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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, FEBRUARY 25, 1854. NO. 43.

ABEL J. REES & Co,

HAVING just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore—is now opening at "REES' CORNER" a large stock of Staple and Fancy Goods which he offers to the citizens of Kent County at low prices, for cash—country produce or Stock. My assortment is very large—consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Wagon and Cart Gears—Drugs, Paints, Oils, Medicines, Looking-glasses, Window-glass, Sash—Baskets, Bucketts, Stone-ware, Hollow-ware, Castings, Clothing &c., &c.,—call and see them—no trouble to show goods.

Jan. 2. 1854.

Hardware.

THE largest and best variety ever before opened—consisting of Cumberland Nails, wrought Nails, Ribetts, Screws, brass and common wide and narrow butts, window Blinds Bolts, Knifes and Forks, cutlery, edge Tools, Axes, Planes Chisels, adze, Patent window fastenings, Levels, Wardrobe hooks, Coffee mills, Gimlets, Augers, Braces, Butts &c., in fact we can furnish almost every thing useful in this line, also Shovels, Spades, manure, hay Forks, Grain Shovels, Hames, Chain Traces, Hoes, Cut-Saws, Tea kettles &c.; also 1000 Holloware,—Just received and for sale by

A. J. REES & Co.

Rees' cor. Jan. 2 '54

Dry Goods

MUSLINS at 6, 8, 10, 12½ cents per yard, Flanells at old prices (without regard to the advance in Wool.) Satinetts, Cassimers, Vestings, Ladies Dress-goods, Canton-flanels, Stripes, Ky, Jeans, Shawls &c. Fancy Goods Trimings &c. A general assortment of Ribbons, Edgings, Laces, Ladies worked Collars, Handk'fs &c. Hosery, Gloves &c, a great variety dress Trimmings, Gimps, Buttons &c., &c. PERFUMERY: Essences, Extracts, Oils, Eau De Cologne &c. FANCY SOAPS for Toilet Shaving &c,—just received and for sale by ABEL J. REES & Co.

Rees' Corner Jan. 2, '54

Clothing.

WE are now opening a large lot, consisting of: Black, Blue and Brown Dress and Frock Coats, Sack Coats, ou Coats, Business Coats, short Coats, Pants of all kinds and qualities—Black and Fancy Satten Vests, silk Vests, worsted cotton Vests, also a lot of Kersey Pants and fine kersey Coats, Sacks and Pants, all of which are made up expressly for my own sales—and will be sold at the old prices which we are enabled to do by having the stock lade in before the advance in prices—call and examine for yourself.

ABEL J. REES & Co

Rees' Corner, Jan. 2, '54.

Boots & Shoes.

FINE Boots at $2.25. Fine calf city made Boots at $3,25 a $3,50, an excellent article, Boy Boots eastern and city made at low prices. 10 cases of these city made Course Boots, water Prof., Long and short tops at the old price of 2,50 per pair, persons in want of such goods for servants ware will do well to call early. SHOES:—500 Pair Mens, Womens, Boys, Youths, Misses, Child. of all kinds and qualities at prices rom 25 cts. to 1,50 per pair—for sale by ABEL J. REES & Co.

Rees' Corner Jan. 2, '54.

Kersey! Kersey!!

MANUFACTURED by Messrs Mallallieu & Bro. of Maryland and not surpassed by any goods of the kind also an All Wool Kersey at 65 cts. per yard (not a mixture of foreign wool and old rags) but a good article of goods manufactured in Q. A. Co. Md., for my own sales, and for sale by

ABEL J. REES & Co.

Rees' Corner, Md., Jan. 2, '54.

BLANKETS.

A large lot consisting of homemade, Ribbonbond, common, negro, and horse blankets, also an assortment of horse covers complete, just received and for sale low by ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, dec. 10, '53.

Groceries.

CONSISTING in part of Brown Sugar 6¼ cts., a beautiful article White Sugars, Loaf Brushed &c., No. and W. J. Molases, Oils, Lamp Oil, Linseed Oil and Etheriel Oil, vinegar, Brooms Buckets, Tubs &c., Bacon and Lard, on hand and for sale by

ABEL J. REES & Co.

Rees' cor. Jan. 2, '54.

Hats and Caps.

LATEST Slouch, Cubana, Pearl Kossuth, Planters Brush Hats, Beaver—at prices from 62½ to $3. CAPS of all kinds at prices from 18¾ cts. to $2,—Just opened and for sale by

ABEL J. REES & Co.

Rees' Cor. Jan. 2, '54.

Estate of Albert Webster.

Orphans Court, Kent county Md. }
JANUARY 24th, 1854. }

ON application it was ordered by the court that B. C, Wickes administrator of Albert Webster late of Kent county Delaware, deceased, give notice to the creditors of said deceased, by advertisement in the Kent News, a paper printed and published in Kent County Maryland, and also in some newspaper printed and published in the State of Delaware, that a first and final dividend on the personal Estate of said dec'd will be made in this court on the 28th day of February 1854.

Test JACOB FISHER,
Reg. Wills Kent County Md.

NOTICE:—All persons having claims against the Estate of Albert Webster, dec'd, are hereby notified to file them with the Register of Wills of Kent county Md., properly authenticated on or before the 21st day of February 1854.

B. C. WICKES, Adm'r
of A. Webster.

Jan. 28. 1854.

On the Equity side of the Circuit Court for Kent County.

JANUARY 16, 1854.

ORDERED, that the sale made and reported by Richard Hynson, trustee for the sale of the real estate of Philomon Skinner deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown, on or before the 17th day of April next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed on the Eastern shore of Maryland, once in each week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $4000.

J. F GORDON cl'k.
true copy,
Test J. F. GORDON, cl'k.

TO THE ADMIRERS OF

FINE HORSES

IN KENT COUNTY.

THE SPLENDID young Stallion "VALENTINE," (grand son of Badger's imported Valentine,) bred in Talbot county, Md, by Purser John N. Hambleton, U. S. N.

Valentine

will be five years old the coming April is 15½ hands high, a beautiful blood bay, black legs, mane and tail, well broke to all harness, and is a fine saddle horse. Valentine will be let to mares the coming spring, commencing 10th of March and closing 10th of June. The subscriber desirous of affording a chance to all the farmers of Kent, and the public generally, has concluded to let this horse at the moderate sum of $8 the *Season*. For Pedigree, &c., see printed handbills.

The public are respectfully referred to Geo. W. Minnick, Esq., Kent county, Md.

EBEN. W. NATZ,
Owner.

St. Michaels, Talbot Co., Md. }
Feb. 4, 1854,—3m. }

REMOVAL!

CHEAP, CASH

BOOT & SHOE STORE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed his Boot and Shoe Store to the shop lately occupied by Wm. Conyer, where he will keep on hand, and manufacture to order all kinds of

Boots & Shoes

at the shortest notice, and in the most workmanlike manner, and on accommodating terms FOR CASH. As he uses the best materials, he feels confident that none who may patronise him will have cause to complain. MENDING done with neatness and despatch. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a large share of the public's patronage.

EVAN W. LYNCH.

Jan. 21, 1854.—6m.

Notice.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he is carrying on his GRIST & SAW MILLS. He thinks it unnecessary to say anything about qualification, having followed the business for 30 years, he asks a trial and leaves the public to determine the quality and quantity. The prices for sawing will be 75 cts. per hundred for all Boards and square Lumber Pailings $1,00 per hundred, Lathing 25 cts per hundred, runing measure.

WM. BACCHUS.

Jan 28, 1854

SALT, SALT,

For sale by T. W. Eliason, in sacks or by the bushel.

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.

POETICAL.

God Bless the Honest Laborer.

God bless the honest laborer,
The hardy son of toil,
The worker in the clattering mills,
The delver in the soil;
The ones whose brawny hands have torn
From earth her hoarded wealth,
Whose sole return from ceaseless toil
Is natures boon—sweet health.

Bless him who wields the pondereog sledge,
Clad in his leathern mail,
That, safe as warriors panoply,
Guards from the seething hail,
That gushes from beneath each stroke,
Each mighty crushing blow,
Who seek to lighten labors toil,
Where ruddy fires glow.

Bless him who turns the matted soil,
Who with the early dawn,
Hasten to gather nature's store—
Hastes to the yellow corn!
Who plants in nature's bosom wide
The fruitful golden grain,
And gives to it her guardian care,
The sunshine and the rain.

Bless him who lays the massive keel,
Who bends the trusty sail,
That bids the ocean wanderer
Safe battle with the gale;
Who rear the tall and slender mast,
Whence floats to every breeze,
The stars and stripes of liberty,
A rainbow o'er the seas.

Bless him whose ribbed palace rest
Upon the heaving sea,
Who scorns the dangers of the flood,
The breaker guarded lea;
Who in the ocean cradle sleeps
Calmly in storm fraught hour,
Unfearing that his bark will quail
Before the tempest's power.

Bless him who gives each beauteous thought
A resting place—a name—
And twines its ancient glories
With the fadeless leaf of fame;
Who sends it forth on every breeze,
And bids it live to bless;
While ceaseless clicks the slender type,
And groans the printing press.

Bless all who toil—God's blessing rest
On them with double power,
Whose honest brow the sweat drops deck
In every daylight hour,
Bless them, though poor, and may they win
What welth can never gain—
Contentment with their lot on earth,
A balm for every pain.

Bless them! and may the workman's hand
That framed the giant earth,
That bade each star in glory shine,
That gave the seas their birth;
Reserve on high a resting place,
Within the realms of light,
For every honest son of toil,
When passed death's darksome night.

INORDINATE EXPENDITURE is the cause of a great share of the crime and consequent misery which devastate the world.

The clerk who spends more than he earns, is fast qualifying himself for a gambler and a thief.

The trader or mechanic who overruns his income, is very certain to become, in time a trickster and a cheater.

Wherever you see a man spend faster than he earns, there look out for villany to be developed, though it be the furthest thing from his present thought.

☞A Yankee and an Irishman, riding together passed by a gallows—

"Pat" said the Yankee, "give that gallows its due, and where would you be?"

"Faith that's easily known," replied Pat, "I'd be riding to town by myself all alone sure."

The Yankee was beat this time.

SELECT STORY.

JAMES BOWIE;

THE NAPOLEON OF DUELLISTS.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring frenzy with distraction.

ADDISON.

On the evening of the 4th of June, 1835, the steamboat "Rob Roy" started from St. Louis to New Orleans with a full crowd of passengers. Immediately after 'getting under good head way,' to adopt a favorite backwood phrase, one person attracted universal attention by the annoying eagerness with which he endeavored to make up a party at cards. Indeed, his oft repeated and persevering efforts to that end soon became insulting and unendurable; and yet his appearance was such as to deter the bravest on board from administering the chastisement which he so richly deserved. He was a huge mass of mighty bone and muscles, with swarthy features, bearing the impress of many a scar; piercing dark eyes, that seemed to possess the power of blasting the beholder—cold, gleaming eyes, such as haunt the memory painfully; a rank luxuriance of coal black hair, immense whiskers and moustache. This savage looking figure was habited in the costliest clothing, and adorned with a profusion of jewelry, while the outlines of several murderous weapons were plainly distinguishable beneath his gaudy vest and superfine coat. Nor did he need these to render him an object of terror. A connoisseur in the science of belligerent gymnastics, would have confidently pronounced him a match for any five men on deck, without any aid from lead or cold steel.

At length, after many failures, he prevailed upon a wealthy young merchant of Natchez to join him in a game of poker. They sat down beside a small table near the bar, and were soon absorbed in that perilous of all excitements, of which the two alluring ingredients are vanity and pride of individual skill, and the uncertainty of general hazard. At first the stakes were small, and the run of the cards seemed wholly in favour of the merchant; but presently they bet more freely, and gold eagles and hundred dollar notes were showered down on the board with extravagant ardor; and then the current of fortune changed—ebbed from the young merchant and flowed to the professional gambler in a stream like the ocean's tide. As it usually happens in such cases, his want of success only piqued and maddened the loser, and he sought to recover himself by venturing such desperate ventures as could not but deepen and confirm his ruin. And thus they continued that long summer night. The intensity of their excitement became equivalent to insanity. Every nerve was strung—every energy of brain was taxed to the utmost—their teeth were set hard as those of antagonists in the tug of mortal strife—the sweat rolled from their brows like drops of rain.

The passengers formed a circle around the players, and looked on with that degree of interest with such extraordinary concentration of intellect and passion never fails to inspire even in bosoms that shudder at its excess. The merchant and the gambler attracted all eyes, and kept them gazing till morning. Among the latter was one presenting a countenance so piteous that it might have melted hearts of marble to tears. A pale and exquisitely beautiful face peeped incessantly from the half open-door of the ladies' cabin, weeping all the while as if oppressed by some dreadful sensation of irremediable sorrow. It was the merchant's lovely wife weeping her farewell to departing hope!

There was one spectator also, whose appearance and actions excited almost as much curiosity as the players did themselves. He was a tall, spare man of about thirty, with handsome features, golden hair, keen blue eyes of preternatural brightness, and his firm, thin lips wore a perpetual smile—a mysterious smile of the strangest, most inscrutable meaning. With the exception of his red calico shirt, this person was dressed wholly in buck skin, ornamented with long flowing tassels, and wild figures wrought out of variegated beads, after the fashion of some Western Indians. He stood beside the card table, and held in his left hand a sheet of paper, in his right a large pencil, with which ever and anon he dashed off a few words, as if engaged in tracing the progress of the game.

Still the merchant and the gambler persevered in their physical and mental toil. The dial of the stars, with its thousand fingers of golden fire, pointed to the world shadows of midnight; but still they did not pause. It still was 'shuffle and cut, and pass, ante up, and I call you, and rake down the pile'—Towards the morning a tremendous storm arose. The red lightning flashed awfully—the hail poured like a frozen cataract—the great river roared till it rivalled the very thunders of heaven; and very pilot at the wheel was alarmed. But the mad players heard it not. What was the tumult of the raging elements to them whose destiny hung on the turning of a card? And the smiling blue-eyed stranger in buck-skin still stood by them with his pencil and paper, calmly noticing the developments of the game.

Finally the storm passed away, as the beautifull daybreak came out like a thing of glory in the grey east. Then the infatuated merchant, distracted with heavy losses, dared the climax of folly. He staked five thousand dollars, comprising his last cent of money in the world, on 'two pairs of kings.' The whiskered gambler 'called' him, they showed hands; the blacklog had 'two pairs of aces,' and 'raked the board.' The merchant dropped to the floor as if he had been shot through the brain, and that beatiful young wife flew to his side and fell shrieking upon his bosom. They were both bourne away insensible to the ladies' cabin.

As he deposited the winnings in his pocket, the gambler emitted a hoarse laugh that sounded frightful as the chuckle of a fiend; but he instantly lost color as a low, calm voice remarked in his ear—

'Villian! you play a strong hand at many different games, but here stands one who can beat you at all of them!"

He turned, met the glance of those keen blue eyes so preternaturally bright and shuddered. But he immediately gained his presence of mind, for he was no coward, and then he frowned till his shaggy brows met like the coil of a serpent, and demanded sternly—

'Beggar, who are you to banter a gentleman thus rudely?'

'I am James Bowie, of Texas,' the other answered with a ringing laugh, 'and you are John Lafittee, a natural son of the old pirate!'

The gambler reeled in his chair as if he had been struck with a thunderbolt, but recovered again from the shock in a moment, and asked in a firm tone—

'What game do you wish with me?'

'*Poker* first, and *pistols* afterwards, if you play foul,' replid Bowie.

'Very well,' rejoined the other, and they took their seats at the table.

For a time the success appeared about equally balanced, the gain and loss being alternate. At last, the gambler ventured one of his skillful manoevers.—Bowie smiled strangely as his quick eye detected the trick. He said nothing, however, but looked at his hand, and bet five thousand dollars, staking the money in ten large bills. The gambler went five thousand dollars higher, which resulted in a 'call.' Bowie held 'four jacks;' but, with his habitual fiendish chuckle his antagonist showed 'four queens,' exclaiming as he did so—

'By heavens, the pile is mine!'

'Not yet,' shouted Bowie, as with both hands he raked the heap of notes to the tune of twenty thousand dollars, into his own pocket.

Choking and purple with rage and shame, the gambler roared—

'To the hurricane deck, and let pistols be trumps this turn!'

'Good as gold!' replied Bowie, and the two hastily ascended the stairs and assumed their separate positions—the gambler over the stern and Bowie over the bow.

At that instant the sun was just rising in a cloudless sky. Nature looked sublime—a bride worthy her Almighty Husband and God. The broad-bosomed river rolled away like an immense sheet of burnished silver, speckled here and there with the golden bubles; while the two great duelists, the most deadly ever known in the southwest, stood with cocked pistols, eye to eye, and their fingers fixed on the hair triggers prepared and waiting to slay and be slain.

'I am ready. You give the the word,'—cried Bowie, in his clear ringing voice and with that inseparable smile of strange meaning on his lips.

'I am ready. Fire!' shouted the gambler in tones murderous as death.

The two pistols roared simultaneously. Bowie did not move, though he had barely escaped with his life, for the bullet of his foe had cut away one of the golden locks of his yellow hair. The gambler was shot through the heart, and dropping on the brink of the deck, had almost tumbled into the river. He was buried at the next wood yard. And thus perished justly, a natural son of the great pirate Lafitte.

There never was a jury empanelled in the west who would have brought in a verdict against any man for killing him, and more especially under the circumstances, because public opinion pronounced that 'he ought to be killed.'—And such were the desparadoes that Bowie commonly exterminated.

The generous victor immediately proceeded to the ladies cabin and restored the winnings of the gambler to the young merchant and his beautiful wife, who both received the boon as a gift from heaven, with as much gratitude as joy.

If we should write a volume concerning the exploits of James Bowie, his character would not be rendered more transparant than it is revealed in the foregoing anecdote. He was always the same the friend of the feeble, the protector of the oppressed, and the sworn enemy of tyrants. He was brave without fear, and generous beyond precedent, and, though he had faults, gigantic ones too, he atoned for all the errors of a stormy life by the splendor of his magnificent death. His tomb is the Alamo, his epitaph the word "Texas," and his fame will fill an humble though safe niche in the temple of freedom through all time. He can never be forgotton till the bowels of the earth cease to furnish metal for the fabrication of those bright blades of steel which bear his imperishable name.

Wasn't she Spunky?

A couple who had lived together for some years in seeming contentment, one day went fishing, and tied their boat by a rope to a post in the water. All of a sudden the boat went floating down the stream, and a contest of words immediately arose as to the real cause of the parting of the rope. The wife said it must have been cut with the scissors, but the husband, an unfeeling old fogy, stoutly maintained that it was a knife that did the business. Scissors! said the wife! Knife! said the husband.—Scissors, Knife, Scissors, Knife, said both, but at last the husband loosing his temper cried out—

"If you say scissors again, I'll duck you"

"Scissors said the wife, determined to hold out to the last.

Away went the old woman into the water, and as she came up the first time she bellowed "Scissors," at the top of her voice. The old man pushed her down again.

"Scis-sors!" sputtered she in fainter tones, as she arose again but the old fellow had her by the head and plump she went down for the third time. Now she rose more slowly, and as her waterlogged form neared the surface having lost the power of articulation, yet determined never to give in, she thrust her hand out of the water, and imitated with the first and second fingers "*the opening and shutting of a scissors!*"

The old man was then convinced that it was useless to try to fetter a woman's speech.

NONSENSE REBUKED BY COMMON SENSE.—The following sentiments are from two different natures, though both are of one sex:

Marriage is to woman a state of slavery. It takes from her the right to her own property, and makes her submissive in all things to her husband.—*Lucy Stone.*

Marriage a state of slavery! Aye, but the bonds are silken and easily worn. Marriage is the sanctifier of love—an institution which acknowledges the right of woman to be protected, and the duty of man to protect her.—The offices of wife and mother are not those of slaves. What higher destiny beneath the skies than to instruct the infant mind in thoughts of purity?—What holier mission than to soothe the turbid torrent of man's passions by a word—a look—a smile? It is to woman that this work is given. Woman, in her vocation, may cheer the tired sprit, may lend hope to the desponding, may whisper love to the lonely—while man may toil and traffic, and fuss, and fret, and grow savage. Who would exchange places with him?—*Ella Wentworth,*

☞A lady, paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow; asked her why she wore the widow's garb so long.

"Dear mamma, don't you see!" replied the daughter, "it saves me the expenses of advertising for a husband, as every one can see I am for sale by private contract."

☞A constable pursued a thief, who took refuge on a stump in a swamp, and pulled the rail after him on which he went out. The constable made the following return—

"Sightable—conversable—non eat come-atable—in swampum—up stumpum—railo."

☞The young woman who was "driven to distraction," now fears she will have to walk back.

☞The lady who 'swallowed a story,' has been troubled with dyspepsia ever since.

☞The fellow who "seized an opportunity," came very near spraining his wrist.

☞The fellow who "carrid out a project" was obliged to bring it back again.

Time is wealth—he who idles it squanders his money