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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.
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. To CLUBS—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. Single papers 5 cents.

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Trial of Colonel Kinney.

NEW YORK, May 2.—In the U. S. District court to-day, Col. Kinney applied for an appointment of an early day for his trial and Monday next was fixed by Judge Ingersoll, notwithstanding some opposition from the District Attorney, on the ground of insufficiency of time.

Arrest of Consul Fabens.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—De Angelis, the Deputy Marshall of New York, arrested Consul Fabens to-day, on the charge of being concerned in the alleged unlawful expedition of Col. Kinney against Nicaragua. Mr. Fabens has not resigned his Consulship.

...ED—At his residence in this county, on the ...day last, of pneumonia, Mr. William B. ..., an industrious and worthy citizen. May he rest in peace.

...Missouri, several weeks since, JOHN R. son of ...er P. and Angelina Shaeffer, formerly of ...unty.

...is our little Johnny gone,
...d has his spirit fled.
...does his little form now sleep
...mong the silent dead?

...thee well, we give thee up,
...ou spirit now's at rest;
...ore we'll hear thee groan in pain
...r see thee gasp for breath.

...when we dressed thee in thy shroud,
...lovely e'en in death
...nfant brother reached his arms
...twine around thy neck.

...tle heart could not conceive
...y thou would'st not return,
...ing, fond, fond caress
...thou had'st always done.

...! his little lips received
...answering touch of love,
...ere thy form lay cold in death
...spirit soared above.

...hee well our darling boy,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Peter Francisco.

SAMSON OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

...late as the year 1836, there lived in ...n Virginia, a man whose strength ... remarkable, as to win him the ti... ...he "Western Samson." He knew ... of his birth or parentage, but ...d he was born in Portugal, from ... he was stolen when a child, and ... to Ireland. His earliest recollec... ...ere those of boyhood in the latter ... While yet a lad, he apprentic... ...elf to a sea captain, for seven ... pay for a passage to this coun... ...n his arrival his time and ser... ...ere sold to a Mr. Winston of ..., in whose service he remained ... breaking out of the Revolution. ... an adventuous turn of mind, he ...nd obtained permission of his ... join the army, and was engaged ... service during the whole contest. ... his strength and personal brave... ...o enemy could resist him. He ... sword, the blade of which was ...n length, as though it had been ... and every one who came in con... ...him paid the forfeit of their lives. ... Point he was one of the 'forlorn ...ch was advanced to cut away ...s, and next to Major Gibbon was ...man to enter the works. At ...ne and Monmouth, he exhibited ...earless bravery; nothing but his ... write prevented his promotion ...mission. Transferred to the ... took part in most of the engage... ...at section, and towards the ... war, he was engaged in a ...ch exhibited in a striking man... ...confidence and courage. ...ecdotes are told of Francisco, ... his immense strength and ...wer. At Camden, where Gates ...d, he retreated, and after running along the road some distance, he sat down to rest himself. He was suddenly accosted by a British dragoon, who presented a pistol and demanded his immediate surrender. His gun being empty, he feigned submission, and said he would surrender, at the same time remarking that his gun was of no further use to him, he presented sideways to the trooper, who in reaching for it threw himself off his guard, when Francisco, quick as thought, run him through with the bayonet, and as he fell from his horse, he mounted him and continued his retreat. Overtaking his commanding officer, Col. Mayo, of Powhattan, he gave up the animal, for which act of generosity the Colonel afterwards presented him with a thousand acres of land in Kentucky.

The following anecdote exemplifying his peaceful nature and strength is also told of Francisco. How true it is we cannot say, but we tell it as it was told to us, many years ago, while he was still living in Buckingham county, Va.

One day while at work in his garden, he was accosted by a stranger who rode up to the fence and inquired of him if he knew "where a man by the name of Francisco lived."

Raising himself from his work, and eyeing his interrogator, who appeared to be one of the "half-horse, half-alligator" breed of Kentuckians, he replied, "Well, stranger, I don't known of any other person by that name in these parts but myself."

"Well, I reckon you ain't the man I want. I want to find the great fighting man I've heard tell so much about. The fellow they say can whip all creation and Kentuck to boot."

"I can't tell you, stranger, where you'll find that man; I don't know such a man," said Francisco, resuming his work as a hint to the other that the conference was ended. But the Kentuckian was not to be bluffed off, as he would term it.

"Look 'ere stranger," said he, returning to the charge, "what might your given name be?"

"My name is Peter Francisco, at your service."

"Ah!" returned he, "you're just the man I want to find," at the same time riding inside the fence, he dismounted and tied his animal—a rough, ungainly Indian poney—to one of the posts.

"My name is Big Bill Stokes, all the way from Old Kentuck. I'm the Kentucky game chicken I am. I can out-run out-hop, out-jump, knock down, drag out and whip any man in them diggins. So as I've heard tell of a fellow down hereabouts as could whip all creation, I thought I'd saddle old Blossom, and just ride over and see what stuff he's made of, and here I am. And now, stranger, I'm most starved for a fight, and I'm bound to see who's the best man, before I go home. It's all in good feeling, and if you lick me, why I'm satisfied, but—"

"Stop a moment, stranger, you have mistaken the man entirely; I'm no fighting man at all, and if I was, I've nothing against you to fight about.

"Well, I don't know, is there any other Peter Francisco in these parts?"

"No, not that I know of."

"Well, then, you are the man, and you *must* fight; I've come all the way from Old Kentuck, and I ain't a going back without knowing which is the best man."

"But I won't fight. I've got nothing to fight about, and I tell you I *won't fight*."

"Darned if you shant fight, stranger—I'm bound to lick you if I can—if I don't you may lick me."

By this time Francisco had became angry at the importunity of his visitor, and determined to put an end to the scene at once. Seizing his antagonist by the seat of his buckskin breeches and the collar of his hunting shirt, he threw him over the fence into the road; then walking leisurely to where his pony was tied, he unfastened him, and taking him up by main strength threw him after his discomforted rider.

The Kentuckian raised himself from the ground perfectly dumb-founded by such an exhibition of strength, and after rubbing his eyes as though he thought he might not have seen clearly, he mounted his pony, remarking,

"Well stranger I reckon you'll do. I reckon it's about time for me to make tracks. If anybody asks you about that great fight you can tell 'em you licked Bill Stokes most confoundedly."

Francisco was a powerfully built man, standing six feet and one inch in height, and weighing 260 pounds. His muscular system was extraordinarily developed, and he had been known to shoulder with ease a cannon weighing eleven hundred pounds; and a gentleman of undoubted veracity, (still living in Virginia) who knew him well, says "he could take me in his right hand and pass over the room with me, playing my head against the ceiling as though I had been a doll baby. My weight was a hundred and ninety-five pounds.

His wife, who was a woman of good size and fair proportions, he would take in his right hand, and holding her at arm's length would pass round the room with her, and carry her up and down stairs in that position.

For sale at ... take a barrel of cider by ... and holding it up to his mouth, would drink from the bung a long and hearty draught without any apparant exertion.

May 5, 1855.

Scene in a Brooklyn Court.

Yesterday a very exciting scene arose in the city court, whirh produced considerable merriment, and vengence loud and deep was threatening among the limbs of the law who figured conspicuously in the scene, and at one time was so serious in its aspect that nothing less than "mortal combat" seemed likely to satisfy the irritation of at least one of the gentlemen.

The case under consideration was that of the persons charged with assaulting Deputy Sheriff Hegeman and other officers who were brought up on habeas corpus, and ex-Judge Greenwood, Alexander McCue, Esq., and Col. C. Jack appeared for the defence, and Mr. Schumaker was appointed by the District Attorney to appear on behalf of the people.

Mr. Schumaker informed the court that he was instructed to remonstrate against admitting the prisoners to bail in $500, as they had made an outrageous onslaught upon officers in the discharge of their duties, and had shot under Sheriff Hegeman in the head.

Counsellor McCue replied in a somewhat facetious strain, that Mr. Hegeman is often "shot in the head," and his manner produced much laughter after the remark.

Mr. Schumaker defended his client by observing that some of the prisoners' attorneys got as often "shot in the neck," as the under sheriff did in the head, and the aptness of this remark convulsed the bar, and even disturbed the gravity of the Judge.

Mr. Greenwood, who was engaged in reading law to the court, being attracted by this remark, jumped around with much alertness, and facing Mr. Schumaker, with a vehement gesticulation said, "Do you apply that remark to me, sir!"

Mr. Schumaker, whose risibility was excited by the gesticulation of the ex-Judge, burst out into a fit of laughter, which he communicated to the court, and then replied "that he *did* intend the remark for Mr. McCue, who was always joking, but it seemed to have *hit* him, (Mr. Greenwood.)

At this moment, and in the midst of the excitement attendant upon the above described scene, Mr. Jack entered the court in a great rage, and elbowing his way through the crown, carried his diminutive person to the forum in front of Judge Culver, to whom he complained in a rage that the clerk to the district attorney had refused to draw up the recognizances and had insulted him.

Mr. Schumaker addressed the court in behalf of Mr. Nexson, the clerk of the district attorney, and said he was a young gentleman who, as he had been informed, had been insulted by Col. Jack, and that in return for this insult he had slapped the Colonel's face, which he (Mr. Schumaker) believed was a proper rebuke, as it had been richly deserved. He had often heard of outrageous conduct on the part of counsel, but when he heard Col. Jack yesterday openly advise the prisoners to knock down the officers in open court, before Judge Blatchley, and run away, he heard that which he little expected to hear from any one except a "silly scamp" or a person bereaved of his senses, and under these circumstances he thought the district's attorney's clerk justifiable in slapping Jack's face.

Col. Jack jumped up in a terrible rage, and, with a flashing eye and foaming mouth, blushed as if he had been stirred up from the bottom of his soul. He protested against the insults which had been offered to him, and was ready to defend his honor with his life's dearest blood, and he there and then, openly before the court, challenged Mr. Schumaker to mortal combat on the blood-stained field, saying, in loud terms and with upraised fists, "Follow me to another State, sir."

Mr. Schumaker replied in a pleasing manner, "To what State do you mean? You may go, *volens volens*, to the State prison. I won't follow you to that State.'

Col. Jack still continued to reiterate his challenge, and the whole of the members of the bar were filled with laughter. As soon as it had somewhat subsided Mr. Schumaker said he should decline to fight *unless the Colonel would fatten himself up so as to make a mark to shoot at, for he didn't like firing bullets at shadows.*

This again gave rise to another fit of laughter, and here the curtain fell and the scene was closed.

RELATIONSHIP.—A Hoosier girl stepped on board a steamboat as she was lying at a certain point on the Ohio river, and bawled out—

"Is the captain aboard?"

"Yes, what do you want with him?" responded the captain, who was standing among the crowd.

"Oh, nothing particularly, only he's a distant relation of mine, and I'd like to see him."

"A relation of yours?" inquired the captain, surprised.

"Yes, a slight relation. He's the father of my first child."

You'd better believe the captain sloped, while the crowd enjoyed the sport to their heart's content.

All printers were at one time *devils*.

Area of the States and Territories.

Very few of our people, we suspect, have any definite idea of the extent of our country, especially of the new territories which have recently been organized. In order to place before our readers a condensed view of the size of the States and Territories, which at present compose this confederacy, we give the following statement from the last census report.—The area of the United States and Territories is 2,036,166 square miles.

The following table, taken from that document, but transposed, so as to give to each its proper rank, shows the area of each State and Territory:

Nebraska Territory,	335,882
Utah Territory,	209,170
Texas,	237,504
New Mexico Territory,	207,000
Oregon Territory,	185,030
Minnesota Territory,	166,025
California,	165,980
Washington Territory,	123,022
Kansas,	114,798
Indian Territory, Kansas,	71,127
Missouri,	67,380
Virginia,	61,352
Florida,	59,268
Georgia,	58,000
Michigan,	56,243
Illinois,	55,405
Wisconsin,	53,924
Arkansas,	52,198
Iowa,	50,914
Alabama,	50,722
North Carolina,	50,704
Mississippi,	47,156
New York,	47,000
Pennsylvania	47,000
Tennessee,	46,600
Ohio,	39,954
Kentucky,	37,690
Indiana,	33,809
Maine,	31,756
South Carolina,	29,385
Maryland	11,124
Vermont,	10,212
New Hampshire,	9,280
New Jersey,	8,310
Massachusetts,	7,800
Connecticut,	4,674
Delaware,	2,120
Rhode Island,	1,306
District of Columbia,	60

The Nebraska Territory is large enough to cut up into seven States the size of New York, and leave a surplus of Territory large enough for a State the size of Connecticut. Kansas Territory has an area sufficient to make two States the size of Ohio, and one of the size of Indiana.—Texas will make four States of the size of Ohio, and one of the size of Indiana. Texas will make four States of the size of Alabama, and one of the size of Indiana; and California has a sufficient area to convert into sixteen States of the size of New Hampshire, and have a surplus to make one about the size of Massachusetts.

The Origin of the White, the Red, and the Black Man.

In Washington Irving's new work, "Woolfert Roost," we find the following pleasant legend:

"When the great spirit had made the three men, he called them together, and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books and maps and papers: the second with bows and arrows, and knives and tomahawks; the third with spades, axes, hoes and hammers. 'These, my sons,' said he, "are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy.'

The white man being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on and choose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next; and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows and tomahawks. As to the black man he had no choice left but to put up with the box of tools.

From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended that the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars, and to make everything, even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first rate hunter, and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn anything from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any; nor was he to make rum and whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red men, which he has continued to do."

POSER FOR NATUALISTS.—A correspondent of the Boston Investigator fancies he has knocked the logic of infidelity into a cocked hat by the following query.

'Which was first, the egg that produced the first chicken, or the hen that layed the first egg?"

☞ A grocer's wife having, in a passion, thrown an inkstand at her husband, and spattered him all over with the black liquid, some atrocious wretch declared that she had been engaged at the battle of Ink-her-man.

Why is a kiss like a rumour? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

A NEW BROTH FOR THE SICK.

Receipt by Prof. Liebig—Translated by a Lady of Washington.

For one portion of broth take half a pound of freshly killed meat, (beef or chicken,) cut it in small pieces, and add to it 1½ pound of distilled [or other pure] water, to which has been added four drops of pure chlorhydric (muriatic) acid and half to one drachm of common salt; mix them well together. After standing an hour the whole is strained through a conical hair-sieve, such as is ordinarily used in the kitchen, allowing it to pass through without pressing or squeezing. The portion passing through first being cloudy, it is again poured through the sieve, and this process repeated until it becomes perfectly clear. Upon the residue of meat remaining in the sieve half a pound of distilled water is poured, in small portions. In this manner about one pound of liquid (cold extract of meat)is obtained, of a red color and pleasant meat-broth taste. It is administrred to the sick cold, by the cup full, according to their inclination.—It must not be heated, as it becomes cloudy thereby, and thick coagulum of meat albumen and hematin is deposited.

A young lady of 18 years, in my family, being ill with typhus fever, first induced this preparation. It was called forth by the remark of my family physician, (Dr. Pfeufer,) that, in a certain stage of this disease, the greatest difficulty met with by the physician lay in incomplete digestion, a consequence of the condition of the intestines, and, besides, in the want of a nutriment proper for digestion and the formation of blood. The common broths prepared by boiling are deficient; in fact, in all those constituents necessary for the formation of the albumen of the blood; and the yolk of eggs, often added thereto, contains very little of this material, for it has 82½ per cent. water and fat, and only 17½ per cent. of the substance very similar to, if not the same as, the albumen of eggs, and whether this is equal in nutritious qualities to the albumen of meat is, according to the investigations of Magendie, at least doubtful.

A great hindrance to the employment of this broth, in summer is its liability to change in warm weather; it commences regularly to ferment, like sugar-water with yeast without the usual odor. On account of this the meat must be extracted with perfectly cold water, and in a cool place. Most important of all is that the meat be perfectly fresh, and not several days old.

This broth is now in use in the hospital and in the private practice of several of the most distinguished physicians of Munich.

I should, perhaps, have hesitated to give greater publicity to so simple a thing if a new, and to my family an especially important, case had not convinced me of the great nutritious properties of this soup, and hence arises the natural wish that its benefits may be experienced by a wider circle, and other sufferers be restored by its beneficent effects. A young married lady, who, in consequence of an ovarian inflammation, could take no solid food, lived for two months entirely upon this broth, at the end of which period her health was perfectly restored. During this time she gained in flesh and strength. Generally patients take this food without opposition only so long as they are ill; as soon as they can take other food they reject this, perhaps owing to the color and the faint meat odor. It might in many cases be of use to color the broth brown by adding burnt sugar.

MR. WISE TAKEN ABACK.—We have very good authority for the correctness of the following anecdote: Mr. Wise, the Accomac Pilgrim was addressing a large assemblage somewhere in Virginia the other day, and in his characteristic style abusing the Know Nothings. "Is there one of that secret, traitorous clan here present," he exclaimed, 'if so let him show his face.' No one rose. Vociferous cheering and shouting. Mr. Wise gathering fresh vigor and vehemence, "If there's a Know Nothing in the room I challenge him to stand up like a man?" Congregation remain seated. Tremendous applause and vociferation. Mr. Wise, brim full of gall and bitterness charging round. "Stand up, ye lousy, godless, christless set stand up, I defy ye, if there be one here present!" An old gentleman in the rear of the room slowly rises and blandly remarks "Sam! get up!" whereupon two-thirds of the assembly spring to their feet. It is said that Mr. Wise was so confounned by this unexpected result, that he did not resume his speech.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Herald.*

RIDDLE.—By Mr. CANNING.—For a length of time it baffled the skill of all England to solve:

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber,
Now if a word you chance to take,
By adding S you plural make:
But if you add an S to this,
How strange the metamorphosis!
Plural, is plural then no more,
And sweet, what bitter was before.

SOLUTION.—The word is *cares* to which by adding an S, you have *caress*.

☞ Honors come by diligence, and ri...

VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1900.

Tell John to set the kettle on,
I want to have a drive—
I only want to go to Rome,
And I shall be back at five;
Tell cook to dress those humming birds,
I shot in Mexico,
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll soon be *un per haut*.

And, Tom, you take the gold leaf wings,
And start for Spain at three—
I want some Seville oranges
'Twixt dinner time and tea;
Fly round by France and bring a new
Perpetual motion gun,
To-morrow with some friends I go,
A hunting in the Sun.

The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to my Lord Bellair, for he
Spoiled my new balloon;
For steering through the milky way,
He ran against a star,
And turning round too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

But Tom must get the car repaired,
And then let Dan and Dick
Inflate with ten square miles of gas,
I mean to travel quick;
My steam is surely up by now—
Put the high pressure on,
Give me the breath-bag for the way—
All right—hey—whiz—I'm gone!

HOW TO POP THE QUESTION.

Now thinks I, "it's time to look arter Nance." Next day down I went, Nancy was alone; and I asked her if the Squire was in. She sed he wasn't,

"Cause," sez I, (making b'lief I wanted him,) "our colt sprained his foot and I cum to see if the Squire wouln't lend me his mare to go to town."

She sed she "guessed he would—better sit down to the Squire cum in." Down I set; she looked sort o' strange, and my heart felt queer all round the edge. Arter a while sez she:

"Are you goin' down to Betsy Martin's quilting?"

Sed I "reckoned I would."

Sez she, "'spose you'll take Patience Dodge."

Sez I, "I mout, and then again I mout not."

Sez she, "I learn you are goin' to git married."

Sez I, "wouldn't wonder a bit—Patience Dodge."

I looked up at her, and seed the tears cummin'.

Sez I, "may be she'll ask you to be bridesmaid."

She riz up, she did, her face as red as a biled beet. "Seth Stokes," says she, and she couldn't say anything more she was so full.

"Won't you be bridesmaid?" sez I.

"No," says she, and she burst right out.

"Well, then," sez I, "ef you won't be bridesmaid will you be the bride?"

She looked at me—I swan to man I never saw anything so awful purty. I took right hold of her hand.

"Yes, or no," says I right off.

"Yes," sez she.

"That's your sorts," says I and I give her a buss and a hug. I soon fixed matters with the Square. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent of my bargain.

PITCH INTO NICODEMUS.—A celebrated character of the State of New York, holding a high post in the law, was lately taken ill and confined to his bed for several days. His wife who is an angel of a woman, (as wives generally are,) proposed to read for him, to which he readily assented.

"My dear, what shall I read?"

"Oh, I don't care much what, anything you please."

"But have you no choice, my dear?"

"None in the world, love; please yourself."

"Shall I read you a chapter or two out of the Scriptures?"

"Oh yes, that'll do very well."

"But what part of the Scripture shall I read?"

"Any part you like, love."

"But I would rather please you, dear John, and surely you must have a preference."

"Well, dear, if you will please me then pitch into Nicodemus.

WHISTLING AT FALSEHOOD.—A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said what was not true, they ought to whistle.

On Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of loaves and fishes, and being at a loss to explain, he said that the loaves were not like those now-a-days, they were as big as the hills of Scotland. He had scarcely pronounced the words when he heard a loud whistle.

"What's that!" said he, "who calls me a liar?"

"It's I, Willy McDonald, the baker."

"Well Willy, what objections have ye to what I told ye?"

"None, master John, only I wanted to know what kind of ovens they used to bake ...