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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

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

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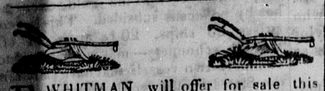

E. WHITMAN will offer for sale this season, the largest Stock of *Agricultural Implements and Seed* ever found in an Agricultural Warehouse in the city of Baltimore; consisting in part of

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

100 various kinds of Sweep Horse-powers, viz: Fitz'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 Charrier is attached, $15 will be added; and if 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, $4 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, $10, $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 warrented to produce more cider, and of better quality, than any other mill. Price $20 and $25

A large stock of Wheat Drills; Hay Presses, Gold Washers, and all kinds of Plough, Casting, Grain Gradles, 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.

LUMBER.

THE subscriber has just received from Port Deposit a very large quantity of very superior seasoned *WHITE PINE BOARDS, HEMLOCK RAILING do. JOICE AND SCANTLING*; also a handsome assortment of

SHINGLES,

white pine $3 50—per m. cypress $5 50 m. and Jamper $7 per thousand. I grateful to my friends and a liberal public for past favors, and assure them I am determined to dispose of the above mentioned articles on reasonable terms, for the cash or on a short credit.—I will sell them lower than they be had from the city, and will for cash make a liberal discount. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to and examine before they buy. I will over to the county wharf, Lumber sold me to go to Queen Ann's county, or up down the river without extra charge.

A. W. SPARKS

June 2, 1849.

OREM & HOPKINS
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Cloths, Cassimeres, and Tailors' Trimmings, No. 230, Baltimore N. W. cor. of Charles, Baltimore.

Large assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, of superior quality.

☞*ONE PRICE ONLY.*☜

Cloth rooms up stairs—Entrance, south side of the Store on Charles street.

March 31, '49—1y

FOR SALE.

A FIRST rate Rockaway Carriage with Harness nearly new, for sale cheap. Apply at this office.

Sept. 29, '49.—tf

POETRY.

THANKSGIVING OFFERING.

BY MRS MARIA CLARKE.

We'll leave awhile life's wasting cares,
It's sorrows, toil and strife,
For love, the sweetest flour that blooms
Upon the tree of life:

The treasure of the infant's heart,
Youth's most delicious dream,
The crown of manhood, joy of age,
Its brightest, holiest beam.

O Love, and Hope! bright beings sent
To cheer our path below—
What were this world without your light,
Or that to which we go!

Assembled at affection's call,
United heart and hand,
Thy blessing, Father we implore,
On this, our little band.

The widow, and the fatherless—
The mother, and the child—
Manhood mature, and thoughtless youth—
And childhood, laughing wild.

All, gathered round the festivo board,
Their various offering pour;
And bless Thee for the mercies past,
And for the joys in store.

Bright hopes, a never fading wreath,
And cheerful hearts we bring;
And learn, at length, our dearest joys
May from our sorrows spring.

But one is missing from our side,
Whose smile could always cheer,
We miss him as the summer flower
Misses the sunshine and the shower:
Oh! would that he were here!

And one, a darling little one,
The youngest of [illegible]
Since last we met [illegible]
Far in the s[illegible]

Though [illegible]
Sorrow[illegible]
Thanks be to [illegible]
Our souls have

Watered with tears, the tree [illegible]
Burst into sudden bloom;
Part of the fruit matures on earth,
And part, beyond the tomb.

What, though our days glide swiftly by,
And life has ills untold,
We'll keep our feelings fresh and warm,
Nor "let our hearts grow old."

MISCELLANEOUS

From Noah's Sunday Times.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT OF THE LAST WAR WITH ENGLAND.

The Americans were probably the most remarkable people on earth for promptness and preparation for war after it exists. A valuable corps of 200,000 men, armed, equipped, and disciplined, can be ready for the field in thirty days after war is declared, and so it may be said of ships of war. We will state one fact illustrative of this position. During the war with England, and while stationed on the Barbary coast, we were surprised one day, while exploring the ruins of Carthage, to see a sharp clipper-built schooner under full sail, with the American flag floating to a brisk breeze, doubling Cape Bon, and making direct for the Bay. We rode down to the fortress of Coletta, ordered a launch to be made ready, and found ourselves alongside the schooner just as she had cast anchor.

"Where are you from, sir?"

"From Boston," replied the captain, a smart dashing-looking young fellow.

"In what passage?"

"Twenty-three days."

We began to have our misgivings.—Twenty-three days from Boston? We suspected she had been fitted out at Marseilles to cruise in the Mediterranean. It was the Abeleno, Captain Wyer, of six guns and seventy five men—a magnificent little craft. We went down into the trunk cabin.

"Now, sir," said the captain, "I'll convince you that we are from Boston, and will show you Boston notions of every kind, from pumpkins and smoked herrings down to wooden nutmegs." He soon filled the table with all the good cheer and solid comforts with which the Bostonians know so well how to furnish a ship.—"And here," said he, "is the Boston Centinel, Major Russell's paper." All doubts were now at an end; and while we had been partaking of fare to which we had long been accustomed—homely fare, but more welcome on that account—the captain said:

"If you are surprised at our short passage so far up the Mediterranean, what will you say when I tell you it is just sixty days since the keel of this vessel was laid in Boston; yet here we are! We could scarcely credit it.

"Nay, that's not all, sir," continued Captain Wyer. "On my way here, off Cagliari, I captured two large British ships filled with valuable cargoes, and ordered them for this port. They will be here to-morrow morning."

"What! in a neutral port, in which the British exercise unlimited influence?—They will never permit us to sell the cargoes."

"Well, sir, we can only try"

Sure enough, next morning early, the ancient city of Tunis, honored once by the presence of Scipio Africanus, Hannibal, and other distinguished personages known to history, was thrown into the greatest commotion on seeing two large and deeply laden ships entering the port, the stars and stripes floating over the union jack.—It startled the British consul and all the *corps diplomatique*, and we soon saw the whole bevy on horseback making for the palace.

"I smell sulphur," said the captain.—"There's a storm brewing, and we shall have it soon."

In an hour a message arrived by a mameluke that we were wanted at the palace.—After making our toilette, Sidi Ambrosio, our chancellor, and Mustapha, the dragoman, were soon mounted, and off we paced at a moderate rate for Bardo. The consulas corps were all present when we entered the *salla*. The Bay; reclining as usual on his large crimson cushions, was busily engaged combining his long black beard with a tortoise-shell comb, studded with brilliants, and looking unusually grave.

"What does all this mean, consul—two British prizes entering our port, and for what purposs?"

"To sell them, your highness!"

"What! against our treaty with England?"

"Certainly not, if there is such a prohibition in the treaty."

The British consul, a most excellent man unrolled the parchment, to which a seal of wax was appended nearly as large as one of our western cheeses, and commenced reading as follows:

"It is further stipulated and agreed upon, that no European power at war with England shall be permitted to fit out privateers or other armed vessels to cruise against the commerce of Great Britain from [illegible] bring prizes into, the Tunsian ports."

"[illegible] sir," said the Bey, "what have [illegible] to say to that? Is it not full and conclusive?"

Entirely so; but it does not apply to us. We are not an European power."

"That, sir," said the British consul, "is a mere evasion of the spirit of this section of our treaty. It was intended to apply, and does apply, to all Christian powers."

"Very probably, sir; but we are not a Christian power!" The whole court looked amazed. The Bey raised himself up from the cushions, took a hearty pinch of snuff from a splendid diamond box, and gave us an anxious and inquiring look.

"How will you make that appear, sir?" said the British counsul.

"Very easily, sir." We then read the following section from our treaty with Tripoli;—

"As the United States is in no manner a Christian government, and entertains no hostility toward any denomination, it is hereby understood that no disturbance shall arise between the two powers on any religious question."

It was useless to argue the point further. We did not in any shape come within the purview of that treaty, so permission was given to land the goods; and the ships and cargoes, consisting of every variety of merchandise, were sold in a single day. The consul sent for a British blockading squadron from Malta; but the privateer slipped out of the bay ran up the Archipelago, destroyed nearly two million of British property, was chased round the Mediterranean by two ships of the line and two frigates, eccaped through the Gut of Gibralter, and arrived home safely.

The commerce of any power would, by this private marine, be utterly destroyed in a war with the United States; and all the navy of Great Britain could not blockade so as to prevent privateers from escaping. We should find them on the Atlantic, the Pacific in the Indian oceans, the Baltic, and the Mediteranean. They would be every where.

WHERE THEY LEARN IT.—"I don't see where my children learn such things," is one of the most common phrases in a mothers cabulary. A little incident, which we happened to be an eye witness to, may perhaps help to solve the enigma. We smiled a little at the time, but we have thought a good deal of it since, and we trust not without profit.

"Bub," screamed out a little bright-eyed girl, some what under six years of age to a youngster who was seated on the curb-stone, making hasty pudding of the mud in the gutter: "Bub, you good-for-nothing little scamp, you come into the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off."

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed her mother, in a wandering tone, as she stood on the steps courtesing to a friend.

Angelina looked up very innocently, and answered—"Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I am scolding him, just as you did me this morning, that's all."

ONE OF THE MARRIAGES,

A CONNUBIAL SKETCH.

A few days ago, there arrived at a hotel in Boston, a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined, quietly, in the holy ceremony. As soon as they were fairly domiciliated, the would-be bride groom—who was a tough, but apparently hottest specimen of the country Yankee—sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who quickly answered the summons.

"Say lan'lord," proposed the stranger, pointing to his modest dulcinea, in the corner of the parlor, "this is my young "ooman. Naew we've cum all the way from Rhode Island, and want to be spliced.—Send for a minister, will yer? Want it dun up, rite strait off."

The landlord smiled and went out, and half an hour afterward a licensed minister made his appearance, and the obliging host, with one or two waggish friends, were called in as witnesses to the "scene."

"Neow, Mr. Stiggins," said the Yankee, "deu it up, braown, and yure money's ready;" and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced by directing the parties to join their hands. The Yankee stood up to his blushing lady love like a sick kitten hugging a hot brick, seized her hand, and as much pleased as a racoon might be supposed to be with two tails.

"You promise, Mr. A.," said the parson, "to take this woman—"

"Yaas," said the Yankee at once.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife."

"Yaas—yaas."

"That you will love and honor her in all things."

"Yaas."

"That you will cling to her, and her only, so long as you both shall live."

"Yaas, indeed—nothing else!" continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner; but here the reverend clergyman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and more especially to the annoyance and disconfiture of the intend bridegroom.

"Yaas—yaas, I said,"

"One minute, [illegible] the minister slowly [illegible] to him that the [illegible] not permit of this performance, the observance of a "punishment," etc.,' a certain length of time.

"Wot'n thunder's the matter, mister?—Doan't stop—go on—put'er thru. Nothin's split, eh? Aint sick, mister, be yer?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have thought that you can't be married in Massachusetts—"

"Can't! wot'n natur's the reason? I like *her*, she likes *me*; wot's to hender?"

"You haven't been published, sir, I think."

Haint a goin' to be, nurthr! 'at's wot we cum 'ere for. On the sly; go on—go on, old feller."

"I really, sir—" said the parson.

"Railly! Wall, go ahead! 'Taint fair you see, 'taint, I swaow; you've married me, and a haint teched *her*. Go on—*doan't* stop 'ere! 'at aint jes' the thing, naow, by grashus 'taint!"

"I will consult—"

"No yeu want—no you don't consult nothin' ner nobuddy, till this 'ere business is concleuded, noaw mind I tell ye!" said Jonathan, resolutely—and in an instant he had turned the key in, and out of the lock, amid the titterings of the "witnesses," who nearly choked with merriment!

"Noaw say, mister, as we ware—" continued the Yankee, seizing his trembling intended by the hand again—"go on, rite strait from ware you left off; yeu can't cum nun o' this haufway business with this child; so put 'er threu, and no dodging.—It'll all be right—go it!"

The parson reflected a moment, and concluded to risk, continued—

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yaas," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor, and obey—"

"Them's um!" said Johnathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him, so long as you both shall live?"

"*That's* the talk! said John; and the lady said "yes," again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife—"

"Hoorah!" shouted Johnathan, leaping nearly to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God hath joined together let not man put assunder!"

"Hoorah!" continued John. "Wort's the price?—how much?—spit it out—don't be afraid—yeu did it jes' like a *book*, old feller!—'eres a V—never mind the change—send for a for a hack lan'lord—give us yeur bill—I've got her! Hail Columbia, happy land!" roared the poor fellow, entirely unable to control his joy, and ten minutes afterward, he was on his way again to Providence depot with his *wife*, the happiest man out of jail.

We heard the details of the above scene from an eye-witness of the ceremony, and we could not avoid putting it down as one of the weddings.—*American Union.*

A servant girl was requested by a lady to go to a dry goods store and obtain a bed comforter for her. About an hour afterwards she returned with one of the clerks. The lady fainted of course.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

A young man, of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the students friend such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path which they supposed belonged to a poor man who was at work in the field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor saying, "let us play the man a trick; we will hide shoes and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes hardby, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes.—While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance, he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around and looked again and again; then he looked around on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his [illegible] and helpless, and his children [illegible] this timely bounty [illegible] d save from [illegible] deeply af- [illegible] had [illegible] the youth, [illegible] son now that I [illegible] I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, "it is better to give than to receive."

We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good.

FIGHTING ON EQUAL TERMS.—I will tell you a little incident that occured in Georgia many years ago. Judge T., a celebrated duelist, who has lost a leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Colonel D, a gentleman of great humor and attainment. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D. was asked if he was ready.

"No, sir," he replied.

"What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T.'s second.

"Why, sir," said Colonel D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!"

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Colonel D. was afterwards told that it would sink his reputation.

"Well," he replied, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can!"

"But erged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you"

"Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers than fill a coffin!"

No one ever troubled the Colonel after that.

EARLY RISING.—He who will thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more of rhyme than reason in it; For if

He that will thrive must rise at five,
it must follow, a *fortioi*,
He who would thrive more must rise at four, and it would ensure a *fortissimo*,
He who would more thriving be, must always rise at three;
He who would the former outdo, must rise as early as two;
and by way of climax, it should hold good that
He who'd ne'er be outdone, must always rise at one;
while as a clincher to the whole, it should be added as a sort of grand climateric, that
He who'd be thriving quite, must sit up all night.

"*How late* is it, Bill?"

"Look at the "boss" and see if he's drunk yet; if he isn't it can't be much after eleven?"

"Does he keep such good time?"

"Splendid! they set the town clock by his nose."

☞Many a gay bonnet covers anything but a neat head of hair. Many a showy dress keeps a soiled skirt out of sight.—Many a fancy shoe covers an undarned stocking, and many a kid glove conceals untrimmed finger nails.

AGRICULTURAL.

FATTENING ANIMALS—AN ARTICLE TO BE READ NOW.

At this season, says the Maine Farmer, the attention of the farmer is often directed to the fattening of those animals which are intended for the butcher; and it is important for him to know how he may turn such articles of food as he may have on hand to the best account. Several articles, such as pumpkins and apples, will not keep long, and are to be used in their season if at all. The least nutritious articles, so far as it can be done conveniently, should be fed out first; afterwards those that are more nutritive. Fattening animals should be kept quiet, and suffered to take no more exercise than is necessary for their health. All exercise, more than this, calls for expenditure of food, which does not avail anything in the process of fattening. They should be fed regularly, with suitable food, and that properly prepared, and as much should be given them as they are able to convert into flesh and fat, without waste.

'In the animal economy, the accumulation of fat and extra flesh is only a deposit of superfluous nutriment, which not being required by the system at one time is laid by for future emergencies, and must be obvious that the large quantity of food which a fattening animal can be made to consume daily, with a good appetite, or to digest thoroughly, the greater will be the amount of flesh and fat gained in proportion to the whole quantity of food consumed.'

Animals will not thrive with any amount of food where they are uneasy and discontented, even if they are so closely confined that they cannot wear off their flesh by exercise; it is therefore important that they be fed regularly, and there should be nothing to disturb them, or excite fear or discontent.

Of the root crops, for nultritive properties potatoes stand first; then carrots, ruta bagas, mangle wortzels, which are all nearly as valuable as potatoes; while the English turnip is the least valuable and nutritious. Of grain, wheat stands first; then peas, Indian corn, barley, and last oats. Much Indian corn is used in fattening—especially swine. For these there is undoubtedly a great gain in having it both ground and cooked. It is said that where swine are fed on mush or hasty pudding, they are much more quiet, consequently gain flesh much faster than where the same ingredients are fed to them uncooked.

The following hints on this subject, from that valuable agricultural journal, the Albany Cultivator, will be found of interest:

'Substances in which the nutriment is muce concentrated, should be fed with care. There is danger, especially when the animal is first put to feed, that more may be eaten at once that the digestive organs can manage. Meal of Indian corn is highly nutritive; and when properly fed causes the animals to fatten faster than almost any other food. They will not, however, bear to be exclusively kept on this article for a great length of time. Meal made from the heaviest varieties of corn, especially that from the hard flinty kinds grown in the northern and eastern states, is quite too strong food for cattle, sheep or horses, to be full fed. Hence one of the cob ground with the corn, by which the nutriment is diffused through a great bulk, lays lighter in the stomach and is more thoroughly digested. The effect of pure corn meal on animals, we suppose to be similar to that sometimes poduced on our own species by the used of fine wheated flour—the subject becomes *dyspeptic*, and is forced to use bread which has the brand mixed with flour. The mixture of the cob with the meal, answer the purpose of the bran—the health of the animal is preserved, and the process of digestion goes on uninterruptedly. In fact the advantages of grinding the cob and corn together for feeding cattle may said to be well established. For hogs, the benefit of the cob is not, we think, so evident; those animals appearing to be better adapted for taking their nourishment in a contracted form, than those which rummate or chew the cud. Yet food sufficiently bulky to effect a distention of the bowels is necessary for hogs

'Hay or straw, cut into lengths so short as to be ready mixed with meal answer a good purpose in rendering the meal easy of digestion, and in enabling the animal to extract from it all nutriment.

'The conclusion arrived at from the result of a series of experiments instituted by the Highland Society of Scotland, a few years ago, was that the superiority of cooked over uncooked food for *cattle* is but trifling, and not sufficient to balance the cost; but for hogs, the extra cost of preparation was repaid.

'The appetite and health of animals are promoted by giving a variety of food This fact has led to the preparations for fattening stock. For fatening hogs, we have used with advantage the following mixtures. 1. Two parts potatoes and two parts pumpkins; boil together until they can be easily mashed fine—then add one part meal, stirring and mixing intimately together. The heat of potatoes and pumpkins will scald or cook the meal, and when cold the mixture will be a stiff pudding. 2. Two parts potatoes, and two of ripe, palatable apples, (either sweet or sour) boil till they can be mashed fine—then add one part meal. (either from corn, barley, or oats and peas, allowing the same weights,) and mix together while the potatoes and apples are hot.

'Hogs are more fond of food that has slightly fermented, (not pugnanily sour,) and they fatten faster if it is fed to them. [illegible] have never seen [illegible] when fed on the [illegible] ally a little [illegible] ways for [illegible] quality