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The Kent News.

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

Vol. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MAY 2, 1857. No. 51.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPE
Devoted to Agriculture, Literatur Politics, a General News
EDWARD MANSFIELD
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expira ion of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To CLUBS—5 copies for $6—10 co pies for $10. No subscription received for shorter period than six months, and no paper wil be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will b inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

PREMIUMS.

AT the last meeting of the Directors of the Agricultural Society of Kent County, it was resolved that a premium should be offered for the best and second best crops of corn on ten acres and the best crop of Irish Potatoes on half an acre. The best crop being not less than 800 bushels on the ten acres, to receive from each of the 15 members of the Board of Directors, and also from each other person who shall be a competitor, Five bushels of corn—the second best crop, being not less than 70 bushels to the acre, to receive two bushels from each of the above named. The premium for Potatoes was not yet determined on. All persons are invited to become candidates for these prizes; and those who intend to become competitors must give notice thereof, by the first of June, to one of the officers of the society, who will acquaint them with the rules to be observed in the proceeding. By order of the Board. E. F. CHAMBERS.

feb. 27, '57.

ESTATE OF EDWARD BROWNE.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Co., April 14, 1857

On the application of Morgan Browne, administrator of Edward Browne, late of Kent county, deceased,

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, (SEAL) I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 14th day of April, 1857.

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Edward Browne, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estates are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 28th day of October, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 14th day of April 1857.

MORGAN BROWNE,
Admr. of Edward Browne, dec'd.

april 18, 1857.—4t.

ESTATE OF ELIZA PERKINS.

Maryland; Kent county, Orphan's Court, April 7, 1857.

On the application of Eben. F. Perkins, administrator of Eliza Perkins, late of Kent county, deceased;

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid (SEAL) I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 7th day of April, 1857.

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Eliza Perkins, late of Kent county, dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 28th day of October, 1857; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 7th day of April, 1857.

EBEN. F. PERKINS,
Adm'r of Eliza Perkins, dec'd.

18, 1857—4t.

Lime! Lime!

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the farming public generally, that he is still engaged in the

LIME TRADE

and has made arrangements for a supply of

A superior quality of Lime,

from a newly opened quarry on the Schuylkill, for the delivery of which on the waters of the Delaware or Chesapeake he is prepared to receive orders for the prompt delivery the coming season, having five large boats running.

N. B. APPLETON,
March 14, '57. *Wilmington, Delaware*

N. B.—Please give two or three weeks notice before delivery.

PLOUGHS AND CASTINGS—for sale by
mar 28 *Price & Fowler.*

POETRY.

The Gallant Young Coachman and his own Mary Ann.

Oh, listen to me while a story I tell,
It will please you to death, I know very well:
It's about one John Dean, a coachman by trade,
Who inveigled the 'fections of a rich young fair maid.

Ritural li turalia.

This gallant young coachman was fair to the view,
And he looked quite spruce in his livery blue;
He came from old Ireland, was a sweet spoken boy,
And soon he became his young missus's joy.

After feeding his horses with hay and with oats,
This coachman he put on one of his best coats,
And sat in the kitchen as still as a calm,
A-waiting for the coming of his own Mary Ann.

And after her parents had both gone to bed,
As still as a mouse down the stairs she would tread,
All for to see her coachman, who loved her full well,
And list to the stories which he had to tell.

Now this gallant young coachman he soon won her heart,
And she vowed that from him she never would part;
And so on her sweet lips the contract he sealed,
And they went off to be married by Mr. Hatfield.

The fair Mary Ann as a servant was dressed,
While the gallant John Dean was fixed up in his best,
The knot was soon tied without bother or losses,
And she went right home, and John looked to his hosses.

When the morning did come, the fair Mary Ann
Resolved for to live with her gallant coachman;
So she went to her mother and told her right out,
What her and the coachman had just been about.

Her mother she fainted right off on the spot,
And then just as soon as her senses she got,
She went to the father of poor Mary Ann,
And you may imagine the scene if you can.

The father he cursed and the father he swore,
And poor Mary Ann swooned away on the floor,
And was carried up stairs and locked up fast!
"Oh! what will become of me?" Mary Ann asked.

"Oh, darter! oh, darter! why did you do so?
You've heaped in my buzzum a whole load of woe,"
"Woe! woe!" cried the father; "Woe" cried mother and child;
And "Whoa!" cried the coachman, till you could hear him a mile.

"I've long drove your coach," spoke up the brave John;
"You'll drive me quite mad!" said the father; "begone!
You're on the wrong road!" Says the coachman, says he,
"You'll not drive me off!" Says the father, "We'll see!"

"You shall hang by the halter, as sure as you live,
Before my fair darter to you I will give!"
"You cannot unhitch us, try hard as you can;
Did'nt I go to the altar with my own Mary Ann?"

Then John went off his lawyer to see;
And to do the same thing the father went he;
While the poor lonely creature—the fair Mary Ann—
Shed an ocean of tears for her gallant coachman.

"Will you go to California if I will put you through?"
Said the father. Said John, "I'll be blest if I do!
You can't buy me off do all that you can;
I won't put up with nothing but my Mary Ann.'

So when the stern parent found that John Dean would not badge.
He thought to himself, "This fuss is all fudge;
I can't separate them—Judge and Jury say so—
So I suppose, after all, I had best let them both go."

So he unlocked Mary Ann, and she bounced out of bed;
"Now go to your love," the parient said;
And John he rushed off, like a wild stark madman,
And she kissed him, and he hugged his own Mary Ann.

MORAL.

Now all you stern fathers who have daughters fair,
Of dashing young coachmen I'd have you beware.
Especially from Ireland, for I tell you they can,
When they try, blarney over your or my Mary Ann.

CHEAP ORNAMENTS.—When Dr. Franklin was in Paris, his daughter, Mrs. Bache, wrote to him for a supply of feathers and thread lace. The doctor declined in the following characteristic note:—"If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do and take care *not to mend the holes*, they will come in time to lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every turkey's tail."

THE INVALID;

Or, The American Sculptor.

A pleasant little Florentine story reached me the other day. One of our famous American sculptors, residing in that delightful city, whither all the genius of England and America seems te tend was one day seated in his studio at work on an Apollo—for which, by the way, he might stand as a model himself—when his attention was attracted by a tremendous trampling of horses in his courtyard.

He looked out the window, and beheld a magnificent carriage with out-riders drawn up before his door. Presently a gentleman claimed admission to his studio, and announced himself as the Prince di B ——.

He came to give the sculptor a large commission. His daughter who had been struck by some statues of the American that she had seen, wished to sit to him for her bust. She was then below in the carriage. Was tha sculptor at leisure? Price was no object—all that was necessary was to gratify his daughter, who was an invalid.

The sculptor expressed his willingness to begin the work instantly, and the Prince making a sign to his hackneys from the window, they proceed to lift a lovely girl who seemed about eighteen, out of the carriage, and bore her in their arms carefully up the stairs to the artist's studio.

The sculptor could not repress a look of surprise at this curious mode of locomotion, particularly as the lady did not bear the slightest trace of illness in her countenance. The prince interpreted his glance and replied to it.

"My daughter has been paralyzed in all her limbs," he said, "for the last two months. It is a sad thing. She has had all the medical aid in Florence, but without avail."

The sculptor looked again at the invalid. Nothing more beautiful in face or form could have been dreamed by Phidias A face like Cenci's before it was clouded with the memory of crime, masses of rich, lustrous, auburn hair, framing a clear, pale face, with deep blue eyes swimming beneath a fringe of the silkiest black lashes. Through her delicate muslin robe the contour of a divinely moulded form were indicated, and when the young Signorina cast upon the sculptor a rapid glance, soft as starlight, piercing as electric fire, he felt his heart leap with a mysterious presage of some indefinable catastrophe.

She sat. The sculptor worked at his model like one inspired, and a pang struck his heart as the hour for her retiring came. The Prince and his lackeys bore her again down stairs in their arms. The carriage door closed on her, the horses swept through the gate. The sculptor did no more work that day.

To-morrow she was to come again. He lay awake all knight dreaming of her.—Then he would shudder, and say to himself,

"It is not love, but pity that I feel.—She is a paralytic!"

The next day the same scene was repeated, with this difference, that the prince having seen his daughter posed by the artist, excused himself on the plea of a business engagement saying that he would return in time to conduct his daughter home.

Poor girl, although the sculptor was a model of manly beauty, her deplorable condition was, in her fathers opinion, a safeguard against any of the dangers which he might otherwise have anticipated. He left the room and drove away in his carriage.

A silence ensued. The sculptor dared not look at his model, but worked away on his clay image without raising eyes. Still a silence. Then it seemed as if a slight rustle had filled the room. A small white hand stole across his mouth, and a burning kiss was printed on his forehead.

With almost a shriek, he leaped to his feet, and there, with blushes crimsoning her pale cheeks and alabaster neck, knelt the paralytic girl, with her beautiful eyes imploring pardon.

"I saw you a long time ago," she said (an Italian woman when she loves knows no half measure,) "and I loved you.—My father was very strict with me. I could not move without being watched.—It was impossible for me to meet you or see you. I feigned paralysis. For two months I have scarcely moved. In his pity for my condition my father relaxed his surveillance of my motions. He gratified every wish, and, as an invalid, I excited no suspicion by desiring to become your sister. I have said that I love you. If you do not return my love, I can only die."

What answer made the American?—We need not inquire; only, when the prince di B ——returned he found nothing in the studio but a clay model of his paralytic daughter. The original was nowhere to be found. A few days afterwards, in a small town of France, the Florentine princess sunk her nobility in the name of an American sculptor.

☞ "Nat, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?"

"I'm mourning over departed *spirits*," was the answer.

THE COMET

The St. Louis papers each contain articles about the Comet, now visible by means of a Telescope. One writer treats the subject seriously, and is surprised that persons should make light of it.

1. There *are* astronomical calculations of the orbit of the coming comet that warrant the prediction that it will touch the earth—I made 'em myself.

2. Science *can* calculate the orbit of this eccentric comet, no matter how long its period, and I predict unhesitatingly, that the comet now approaching, will come in contact with the Earth on the morning of the 16th of June, about 20 minutes after 10 o'clock, and the point of contact will be in the vicinity of a place called Vide Poche, or Carondelet.

3. The nucleus of this comet is very large, and composed of the bisulpharetted carbonate of the protoxide of maganese. The tail is chlorine, and although you cannot see stars through it, they will probably be seen by many individuals at the time of the collision.

4. There *is* plenty of proof on record that comets affect the atmosphere Every thing can be explained very easily.

Another writer says:

"It is now only about sixty days till the great event will occur, if the figures are right. One of the first thoughts of our bankers will be, that they must confine themselves to thirty day paper. But what will this avail them, if they are all to be swept away at the end of sixty?—Their precautions will be impotent.

"On the other hand, extraordinary efforts will be made by the needy to effect negotiations at *ninety days*. Only this morning, one of our best men endeavored to effect an accommodation at *four months* This latter is considered a significant fact. Why should any man want for months' time, if all were safe?

"The press should give warning, and the 'money article' should treat of this important matter."

The writer of river news for the Republican says:

"The River Reporter ought to have something to say about the comet which is now attracting so much attention, although we must confess it is rather out of his line. There is no doubt in the minds of astronomers that a comet is "approaching the earth with fearful rapidity," but there is some doubt whether it will come in direct collision with this world of ours. Steamboat collisions are of frequent occurrence, and are said to be caused by the neglect or inefficiency of pilots having the boats in charge. Their effects are often disastrous, but the collision of the earth with a long-tailed fiery comet, is quite another affair. The pilot of the earth is doubtless wide awake, and of sufficient experience in directing the motions of heavenly bodies to prevent a collision. Both the comet and the earth are said to be shining bodies and have their lights up and everything in trim for passing as safely as two well directed boats in the Mississippi."

PROVERBS FOR PLANTERS.

Farmers and others will heed the following whatever they may think of book and fancy farming generally. They will direct the attention of their sons to these universal rules, and commend every one to follow them. We are indebted for most of them to that excellent manual, the Illustrated Register of Rural Affairs, every line of which is a text in itself for a more elaborate article:

Never keep animals on short allowance—if you starve them they will surely starve you.

Although, in draining land thoroughly your purse may be drained, yet the full crops that follow will soon fill it again.

Trying to farm without capital is like trying to run a locomotive without fuel.—Money and wood must both be consumed, if they are to move the machine of the farm or of the rail.

Always give the soil the first meal. If this is well fed with manure, it will feed all else—plants, animals and man.

If you wish to give an energetic movement to all your farm machinery, and keep its hundred wheels *in* rotation, be sure not to be without a good rotation of crops.

If you allow your animals to shiver, your fortune will be shivered in consequence; that is, the farmer who leaves his cattle to the winds, will find his profits also given to the winds.

Heavy carrat crops for cattle will soon return carats of gold.

Did you ever hear the musical notes of a starving herd of hogs? Extinguish by food those notes speedily, if you would avoid even more annoying notes after pay day has passed

Many a farmer, by too sparingly seeding his new meadows, has had to cede his whole farm.

Every farmer should see daily every animal he has and inspect its condition. Weekly visits, as with some, will soon result in sickly animals.

TO FARMERS.—One of the boys tells of a scarecrow made by Uncle Ben. It not only scared off every crow that saw it—but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he stole three days before.

BEWARE OF DRIFTING.

Few people form habits of wrong-doing deliberately and wilfully. They glide into them by degrees, and almost unconsciously, and, before they are aware of danger, the habits are confirmed, and require resolute and persistent effort to effect a change. "Resist beginnings" was a maxim of the ancients, and should be preserved as a landmark in our day.—The Baltimore Sun has a good article on the slight beginings of danger, which end in fatal ruin:

"It was only the other day that a man fell asleep in his boat on the Niagara River. During his slumber, the boat broke loose from her moorings, and he awoke to find himself shooting down the rapids directly towards the cataract. In vain he shrieked for help; in vain he tried to row against the current. He drifted on and on till his light craft upset, when he was borne rapidly to the brink of the byss, and, leaping up with a wild cry, went over and disappeared forever.

"In the great battle of Gibraltar, when the united fleets of France and Spain attacked the impregnable fortress, one of the gigantic floating batteries broke from her anchorage, and began to drift directly into the hottest of the British fire.—The thousand men who formed the crew of the unwieldy mass vainly strove to arrest its progress or divert it from its path. Every minute it drifted nearer to the English guns; every minute some new part took fire from the red-hot shot; every minute another score of its hapless defenders were swept like chaff from its decks. The most superhuman efforts failed to prevent its drifting, with its human freight to inevitable death

"A ship was wrecked at sea. The passengers and crew took refuge on a raft, the boats having been stove in the attempt to launch them. For days and weeks these unfortunates drifted about without oar or sail, on the hot broken tropical ocean. At last their provisions failed, and then their water. Still they drifted about, vainly looking for a sail, or hoping for a sight of land. The time had now come when that fearful alternate became inevitable—death from starvation or feeding on human flesh—and they were just begining to cast lots for victim, when a vessel was seen on the distant horizon. They abandoned their terrible design; the stranger would approach. The ship came towards them; she drew nearer and nearer They strove to attract her attention by shouts, and by raising their clothes; but the indolent look-out saw them not. They shouted louder and louder; still they were not seen. At last the vessel tacked. With frantic terror they rose in one body, shouting and waving their garments. It was in vain; the unconscious ship stood stedily away. Night drew on, and as the darkness fell, the raft drifted and drifted in the other direction, till the last trace of vessel was lost forever.

"So it is in life. The intemperate man who thinks he, at least, will never die a drunkard, whatever his neighbor may do, only wakes to find himself drifting down the cataract., and all hope gone.—The sensualist, who lives merely for his own gratification, drifts into an emasculated old age, to be tortured with passions he cannot gratify, and perish merciless, agonizing diseases. The undisciplined, who never learned to control themselves—who are spendthrifts, or passionate, or indolent, or visionary, soon make shipwreck of themselves, and drift about the sea of life, the prey of every wind and current, vainly shrieking for help, till at last they drift away into darkness and death.

"Take care that you are not drifting. See that you have fast hold of the helm. The breakers of life forever roll under the lee, and adverse gales continually blow on the shore Are you watching how she heads? Do you keep a firm grip of the wheel? If you give way but for one moment, you may drift helplessly into the boiling vortex. Young men, take care! It rests with yourself alone, under God, whether you reach port triumphantly, or drift to ruin."

RULES FOR USING GUANO.—1. That guano is best applied in damp or showery weather.

2. That guano should *not* generally be put on grass land in the *spring* later than April.

3. That when guano is applied to arable land it should immediately be mixed with the soil, either by harrowing or otherwise.

4. That when wheat is sown very early in the autumn; a less than usual amount of guano must at that time be applied, and the rest in the spring. The wheat otherwise might become too luxuriant and be injured by subsequent frosts.

5. That guano, and artificial manures in general; should be put on the land only in quantities sufficient for the particular crop intended to be grown, and not with the intention of assisting the succeeding one. Each crop should be separately manured.

6. That guano before application should be mixed with at least from five to six time its weight of ashes, charcoal, salt, or fine soil.

7. That guano should on no account be allowed to come in direct contact with the seed.

For the Kent News.

An Acrostical Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 10, 10 is to solicit in love.
My 2, 8 is a neuter verb.
My 3, 9, 1 is a river in Virginia
My 4, 10, 1 is an adverb.
My 5, 3 is a preposition.
My 6, 12, 8, 10 is a town in Peru.
My 7, 3, 4 is a river in Switzerland.
My 8, 5, 3 is what we are liable to do.
My 9, 4, 8 is a river in Austria.
My 10, 5, 8, 13 is a river in France.
My 11, 7, 4, is a kind of drink.
My 12, 11, 11, 3, 10, 11, 11 is another kind of drink used in America.
My 13, 8, 8, 9, 4, is a town in the Prussian State.
My whole is the name of a Lake in North America.

☞ Answer next week.

A BOY OF 13.

A FROG STORY.—One is half inclined to accept as indubitable what Elian tells us of the water snakes and frogs in Egypt. The former have, he informs us, a passionate likings for the frogs, that is, for devouring and digesting them. No one knows this better than the frog; and accordingly when the two meet in a pond, wonderful is the cunning which ensues.—Your water snake glides up as if intenless of evil, but our slimy friend is quite aware of the designs of the passionless-looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it and carries it accross his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the Hydra. The latter now makes at the frog with open jaws: but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast by the protecting twig and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again, he glides round his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and the end of every attempt is that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatory victim lying across his open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The Hydra at length gives up in dispair, and froggy,' plumping into a safe spot where he knows his kindred are assembled, tells his exciting tale, aad raises a very din of croaking congratulations.

A PROBLEM.—The proprietor of a tan yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia concluded to build a stand or sort of store on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration rejected. At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through the door post, and stuck a calf's tale into it, with the bushy flaunting out.

After a while he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed the individual.

"Good morning," said he.

"Morning." said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather," said the storekeeper.

"No."

"Do you wish to sell hides?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I am a *philosopher*. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf *got through that auger hole!*"

WOMEN'S NOTES.—The Superior Court of New York has decided, in full bench, that the note-of-hand of a married woman however wealthy she may be, is utterly valueless, unless her husband is able and willing to pay it. In the case before the Court, the woman was sued for the value of a note of $500, given for board and lent money. A decision of the Court below was reversed, and it was ruled that the wife could not be a witness against her husband. So that all notes of married women are worthless except "notes of invitation."

EMPHATIC.—A young man of good standing recently proposed an honorable marriage with a young lady out west, when he received for an answer—"Get out, you fellow! Do you think I would sleep with a man? I'll tell your mother."

☞ Dr. Nettleton adopted the following as a maxim for the government of his life:—"Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible."