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THE KENT NEWS.

"Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet."—He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., APRIL 7, 1849. NO. 49.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

Is payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months, and none will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each addition thereafter. Larger ones in proportion.—Liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid.

To the Farmers of Maryland.

OUR attention is called to a new article of Manure manufactured in Baltimore, known as

CHAPPELL'S FERTILIZER OR AGRICULTURAE, SALTS.

This article is composed of the same materials as are found by analysis in the ashes of plants. It consists of a mixture (in proper proportions) of Biphosphate of Lime, and Magnesia, (or bones dissolved by Sulphric Acid,) Sulphates of Ammonia, Potash, Soda and Lime, Animal Charcoal, Nitrates of Potash Allumina and Magnesia, and as these constituents indicate, is intended to restore to the soil all the inorganic materials abstracted by vegetation. It has been ascertained that a soil containing a sufficient quantity of these salts, is always fertile, and their absence constitutes what is called "Worn out Land"—the analysis of such soils show a good supply, and poor land a deficiency.

The inorganic matter abstracted from the soils by the growth of different crops of the same, varying only in proportion, it is therefore evident, that if we supply to the soil a sufficient quantity of each material thus abstracted, we restore its fertility. The correctness of the above has been fully sustained by the use of the Agricultural salts, the last season. It has been used on poor land, and twenty-five to twenty-eight bushels of wheat obtained, with a superior crop of clover. As a top dressing on wheat, eight bushels additional yield has been realized. On the spring crops, of corn, oats and clover, the yield has been doubled. It has been used on the same field (as an experiment) with the best Peruvian Guano, both on corn and oats, and the yield has resulted in favor of the Fertilizer. The most respectable reference can be given of its value and effects on poor land.

This article having been used with such favorable results, the manufacturer now offers it to agriculturists, with the full confidence that it will largely repay for the outlay, and that it is the cheapest manure they can use.

This preparation, (besides containing all the mineral or inorganic constituents necessary to render a soil fertile) is rich in ammoniacal salts, in a fixed state being in combination with sulphuric acid, and therefore not volatile, as in guano. The phosphates and alkalies are very soluble—the first rain after they are applied dissolves them, and thus saturates the soil with the proper and essential nourishment for the plants, it is therefore adapted to every description of crops, and is applicable, to all soils producing a most luxuriant growth.

As a general rule, and to secure the full effects of this and every other manure, the soil should be properly drained, deeply ploughed and harrowed, the soil made mellow and porous. A soil thus prepared not only admits of a greater extension of the roots in their search after food, but derives more atmospheric nourishment of carbonic acid and nitrogen—it absorbs more rain, and retains mositure. If these preliminaries have been attended to, and the soil is furnished with a sufficient supply of these Agricultural salts, a very large yield of any crop may be fully calculated upon unless the season is very unfavorable.

As this Fertilizer can be manufactured only to a limited extent, and as the demand during the seeding season last fall was much greater than could be supplied, it would be advisable to to those who may wish to obtain a supply in time to send in their orders and purchase at once.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING CHAPPELL'S FERTILIZER, OR AGRICULTURAL SALTS.

On opening the barrell's should the Salts adhere together, break it on a board with the back of a shovel, reducing into powder a small quantity of ashes or dry mould may be added if thought proper. The quantity to be used per acre should be according to the condition of the soil, if in tolerable condition, 300 to 400 lbs. should be applied, if the land is sworn out put on 500 to 600 lbs. and in all cases it should be used broad cast, whether before or after the seed does not signify. This quantity is fully sufficient for a full rotation & the soil, (if clover has been used) will be left in a greatly improved condition, after taking of good crops.—The outlay will be doubly repaid the first crop.

Wheat and Rye—Put on the quantity as directed above, either before or after the seed is sown—follow with the harrow.

Top-Dressing—Use 300 lbs per acre, and pass over a light harrow, if thought advisable Clover seed may be sown after or before. Plaster need not be applied, as this preparation is sufficiently supplied with sulphates. Its effect on clover is very remarkable, and its application will greatly increase the growth, much more so than guano. When used as a top-dressing, the following crop should have an addition of 200 or 300 lbs.

Corn—The land having been properly prepared, 400 to 600 lbs. put on before planting, will secure a larg yield, the more you use, the longer does the land produce, both in the present and after crops, it is the proper nourishment furnished to plants by the soil, and the crop will be in proportion to the quantity the soil contains.

Oats require the same directions as are given for wheat.

Potatoes—In addition to the quantity recommended for corn a small portion sprinkled around the plant or on the side of the hill, will secure a large yield, if properly attended to and carefully weeded and hoed—the crop will be large, and the potatoes fine flavored and mealy.

The growth of Buckwheat Turnips, Carrots, Beans, Peas, and all garden vegetables and fruit is promoted, and the crop much improved, by the use of these Salts.

Tobacco is a very exhausting crop to the soil and draws heavily for its nourishment, particularly of potash, it would be an advantage to mix with each barrel used two or three bushels of unleached ashes, and let it be applied as for Potatoes Timothy or other Grasses—The growth of Grass is greatly promoted. As a top-dressing the Agricultural salts may be used to great advantage on meadow-land—one barrel alone, or mixed with one or two bushels of ashes, will repay largely for the application.

Compost Pile—a few barrels added to the manure or compost pile, will make it much more efficacious in promoting vegetable growth, and consequently a larger yield. The sulphates which these salts contain will attract and retain the ammonia of the manure, which is one of the most essential ingredients to be conveyed to the soil.

Having now given all the essential directions which are considered necessary with other suggestions which we hope will prove of some advantage to the farmer we will now add, that we consider the proper and judicious use of our Fertilizer as the cheapest article that can be used to restore worn out lands' to their primative fertility. Like guano, it greatly increase the growth of vegatable matter, if the seed from the farm alone is sent to market, and the hay, straw, fodder, &c., is returned to the soil, through the manure or compost pile with a judicious rotation of crops and the land properly tilled—a very few years will suffice to renovate the most exhausted soil while the land is greatly increased in value. It will succeed where guano fails, it contains all the essential constituents for promoting vegetable growth found to exist (by analysis) in guano and supplies some salts not found therein—therefore is of more universal adoption to the soil. We recommend it with the fullest confidence, having demonstrated by its use on "worn out lands" the correctness of the theory on which the composition is based that if the soil receives from the farmer all the mineral or inorganic constituts found by correct analysis to exist in the ash of plants, he has furnished it with all the essentials necessary to secure a good crop, and the atmosphere, rain, heat, light and electricity, will through the agency of vegetable life secure to him abundant reward for his industry.

Price $20 per Ton of 2000 lbs. put up in barrels of 200 lbs. each. Terms Cash on delivery. Address.

P. S. CHAPPELL, Chemist,
Corner Hanover and Lombard sts, Baltimore.

NOTE—Guano is deficient in Alkalies and Sulphates, this preperation has a sufficient supply and for this reason, on some soils, is superior to it for producing large crops.

Baltimore March 30, 1849.

In Chancery

7th March, 1849.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate of Lancelot Moffitt, made and reported by the trustee, Joseph Wickes, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 7th day of May next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of April next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be four thousand and two dollars.

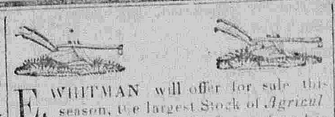
True copy,
Test,
LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Reg. Cur. Can.

march 17, 1849.

OSNABURGS AND DRILLINGS.

T. W. ELIASON has just recd. a large stock of heavy Osnaburgs, Drillings and Domestic for servants, which he is selling below the usual prices.

Mch. 10, 1849.



E. WHITMAN will offer for sale this season, the largest Stock of *Agricultural Implements and Seed* ever found in an Agricultural Warehouse in the city of Baltimore; consisting in part of

100 Whitman's Premium Wrought Iron Rail-way Horse powers. Price of the Double Power, $160, single ditto $75.

100 various kinds of Sweep Horse-powers, viz: Fuz's Allen's, Kirkpatrick's and others, from $65 to $120.

200 Whitman's Improved Threshers.—cylinder of this machine will last 100 years in constant use. Price, $45 to $50. If the Straw Chariot is attached, $15 will be added; and it made to thresh and clean at one operation, price $100.

50 Common Threshers, as low as can be purchased in any part of the country.

6,000 *Ploughs*,

Consisting of every kind sold in Maryland, New York and Massachusetts. The first Premium on Ploughs in the Ploughing Match of the State Fair, holden at Baltimore, last November, was looked upon as a matter of great importance to every one engaged in agriculture; and this made the contest a spirited one and brought in ploughs from all parts of the country, among which was the Wiley, Moor & Chamberlain, "Maryland Self-sharpener" and a host of others. The Committee, *after trial*, had no hesitation in awarding the *first* premium to E. Whitman, Jr., for the work done with his Pouty & Mears' Centre draft Plough.

300 Cultivators, which also received the first premium at the State Fair and at various other Fairs. Price, $1 to $6.

50 Corn and Cob Crushers, which received the first Premium at the State Fair and also at the Fair of the Maryland Institute, at various other Fairs. Price $50.

200 *Wheat Fans*, of various kinds and patterns, among which is I. T. Grant's, which is now used in this country, and in Europe with great success; and we consider it the best Fan in use. Price, from $26 to $40.

500 *Whitman's Premium Corn Shellers*. Price, $14, $16, $30.

200 *Straw Cutters*, from $7 to $45

500 Premium Churns, from $2.50 to $7.

50 Corn Planters. One boy and horse with this drill will plant 10 acres per day. Price, $20.

50 *Cider Mills*. These mills grind the apple to a pulp, and are warranted to produce more cider, and of better quality than any other mill. Price $20 and $25

A large stock of Wheat Drills; Hay Presses, Grain Washers, and all kinds of Plough, Casting, Grain Cradles, Shovel's, Hoes, Spades, &c., &c.

E. WHITMAN, Jr.,
corner of Light & Pratt sts. Balt. Md.

Messrs. Wiley & Perkins, Chester Town, are the agents for E. Whitman, and will sell the above articles at Baltimore prices.

March 24, 1849.

COSTUME HALL

Spring and Summer Clothing!

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

ON hand and for sale the largest and best assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, at prices very much reduced.

COATS.

Coats of every variety, embracing all the latest styles, and of an improved cut and make, from 75 cts. to 1,2,3,4,5,6,8, $10, and upwards.

PANTALOONS.

Pantaloons of all kinds, from 75 cts. to 1, 1 50, 1.75 2, 2 50, and also a very fashionable style, the Lamartine stripe, as low as 3, 3.50, $4, and upwards.

VESTS.

Vests of every variety, comprising Silk Satin, Cashmere, Marseilles, Valencia from 50 cts., 75 cts. $1, $2, $2 50, $3 and upwards.

BOY'S CLOTHING

Always on hand the largest and best assortment of Boy's Clothing ever offered in this city.

A splendid assortment of Cloths and Cassimeres of the best make, together with a large and handsome variety of Silk and Marseilles Vestings, which will be made up to order in the best manner, 20 per cent. less than the accustomed prices, and in all cases a neat and beautiful fit guaranteed at

COSTUME HALL,
Corner of Pratt and Centre Market Space
H. H. COLE.

☞Attached to the above, is one of the largest and most extensive Shirt Factories in the country, embracing every variety and make, at prices which cannot fail to please any one wishing to purchase.

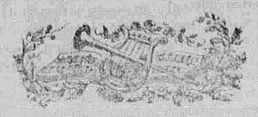
ONE PRICE ONLY!

March 31, '49—1y.

ONE CENT REWARD

RANAWAY on the 24 h Dec. last an apprentice boy named JOHN CANNON, aged about 18 years old. All persons are forwarned from harboring said boy,—the above reward of one cent will be paid for the delivery of said boy to the subscriber near Masseys X Roads.

JAS. STANLY.



POETRY.

SPURN NOT THE POOR MAN.

BY JOHN PARKER.

Spurn not the poor man, spurn him not,
Though hard may be his hands;
No gold or silver has he got,
Nor houses, nor yet lands.
Yet cast thou not that scornful glance
Upon his sunburnt face;
For though he's poor, his poverty
Can never thee disgrace.

His coat may of the coarsest be,
Made out of hodden gray,
And thine be of the best broadcloth,
And trimmed so fine and gay.
Thy polished boots may brightly shine;
In fashion fitting neat;
And his poor clogs be dingy brown,
And shapeless on his feet.

Yes, his exterior may be rude,
And no attractions show;
And his connections be among
The ontcast and the low;
But in the casket, rough to view,
A gem may be concealed;
As bright a gem as ever yet
Was to the world revealed.

Full many a mine of priceless worth
Is hid within the breast,
Of many a poor neglected one,
Cast down and sore oppressed;
Among the poorest of the poor
Earth's noblest sons abound;
The best, the purest, greatest souls
The cottage hearth surround.

[From the National Era.]

AN INCIDENT OF BORDER LIFE IN MAINE.

BY MARY IRVING.

In the Era of March 1st, the article, entitled "An Incident of the Indian War of 1695," caught the writers eye and attention. And the closing remark of Whittier, that "with the octogenarian few, who still linger among us, will perish the unwritten history of border life in New England," woke up a train of old remembrances, and a determination to perform her part at least, in licking the present generation to its forefathers. Who of us has not some old story, handed down from a grandmother, or great grandmother, or some old crone of a neighbor's chimney corner? What need, then, is there that the romance of New England's early life should sink into forgetfulness?

A year or more of my childhood was passed at a public school in one of the country villages of Maine—"away down east," as the genius of emigration has christened our beautiful Maine. That village, as it now exists, need not be described to any one who has travelled in that land of order and enterprise. It is sister to all Maine villages—beautiful in its rolling hills and and rippling streamlets—beautiful in its rural church, its school halls, and pretty edifices—but to me, beautiful especially for its antiquities. True, a son of the Old Continent would laugh at us for cherishing antiquities *only* a century old; but, as this is a New World, we are certainly to be pardoned for making the most of what "old" we have.

There were a number of old buildings, that told of the olden times of architecture, when convenience and elegance were the last matters considered in the erection of a dwelling-house. Some dated far back of the Revolutionary War.

In the old churchyard, too, I used to linger for hours. It was a low, damp, dismal spot, and would have frightened away any child whose nerves had been stretched on the rack by ghosts and hobgoblins—from which a happy incredulity preserves a few of us. How dense was that congregation of the dead! The very pathways were closed up, and, as you walked along, your steps were often upon crumbling and half sunk head stones. The forefathers of the village were all laid there to rest. It was crowded to overflowing, and a new place of burial had been opened for the succeeding generation, in a more pleasant spot, where the wealth and taste of our bereaved ones were lavishly expended. For me, I better loved the old church yard, with its quaint epitaphs and broken emblems. But I must not linger there now. My purpose was to speak of the old legends of that village.

The first settlement was upon the highest hill in the township, as is the case with many new settlements. For the delightful view of the surrounding country which it now affords, it has been styled "Prospect Hill." Its name in the "middle age" of the village was "Fort Hill." As its title imports, the ruins of an old fort are to be seen there. It was built during the Indian wars, and probably, in its day, bore a strict resemblance to the fort described by Whittier. A few of the palisades and an irregular green mound, are all that now mark its former site.

Within the clearing around it, were clustered all the log huts of the settlers—some eighteen or nineteen in number.—They, too, have passed away; but I was shown the spot where used to stand the house of Hugh ——, whose noble wife rallied the screaming and fainting woman of the settlement, on the occasion of an attack from the Indians, in the absence of the garrison. She called all into the fort at the first alarm—she cheered and exhorted them to courage—and, what was more effectual, she charged the guns, stationed herself above the entrance, and actually succeeded in driving the baffled intruders back to their forests.

Of another of those departed dwellings, a sadder tale was told me. It is years since I heard it, and perhaps my memory may have failed to retain all the incidents of the narrative; but those which I relate bear the stamp of truth.

Of the little group of cabins, the one farthest from the fort was tenanted by a settler named Bryant. Tradition tells us nothing of his character; but his wife, it seems, was a woman that would have her own way." It was during the anxious years of the Indian warfare in New England—I know not exactly when—that warning of danger was one day sent around to the settlers. Two men, who were chopping in the woods, had been menaced by the savages, and many hostile demonstrations had been witnessed. Orders for all to shelter themselves within the fort were promptly obeyed—obeyed by all the families but that of Bryant. He entered his home on that evening, where his wife sat, surrounded by her five children, holding the sixth and best beloved, a babe at few weeks old, in her arms.

"Wife! they are all moving into the fort. They say there really is danger.—They say we run the risk of our lives in staying out even one night."

Mrs. Bryant raised a face somewhat anxious and careworn.

"There! I thought how it would be!—All to be thrown into confusion again!—And that wicker cradle not done yet!"

"No," answered her husband; I could not possibly make it I have been so busy about the harvest, you know. Every hour"——.

"Yes, yes, I know," she interrupted, with some impatience. "But I cannot possibly go into that fort again without a cradle. What in the world am I to do with my baby among forty? Everything is inconvenient."

"John and I can make it to morrow," suggested he.

"To-morrow! Yes; its to-morrow and to-morrow! but not a step will I stir towards that fort without that cradle, I cannot live there even one day without it—You men know nothing about such things. If you make the cradle to-morrow, I stay here till to-morrow."

"Yes; and suppose you lose your head by the means?"

"*I'll risk my scalp one day longer!*"

"Very well; as you please;" answered Bryant. "What you do, we do, of course, and really I do not suppose there is any immediate danger to be apprehended."

"No; I dare say not; there have been so many false alarms!"

The family went quietly to rest on their straw pallets that night. That rest was undisturbed, unless by fitful dreams. The morning, the smoke curled up from that cabin only. All the others were deserted; their inmates had slept within the barricades of the fort.

"Now, John and I will for the willow boughs," said Bryant, rising from the breakfast table—"and the sooner the better. We will have everything ready to move into the fort this evening" Bryant and his eldest son went out. Their way to the brook side, where grew the willow, lay by a field of tall corn. They proceeded thoughtlessly along, fearing no evil within sight of the fort, in broad day.—The boy was separated a little from his father. Suddenly a fearful groan burst from the farmer; the dreadful grasp of an Indian was upon him.

The mother, meanwhile, was busying herself with home duties An hour had passed since her husband and boy left, when she heard a step at the door. She sprang eagerly towards it in spite of her assumed courage, there had been a fearful foreboding at her heart. She opened it to—a tall, gaunt savage! Screaming, she started back in horror. An iron grasp was instantly upon her. Other indians instantly rushed stealthily in. The unhappy mother lost all her presence of mind. She could only clasp closer her babe, and shriek. But the fort was too near for this to be tolerated, and she was seized, gagged and pinioned to her own door. Then commenced one of these bloody massacres at whose very mention the blood runs cold. It was a strange characteristic of the Indian vengeance, that it so seldom spared the innocent and unoffending. The four children were quickly tomahawked and scalped—the babe, that raised its feeble note to join its mother's shrieking was snatched from her arms and its brains dashed out upon the bricks of the wide fireplace.

The mother was quiet now. Intense anguish seemed to have stupified her.—The murderers loosened her hands, and, with fierce gestures motioning silence, dragged her from the house. As she passed the threshold, a faint cry burst from her lips. But a blow on the mouth, from the but end of a tomahawk, silenced and severely wounded her She had still a faint hope of her husands and sons safety, but whether purposely or not, her captors dragged her by the very spot where, just in the edge of the cornfield, the mangled bodies of Bryant and John lay a little apart stripped and bleeding. It was enough.—The sum of her agony was made up.

She was carried through the trackless woods to Canada. The heroism of Mary Dustin was not waked up in her, and what motive had she for exertion to escape, compared with those of that heroine? Miss Dustin hoped to rejoin at least a remnant of her dear ones, All that was dear to Mrs. Bryant had perished before her eyes, and she could but feel that their blood was upon her head.

She never tried to return, but found a grave in the French settlements of Canada. We may hope that it was hers to rejoin her beloved murdered ones, on Eternity's shore.

GETTING INTO THE WRONG BOX

A STORY OF DOWN EAST.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A few months ago, there arrived in the quiet city of Portland, a home-spun specimen of the genus homo, in a packet, all the way from Passamaquoddy. Upon going ashore, he inquired the way to the nearest public house, and was informed that it stood directly at the head of the pier where he landed.

Opposite the head of the wharf stands the "Eagle Coffee House" At the corner is located the "Custom House," the front of which is surmounted by a large guilt spread eagle. Into the latter our traveller walked carpet-bag in hand; and having found his way into the first room—which chanced to be in the Surveyor's department—he threw his luggage against the corner, seized an arm chair, and drew himself up to the fire. Bracing his feet against the grate, he pulled forth a huge pipe, and having very leisurely crowded it with pig tail, he cocked his hat over his shoulder, and commenced to puff away in right good earnest.

The Surveyor gazed at the queer biped a moment, but concluded to wait for the finale of this scene, without intruding unpreciable questions. Having finished his pipe, lixdly, the traveller turned about to the official with—

"Cold day naber."

"Very, sir."

"How long to dinn r?"

"To what sir?"

"Dinner."

"We dine at two," continued the Surveyor, discovering the stranger's error, and disposed for the novice to humor it.

"Whar's the old man?" (meaning the landlord.)

"The Collector is in the next room, sir," said the agreeable Surveyor, and our Down Easter immediately moved himself into the Collector's department, toting his luggage along as he went. Having laid down his traps, he steped up to the counter, where stood a pitcher and a tumbler for the use of the room. The Cashier looked at him an instant, when the stranger broke silence:

"Brandy-and-water."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the astonished accountant.

"A little brandy-and water, 'lu please."

Leaving the bar-keeper (as he supposed him) to fix his toddy, he moved forward and suddenly discovered the collector of the Port sound asleep in his easy chair.—Stepping up to him he gave him a most unceremonious blow upon the back, and and shouted at the top of his voice;

"H lo! old feller—how are ye? I say ole hoss—how d'e deu?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the Collector.

"Glad to see yer. Tew toddies, bar keeper! Brandy-and-water for me—wot der you drink, "squire."

"Sir!" continued the collector again, imagining himself the victim of some horrid dream.

"Come, come, old feller! wake up!" added his tormenter, bringing down his huge mauler again in between the Collector's shoulders, and well nigh knocking the breath entirely from his body.

"There's some mistake here, sir," said the Collector, springing back.

"Not a bit uv it, old rusty; I know you jest like an inkstan'."

"I don't remember—really—"

"Yis yer deu, sar'n, But never mind—what yer going tu take?"

"Do you know where you are sir?"—inquired the Collector, supposing the man to be a lunatic, whom he had better get rid of as easily as possible.

"Me? Sartin. In Portlan'—Eagle Coffee House. You're ole Brass, the landlord; I know yer. G, git out! We're bound to hev a drink;" and he drove his thumb and fore-finger in the Collector's ribs with so much good earnest, that he nearly finished his business" for him.

"Excuse me, sir, but—"

"No sir-ee. No baking' out, old squib.—I've seen you go it afore, yer know. Come bar keeper, tote out the liker. All mumchum, yer know. I un'stan'—agin