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The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing Two DOLLARS will be *invariably charged.* No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be published three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion. Fractions of a square charged as a square.

☞ Advertisements published quarterly, semi-annually, or yearly, at moderate rates.

CARDS not exceeding five lines will be published three months for $2 50; six months $4; one year $7. Six to ten lines—three months $3; six months $6; one year $10.

Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

For the information of Subscribers we would state, that by arrangement with the former publisher, his charge for subscriptions terminates with the 1st of November inst., and consequently all of the present subscribers *commence with us from that date.* Those who have time remaining on *advance payments,* will be furnished with the paper as usual, until the expiration of their year, at the expense of the late proprietor.

☞ Subscribers are reminded that our terms are $1.50 per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; or $2.00 if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing.—These conditions are exceedingly reasonable, easily complied with, and greatly to the advantage of both ourselves and subscribers. We ask any reader if he would be willing to publish a paper at this low figure, and wait until the expiration of the year for pay? Most merchants demand the cash for their goods when purchased, and none give more than a few months credit;—farmers generally receive the cash or its equivalent for every article they sell;—and there is no valid reason why a newspaper should not be paid for in cash, as well as any thing else that is purchased. We desire—and there is no doubt of its practicability—to bring up the business of the office nearer the cash standard; and at the same time give our customers all the indulgence that we can afford. In fact, it has been intimated to us by subscribers themselves, that this course ought to be pursued, and we believe that it will commend itself to the judgment and good sense of our readers generally. If we could purchase printing material, and procure every thing necessary for the maintenance of ourselves and families, on a credit of twelve months; or if some of our country friends would loan us for the space of a year the proceeds of a good crop of corn; then we might afford to indulge our subscribers for that length of time; but as this cannot be asked, it is unreasonable for them to expect credit for their subscriptions until the expiration of the year. IN LOCAL matters alone, the paper is worth double its price to every individual that feels interested in the affairs of the County; and it is our intention to use every effort to make it generally attractive, desirable, and interesting. We hope that this plain statement will commend itself to the favorable consideration of our subscribers, and that we may be saved the always unpleasant task of soliciting money for subscriptions. Our books are now open, and we are prepared to receive new subscriptions and advance payments.

COULD'NT DO IT.—A Southern paper tells a story of a man in London, who determined to spend all he made during the first year in advertising. He soon found that it was impossible, for the simple reason that the more he advertised, the more he made; and after a strenuous effort to get rid of his money in advertising, he had to give it up! If you don't believe it, just try it.

THE TALLEST MAN IN KENTUCKY.—It is said that Mr. John M. Baker, of Burnsville, Caldwell county, is the tallest man in Kentucky. He stands seven feet eight inches in his boots, weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and is twenty-three years old.

Select Poetry.

THE BALL-ROOM BELLE.

The moon and all her starry train
Were fading from the morning sky,
When home the ball-room belle again
Returned, with throbbing pulse and brain,
Flushed cheek, and tearful eye.

The plume that danced above her brow,
The gem that sparkled in her zone,
The scarf of spangled leaf and bough,
Were laid aside—they mocked her now,
When desolate and lone.

That night how many hearts she won!
The reigning belle, she could not stir,
But, like the planets round the sun,
Her suitors followed—all but one—
One all the world to her!

And she had lost him!—Marvel not
That lady's eyes with tears were wet!
Though love by man is soon forgot,
It never yet was woman's lot
To love and to forget.

Historical Sketch.

First Battle of the Revolution.

The following description of the Battle of Lexington is from Bancroft's seventh volume of the History of the United States:

On the afternoon of the 18th of April, the day on which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, Gen. Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several days been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were connected to announce the first movements of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and in consequence, the Committee of Safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to interrupt all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, commanded by the incompetent Lieut. Col. Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of the party who observed their departure.

"What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by the way of Charlestown. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels got orders to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Sumerset man-of war across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above the horizon; while from a couple of lanters in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns, as fast as light could travel. A little beyond Charlestown neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback, but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, he escaped from the other by the road to Medford.—As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington. The troops had not advanced far, when the firing of guns and the ringing of bells announced that their expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith sent back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April, between the hours of twelve and one, the message of Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divined at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high son of liberty" from Concord, rode forward calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall, and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning, a peal from the belfry of the meeting house called the inhabitants of the place to their town Hall. They came forth, old and young, with their firelocks ready to make good the resolute words of their town debate. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powderhorn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and prayers he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock that they held the defence of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence with arms proved his sincerity and strengthened their sense of duty. From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and volleys from minute men spread the alarm.

Lexington, in 1775, may have had 700 inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent James Clark, the bold inditer of patriotic papers that may yet be read on their town records. In December, 1772, they had instructed their representatives to demand a radical redress for their grievances, for "not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later they spurned the use of tea. In 1774 at various town meetings, they voted to increase their stock of ammunition, "to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defense against their enemies. In December they distributed to "the train band and alarm list arms and ammunition," and resolved to supply the training soldiers with bayonets.

At two in the morning, under the eyes of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington Common was alive with the minute men; and not with them only, but with many old men also, who were exempt, except in cases of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and out of militia and alarm men, about one hundred answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but take care not to be first to fire. Messengers sent to look out for the British regulars reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their home; some to the tavern, near the southeast corner of the common.

Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire towards Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from sight—when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired and the drums beat. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting house.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up, and halted to load: and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villians; ye rebels disperse!" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a gun, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker therefore ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitive or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed and a private of the 10th light infantry was slightly touched on his leg.

Jones Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him to his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when as sound a heart as ever throbbed for freedom was stifled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so died the aged Robert Monroe, the same who in 1758 had been ensign at Louisburg. John Harrington, jr., was struck in front of his house on the north of the Common. His wife was at the window when he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on his hands and knees towards his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on the threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and killed after they had left the green. Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the Common.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded; a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green.—These are the village heroes who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine.—They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they had begun. Their names are held in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation.—They fulfilled their duty not from accidental impulse of the moment; their action was slowly ripened fruit of Providence and of time.

Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed, when he heard of the resistance at Lexington, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" for thus he saw that his country's independence was hastening rapidly on, and like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did but bear him the more swiftly towards the undiscovered world.

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.—Here is something which should be cut out, preserved, and carefully read at least once a week:

Never wish for the dishes your mother prepared for you when a boy. There is nothing of which a wife is more jealous than a mother-in-law's cookery; besides, there is scarcely a doubt that the very dishes so much longed for, would fail to please you now. When a boy, everything relished with a boyish zest; but now, even your mother, noted for her cookery of the old fashioned dishes, if you have become accustomed to the more modern styles, would be found faulty. But suppose she was, and is now, a perfect house-keeper in all respects, is it kind or gentlemanly to put your mother, with her years of experience, in competition with your young and unexperienced wife? You must bear and forbear, as very likely your father did before you, or you will never have a house-keeper in your wife.

Do you not remember, if you have been married a few years, many times to have found your dinner spoiled, wife out of tune and yourself seriously annoyed, when you could, without injury to business, or even trespassing on the laws of courtesy, have been punctual to the moment? And again when for important reasons you desire the dinner prompt, you have found it far from ready, have you not found fault, and been reproached with such want of regularity yourself as to make it impossible to keep up a proper system in the family?

If not, you are a pattern husband, whose example it would be well for many to copy. If your wife has no servants, or not a sufficient number to do the work of the family her time is as precious as yours, and the moments wasted waiting for you, must be made up by extra exertion throughout the day, or taken from the hours necessary for repose at night. You little think of this, or your practice would be different.

WELCOME HOME.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

My Mary comes!—it is the hour
She promised to be here:
Taught by love's strange mysterious power
I know that she is near.
I hear the melody she sings
Beneath our happy dome,
And now the woodland cheerly rings
With Mary's welcome home.

My Mary's voice!—I hear it thrill
In raptures on the gale,
As she comes gliding down the hill
To meet me in the vale.
In all the world, on land or sea,
Where'er I chance to roam,
No music is so sweet to me
As Mary's welcome home.

THRILLING INCIDENT AT A THEATRE.—On Tuesday evening, during the performance of Tayleure's "Lessons for Husbands" at the St. Louis Theatre, one of the favorite pieces of the Florences, a most pleasing little incident occured, which brought down the house, and for a few moments prevented the actors from proceeding with the play. In the scene where Mrs. Florence appears as the sailor boy, she danced a naval hornpipe, holding in her hand the star splangled banner. As she concluded, she tossed the flag to Mr. F. He caught it, and spreading it carefully out, counted, audibly, the thirty three stars; then throwing up his hands, exclaimed, with deep feeling, "Thank God, they are all there." The attitude and earnestness of the speaker, and the peculiar force of the remark, passed like an electric shock through the audience, and the house rose *en masse* and applauded most vociferously.

QUICK PASSAGE OF A SAILING VESSEL.—The clipper ship Andrew Jackson arrived at New York Monday morning from Liverpool, after a passage of fifteen days, with a full cargo. She made the passage to Liverpool (grain laden) in fifteen days, and on the passage out and home has been only thirty days at sea, including two days calm, sailing over 6,500 miles; thus averaging nearly two hundred and twenty miles a day.

☞ The Potato Rot appears to be extending the present year. Accounts from the West speak of great losses, and a general scarcity is apprehended. In Europe, also it is said the disease prevails more widely than for many years. In Ireland where this is a national crop, and a failure is a serious calamity, there is much anxiety felt, as the rot exists to a considerable extent.

☞ A certain divine gave out a psalm to his choristers, who attempted to set it to a new tune; but, having made a blunder, the clergyman, when he came to that part of the litany, "Lord have mercy on us miserable sinners," in his turn made another blunder, and read it as follows:—"Lord have mercy on our miserable singers."

It is said whatever Midas touched turned into gold. In these days touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

On Management in Farming.

One defect in some of the younger farmers of this day, is want of good management. They begin their errors, perhaps, by buying too much land, and running into debt for it. And this misstep they follow up by other misjudgments in buying tools, cattle, seeds, manure, etc. No sooner do they begin their year's work, than the interest on their borrowed money begins to accumulate; it rolls up, day after day, in rain and sunshine, Summer and Winter, and it eats up no small part of their earnings. They get discouraged, and, as consequence, work less hopefully, less energetically, and with less success.

Somebody has remarked that in England, where taxes are laid upon everything, it costs about as much to *rent* a farm, as it does in this country to *buy* one. This compels the farmer to be very economical, industrious, and careful in his management of all the details of his year's work. Not a particle of manure is suffered to lie out in the sun and rain, or to leach off into the brooks. Not a square foot of ground is allowed to lie idle, certainly not to grow noxious weeds. Not a hired hand or member of the family, who does not keep busy at work, contributing something, directly or indirectly, to the general stock of income. These things, our brethren in the old country are compelled to do, to live at all by farming. Now, why should not we do something like it from choice, and in order to prosper? Doubtless, it is sometimes wise and necessary to farm with borrowed money, but it is often a hazardous business. Better work on a little smaller scale, and use more management, than attempt a great deal at considerable risk. If these things are all taken into the account, he will be somewhat cautious in his investments in land.

By all means, let nothing be done in a hasty and thoughtless manner, taking it for granted that, somehow or other, all will turn out well in the end. Success will not come by accident.—*American Agriculturist.*

HOW TO TELL GOOD COAL.—A writer gives the following instructions to consumers of coal in making their purchases:

"Almost all coal has bone in it. That is, it has hard lumps that cannot be burned, keep them in the stove as long as you may; and in bad coal the proportion of 'bone' is sometimes very large. Here is a great waste that somebody has to bear the expense of. How shall consumers avoid it? Attention to the following rule will, in a great measure, ensure a good article of coal, and the best is always the cheapest. In proportion as coal has broad flat pieces of dull look, it is bony and worthless. If the lumps are smooth and of a shiny black color, and of a shape approaching square, that coal is the sort to buy, even if it does cost a little more. We will add, in addition, that if in burning a good article of coal the fire should happen to go out, if the lumps are taken out and washed free from the ashes they will burn much more readily than without this treatment. With the hard 'bony' coal spoken of above however, this treatment will not avail; it cannot be made to burn again. Examine the coal you buy."

TO PREVENT "SKIPPERS" IN HAMS.—In a communication to the *Cotton Planter,* W. McWillie says: "There is, according to my experience, nothing easier than to avoid the skipper and all worms and bugs that usually infest and destroy bacon. It is simply to keep your smoke house dark, and the moth that deposits the egg will never enter it. For the past twenty-five years I have attended to this, and never have had my bacon troubled with any insect. I have now, hanging in my smoke house, hams one, two and three years old, and the oldest are as free from insects as when first hung up. I am not aware of other causes for the exception of my bacon from insects, but simply the fact that my smoke house is always dark. Before adopting this plan, I had tried many.

LAUGHTER AND ITS USES.—The following paragraph reminded us of the old theological professor, who exercised his pupils one hour daily in laughing:—

Laughter is healthful to the body as gladness is to the mind; and there is not a more beautiful spectacle than a smiling face when you know it is the true index of the soul within. We do not speak of that species of idiotic laughter which is sure to follow the exhibition of any low trick, or the utterance of a coarse jest; but that genial outburst that enlivens the social circle when men, like true philosophers, forget their past cares, and put off till the morrow all apprehensions regarding the future.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who has respect for age, always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved by everybody, then there is no such thing as truth in the world. Remember this, boys, and you will be respected by others, and will grow up and become useful men.

☞ An editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says: "We are grieved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and several other dogs."

Currency Panic at New York.

The currency panic, it is said, has been equal to that of 1857. All notes of banks South of Washington are at 20 to 25 per cent. discount. Illinois and Wisconsin banks 15 per cent. and other Western and Canada banks 3 to 5 per cent. discount.

The presidents of the leading banks are discussing a project to relieve the community by issuing scrip based on bills receivable. U. S. stocks and other approved collaterals, to pass in the liquidation of bills to each other.—The scrip to bear seven per cent. interest. The banks thus hope to be soon in a position to meet the wants of the community. Millions of dollars will be called for this week.

CONSERVATIVE MEETING IN GEORGIA.—One of the largest meetings ever held in Green county, Ga., was held on Friday, the 16th inst. The most influential men participated and adopted resolutions almost unanimously of a conservative character, urging the call of a State convention of all parties to calmly consider the evils threatening the destruction of the national Union; and appealing to the people of the Union to discard the counsels of agitating politicians and demagogues of all sections and rally to the support of an imperilled government.

The resolutions say that party politicians, instead of allaying excitement, have stirred it up; instead of repressing mutual distrust and dislike, have promoted it; and instead of seeking to remove the cause of dispute created by them for the sake of power and office, in both sections of the country, have pandered to the passions and prejudices of the people at home, keeping each section ignorant of the patriotic, conservative and catholic feelings of the other. Mutually exasperated by the incendiary disorganizing representations of hungry-office-seekers, both sections find themselves in a fierce controversy which they have had no hand in bringing on.

RESULT OF EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.—The Northampton (Mass.) Press records the arrest of a female named Phillips, the wife of a respectable citizen of an adjacent town, charged with stealing, and adds:

A large lot of dry goods, belonging to various dealers, was found in her possession, and it is supposed that she has within a few years, robbed them of $300 or $400 worth of articles. Mr. Phillips was not aware of his wife's conduct, although two of his daughters, for whom much of the thieving was perpetrated, were, and frequently accompanied their mother in her expeditions. While they were buying she would conceal goods about her person.

Mrs. Phillips has hitherto borne a good character, and was a member of the Congregational Church, in Williamsburg. The cause which led her to steal, as she has acknowledged was her great love of dress. She thought a great deal of her daughters, and wished to dress them in a style that would make them attractive in society. Their means would not admit of it, and consequently she felt obliged to resort to theft, in order to carry out her extravagant wishes. She was examined before a magistrate, and placed under bonds to appear hereafter for trial.

JOE LANE.—Out West, several people are inconsolable because the elegant and refined Joseph Lane is not to be our next Vice President. They say that his defeat is a deathblow to American literature, and will cause a complete stagnation in that branch of the book-trade devoted to Webster's Spellers.—It is rumored that his friends in Oregon were affected to tears by the following dispatch:

'Me and Brick are dephected, but god's will be dun. GOSEP LANE.'

"William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?" "Don't know, sir," replied William, "'cept it be that 'east makes everything rise." Teacher fainted.

Dobbs thinks that instead of giving "credit to whom credit is due," the cash had better be paid. Dobbs should not be impertinent.

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates how a hardware dealer differed from a boot-maker? "Why," said the other, "the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

A good man, who has seen much of the world, and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

A German out West being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort, produced the following: "I ish full. I wants no more money. John Swackhammer."

☞ Metal finger nails, to protect the fingers from the soreness incident to corn husking, are among the last inventions chronicled.

☞ We have heard of but one old woman that "kissed her cow," but there are thousands of young ones that kiss great calves.

☞ Why are country girls' cheeks like French calico? Because they are warranted to wash and retain their color.

☞ What key opens the gate to misery? Ans.—*Whis-key.*

In civility, follow the many; in piety, the few; in all things, the good.