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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placee 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 NEW

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EDWARD MANSFIELD,

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Examination of Goods and Prices so-licited.

October 5, 1850.

Poetry.

The magnificent lyric which follows, we copy from the Vicksburg (Miss.) Whig:

Our Union.

The blood that flow'd at Lexington, and crimson'd bright Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern Gull and by the lakes of Maine;
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand,
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by dark Atlantic's strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West,
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic breast;
And those to whom September brings the fireside's social hours,
With those who see December's brow enwreathed with gorgeous flowers!

From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling western wave,
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave;
And from the steaming everglades to Huron's flood
The glory of the nation's past thrills through a kindred blood!

Wherever Arnold's tale is told it dyes the cheek with shame
And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill or Moultrie's wilder fame;
And whose o'er above the fray the stars of empire gleam,
Upon the deck or o'er the dust it pours a common stream!

It is a sacred legacy ye never can divide,
No, take from village urchin, nor the son of city pride;
Nor the hunter's white-haired children who find a fruitful home
Where nameless lakes are sparkling, and where lonely rivers roam!

Greene drew his sword at Eutaw: and bleeding South'rn feet,
Trod the march across the Delaware amid the snow and sleet;
And lo! upon the parchment where the nat'al record shines
The burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin's calmer lines!

Could ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart,
That erst were written boldly, there with plight of hand and heart?
Could ye erase a Handcock's name, e'en with the sabre's edge,
Or wash out with fraternal blood a Carroll's double pledge?

Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's hoary height?
Or can the North give up her boast of Yorktown's closing fight?
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves?

Can ye cast lots for Venons soil, or chaffer 'mid the gloom
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's tomb?
Or could ye meet around his grave as fratricidal foes,
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?

Ye dare not! is the Alleghanian thunder-toned decree;
'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea;
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowry Southern shore,
And where through frowning mountain-gates Nebraska's waters roar!

J. E. C.

Popular Tales.

THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

A Sea Sketch.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was towards night on the twenty-first of September 1834, a small English war brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smuggling, was lazily creeping along over the heavy monotonous swell, just off the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest. The day before she had captured a small boat laden with contraband articles, together with an old man and a boy who had charge of them; and the captain of the brig, whose name was Dracutt, had ordered that the old smuggler should be put in irons. To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance, and in the heat of the moment, he had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which laid him upon the deck. Such a insult to an English officer was past endurance, and in punishment for his offence, the smuggler had been condemned to die.

A single whip was rove at the starboard fore-yard arm, and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head, and the running end was rove through a small snatch box upon the deck. Until this moment not a word escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparation, and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsook his cheeks and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the incensed captain.

"Mercy, sir, mercy!"

"For whom," asked the officer, while a contemptuous sneer rested upon his lips.

"For that old man whom you are about to kill."

"He dies, boy."

"But he is my father, sir."

"No matter if he were my own father that man who strikes an English officer while in the performance of his duty, must die."

"But he was manacled—he was insulted sir," urged the boy.

"Insulted," repeated the captain. "Who insulted him?"

"You did, sir," replied the boy while his face was flourished with indignation.

"Get up, sir, and be careful that you do not get the same treatment," said the captain, in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and, while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his feature, he exclaimed—

"Ask no favors, Robert. Old Kark Kintock can die as well now as at any time; let them do the worst."

Then turning to Capt. Dracutt, he changed his tone to one of deep suplication, and said:

"Do what you please with me, sir, but do not harm my boy, for he has done no wrong. I am ready for your sentence, and the sooner you finish it the better."

"Lay hold of the whip," shouted the captain; lay hold, every man of you, and stand by to run the villain up"

In obedience to this order the men ranged themselves along the deck and each one laid hold of the rope. Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and then he ran his eyes along the line of men who were to be his executioners. But not one sympathising or pitying look could be traced, their faces were all hard and cold, and they all appeared anxious to consummate their murderous work.

"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling lip, "is there not *one* even, who can pity?"

"Up with him!" shouted the captain.

Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard arm. He heard the passing rope and the creaking block, and he knew that he was fatherless!

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt by the side of a ghastly corpse, and a simple prayer escaped his lips. Then another low, murmuring sound came up from his bosom, but none of those who stood around knew its import. It was a pledge of deep revenge?

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangway into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another minute the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roar so long and loud that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut its deafening roar.—Robert Kintock, started at the sound, and what had caused dread in others' bosoms, sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

"Oh! revenge! revenge! he muttered to himself, as he cast his eyes over the foam-crested waves, which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm.

The darkness had come as quickly as did the storm, and all that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the fearful, craggy shore, as flash after flash of lightning illumined the heavens.

Light, ho! shouted a man forward, and next moment all eyes were directed to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks.

The wind had now reached its height and with its giant power it set the illfated brig directly upon the surf-bound shore of the rocks and reefs and every face, save one, was blanched with fear.

In vain did they try to lay the brig to the wind, but not a sail would hold for an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a lore and main stormstaysail, and then the brig stood for a short time bravely up against the heaving sea. But it was evident that even should she succeed in keeping to the wind, she must eventually be driven ashore, for the power of the in-setting waves was greater than that of the wind.

"Boy, do you know what light that is?" asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main rigging to keep his feet.

"Yes, sir," replied Robert, "it is Bullymore's craig"

"What is it there for?"

"It marks the entrance to a little harbor sir, which lies in the back of it."

"And can it be entered by a vessel of this size?" asked the captain, while a gleam of hope shot across his face.

"O, yes, sir, a large ship can enter there.

"And do you know the passage?"

"Yes, sir, I have spent my whole life on this coast, and I know every turn in it."

"Can you take the brig in there, in this storm?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, while a strange light shot from his eyes.

"And will you do it?" eargerly asked the captain.

"On two conditions."

"Name them quickly."

"The first is, that you let me go in peace, and next, that you trouble none of the smugglers should they happen to be there."

"I promise," said the captain, "and now set about your work. But mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George I'll shoot you on the moment."

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself upon the starboard foreyard arm, from whence his orders were passed along to the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the rugged crags and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrills as they swept past a frowning rock, which almost grazed them as they passed. On flew the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks, which raised their heads on every side.

"Port," shouted the boy.

"Port it is."

"Steady—so."

"Starboard—quick!"

"Ay, ay, starboard it is."

"Steady—so."

"Steady it is."

At this moment the vessel swept on past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned towards him. He stood upon the extreme end of the yard, and held himself by the lift. In a moment more he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one leap he reached the projecting rock.

'Revenge! revenge!" was all that the doomed men heard, and they were swept away into the boiling surge beyond.

"Breakers!—a reef!" screamed the man forward. "Starboard—quick!"

But 'twas too late. Ere the helm was half up, a slow, tremendous grating of the brig's keel was distinctly felt, and the next instant came a crash which sounded high above the roar of the elements, and the heavy masts went sweeping away to leward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the illfated vessel's wreck and cargo. Shriek after shriek went up from those doomed men, but they were in the grasp of a power that knows no mercy. The Storm King took them all for his own!

The next morning a small party of wreckers came down from the rocks and moved along the shore. It was strewed with fragments of the wreck, and here and there were scattered alon the bruised and mutilated forms of the brig's crew. Among the parts was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpse, as though there was one he would have found. At length he stopped over one upon the shoulders of which were two golden epaulettes.—'Twas the captain of the brig—the murderer of his father! The boy placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and while a stange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance, he muttered:

"Father, you are fearfully revenged!"

The boy spoke truly. Fearful in its conception, and fearful in its consummation, had been that "Pilot's Revenge."

Maryland Towns.

The following is an extract from McSherry's History of Maryland, a work well deserving the patronage of the citizens of Maryland:

The building of towns and cities was a favorable project in early Maryland. A number were made by acts of Assembly, though a few of them ever grew to any importance. In 1729, Baltimore, the great emporium of the State, was laid out on the lands of Chas. Carroll, in 60 lots, by commissioners appointed by the Legislature, and in 1732, it was increased by an addition of 10 acres, east of the falls on the lands Edward Fell, whence the name of Fell's Point, still retained by that portion of the city. The advantages which it possessed in a commercial point of view soon began to draw population and fix enterprise; and while the countless other towns erected by the Legislature, covering almost the entire bay and rivers' shores either remained unsettled or soon died away, it grew and flourished. For a time, the town at Elkridge Landing contended with it for the commerce of the northern part of the colony, and was a great tobacco mart, but the superior advantages of Baltimore, soon enabled it to surpass its rival. In the meanwhile Annapolis had continued to increase, and being the seat of a rich and aristocratic government, drew around it the wealth and fashion of the province. There the elegant arts found patronage, and literature began to spring up. As a testimony of his advancement, it could boast, in 1745, of the earliest and long the only newspaper printed in the colony.

The first number of the "Maryland Gazette," for that was its name, was issued on the 27th January, 1742, by Jonas Green who had been appointed printer to the province in 1740. This ancient paper continued to be published by the decendants of its founder until 1839, in which year it was at length discontinued. A printing press, however, had been established in the colony as early as 1726, for the purpose of printing the laws and public documents, which, prior to that date, had been done in Philadelphia, by Wm. Bradford. The wealth of Annapolis is still evidenced by many of its venerable dwellings, bearing the mark of age upon them, yet displaying in their elaborate decorations the taste and resources of their original owners. She was, in truth, "the Athens of America"

After Baltimore, of the New towns, the most important for its subsequent growth, was Frederick, the county town of Frederick county—situated in the rich and fertile valley, watered by the Monocacy river. It was laid out in September 1745, by Patrick Dulany—its streets were intended to run due north and east, but from the clumsiness of the wooden instrument used in the survey, the object was not accomplished. In 1748, on the formation of the new county of Frederick, it was made the county town, and from that time continued to increase in wealth and population and influence. It is now the second city in Maryland. Another important town was given to the State by Frederick county, though it has again been lost to her.—Whether it will seek to return to the protection of the mother that gave it birth and fostered it, remains to be seen. Georgetown, now in the District of Columbia ceded to the United States by Maryland, was laid out under an act of Assembly, passed in 1751, in 80 lots, comprising 60 acres of land. An inspection house for tobacco already existed there, and the new town at the head of navigation on the Potomac, possessed advantages which soon gave it strength and life.

Agricultural.

The Absorption of Fertilizing Matter.

The following article on the subject of "The Capacity of Soils for Absorbing Fertiling Matter" we copy from a late number of the American Agriculturist:

The property of earths for absorbing the pungent gasses and offensive matter in fœtid water shows most conclusively their capacity for absorbing and retaining the fertilizing ingredients mixed with them.—Any thing which is undergoing decomposition or giving off putrid odors is immediately rendered innoxious by placing a thick covering of earth over it. The stench from a polecat, the smoke of brimstone or a decaying carcass is immediately absorbed and rendered imperceptible when brought into close contact with the earth. It is, in fact, the grand deodorizer of nature; and in this capacity it is doubly beneficial to the human race, and to the herds and flocks subsisting upon its surface; first, by absorbing all these pestilential effluvia: and, second, by turning them to the best account in her laboratory. In consequence of the addition of these she gives increased luxuriance to vegetation and a fuller development to the seeds and crops that contribute to the support of innumerable races of animated creation. By the aid of these she is enabled to lend more unsullied white to the lilly and to add a deeper blush to the rose; and from them, too, she stores within the petals and calyx of every flower the nectar that feeds the bees, the humming-bird and a countless throng besides. When, therefore, Abraham said to the sons of Heth, "Give me a possession of a burying-place, that I may bury my dead out of my sight," and, again, when the Israelites were required to carry a paddle when going without the camp, they acted only in accordance with the very best practices of modern agriculture.

But the earths possess this property in very different degrees. Silicious sands and gravels have only the slightest hold upon foreign matter; while clays and clayey loams seize upon them almost with advidity of charcoal or animal black, and retain them with a still firmer hold when they have once entered into a chemical union. If, however, alkaline substances, as lime, magnesia, soda or ashes, be added to silicious earths, or if they become enriched by the addition of the vegetable manures, their absorbing capacity is immediately and largely augmented. This is one of those beneficial results always necessarily attached to good husbandry, which is fully exemplified in the vantage ground voluntarily conceded by his lord in the gift of an additional pound to the thrifty servant whose 'one pound has gained ten pounds' The soil that is in the best condition as to fertility and tilth is in very best possible state also to draw in and retain the floating elements of fertility existing in the atmosphere.

To show some of the striking effects of the properties in soils above alluded to, we subjoin some of the experiments and remarks of Professor Way on this subject.—He passed through a filtering jar, containing more than nine inches depth of fine white sand, a quantity of cow's urine taken from a tank in the country. The liquid was so far altered by the filtration that the turbidity was removed, as it would be by filtration through paper, but the color and disgusting smell remained in all its intensity. Sand, therefore, obviously was not the active ingredient in soils in respect to the power under discussion. The same must be said of the different forms of gravel, which were only coarse sand. The other great ingredient of soils was clay, and to this Mr. Way attributed the power in question. As an experiment comparative with the last, he would pass the same tank water through sand mixed with one-fourth of weight in white clay in powder, and then would observe the result was very striking. The liquid coming through was clear, and free from smell; indeed, it was hardly to be distinguished by its external characteristics from ordinary water. There could be no doubt, then, that the property of soils to removing coloring matter and organic matter yielding smell from solution was due to the clay contained in them. Elutation was only a method of exposing the clay, but it was not necessary to the success of the process. In proof of this Mr. Way stirred up a quantity of soil with putrid human urine, the smell of which was entirely destroyed by the admixture, and upon the subsidence of the earth the liquid was left clear and colorless. It appeared, therefore, that the clay of the soils had the property of separating certain animal and vegetable ingredients from solution, but was this property the only one exhibited? Mr. Way had found that the soils had the power of stopping certain alkalies, ammonia, potash soda, magnesia, &c. If a quantity of ammonia highly pungent to the smell was thrown upon a filter of soil or clay made permeable by sand, the water first coming away was absolutely free from ammonia. Such was the case also with the caustic or carbonated alkalies, potash or soda. A power, he remarked, is here found to reside in soils, by virtue of which not only rain is unable to wash out of them those soluble ingredients forming a necessary condition of vegetation, but even those compounds, when introduced artificially as manure, are laid hold of fixed in the soil to the absolute preclusion of any loss either by rain or evaporation.

But he had found that his property of clay did not apply only to the alkalies and their carbonates, but to all the salts of these basis with whatever acid they were combined. Here again was a provision; sulphate as amonia, when filtering through a soil, left ammonia behind, but the sulphuric acid was found in the filtering liquid—not, however, in the free state, but combined with lime, thus sulphate of lime was produced and brought away in the water. In the same way muriate of ammonia left its ammonia with the soil, its avoid coming through in combination with lime, as muriate of the base. The same was true of all the salts of the different alkalies, so far as he had yet tried them. Thus lime, in the economy of nature, was destined to one other great office besides those which had already been found for it—it was the means by which the salts ministering to vegetation became localized and distributed through the soil and retained until they are required for vegetation. It was necessary that when the alkali of a salt is laid hold of by soil some provision should exist for the naturalization of the acid with which it was combined, for all other sorts, lime performed this usual office, but it had nothing to fall back upon for its own salts. Sulphate, muriate, or nitrate of lime, when passed through a soil, would come through unchanged. This, however, did not extend to lime itself nor to the carbonate, when dissolved in carbonic acid, as it found in most waters. Quicklimewhen dissolved in water, is removed by passing the water through most soils containing clays, and carbonate of lime in solution is so effectually removed that hard water may be softened by the same process.

It was not to be supposed that we could go on filtering indefinitely with the separation of the salts contained in the liquid. On the contrary, the limit was soon reached; but, although small in percentage quantity, the power was in reference to the soil enormously great. He had found that a pure clay would absorb perhaps two tenths per cent, of its weight of ammonia—that is to say 1,000 grains would separate two grains of ammonia; and, from reason which need not then be noticed, a loam or a well cultivated clay soil would absorb nearly twice as much. Now every inch in depth of soil over an acre of ground weighed about one hundred tons. Consequently ten inches in depth of such soil would weigh one thousand tons, and would be adequate to combine with and retain two tons of ammonia, a quantity which would be furnished by about 12 tons of guano.—Now one sixtieth of this power would suffice for the preservation of an outside dose of guano: consequently he was justified in saying that the property was practically of immense activity.

Obviously, if there was a provision in the soil for the retention of the salts of manure, and for the ammonia and other products of the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, the soil was the proper place for these compositions to go on, and, no matter how remote the period when the crow would be taken, it would be perfectly safe to get the manure into the land as soon as practicable after its production. Again, the equable destribution was a point, also, which seemed of considerable importance; for, if it was an absolute necessity that a new class of compounds was found in the soil as soon as the manure reached it, it seemed to follow that those compounds furnished the elements of nutrition to plants; consequently we should seek to produce them by every means in our power.

John Mitchell.—Letters have been received in this country from this noble-hearted Irishman, dated from his place of exile. We are happy in being able to announce that he is in the enjoyment of good health.—*New York Sun.*