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# THE KENT NEWS.

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

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

VOL. 14. SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1853. NO. 9.



**THE KENT NEWS.**

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

***TERMS:***

$1,50, payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2,50 at the end of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

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## POETRY.

### Henry Clay.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

With voice and mien of stern control,
He stood among the great and proud,
And words of fire burst from his soul
Like lightning from the tempest cloud;
His high and deathless themes were crowned
With glory of his genius born,
And gloom and ruin darkly frowned
When fell his bolts of wrath and scorn.

But he is gone, the free, the bold,
The champion of the country's right;
His burning eye is dim and cold,
And mute his voice of conscious might—
Oh no, not mute—his stirring call
Can startle tyrants on their thrones,
And on the hearts of nations fall
More awful than his living tones.

The impulse that his spirit gave
To human thought's wild, stormy sea,
Will heave and thrill through every wave
Of that great deep eternally;
And the all circling atmosphere,
With which is blent his breath of flame,
Will sound with cadence deep and clear,
In storm and calm, his voice and name.

His words that like a bugle blast
Erst rang along the Grecian shore,
And o'er the hoary Andes passed,
Will still ring on for evermore.
Great Liberty will catch the sounds,
And start to newer, brighter life,
And summoned from Earth's utmost bounds
Her children to the glorious strife.

Unnumbered pilgrim's o'er the wave,
In the fair ages yet to be,
Will come to kneel beside his grave,
And hail him prophet of the free.
'Tis holier ground, that lowly bed
In which his mouldering form is laid,
Than fields where liberty has bled
Beside her broken battle blade.

Who now, in danger's fearful hour,
When all around is wild and dark,
Shall guard with voice, and arm of power,
Our freedom's consecrated ark?
With stricken hearts, Oh God, to Thee,
Beneath whose feet the stars are dust,
We bow, and ask that Thou wilt be
Through every ill our stay and trust.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### AN ADVENTURE.

There are many situations in life that men are placed in, which will bring forth talent, strength, courage and ingenuity, which himself and others deemed totally at variance with his nature—I am one whose life has been an undisturbed scene of peace and quietness. No quarrel or dispute ever rendered it necessary for me to call forth my moral or physical strength, both of which I am now inclined to think I possess; at least the reader will bear me out, when I have related the following adventure:

I was on my way to P——, in the fall of 18—; it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house, about four miles from N——. There was something strange and remarkable about this action of my horse, he would not move a step in spite of all my exertions for to move him on. I determined to gratify his whim, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling, indescribable, that seemed to urge me to enter.—Having knocked and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting room, where sat a beautiful girl about twenty years of age. She arose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger. In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the unaccountable feeling which crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied well guarded, 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself that we are at peace with them all. But this evening, in consequence of the absence of my father, I felt unusually lonesome, and if it was not bordering the superstitious, I might reason as you have, and consent to your staying; for similar feelings have been mine ere you arrived—from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away. My young hostess was intelligent and lovely, and the hours flew so quick, that, on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring—and by 12 every one of the family was asleep. I could not sleep—visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting and turning on the bed, in all the agony of a sleepless suspense. The clock struck one—its vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me that some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of some one jumping from the window sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the staircase, I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next the staircase—he step came along the gallery slow and cautious. I had seized my pistol and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch and listen to the movements, seemingly suspicious or mysterious; the sound of the step stopped at my door—then followed one as of applying the ear to the key-hole, and a low breathing convinced me the villian was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, nor a nerve slackened, for I felt as if Heaven had selected me as the instrument to effect its purpose

The person now slowly passed on, and I as cautiously approached the door of my bed chamber. I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of sound—for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door, mine seized upon the other. A deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he heard the sound and awaited the repetition; it came not, all was still; he might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, and the very moment I stepped into the entry, I caught glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the lady. I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber; through the half-opened door I glanced my eye into the room. No object was visible save the curtained bed, within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he—gracious heaven! a negro! For at that moment a tall, fierce looking black approached the bed; and never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented; at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception. I was now all suspense; my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking, as I made a bound into the room.

The black villian had ruthlessly dragged a part of the covering off the bed when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted we stood gazing on each other a few seconds his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenancce. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse upon the floor! The noise of the pistol aroused the sleeper, she started in the bed, and seemed an angel of the clouds emerging from her downy bed, to soar to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her, with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh, do not murder me; take all! you cannot, will not kill me, sir!"

The servants now rushed in—all was explained. The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed to be a runaway slave from Virginia. I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who in after years called me husband, and related to our children the miraculous escape from the bold attack of a mid-night assassin

☞'You saved my life on one occasion,' said a beggar to a captain under whom he had served.

'Saved your life,' replied he, 'do you think that I'm a doctor?'

'No,' answered the man, 'but I served under you in the war of——, and when you ran away I followed.'

"Starch up, brush your whiskers, dress fashionable, and lay in a plentiful supply of soft nonsense, and the girls will call you a nice young man.

### Last Interview of Napoleon with His Soldiers.

With his measured step and slow, followed by the guard and his friends, he passed through the long gallery of Francis I. He stood for a moment on the landing of the grand staircase, and looked around on the troops drawn up in the court of the guard of honor, and on the innumerable multitudes from the surrounding country which had assembled to witness this grand historical event, that they might recount it to their children. What contending feeling agitated the breasts of that vast crowd, in which there were more accusers than defenders! But the greatness of the fall in some, the sorrow for misfortune in others, a regard to decorum in all, produced a universal silence. Insult at such a moment would have been cowardly—the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" a mockery. The soldiers themselves experienced a feeling too solemn, of too religious an awe, to think of acclamation; they felt a deep sense of honor in their consciousness of fidelity even in adverse fortune, and felt that now the sun of their glory was about to set, and with their chief to sink forever behind the trees of their forest and the waters of the Mediteranean. They envied the lot of those of their comrades whom fate or choice had favored by allowing to be the companion of their exiled emperor. Their heads were bowed low, their looks mournful, and tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the warriors: Had the drums been covered with crape, it would appeared like an army performing the obsequies of their General.

Napoleon after casting a martial and penetrating glance at his battalions and squadrons, had in his countenance an expression of tender regard unusual for him. What days of battle, of glory, and power did the sight of that army call to his mind! Where now were they who had composed it when it traversed with him the continents of Europe, Africa and Asia? How many now remained of those millions in the remnant before his eyes? And yet those few were faithful; and he was going to leave them forever,—the army was himself. When he should no longer behold it, what would it be? He owed all to the sword, and with the sword he had lost all. He hesitated a moment before descending, and seemed as if about to reenter the palace mechanically. He rallied, however, and recovering himself descended the stairs to approach his soldiers. With a gesture he imposed silence, and advancing in front of the battalions, he made a sign that he wished to speak The drums ceased, the arms were still, and the almost breathless silence allowed his voice, re-echoed by the high walls of the palace, to be heard to the remotest ranks

"Officers, subalterns, and soldiers of old guard," he said, "I bid you farewell For five and twenty years I ever found you walking the path of honor and glory. In these latter times, as in those of our prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of fidelity and bravery. With such men as you, our cause would not have been lost; but the war was interminable; it might have been a civil war, and then it might have been worse for France. I have therefore sacrificed our interests to those of the country. I leave you; . . . . do you, my friends, continue to serve France. Her honor was my only thought; it shall be the object of my most fervent prayers. Grieve not for my lot. If I have consented to outlive myself, it is with the hope of still promoting your glory: I trust to write the deeds we have achieved together.— . . . . . Adieu, my children, I would fain embrace you all. . . Let me embrace your General and your colors!"

At these words the soldiers were deeply affected; a shudder ran through their ranks, and their arms quivered.—General Petit, who commanded the old guard in the absence of the marshalls—a man of martial bearing, but of sensitive feelings,—at a second signal from Napoleon, advanced between the ranks of the soldiers and their emperor. Napoleon embraced him a long time, and the two chieftians sobbed aloud. At this spectacle one stifled sob was heard through all the ranks. Grenadiers brushed away the tears from their eyes with their left hands. "Bring me the eagles." said the emperor, who desired to imprint upon his heart and these standards the memory of Cæsar. Some Grenadiers advanced, bearing before them the eagles of the regiment. He grasped the trophies so dear to the soldier; he pressed them to his breast, and placing his lips to them, exclaimed in a manly but broken accent, "Dear eagle, may this last embrace vibrate forever in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers! Farewell again, my old companions Farewell!" The whole army bursted into tears, and the only reply was one long continued groan. An open carriage, in which General Bertrand awaited his master and friend, received the emperor, who hurried in, and covered his eyes with both his hands, the carriage rolled away towards the first stage of Napoleon's exile.

[From the Southern Planter.]

### Action of Gypsum on Organic Manures

BY PROF. CAMPBELL, OF N. C.

Certainly one of the most important questions with the farmer, especially in the older States is this—"how may fertilizers be best obtained, and made most profitable?"

Soils that have been long under cultivation, must necessarily become deficient in many of the elements of fertility, unless the exhausted supply be restored from time to time by proper applications. Without this restoration farming would soon become a profitless business. Labor cannot bring from a soil what is not there. When you wish your horse to do long and faithful service, you feed him well; if you do not his strength soon fails, and whip and spur are insufficient to revive his drooping energies. So, plough and hoe are equally inefficient in reviving the energies of a *starving field*. Economy in sustaining or restoring the strength of soils, is no less important than economy in feeding horses and cattle. But, as an abundance of such nutritious food as may arise from the products of home culture is most economical in feeding stock, so the free application of home made manure *well collected* and *well kept*, is the most economical of all fertilizers. The farmer who goes abroad to buy guano, while he leaves at home masses of manure, from which wind and rain are rapidly carrying off some of the very same elements that give to guano its value, is not acting more wisely than he who leaves his hay to be drenched with rain and bleached by the sun, while he goes out to by oats or barley to take the place of hay in his next winters feeding. Let what you have be made as available possible; then, if more is needed, it will be time to begin to look abroad for it. After all proper means have been resorted to for collecting and preserving your barn yard, stable and hog pen manures, ashes, soapsuds &c., you can better afford an occasional ton of guano for the sake of an extra crop of wheat and a succeeding "fair set" of clover.

In collecting fertilizing materials for farming purposes two leading objects should be kept in view:

1. To prevent as far as possible any loss of value in the material during the interval elapsing before it can be conveniently applied to the soil.

2. To increase its value, if this can be done profitably.

My present wish is to state briefly, that which others have stated before but in a different form—what careful experiments dictates as the most efficient means of attaining both these objects.

I am well aware how little confidence farmers, generally, place in chemical theories and laboratory experiments, before their claims have been fully established by the unerring test of *practice*. Hence, for the satisfaction and benefit of those whom it may concern. I have just concluded an experiment independent of laboratory, crucible and retort—an experiment, involving nothing new or remarkable in the eye of one familiar with the principles of chemical science, yet, important in its practical bearing. It was conducted as follows:

A barrel was filled with fresh scrapings from stalls of horses. Over the manure, as thrown in, a little ground plaster was sprinkled from time to time.—After the barrel had been compactly filled, it was allowed to stand some weeks, until it had gone through the heating process, found always to take place when newly collected manure is thrown into heaps. But during this heating or *fermentation*, there was none of that "vapor" of strong odor which ordinarily arises from fermenting manure heaps—When the mass had become cool, clean rain water was passed through it and collected at the bottom of the barrel.—This water was found to contain one of the elements* of plaster, and one of the volatile substances (carbonate of ammonia) above alluded to. On emptying the barrel, a white powder, looking very much like plaster was found mingled with its contents. But, when tested, this powder was found to contain only one of the elements of plaster; while it contained also one element of the volatile carbonate of ammonia just mentioned.

In order that those who are not familiar with the principles of chemistry may understand the foregoing experiment and fully appreciate its results, a little explanation is necessary.

The volatile matter which escapes so rapidly from heaps of manure, and the presence of which is perceived by its odor about stables where horses are fed, is called by chemical writers "carbonate of ammonia," consisting of carbonic acid and ammonia combined.

Plaster (gypsum) is, according to chemical nomenclature, a sulphate of lime; *i. e* sulphuric acid and lime combined. Liebig says, "carbonate of ammonia and sulphate of lime cannot be brought together at common temperatures without mutual decomposition.—The ammonia enters into combination with the sulphuric acid, and the carbonic acid with the lime, forming compounds which are not volatile; and, consequently, destitute of all smell" Thus, we get two new compounds; namely, carbonate of lime in very fine powder, and sulphate of ammonia, which is not volatile, and of course not liable to be lost in the same way as the carbonate of ammonia. This sulphate, however, is readily dissolved in water. Hence, in the experiment above detailed, it was carried out in solution by the water passed through the mixed mass of plaster and manure.

What points, now, are illustrated by the results of this experiment? First, that ground plaster sprinkled about stables and over fresh manure; as it is collected into heaps, will arrest the escape of a most valuable portion of the fertilizing matter. Secondly, that if this manure be left unsheltered from the rain, the sulphate of ammonia generated by the action of the plaster will be washed away; and thus, the sulphuric acid and ammonia, both of which are highly valuable as fertizers, will be lost.

What has been said above applies equally to all animal manures, and all decaying organic matter from which carbonate of ammonia is set free.

The proper course, then, to be pursued in the management of such manures, is entirely obvious. They should be thrown together in a convenient place—sprinkled with plaster as they are thrown up, and carefully sheltered from the rain until they can be conveniently applied to the soil.

If the farmer who buys guano while he leaves his stable and yard manures exposed, would expand the cost of a single ton of guano in constructing shelters for these manures, he would, in a few years, realize in their increased value, the worth of ten tons of the imported manure with all its remarkable properties.

* "Element" is not used here in its strict chemical sense.

**A Huge Anatomical Demonstration.**—A Dr Cartwright of New Orleans amuses himself with the anatomical dissection of aligators, his object being, as he alleges, the demonstration of certain new physiological views that he entertains.

On a recent occasion he cut up three of these monsters in the presence of a large number of scientific gentlemen, with the following results, according to a reporter:

"He divided the spinal marrow in 3 places—at the base of the neck, in the middle, and at the base of the back; nay, he divided the nerves emmerging from the spine—and still, on irritating the nerve between the section and the extremity, he demonstrated that the animal possessed a diffused sensibilitry, a capacity to recognise pain, and even an intelligent power to act against, or attempt to escape the cause of the pain Cutting off the head of the animal, jobbing out the spinal marrow, dividing the nerves coming from them, irritating them along their distal portions, they still retain this sensibility, and the mutilated limbs of the headless animals would make intelligent motions for getting rid of the local torture. These are very curious and important discoveries.

"Dr. Cartwright contends against long odds, it is true, that in the lungs, not the heart, resides the motive power of the circulation; that literally, as Moses asserted, the blood is the life of the flesh, and the air the life of the blood. He affirms that after death, when the pulse has stopped, the heart is still, and the body is insensible to pain; by producing artificial respiration, by inflating the lungs, the blood can be started anew, its life revived, and the body resurrected absolutely from the cold abstracttions of death. Both of his alligators had their windpipes tied, and one of them had his chest opened, with his heart, lungs and stomach, &c., esposed. In the course of two hours both animals were dead pulseless, and quiet over flames of fire. Then, a bellows nozzle being inserted into the trachea, inflation began, and continued for some minutes, we saw the motionless heart throb, the blood flowing from the lungs to that organ—the eyes of the alligator opened, and the hapless "victim" lived again! The alligator whose chest was exposed, had his carotid artery accidently cut, thereby losing a considerable quantity of blood, and hence it was not made so briskly alive as the other, who retained all its vital fluid."

A dandy, with a cigar in his mouth, on board a steamboat, once stepped up to a foreigner and said—

"Pray, sir, do gentlemen smoke in your country?"

"*Gentlemen* do not smoke in public in any country," was the laconic answer.

Thought without truth is but serious trifling.

JOHN BULL IN ECTACIES WITH A YANKEE "IDEE."—The splendid steam yacht, the North Star, with which Capt. Vanderbilt, of New York, has started on a private European and world-wide tour with the ladies and others of his family, is attracting much attention in England; the papers there giving columns to a description of her surprising excellencies, qualities, and rich and costly furniture and appointments.—The trip of the North Star out from N. York to Southampton is stated in the English papers to have occupied but ten days, eight hours and forty minutes. The following from the Daily News of the 3d, is appreciative and good humored:

The yacht has excited the greatest interest amongst the ship-builders, engineers and the commanders and officers of the steam packets at Southampton.—Large numbers of persons visited her, who are admitted on board by tickets issued from the American consulate.—She looks as big as the monster steamers of the West India Company.

Handsome flight of stairs lead to the saloon, which is larger and more magnificent than the saloon of any ocean steamer afloat, and even surpasses in splendor the Queen's yacht, the Victoria and Albert. Ranged round the saloon are capacious and beautifully furnished cabins, the door and panels of which are of solid birds-eye maple and rosewood. Mirror extending from the ceiling to the floor are fixed in the cabins. The dining saloon is also a very splendid apartment, the walls of which appear of polished and varigated marble and malachite. This substance is, however, formed of a congromerated stone, marble and glass, and is a recent American invention.

Beneath the saloon there is another fine deck, extending the whole length of the ship. Its gloomiess being lit chiefly by port holes, makes it appear like the vault of some cathedral. It would form, and no doubt has formed, a magnificent ocean ball room. The North Star's consumption of fuel during the vogage was about 50 tons a day.—She is slenderly rigged, just like all American steamers. She cost about $500,000 building.

The expense of keeping such a yacht is about £300 a week. Mr. Vanderbilt is immensely rich He was at one time proprietor of a large number of American river steamers, and at the present time owns a large number of the packets which ply between New York and Sanfrancisco. In this magnificent trip to England by Mr. Vanderbilt, brother Jonathan has certainly gone ahead of himself, and has, at least, surpassed every thing of the kind hitherto done by millionaire Englishmen.

WANTED TO KNOW.—If steamships are used in navigating the "sea of trouble?" If it is owing to owing to the rate of interment being cheap that so many are "buried in oblivion?" If ships "in stays" are subject to "tight lacing?" Whether the sun shone during the "dark ages?" Whether the "tale" which the geost of Hamlet's father could unfold, was "founded on fact?" If hydropathic treatment would be likely to cure the "eruptions" of Mount Ætna?

☞"Mrs. H., do you take milk in your tea?"

"No, I thank you; the superfluity of the milk, added to the flavority of the heat, renders the conglomeration insupportably obnoxious to my diabolical appetite."

An urchin being sent to buy a cent's worth of Maccaboy snuff and forgot the name of the article, asked the storekeeper for a cent's worth of make-a-boy sneeze.

MISS ANNA BREAD.

While belles their lovely graces spread
And fops around them flutter,
I'll be content with Anna Bread,
And won't have any BUT HER.

"Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughter in the different languages. To which he replied, 'No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

☞I guess there aint much gammon about this, as the Yankee said when he tried a slice of his wooden ham.

A merchant who lately advertised for a clerk who could bear confinement was answered by one who had laid 7 years in jail!

☞Mrs. Partington wants to know if this 'Southern Bolt" the papers talk of, is any kin to "Ben Bolt," that used to spark 'Sweet Alice"

CONCEITED.—The man who thinks he can teach girls to make love, or ducks to swim.

☞There are many who mistake the love of life for fear of death.