or thieves had entered and taken it, and might possibly be then in the house The knock increased his suspicion, particularly as it was so light.

'Who's there?' said he, through the keyhole.

'It's Mea!' said that gentleman.

'Who's me?' asked the hostler.

'Hush!' returned Mr Mea, in a hoarse whisper, 'don't speak so loudly. Let me in'

'Let you in? Not by a jugful, unless you tell me who you are.'

'I tell you it is Mea! Don't be a fool and alarm the whole house.'

The old gentleman was in dire dread of being, seen in his ludicrous undress, and having it discovered that he had lost his chair.

'Who the d——ls me?'

'Open the door—Richard Mea!'

'Wretched me?' repeated the hostler.

'No!' exclaimed the exasperated outsider.

'Richard Mea!'

'Aha!' thought the hostler, 'Richard—Richard's the name of some accomplice in the house, and Richard must be a chap what took away my lantern—You rascally thief!' he exclaimed, 'you can't come in.'

'What's that you say? you rouge! call me a thief?'

'Yes I do, and I'll alarm the house!'

'If you do, I'll blow your brains out!'

'We'll see about that!' cried out the excited hostler 'Here, murder! fire! thieves! robbery! wake up folks! come down here. Bring a light here. Murder! thieves! Bring a poker. A light! a light! bring a stick! *Murder r-r-r!*'

This rousing alarm in a few minutes 'brought down the house,' in formidable style. About a dozen stout countrymen rushed down in their shirt tails, with clenched fists big enough to render sticks and pokers wholly unnecessary.

'What's the matter? What's the row? Where is the robber? Anything stolen?" exclaimed different voices.

'One on 'em's in the house, some 'eres,' said the hostler, agitated, and 'tother's ben trying to get in that door!'

In an instant the door was pulled open, and to the astonishment of all and the great mortification of himself the fat form of Mr Richard Mea was exposed, in all its rotundity, and wig lessness and disabille, to the general gaze.

The very absurdity of such an apparition convinced those present that there was a mistake, even before Mr Mea explained the affair, which he did with such marked simplicity and embarrassment that every room in the tavern rang with laughter till morning.

THE PRINTER

"I pay the printer," said my uncle Toby.

'He's a poor creature,' rejoined Trim.

'How so," said my uncle,

'Because; in the first place,' continued the corporal, looking full upon my uncle, 'because he must endeavor to please every body. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor, it is inserted, and he is ruined."

"Too much the case, Trim," said my uncle with a deep sigh.

"And please your honor," continued Trim "this is not the whole."

"Go on, Trim," said my uncle, feelingly.

"The printer, sometimes" pursued the corporal, "hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily; he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers. But alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and all is over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive the printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sits up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims "why don't you give us more poetry, marriages, and *bon mots!*—away stale pieces.', The politician clasps his specks over his nose, and reads it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none, takes his specks off, folds them, sticks them into his pocket, declares the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes.—Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is subscriber; and yet, after all this complaining would you believe it, sir," said the corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly, "would you believe, sir there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay!—Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything so bad as that."

THE DOCTOR AND THE SEXTON.—A good story is told of a doctor, in Beverly, who was somewhat of a wag. He met, one day, in the street, the sexton, with whom he was acquainted. As the usual salutations were passed, the doctor happened to cough.

"Why, doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cough? How long have you had that?"

"Look here, Mr——?" said the doctor, with a show of indignation, "what is your charge for interments?"

"Nine shillings," was the reply.

"Well,' continued the doctor, "just come into my office, and I will pay for it. I don't want to have you round so anxious about my health!"

The sexton was soon even with him however. Turning to the doctor, he replied—

"Ah, doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has been since you began to practice."

Since the above conversation, neither party has ventured a joke at the expense of the other.—*Lynn News.*

The following is supposed to be the number of newspapers in the world:—"Ten in Austria, 14 in Africa, 21 in Spain, 20 in Portugal 30 in Asia, 65 in Belgium, 85 in Denmark, 90 in Russia and Poland, 300 in Prussia, 320 in other Germanic States, 500 in Great Britain and Ireland, and 1800 in the United States."

☞Punch says he once saw a father knock down his boy, and though it the most striking picture of a *sun down* he ever beheld.

Domestic Receipts.

TO BOIL A TURKEY.—A boiled turkey is a most delicate and excellent dish, and requires to be dressed with extreme care. Clean the turkey from feathers and stumps, and singe off the hairs, taking care not to blacken the skin. Draw and wipe it inside with a clean dry cloth; cut of the legs at the first joint; draw out the sinews; then pull down the skin and pusd the legs inside; cut the head off close to the body, leaving the skin long, and draw out the craw. Make a good veal stuffing and put it into the breast, leaving sufficient room for the stuffing to swell; then draw the skin of the breast over the opening, and sew it neatly across the back, so that when the turkey is brought to the table no sewing will appear. Place the gizzard in one wing and the liver in the other; turn the wings on the back and fix them to the sides with a skewer; wrip it in a cloth dredged with flour, and put into a pot of warm water, in sufficient quantity to keep the turkey always covered. Skim it while boiling. A small, young turkey will not take more than an hour and a half to boil it; a large one about two hours and a-half When done, place it in a hot dish and pour a little sauce over the breast There should be oyster sauce, or parsley and butter, in a tureen. Some cooks make the stuffing of chopped bread and butter, oysters, cream and the yolks of eggs.

POT AU-FEU.—This is by far the most wholesome of all soups. Take three pounds of good rump of beef, of any part free from bone and not too fat; put it in an earthen fire-proof pot, with three quarts of water, one large carrot, two turnips, two leeks, a head of celery, and one burnt union; season and let the soup boil slowly, skimming it from time to time for at least five hours; then strain it through a fine sieve, and pour it over thin slices of bread to serve. The meat and vegetables make a dish which is afterwards served. Thus cooked, the beef becomes tender and juicy, and is excellent cold.

TO MAKE BREAD CHEESE CAKES—Slice a loaf as thin as possible, pour on it a pint of boiling cream, let it stand 2 hours; then take 8 eggs, half a pound of butter, and a nutmeg grated, beat them well together put in half a pound of currants well washed and dried before the fire, and bake them in raised crusts, or petty pans.

FONDU.—Five eggs, three ounces of butter, three or four ounces of cheese, according to its richness, and a gill of cream. Mix all together, and bake 20 minutes in small shapes made of writing paper.

BURYING POTATOES.—Perhaps the following method of burying potatoes may be of use to those who have no cellars or other convenient places in which to store away their potatoes for winter and spring use.

After having been dug and free from wet, place the potatoes in barrels of any kind, (so that they have one closed head and are tight enough to "hold corn in the ear") then lay the barrel against against one open head of another.—Then proceed to cover them with dirt, or, if you wish to save your barrels, cover them first with straw, and afterwards with dirt.

This method has so many advantages over the old way of throwing them into a heap, that it is only necessary for any one to give it a trial, in order to like it well

NEW BOOTS.—Our friend Lucus Hart, says the Knickerbocker, tells a capital story of the ingenuity exercised by a little boy, in calling attention to his first pair of new boots:—The little fellow wou'd draw up his pantaloons, and display the whole of his boots; then walk up and down the room, with eyes now on the shining leathers, and now upon a friend of his father's, who was present; but it was a bootless effort. At length, however, he succeeded. Sitting in front of both, he exclaimed—

"Father, ain't three times two six?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, then," said he, pointing to each of their feet, "if three times two is six *there's just six boots in this room*"

Religions in the World—A recent classification of the inhabitants of the world in regard to religion, gives the following results: Christians, 285,000,000; Jews, 5,500,000; Mahometans, 116,000,000; Idolaters, 484,000,000. Idolaters thus classified—Budhists, 245,000,000; Brahamists, 133,000,000; Pagans, 106,000,000.

The Ruling Passion.—The Cairo correspondent of the Evansville (Ind.) Journal furnishes that journal with the following anecdote—

Amos Worthington, of Cairo, is dead. He was an unpretending man, lived unostentatiously, and supplied the people with fish. His last words were characteristic—"I say, Pritchard, I'm going to 'peg' right off. I've flirted my last fly, but bury my tackle with me. Boys, mind, but they'll bite in Jordan."