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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. 15. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1854. NO. 4.

THE TURKISH WAR!

While it engrosses the attention of the public, it should not be forgotten that the best place to have BLACKSMITHING done is at SIMMS'S, in the rear of the Carriage Shop of John Greenwood, (formerly occupied by T. & O. P. Jones) where, having on hand a large lot of IRON, &c. he is prepared to do all work in his line as cheap as it can be done in Kent county, and guarrantees it to give satisfaction. All kinds of Carriage work done at the shortest notice. *HORSE-SHOEING* will receive his esspecial attention, and warranted to be done in the very best manner. He is also prepared to do *GUN WORK* in a satisfactory manner; also *EDGE-TOOLS* will be repaired with neatness and dispatch. His friends and the public are invited to give him a call.

HENRY H. SIMMS.

April 29, 1854. [y]

FOR SALE.

ALL that valuable tract of Land called "FOREGON," lying in the middle District of Kent county, on the public Road leading from Chester Town to the Union Church and only 3 miles distant from the former place—containing

250 Acres,

more or less, 70 of which are in young and thrifty

WOOD.

The balance in arable land of good quality and susceptible of the highest degree of improvement

The place is convenient to Churches Mills, Schools, and landings &c.

The improvements consists of two small DWELLING HOUSES, and the usual outbuildings.

A credit of 6, 12, and 18 months will be given the purchaser, with approved security.

Apply to J LEEDS BARROLL.

Agent.

March 18th 1854.

ESTATE OF WM. F. MEEKS.

Orphans Court of Kent Co., April 25, 1854

ON application it was ordered by the Court that Rob't McNamee Adm'r of Wm. F Meeks, dec'd, give notice in the Kent News, to the creditors of said deceased, that a final dividend on the personal estate will be made in this Court on the 23d day of May 1854.

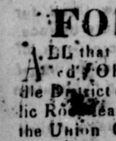
Test JACOB FISHER,

Reg Wills, Kent Co.

April 29, 1854.

Valuable Wood Leave

FOR SALE.



From 300 to 400 Acres heavily Timbered

WOOD,

of red, white and black Oak and Hickory—about one and a half miles from a landing on Chester River. Apply to

J. P. D. BROOKS,

Urieville, or to

WM. B. WILMER,

Chester Town, Kent co Md.

April 22, 1854.

☞The Delaware Republican will copy the above oaw 3w a send bill to this office.

Cheap for Cash!!

Boots, Shoes, &c.

THE undersigned has just returned from the city with a large assortment of *BOOTS & SHOES*, Ladies Gaiters, Walking Shoes and in fact every variety which were ever offered in the market—and they will all be sold very low for Cash.

WM. CONYER

Chestertown, April 22, 1854.

MANTUA MAKING,

TAILORING, &c.,

MRS. MARGARET CALDER respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she is prepared to make Dresses, Coats, Pants, Vests, Shirts, and all other kinds of SEWING. She may be found on High Street, last house up town. Call and see her.

April 15, 1854.

JUST received and for sale 300 lb shoulder Bacon prime, a lot of fresh Lard, extra, and super Flour.

WM. BACCHUS.

AFFLICTED READ!

PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL HOUSE,

ESTABLISHED TWENTY YEARS AGO

BY DR. KINKELIN,

Corner of Third and Union Sts.,

Between Spruce and Pine,

Philadelphia, Pa.

INVALIDS

Are apprised that Dr. Kinkelin confines his practice to a certain branch of medicine, which engages his undivided attention. He cautions the unfortunate against the abuse of mercury; thousands are annually mercurialized out of life. Recent affections are promptly extinguished.

TWENTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

In the treatment of a class of diseases hitherto neglected and imperfectly understood, has enabled Dr Kinkelin (*Author of a work on Self-Preservation.*) to prove that nine-tenths of the causes of nervous debility, local and constitutional weakness, mental and physical suffering, are traceable to certain habits, forming the most secret yet deadly and fatal springs of domestic misery and premature mortality.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There is an evil habit sometimes indulged in by boys, in solitude, often growing up with them to manhood, and which, if not reformed in due time, not only begets serious obstacles to matrimonial happiness, but gives rise to a series of protracted, insidious, and devastating affections. Few of those who give way to this pernicious practice are aware of the consequences, until they find the nervous system shattered, feel strange and unaccountable feelings, and vague fears in the mind.

The unfortunate thus affected becomes feeble, is unable to labor with accustomed vigor, or to apply his mind to study: his step is tardy and weak, he is dull, irresolute, and engages in his sport with less energy than usual.

If he emancipates himself before the practice has done its worst, and enters matrimony, his marriage is unfruitful, and his sense tells him that this is caused by early follies. *These are considerations which should awaken the attention of those similarly situated.*

MARRIAGE

Requires the fulfilment of several conditions, in order that it may be really the cause of mutual happiness. Could the veil which covers the origin of domestic wretchedness be raised, and its true source in every instance disclosed—in how many could it be traced to physical disqualifications and their attendant disappointments! Apply then while it is yet time, in order to have your unstrung and relaxed organization retraced, revivified and strengthened.

REMEMBER,

He who places himself under Dr. Kinkelin's treatment may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and rely upon the assurance, that the secrets of Dr. K.'s patients will never be disclosed.

Young man—let no false modesty deter you from making your case known to one who, from education and respectibility, can certainly befriend you.

Too many think they will conceal the secret in their own hearts, and cure themselves. Alas! how often is this a fatal delusion, and how many a promising young man who might have been an ornament to society, has faded from the earth.

Strictures upon the urethra are rapidly removed by the application of a new therapeutical agent, and only by Dr. K. Weakness and constitutional debility promptly cured, and full vigor restored.

COUNTRY INVILADS

Can have (by stating their case explicitly together with all their symptoms, per letter enclosing a remittance) Dr. K.'s medicine appropriated accordingly

Forwarded to any part of the United States, and packed secure from DAMAGE or CURIOSITY.

READ! READ!!

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

A Vigorous Life or a Premature Death.

KINKELIN ON SELF-PRESERVATION,

Only 25 cents.

It is a work eminently required, as a means of reforming the vices of the age in which we live Also,

Nature's Guide.

With Rules for the Prolongation of Life

Just from the Press.

A letter with a remittance of 25 cents or the value in post stamps, addressed to—Dr. KINKELIN, Philadelphia, Pa., will secure of a copy of either of the above books by return of mail; or 12 copies will be sent free of postage for $1. Booksellers, Canvassers, Travelling Agents, &c., supplied wholesale at the publisher's prices, which admit of a large profit.

☞All letters must be post paid.

May 13, 1854. x

FOR SALE.

READY-MADE CLOTHING. By

W. B. WILMER.

May 13 1854.

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.

Select Poetry.

THE GRAVE OF CLAY.

'Neath the old homestead shade, by the trees that he planted,
The chieftain's asleep at the home that he loved;
The eagle eye dimmed, that shone so undaunted,
The trumpet-tongue mute, that a nation has moved.
Yet, break not his sleeping, tread lightly where he slumbers,
He rests, may God bless him, with the brave men of yore.
The glory yet lingers, in clouds, where we saw him,
But our eagle shall flash back the sunlight no more.

No wail for the hero. How calmly he's sleeping,
We sigh that the grave such bright jewels can claim;
Fair freedom may mourn, there's a smile with her weeping,
As the stars catch the light, she reflects from his fame.
There it burns 'mid the heavens, a beacon of glory,
The storm cloud of faction will burst into light
While his name and his fame shall be told in her story,
And nerve man to struggle where freedom shall fight.

Let him sleep, let him sleep, 'neath the soft waving willow
That sheltered him oft in the quiet of home.
Tread the green earth in silence, in life 'twas his pillow,
For he laid there at rest, where he sleeps in his tomb.
While a pulse beats for freedom he liveth in story;
Look again, drop a tear, as you pass on your way,
Earth hath but one spot in her annals of glory,
So holy to man as the grave of our CLAY!

A Popular Story.

THE BOY HEROES.

A Sketch of Early Western Life

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived, upon a branch of the green river, an old hunter by the name of John Slater. His hut was upon the southern bank of the stream, and, save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his own axe, he was shut up by dense forests. Slater had two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen and the latter twelve years of age. His elder children had gone south. His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple from the affects of severe rheumatism.

It was early in the spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the produce of the winter's labor, which consisted mostly of furs. He had received quite a sum of money, and had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money, for civilization was gradually approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening, just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by the sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching his hut.

He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approach the door. They asked for something to eat, and also for lodgings for the night. John Slater was not the man to refuse a request of that kind, and he asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, unsling their packs, and room was made for them at the supper table.—They represented themselves as travellers bound farther west, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a new settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstance, for he was not one to doubt any man. The boys however, did not like their appearance at all, and the quick glance which they gave each other told their feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with his guests, but they were not very free, and after a while the talk dwindled to occasional questions. Philip, the elder of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched narrowly. His fears had become excited, and he could not rest.—He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After the supper was over, the boys quickly cleared of the table, and then they went out of door. It had become dark, or rather night had fairly set in, for there was a bright moon two-thirds full shining down upon the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip, in a low whisper, at the same time casting a look over his shoulder, "what do you think of these 'ere men?"

"I'm afraid they are bad ones," returned the younger boy.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked round?"

"Yes."

"So did I. If we should tell father what we think, he would only laugh at us, and tell us we were perfect scarecrows."

"But we can watch 'em."

"Yes we will watch 'em; but do not let them know it."

The boys held some further consultation, and then going to the house they set the small door back, so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. If they had desired to speak with their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers sat close by him all the evening.

At length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring, and arose to go out of door to see the state of affairs without. The three followed him, but they did not take their weapons! The old lady was asleep in the chair. "Now," whispered Philip, "let's take two of father's rifles up to our bed; we may want them. We are as good as men with the rifle."

Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their pockets behind the great stove chimney, and then hastened back and emptied the priming from the strangers' rifles, and when their father and strangers returned, they had resumed their seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor, one of them, in the end of the building being the old man's sleeping room, and the other the room in which the company sat. Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding, reaching only half way over the large room below it, and in the opposite end of the building from the sleeping apartment of the hunter. A rough ladder led up to the scaffold, and on it, close up to the gable end, was the boys' bed. There was no partition at the edge of this scaffolding, but it was all open to the room below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the 3 travellers, and after every thing had been arranged for their comfort, the boys went up to their bed, and the old man retired to his little room.

The two boys thought not of sleep, or if they did, it was only to avoid it.—Half an hour had passed away, and they could hear their father snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crept silently to where he could peep down through a crack, and saw one of the men open his pack, from which he took several pieces of raw meat by the rays of the moon, and moving towards the window, he shoved the sash back, and threw the pieces of flesh to the dogs. Then he went back to his bed and laid down.

At first the boy thought this might be thrown to the dogs to distract their attention; but when the man laid down, the idea of poison flashed through Philip's mind. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. The first impulse of little Daniel, when he heard that his poor dogs were to be poisoned, was to cry out, but a sudden pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent.

At the end of the boys' bed there was a dark window, a small square door, and as it was directly over the dogs' house, Philip resolved to go down, and save the dogs. The undertaking was a dangerous one; for the least noise would arouse the villians—and the consequence might be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself strong in heart and he determined upon the trial. His father's life might be in his hands! This thought was a tower of strength in itself.

Philip opened the window without moving from the bed, and it swung upon its leathern hinges without noise.—Then he drew off the sheet, and tied the corner of it to the staple by which the window was hooked. The sheet was then lowered on the outside, and carefully the brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoined his brother not to move, and then he slid noiselessly down. The hounds had just found the the meat, and they drew back at their young master's beck, and Philip gathered the flesh up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then he quickly tied the meat up in the sheet. There was a light ladder standing near the dog house, and setting this up against the building, Philip made his way back to his little loft, and when once safely there he pulled the sheet in after him.

The strangers had not been aroused, and with a beating heart the boy thanked God. He had performed an act, simple as it may appear, at which many a stout heart would have quailed. The dogs growled as they went back into their kennel, and if the strangers heard them, they thought the poor animals were growling over their repast they had found.

At length the hounds ceased their noise, and all was quiet. An hour passed away, and so did another. It must have been nearly midnight when the men move again, and the lad Philip saw the rays of a candle flash up thro' the cracks of the floor on which stood his bed. He would have moved to the crack where he could peep down, but at that moment he heard a step upon the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to his brother, and they lay perfectly still. The man came to the top of the ladder, and held his light up so he could look upon the boys. The fellow seemed to be perfectly satisfied that they were asleep, for he soon returnd to the ground floor, and then Philip crept to the crack. He saw the men take knives and he heard them whispering:

"We'll kill the old man and woman first," said one of them "and then we'll hunt the money. If those little brats up there (pointing to the scaffold) wake up, we can easily take care of them."

"But we must kill them all," said another.

"Yes," returned the speaker, "but the young one's first; they may make a noise and start the old man up."

Philip's heart beat with horror.

"Down the ladder outside! quick!" he whispered to his brother. "Down and start up the dogs! Run for the front door and throw it open—it isn't fastened! O, do let the dogs in the house as quick as you can. I'll look out for father while you go."

Daniel quickly crawled out through the little window, and Philip seized a rifle and crept to the head of the scaffold. Two of the villains were just approaching the door of his father's room. They had set the candle on the floor so that its light would fall into the bed room as the door was opened. Philip drew the hammer of his rifle back, and rested the muzzle on the edge of the boards. One of the men had his hand upon the latch. The boy heroe uttered a single word of heartfelt prayer, and then he pulled the trigger. The robber whose hand was upon the latch, uttered one sharp, quick cry, and then fell upon the floor. The bullet had passed through his brain.

For an instant the two remaining villains were confounded, but they quickly comprehended the nature and position of their enemy, and they sprang for the ladder. They did not reach it, however, for at that instant the outer door was flung open; and the hounds—four in number—sprang into the house. With a deep wild yell the animals leaped upon the assassins, and they had drawn them upon the floor just as the old hunter came from his room. "Help us! help us! father," cried Philip, as he hurried down the ladder. "I've shot one of them! They are murderers! robbers! Hold 'em! hold em!" the boy continued clapping his hands to the dogs. Old Slater comprehended the nature of the scene in a moment and sprang to the spot where the hounds had the two men upon the floor. The villains had both lost their knives, and the dogs had so wounded them that they were incapable of resistance. With much difficulty the animals were called off, and then the two men were tied to a seat. There was no need of binding them, for they needed some restorative agent, as the dogs had made quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. They rested a moment upon the body of him who had been shot, and then turned to the boys. Philip told him all that had happened. It seemed sometime before the old hunter could crowd the whole teeming truth through his mind, but as he gradually comprehended it all a soft, grateful, proud light broke over his features, and he held his arms out to his sons.

"Noble, noble boys!" he uttered as he clasped them to his bosom. "God bless you for this! O, I dreamed not that you had such hearts."

For a long time the old man gazed on his boys in silence; while tears of love and gratitude rolled down his cheek and his whole face was lighted up with the most joyous, holy pride.

Long before daylight, Philip mounted the horse and started for the nearest settlement and early in the forenoon the officers of justice had the two wounded men in charge, while the body of the third was removed. They were recognized by the officers as criminals of notoriety; but this was their last adventure for the justice they had long outraged fell upon them and stopped them in their career.

Should any of our readers chance to pass down the Ohio river, I beg they will take notice of a large white mansion that stands upon the southern bank, with a wide forest park in front of it, and situated some eight miles west of Owensboro'. Ask your steamboat captain who lives there and he will tell you "Philip Slater & Brother, retired flour chants."

They are the Boy Heroes of whom I have been writing.

A Bed Bug Story.

The editor of the Grand River *Eagle* gives the following as the experience of a friend stopping at the Kalamazoo House:—

"You see, I went to bed pretty allfired used up, after a hull day on the old road before the plank was laid, calkalatin, on a good snooze. Waal, just as the shivers began to ease off, I kinder felt suthin' tryin' to pull of my shirt and diggin' their feet into the small of my back to get a good hold. Wiggled and twisted, and puckered—all no use—kept agoin' it like all sin. Bimeby I got up and struck a light to look around a spell—found about a peck of bed bugs scattered around, and more droppin off my shirt and runnin' down my legs every minit. Swept off a place on the floor shook out a quilt, lay down and kivered up in it for a nap. No use—mounted right on to me, like a passel of rats on a meal tub—dug a hole in the kiver lid, and crawled through and give more fits for tryin' to hide. Got up agin went down stairs and got the slush bucket from the wagon. Brought it up and made a circle of tar on the floor—lay down on the floor on the inside, and felt comfortable that time anyhow. Left the light burnin' and watched 'em. See 'em get together and have a camp meetin' and then they went off in a squad, with an old grey headed he one, at the top, right up the wall, out on the ceilin', till they got to the right spot, then dropped right plump into my face. Fact by thunder. Well, I swept 'em up agin and made a circle of tar on the ceiling too. Thought I had 'em foul that time; but I swan to man, if they didn't pull straws out of a bed, and build a regular bridge over it!" Seing an incredible expression on our visage, he clinched the story thus: "It's so, whether you believe it or not, and some of 'em *walked across on stilts*. Bed bugs are curius critters and no mistake, 'specially the Kalamazoo kind."

AFFECTING.—A 'lovyer' received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers:

"*Deer;*—i send u bi the boy a bucket of floors. They is like my luv for u—The nite shaid menes keep dark. The dog feel menes i am ure slaiv.

"Rosis red and posis pail
My luv for u shall never fale."

She deserves a husband of the donkey kind.

☞'Sonny, do you know your letters?'

"Yes sir, two of 'em."

"Possible! what are they?"

"Let'er go and let'er rip!"

"Smart boy, go to the tub and wet your hair; a brain of such fertility can't be kept too moist."

☞"Have you any limb-horn bonnets?" inquired a very modest miss of a shopkeeper.

"Any what?"

"Any limb-horn bonnets?"

"Any—don't you mean *leg*-horn bonnets?"

The young lady was brought too by the proper restoratives.

☞"Pa, has dogs got wings?"

"Wings! No, child don't you know better than that?"

"Why this paper says a big dog flew at him, and bit him; so I guess dogs is got wings, too."

☞"What monsters those cotton factories must be," said Mrs. Partington; "I told one of 'em has more than a hundred hanks."

THE PET OF MAN AND ALSO OF WOMAN—A *petticoat*. Two pounds of hearts-on immediately.

MISS LED—Young men who love the girls.