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# THE KENT NEWS.

FRUSTRA, LABAROT, QUI OMNIUS, PLACERE STUDET—"HE LABORS VAINLY, WHO ENDEAVORS TO PLEASE EVERY ONE."

VOL. 12. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JUNE 7, 1851. NO. 6



THE KENT NEWS.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
*Is Published every Saturday.*
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

**Terms:**

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The Agent for the above Company will be at the house of John McDaniel, Esq. Chester Town, Md on the 29th, 30th, 31st of May, and 2 1 and 3 1 of June, from 9 o'clock, A. M. until 3 P. M. where persons who are desirous of being insured can obtain pamphlets explanatory of the Insurance, with any other information they may desire on the subject.
A A. KENNARD, agent.
May 17, 1851.

WOOL!
Wool! Wool!
WOOL!
The undersigned respectfully inform his friends and customers that he is prepared to Exchange Kersey, Satinett, and Cloths for WOOL on liberal Terms.
J. L. STAM agent for
T. Murphy.
May 24 '51.

CUTCHERING.
The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has commenced the business. He feels competent that he can give satisfaction to all who will patronize him. *He* will be found in the **Market House**, at STALL No. 11, *every morning in the week*, until 9 o'clock. He will also keep best fresh meat that the SEAT can afford, every day, during the week; Sundays excepted; during the rest of the week at the the old stand of the late Geo. B. Usilton, up town. He by strict attention to business to receive a share of public patronage.
Farmers having Stock for sale, will find it their interest to call on the undersigned before selling In case of my absence orders left with Mrs. Usilton, will be duly attended to.
WM. PERKINS.
N. B. Persons indebted on last account, are respectfully requested to settle. W. P.
May 17, 1851.

SIMON WICKES,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, &c, &c.,
HAS just received, and has on hand a larger stock than has ever been kept in this place, which he will sell very low for cash or to punctual 12 month customers.
May 8, 1851.
Dr. JAYNES' justly celebrated Medicines for sale by
S. WICKES.
May, '51.
SPERMACETI and Camphine Oils from 60 to 70 cts. per gal (warranted pure)
by S. WICKES.
May 3, '51.
WHITE LEAD, from 8 to 10 cts
Linseed Oil, Turpentine and Varnish for sale by S. WICKES.
May, '51.
FLY KILLER just received from Providence, R. I., and for sale by
S. WICKES.
May, '51.
CRUTCHES unequalled Patent Silver and Abdominal Supporters just received for sale by
S. WICKES.
Nov 29, '50.

## POETRY.

### THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY.

I never was a favorite—
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child;
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away to hide my tears,—
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of sense;
I *strove* to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence:
But when my artless efforts met
A cold ungentle check;
I did not dare to throw myself,
In tears, upon her neck,

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er thy birth;
Oh beauty! in my nursery
I learned to know thy worth;—
For even there, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wished—for others wished it too—
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate,—
But in my sister's face,
There was a look of love that claimed
A smile of an embrace:
But when I raised my lip, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect!
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked;
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came—
A time of sorrow too,—
For sickness, o'er my sister's form
Her venomed mantle threw:
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night
I watched beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived!—she loved me for my care!—
My grief was at an end!
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend!

### SHAVING A NOTE.

Old Skinflint was the most celebrated broker in Philadelphia—his "shaving" operations were famous, as he generally took off not only beard and whiskers, but "one pound of flesh" in addition. Young Harry Scarum was one of those dashing chaps who love wine and horses, and who form a majority of the borrowers. Harry having many wants on various occasions, borrowed of Skinflint at three per cent a month "off, and having, at sundry periods made "raises," paid off his responsibilities. At last he got tired of such constant borrowing and repaying. It would be six years before his estate could be sold, under the terms of his farther's will, who had prudently postponed that event until Harry should reach the age of thirty, and Harry conclued it would be a better to make a heavy operation at once; and be rid of the botheration of continued borrowing. Away to Skinflint's he went, determined to procure a good round sum and be done with it.

"I want ten thousand for six years."

"Hem! what security will you give."

"Oh, you may have my bond—that will bind my property."

"Hem! what discount will you give?—You know my rule is always to take discount "off," besides you owe me a thousand due to day, and I lent you a ten in the street the other day."

"I wont pay what I have been paying—one and a quarter cent, is enough. You may take it "off," and take out what I owe you besides."

"*Hem*! well, here's the bond for $10.000, at six years, sign it and It'll be all right."

No sooner said than done. Harry affixed his anthagraph, and hummed a tune, while Shinflint got his check book, and made a calculation."

"*Have* you got ten dollars about you?" asked he, in a moment if so let me have it."

"All right, my old boy," said Harry supposing he wanted to make "change" "here it is."

"Hem! hem!" said Skinflint, locking up his and making preparations to shoot.

"Stop, old fellow," said *Harry*, "where's my money."

"Your money, you've got it."

"Got it, what do you mean?"

"Why I was to take off the discount, was'nt I, and the thousand."

"Yes, I wan't my money."

"Why, my dear fellow, you've got it.—Ten thousand at one and a quarter a month, for six years, is *nine thousand—a thousand* you owed me—and just paid the ten—it's all right my dear boy—*a fair business transaction*"

A STUMP SPEECH SCENE.—There was a stump-speaking,' and Abner G. D.——— had the platform, enlightening 'the unterrified,' long and loudy.

"Fellow citizen," said he 'I now come to a slanderous rumor which has been most dastardly circulated against me from one end of the country to the other. My enemies, not content with endeavoring to ruin my political prospects, have, assassin-like, attempted to blast my good name by their insidious reports.' Abner then stated what the rumors was, and continued.—"I rejoice fellow citizens; to have it in my power instantly to fasten the lie upon this malicious and atrocious slander. I see among you one of the most estimable citizens of this county, whose character for integrity is above all question. Squire Schooler, to whom I allude, is acquainted with all the facts, and I call upon him to state whether this rumor is true or false. I pause for a reply."

Whereupon Squire Schooler slowly arose and in his strong, slow and sonorous voice, said—

"I rather think you *did* it Abner!"

"You old scoundrel!" exclaimed Abner, "why do you interrupt me, while I am discussing great constitution questions with your low personalities."

PRENTICE-IANN.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, who is always after his neighbor of the Democrat with 'a sharp stick,' thus pokes him in the ribs in a late paper. Though but a *prentice*, it strikes us that he does his cut-and-thrushing like a regular journeyman:

The editor of the Democrat denies that he was ever elected president of the North American ugly club. The vice president a chap whose nose grows on one side of his face, and his mouth on the other, protests that is a fact, and can be proved by the records of the society. Of course, we know nothing of the matter personally, not being a member.

The vice president aforesaid tells us that when *Harney* was first elected, he went for a time through the streets twisting his face into all conceivable shapes in the expectation of increasing his natural ugliness, and proving himself the more worthy of his honors. The society, however, appointed a committee of ten to wait on him, and request him to spare himself the trouble of putting on any extras as there was no earthly chance of his improving upon what nature had done so thoroughly.

### OBEYING ORDERS.

A certain General of the United States army, supposing his favorite horse dead, ordered an Irishman to go and skin him.

"What! is Silver-tail dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you?" replied the officer. "Do as I bid you, and ask no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned.

"Well, pat, where have you been to all this time?" asked the General.

"Skinning the horse, your honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform the operation?"

"No, yer honor, but thin you see it tuck 'bout half an hour to catch him."

"Catch him! fire and furies! was he alive?"

"Yes your honor—and you knew I couldn't skin him alive."

"Skin him alive? did you kill him?"

"To be sure I did, you know I must obey your orders without asking any questions."

### MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

To tell a man to his face to mind his own business, would be considered about equal to knocking him down, or as the Frenchman said, "horizontalizing his perpendicularity." And yet it is one of the simplest rules of right conduct, and the most useful that mankind can adopt in their intercourse with each other. There is a great deal of the the Paul Pry spirit in the human heart, or wonderful inquisitiveness in regard to the personal and private affairs of friends and neighbors.—This spirit makes more mischief in the community then almost any other cause and creates more malice envy and jealousy than can be overcome in a century. Let every man mind his own business, and there will not be half the trouble in the world that there is at present.

POOR WEAK WOMAN.—Miss Susan Nipper, who lives in a small tenement, a lone woman, was quite 'illustrated' the other morning by an early call from a bachelor neighbor.

"What do you come here after?" said Miss Nipper.

"I came to borrow matches," he meekly replied.

"Matches! That's a likely story. Why don't you make a match? I know what you came for," cried the exasperated old virgin as she backed the bachelor into a corner. "You come here to hug and kiss me almost to death! But you shan't—without you are the strongest, *and the Lord knows you are!*

From the American Farmer.

## WORK FOR THE MONTH.

### JUNE.

*Cultivating Corn.*—Keep the *Cultivator* and *hoemen* going in your corn-field, so as to entirely keep down the weeds and grass, and the soil open, until the corn plants put into silk. Particularly should you be carefuhy to keep them going in times of drought, as it is then they most needs the moisture and nutriment they contain; and if we are to believe in the science of chemistry—and we should—the dews contain much to nourish the plants. While we advocate frequent stirring with the Cultivator and hoe, we are diametrically opposed to the use of the plough, for two substantial reasons—first, it cuts off and bruises the roots, and thus deprive the plants of the means of feeding—and secondly, because, by turning up the manure to be leached and deprived of its nutrimental constituents, the food of the plants are wasted, and to these causes may be ascribed the existance of so many barren and grainless ears of corn in a field. The *grain* did not form, because, in the first place, the plants had been deprived of their feeders; and secondly because the food had been wasted by the manure having been ploughed up and the virtues exhaled. So, also, to the same cause may we, in a great measure, ascribed the "burning" up of the blades, they become withered and blighted, for want of moisture and nutriment to sustain them.

*Beets.*—The Mangel Wurtzel and the Sugar Beet, may still be put in up to the 7th or 10th of this month. The crops will not be so great as they would have been had they been put in a month or six weeks earlier; but still, with careful culture, may yet make a fair crop, and the milch cows, in the increased product of milk, cream, and butter, convince you how much your interest is concerned, in proper attention to the root.

*Carrots*, also, may be drilled in if done the first week of this month. These roots are among the best food for milch cows, make an excellent alternative food for horses, and are well relished by all kinds of stock.

*Potatoes.*—Though it is late for potatoes—very late in view of the chances of the rot—they may still be put in up to the 10th of this month, with a fair prospec of yielding a moderate crop, should they not be visited by the rot.

*Broadcast Corn.*—To ensure a supply of green food for your milch cows against the time when your pastures fail, put in an acre of broadcast corn. The ground must be heavily manured, thoroughly, and deeply, ploughed, and as thoroughly harrowed; then sow, broadcast, 3 bushels of corn thereon, it in and roll the ground.

*Millet.*—If your crop of hay is a short one, prepare a few acres and sow them in Millet. For the manner of manureing, ploughing and preparing the ground, the mode of curing the hay &c., we refer you to our directions of last month.

*Clover Hay*—Clover, for hay, should always be cut when it first comes into bloom. When cut, it should be permited to remain in the swarth 4 or 5 hours, then be put into cocks of about 50 lbs. each; the next morning, after the dew is exhaled, the cocks should be gently turned over, an as soon as the moisture is evaporated, put four or five cocks together, make them up smoth, to turn rain; the next day, if no rain shall have occured, the clover may be stowed away, and will be the better of having a peck of salt to the ton strewn over it as it is being packed away. Clover cut thus early, and thus cured, makes much the best hay, does not lose its leaves, and is green and fragrant. Besides which the after math is much more luxuriant, and less injured sustained by the soil.

*Winter Turnips*—It is too soon to put these in; but full time for you to be procuring manure for them; full time to begin the preperation of the ground, which will be all the better of having two or three good ploughing, at intervals, between this and the 25th of July, about which time, you should sow them. For an acre of turnips, you should at least have 20 loads of well rotted or compost manure, 20 bushels of ashes, and 1 bushel of plaster; the two latter to be broadcasted at the time of sowing the turnips; the first to be ploughed in at the last ploughing.

Ten bushels of bone-dust, 10 bushels of ashes, and 5 gallons of oil, mixed, and left in heap a few days, 400 lbs. of Guano, and a bushel of plaster, mixed together, and ploughed in; so would 20 loads of marsh mud, 10 bushels of ashes, 5 bushels of bones, and one bushel of plaster, if mixed together and left in the heap for 5 or 6 weeks; as also would 15 loads of marsh mud, made into compost with 5 loads of stable of barn-yard manuse, and ten bushels of ashes, incorporated therewith.—Plenty of manure, and thorough preparation of the soil, are necessary in the growth of a good crop of turnips.

*Buckwheat.*—Any time this month, and up to the 10th of July, a crop of buckwheat may be seeded, the sooner after the middle of this month the better. It is a sure crop, even on a poor soil,—in a tolerable fair soil, a very large crop may be criculated upon, the same means being used to enliven the soil.

*Of the manure.*—Ten loads of barn-yard manure; 10 loads of any good compost; 10 bushels of bone-dust, and 10 bushels of ashes; or 200 lbs. of Guano, mixed with plaster, will ensure a good crop.—The bone-dust and ashes, to be harrowed in with the seed, the other manures to be plough lit.

Buckwheat, as it derived a large portion of its food from the air up to the time of forming the grain, is not a very exhausting crop. It makes most delicious cakes, as every good housewife knows, and should grace the farmer's breakfast table throughout winter; chopt and mixed with cut straw, or hay, it is excellent as an alterative food for horses; made into slop for milch cows, it makes the milk flow; hogs, occasionally slopt with it, thrives well; it makes good food for chickens, particularly at moulting time—all poultry relish it—its straw cured into hay, is good long forage for cattle.

*Quantity of Seed per acre*—Sow from 2 to 3 peck of seed per acre.

*Time of Cutting.*—As it is liable to shatter, buckwheat should be cut when about one-half the grains on the head are ripe, which will be known by their turning black. Cure, as you would any other grain, and thresh out soon after the straw is dry.

### The Value of Carrots.

Very few persons are aware of the fact, that young Carrots are among the most wholesome of vegetables, and greatly assists digestion. French cooks, in many of their stewed dishes, introduce small slices of young carrots, and the *Jardianne* soup so common on every French table, is seasoned with finely-chopped vegetables,—young carrot being the most important, and the difference in digestion between a dinner eaten at a French *cafe* and an English hotel, is not alone in the cooking; but in the vegitable condiments introduced.—It is only lately that the chemists have explained the digestive stimulous known to exist in the carrot, to consist in a peculiar acid—found in this vegetable.

After saying so much with a view to the promotion of a better understanding with the carrot in our kuchen gardens, we quote the following in corroboration from the Working Farmer, calculated to increase the field cultivation to this useful vegetable:

Two bushels of oats and one of carrots, is better for food for a horse, than three bushels of oats; and when used for light work, the quantity of carrots may be increased. With such food, horses will enjoy good health, a loose hide, shining coat and improved digestion.

It may be thus explained: The carrot is very nutritious, and, in addition, has the curious property of gelatinizing the watery solutions contained in the stomach of the horse. Carrots contain *petic acid*, a single drop of which, mixed with the juice of orange or other fruit, immediately turns it into a jelly, and the Paris confectioners use it for this purpose. Soups in which carrots have been boiled, are always gelatinous when used as food than soups otherwise made.

The bean plant has similar properties.—A thin slice of this plant thrown into a glass of water, renders it ropy and gelatinous, and for this reason it is a specific for summer complaint with children.

By examining the dung of a horse fed in part on carrots, it will be found to contain no undigested hay or oats, and, therefore, less quantities of those materials are necessary than when half the amount swallowed is parted with an undigested state. For fattening animals, the carrot is equally valuable, and for milch cows they surpass any other food. The milk of a cow at mid-winter fed on carrots, is equal in flavor to that supplied from clover in summer, while the butter made from the milk is finely colored and highly-flavored.

In soils containing proper proportion of bone dust, sulphuric acid, potash, and common salt, 800 bushels of long orange, or 1.100 bushels of white Belgian carrots may be easily raised per acre, while the same land will not produce one tenth the quantity of oats. We have sold our crop of carrots this year to the livery stable keeper of Newark, at fifty cents a bushel, and we could have sold a thousand bushels or more at the same price.—*Downning's Horticulturist.*

A youngster who had commenced the study of natural philosophy, was one day asked to mention the properties of heat to which he replied.—

"The chief property of heat is, that it expands bodies, while cool contracts them."

"Very good. Can you give a familiar example?"

"Yes, sir. In summer, when it is hot, the day is long; while in winter, when the days is cold, it becomes very short!"

A QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.—Suppose a canal boat heads north west for the horses' tails, and has the wind abeam, with a flaw coming up in the south, would the captain, according to maritime law, be justifiable in taking a reef in the stove pipe, without asking the cook?

A good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience tha best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

### VALUABLE INFORMATION.

About 2 o'clock on a December night, when the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farm house in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his warm bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted; when the following dialogue ensued:

"Have you any hay Mr. ———?"

"Plenty of it, sir."

"*Have* you plenty of corn?"

"Yes."

"Any oats?"

"Yes."

"Plenty of wheat and breadstuff?"

"Yes."

"Well we are glad to hear it; for they *are very useful articles in a family!*"

The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

LINDIANA.—We had yesterday the pleasure of being shaved with a Jenny Lind razor, by a Jenny Lind barber, scented with Jenny Lind cologne; brushed with a Jenny Lind brush, washed in a Jenny Lind bowl, and wiped with a Jenny Lind towel. After which we put on our Jenny Lind hat, walked into a Jenny Lind restaurant, and partook of Jenny Lind sausages; Then we took up a Jenny Lind paper; and read a Jenny Lind editoral, smoked a Jenny Lind cigar, and throwing ourselves back in a Jenny Lind chair, fell into a profound Jenny Lind reverie.—*N. O. Courier.*

The sweetest flowers are those which shed their odors in quiet nooks and dingles; and the purest hearts are those whose deeds of love are done in solitude and secret.

With love, the hearts become a fair and fertile garden, with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

☞"What is the use of living?" asked Jack Summons, the other day. "*We* are flogged for crying when we are babies—flogged because the master is cross when we are school-boys—obliged to toil, sick or well, or starve, when we are men—to work still harder (and suffer somthing worse) when we are husbands, and; after exhausting life and strength in the service of other people, die, and leave our children to quarrel about the posession of father's watch, and our wives—to catch somebody else."—Such is life."

### ADVERTISING.

NOT A PARABLE BUT A FACT.—I passed by the store of the advertiser, and looked within. By his counter stood many customers, and his clerks appeared lively and happy. Turning away, I said—The advertiser hath wisdom. Then I turned and looked upon the store of the man too foolish to advertise. His counters was empty and dusty, and the spiders were building webs over his drawers. Then I turned away and said nothin. 'JONNYDAR.'

☞It's a mistake to suppose that men cannot get along without brains. One half the men in the last Congress, never heard of the article. It is impudence, not mind, that gives men position in any community. Balloons rise, not because they are filled with substance, but because they are filled with gas. Now, men are just like balloons; only more so.

A painter having turned physician, was asked why he had done so. "Because," replied he, "my former business exhibited my mistakes in too glaring a manner; therefore I have chosen one in which they will all be buried."

An old lady, upon picking up a newspaper, saw an obituary notice of a gentleman whom she knew, in which it was stated that he "died in the Lord." "Ah me," she exclaimed, "I always said he would never die in bed."

ADVERTISING.—The door to wealth, respectibility, influence and honor, is thrown wide open to all. He who neglects advertising his business in the newspapers, not only robs himself of the fair advantages, but bestows the spoils on his wiser rivals. It is idle to speak of the cost of advertising as an impediment—as well might an object to the cost of sheltering his goods, protecting them from thieves or dealing them out to customers.

"You labor too hard on your composition, doctor," said a flippant clergyman to a venerable divine. "I write a sermon in three hours, *and make nothing of it.*"—"So your congregation says," quoth the doctor.

"Elder, will you have a drink of cider?" inquired a farmer to an old temperance man, who was spending an evening at his house.

"Ah—hum—no, thank ye," said the old man, "I never drink any liquor of any kind—'specially cider—but if you'll call it *apple juice*, I reckon I'll take a drop!"

Liberal dealing is better than almsgiving for it tends to prevent pauperism, which is better than to relieve it.

How many churchmen are there who made religion the pedestal of their pride rather than the basis of their conduct.

Speaking of fashionable hats, should one say "the latest style," or "the latest tile?"

Here is a specimen of "tall writing" in the way of poetry:—"There is a man who came to town, he swallowed a keg of molasses down; the barrel worked, the molasses bust, the man lay scatered in the dust!"

Elder Bringham Young pledges his honor that he has only twenty-six wives!—He is the saint upon whom fell the mantle of Joe Smith.

☞It requires more courage to think differently from the multitude than it does to fight them.