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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

VOL. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. MARCH 27, 1847. NO. 48.

Cheap Watches and JEWELRY.

AT the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96, North Second street, corner of Quarry.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewl'd, 18 car. cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jew'd	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, 7 jewels,	18 00
SilverLepineWatches,jew'd,1st qual.	14 00
Superior Quarter Watches,	10 00
Imitation quarter watches, not war.	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	8 00
Fine silver spectacles,	1 75
Gold bracelets, with topaz stones,	3 50
Ladies' Gold Pencils,16 carats,	2 00

Gold finger rings, 37½ cts. to $8; Watch Glasses—plain 12½ cts, patent 18¾, lunet 25. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. O. CONRAD.

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines and Quarters, lower than the above prices.

dec'r 19, 1846.

Steam Iron Railing Factory, RIDGE ROAD, ABOVE BUTTONWOOD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA

AT THIS establishment may be found the greatest variety of Plans and beautiful Patterns for

IRON RAILINGS

in the United States, to which the attention of those in want of any description, and especially for Cemeteries, is particularly invited.

The principal part of all the handsome Railings at Laurel Hill, Monument, and other celebrated Cemeteries in the city and county of Philadelphia, which have been so highly extolled by the public press, were executed at this manufactory.

A large Ware-Room is connected with the establishment, where is kept constantly on hand a large stock of ready-made IRON RAILINGS, ORNAMENTAL IRON SETTEES, IRON CHAIRS, new style plain and ornamental IRON GATES, with an extensive assortment of IRON POSTS, PEDESTALS, IRON ARBORS, &c. Also, in great variety, Wrought and Cast Iron ORNAMENTS, suitable for Railings, and other purposes.

The subscriber would also state that in his Pattern and Designing Department he has employed some of the best talent in the country, whose whole attention is devoted to the business—forming altogether one of the most complete and systematic establishments of the kind in the Union.

ROBERT WOOD, Proprietor,
Ridge Road, above Buttonwood St.
Philadelphia, February 6. 1847. 6m.

Hover's First Premium Ink. No. 87

North Third street Philadelphia.

The celebrity of the Inks manufactured by the subscriber, and the extensive sales consequent upon the high reputation which they have attained, not only throughout the United States, but in the West Indies and in China, has induced him to make every necessary arrangement to supply the vast demand upon his establishment. He is now prepared with every variety of Black, Blue and Red Inks, Copying Inks, Indelible Ink, and Ink Powder, all prepared under his own personal superintendence, so that purchasers may depend upon its superior quality.

Hover's Adamantine Cement, a superior article for Mending Glass, China, Cabinet, Ware, &c., useful to every Housekeeper, being a white liquid, easily applied, and not affected by ordinary heat—warranted.

☞ Pamphlets, containing numerous testimonials of men of science, and others, will be furnished to purchasers.

For sale at the Manufactory, Wholesale and Retail, No. 87 North Third Street, opposite Cherry Street, Philadelphia, by

JOSEPH E. HOVER,
Manufacturer.

February 6, '47. 1y

Drugs! Drugs! Drugs!

THOMPSON & CRAWFORD,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

No. 40 Market St. (S. Side below Second.)

PHILADELPHIA.

Offer for sale a large stock of Fresh Drugs, Medicines and Dye-Stuffs, to which they call the attention of Country merchants and dealers visiting the city.

Coach, Cabinet, Japan, Black, and other Varnishes of a superior quality. Also White and Red Lead, Window Glass, Paints and Oils—cheaper than ever.

☞ T. & C. are also proprietors of the Indian Vegetable Balsam, celebrated throughout their own and neighboring states, as the best preparation for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, &c. Money refunded in every instance where no benefit is received.

Philadelphia, Feb'y 6, '47. 6m

BEAVER CLOTHS—a lot of Fine Beaver Cloths, for sack and over coats; just received and for sale cheap cheap by

WILMER & NICOLS.

GEN. TAYLOR CASSIMERE—a beautiful article, for sack and overcoats, for sale cheap by

WILMER & NICOLS.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months

☞ For Prospectus, see fourth page.



POETRY.

MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

I bend me o'er thy pallid form,
A spell steals o'er my soul,
I scarce can think that thou art gone
Yet tears unbidden roll.

I hardly thought of thee as one
Whom Death would make his prize,
I never dared anticipate
What now I realise.

I could not think those lips would close,
Those orbs no more to move,
Those lips be sealed, no more to speak
Thy fond maternal love.

But thou art gone, although to me
The stroke must be severe,
I would not call the back from God
To pain and trial here.

My thoughts turn in upon myself,
And tears of sorrow flow,—
I think of thee in Heaven—and weep;
But shed no tears of wo.

What though consumption's ghastly hand
Thy futures hath impressed?
The angel left his traces there,
That bore thee to thy rest.

So lingers yet in western skies
The radiance of the sun,
Gilding the summit and the cloud,
E'en when his race is run.

Thy form we now commit to earth,
Must it to earth be given?
I will not think of thee, entombed—
I'll think of thee, in Heaven.

ADAMS' RETURN TO CONGRESS

Written for the National Intelligencer.

I saw him as he enter'd. Age had thined
The white locks clustering round his ample brow,
And recent sickness chained him; yet he came
Still strong in spirit from his Norther hills,
To the high conclave, where he longed to be.
I saw him, as beneath that lofty dome,
Where throng the chosen and the gifted men
From all our many States, he took his seat.
Up, like a cloud, they rose, and noble heads
Were bowed before him; and unfettered hearts
Paid homage to that "old man eloquent,"—
Such homage as doth honor him who gives,
As well as him who takes.

Heaven bless the still,
Statesman and sage, of high ancestral line,
Who, with the force of a far reaceing mind,
Enriched by discipline of studious lore,
Hast served thy country ev'n from boyhood's prime,
Till forescore winters settled, and hast borne
The highest honors. Be thy fame her care,
And, 'mid her pictures for a race unborn,
Be this uprising in her Halls, to greet
The hoary head with priceless wisdom crowned!

L.H.S.

THE PORTRAIT.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"WELL, my dear mother, this *is* happiness?" cried Walter Morton, drawing his chair still closer to his mother, and taking her hand between his, "Three whole years since I left you, and yet you do not look a day older than when we parted; and I declare you are handsomer than ever!"

The happy mother smiled. She was proud of her sailor son, proud of his handsome face, his gallant bearing, his true and noble heart. He was her only son and she was a widow. She was but young at her husband's death: and many were the difficulties with which she had struggled in order to educate her child, and prepare him to make his way in the world. Her efforts procured him a situation as mate in a large merchant man; and he had now returned from his third voyage, laden with honorable testimonials of the high estimation in which his employers held him.

"I have often thought," said Walter, "that you must be very lonely when I am away. Why should I leave you again, mother? We have enough now for our two unambitious selves, and it is but trifling with our own happiness to part when we might be together. I will not go to sea again."

"And when you marry, Walter," said his mother smiling; "we must think of that probability."

"Oh, yes, of course. But I will marry an heiress; so that difficulty is seuled. But you have told me no village news yet.—How many marriages have taken place in my absence?"

"Three, I believe. Helen Warner is married to her cousin; Emily Burton to John Morris the brewer; and your old acquaintance and favorite ——, but what ails you, my dear?"

"Nothing, mother, go on! So Amy Sinclair is married?"

"No, my dear—no such thing. What put that into your head? I have something to tell you of Amy; but I was going just now to tell you that your old favorite, Tom Purnell, had succeeded in winning the village heiress, with a fortune of a hundred pounds *paid down*, and woudrous wealth in perspective. We had such bell ringing, and bonfires, and white favors! And poor Tom, in the midst of his happiness, gained my heart by wishing 'Master Walter was here.'"

"Well done, Tom! But about the Sinclairs, mother?" said Walter somewhat impatiently.

"Ah, Walter, they have had much trouble since you were here. About a year ago Mr. Sinclair died, leaving his wife and daughter, to our surprise, in much pecuniary distress. Mrs. Sinclair was overwhelmed at first, but Amy, that noble girl, what strength of mind she showed in her sorrow! 'We mus leave this house,' said she to her mother; 'we must part with all the elegancies, and some of the comforts of life, and live in poverty and seclusion; yet let us stay here, dear mamma, here in this village, where no eyes will look unkindly on us in our altered circumstances.' Her mother was passive as a child, and agreed to all she proposed; so a small cottage was taken, the simplest articles of furniture were moved into it from the manor house, and Amy brought her mother to her humble house. Poor girl! I have seen her tears fall silently, but how sadly! as she prepared the cottage for her mother's reception. Not a word of complaint or reproaching, nor an hour wasted in selfish grief, yet one could see her heart was aching. I did all I could to help her; and she soon made the cottage as comfortable as so poor a place could be made. But there was something more to be done. She found the pittance that remained when her father's debts were paid (for she insisted on paying them all) was so small as barely to suffice for the common necessities of life. Mrs. Sinclair was in bad health, needing many little comforts that she had not means to procure. Again Amy exerted herself. You remember her talent for painting?"

"Yes, yes," replied Walter, hurriedly and with emotion.

The mother was, perhaps, too much interested in the subject on which she was speaking,to observe that his voice trembled, and the dusk of evening had prevented her seeing the agitation his countenance betrayed. She continued.—

"Well, one month after Mr. Sinclair's death, I went very early to the cottage, thinking it Amy were up I might see her alone, and do my best to cheer her. I knocked softly and she opened the door, and led me into her own little room. Her drawing materials were on the table, and a half finished miniature was with them.

"You have been at work early, Amy," I said; "I am glad to see you do not mean to forget your charming accomplishments."

"She turned to me with a calm, steady look, and answered, 'You shall know my secret. I am painting this for sale. I have been told in my happier days that my miniatures were worth many guineas, and now, dear Mrs. Morton,' she said, smiling, 'I am going to ascertain whether or no my friends were flatterers. Do not tell my mother her mind is weakened for the present, and she might be troubled at the thought of my working for my bread. It will be a proud and happy thought to myself if I can only succeed."

"God bless her!" interrupted Walter; "and did she succeed?"

"Yes. For her first picture she received twenty guineas. It was a beautiful sight to see her lay the money before her mother, and then throw her arms about her, and sob on her bosom like a child. It was the only time I ever saw her give way to her feelings in her mother's presence."

"And where is she now, mother?" asked Walter; "how does the noble creature live now?"

"She has toiled on with the same patient spirit that supported her from the first.—Look, Walter, do you see a light in that cottage window? That is Amy's home, and, probably, at this moment she is sitting at her mother's feet, weary with the labors of the day, yet gentle, happy, and affectionate, as if care was unknown to her.—She has been employed as a portrait-painter by all the wealthy families in the neighborhood. My only fear is that she may overtask her strength, but she looks well, and there is an expression of contentment in her face that makes her very lovely."

Lights were brought in and Mrs Morton changed the subject of conversation. But when she had retired for the night, Walter stole softly forth, to linger about the cottage where Amy dwelt, and think over all he had heard of her conduct. It has been said that there is something not disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of our best friends. It may be so, for certain it is that Walter's meditations did not end in sadness, though their subject was Amy Sinclair and all her trials. He returned home at last, with a quick and cheerful step, and as he turned to take one last look in the direction of Amy's home, a smile passed over his face, and he murmured, "Happy!—yes, happy as a prince!"

It was about a month after Walter's return, at the close of a fine summer's day, that he induced Amy to lay aside her brush, and take a walk with him. It was a lovely evening, and the country through which they wandered had much beauty even for a stranger's eye; to them, for whom some pleasant association hung upon every tree, it seemed a paradise. In the course of their walk they passed the old manor-house, and Amy paused to look fondly on its quiet grounds. Walter watched her anxiously, but she turned to him again with her own kind smile, and said, "Indeed, Walter, it is only for *his* sake for my poor father's sake!"

Walter's long pent up feelings found voice at last, and he told Amy how he had loved her, though hopelessly, when she was rich and happy, and how he loved her more a thousandfold in poverty and trouble. Who shall tell how sweetly those fond words fell on Amy's ear—how the happy tears rolled silently down her cheek as the secret of her own deep, yet unconscious love, was revealed to her heart?

It was late when they returned from the ramble, and Mrs. Morton was sitting with Amy's mother. The rest of the evening passed quietly, yet happily, and Walter whispered to Amy, while the widows were exchanging their farewells for the night, "We will tell them all to-morrow, Amy—*my* Amy? I will come early to help you with your confessions."

But the morrow came, and Walter did not appear. Amy's cheek flushed at every sound, and her heart sunk when hour after hour rolled by, and still he came not. At last an old and faithful servant of Mrs. Morton was seen approaching the cottage, and Amy ran forth to meet her, but as the old woman came near, Amy stopped, afraid to ask what had happened.

"Oh, Miss Amy," cried the weeping woman, "I have a cruel sorrow to tell you of! My poor mistress!—her heart will break! She loved him so dearly, and, God knows, so did I!"

Amy returned in silence to the cottage, and the servant followed her. Mrs. Sinclair was up-stairs, and Amy did not call her, but, after quietly closing the door, bade the woman sit down near her, and tell her what had happened.

"Poor master Walter!" cried the woman, who had been his nurse; "he was so noble, so good! Poor Master Walter!—he is gone!" and a passionate burst of tears interrupted her speech. Amy's face was pale as marble, but she pressed her hand upon her heart, and said—

"What do you mean, nurse? Is Walter Morton *dead*?"

"Dead!" repeated the nurse—"dead! Yes, Miss Amy, these eyes have seen him lying pale and dead. Oh, to see his poor mother's agony! He did not come down to breakfast, and she went herself to see what ailed him. To my dying day I shall not forget her shriek. She found him dead and cold—her own, her only child!"

The nurse was too much absorbed by her own grief to observe the effect of her words on her listener, who sat like one stunned, with dry eyes and livid lips. Her mind refused to comprehend the exceeding bitterness of the sorrow that had fallen upon her. Once or twice she passed her hand across her brow, and glanced uneasily round the room, but she did not speak. At last, the nurse said—

"I have brought a message to you, Miss Amy, from my poor mistress. She bade me go on my knees to beg you to fulfil her request. She has no picture of Master Walter! will you make one now?"

"I—now?" said Amy, as if trying to understand what was asked of her. "Is it not too late? Did you not say he was dead?" and she shuddered as she spoke.

"No, dear Miss Amy, it is not too late. There he lies, calm and beautiful as an angel. Dear Miss Amy, as you hope for pity yourself, pity his mother's sorrow, and do what she asks!"

"Paint Walter's picture now—now, when he is dead! that is what you ask, is it not, nurse? I *will* do it." Then, with strange, unnatural composure, she collected her drawing materials, and prepared to leave the house, bidding the nurse tell Mrs. Sinclair of all that had happened.

In a darkened chamber of the house to which she had so lately welcomed him in health and joy, Mrs. Morton watched by the body of her dead son. There he lay, pale and still, yet with a smile lingering about his white lips, a smile of more than earthly beauty. By what strange and sudden malady the soul had been freed from its mortal tenement none might tell, but that it passed away calmly and without suffering, the happy expression of the features seemed to testify.

"My son! my son!" whispered the poor widow, as she kissed the closed eyes; "all my other children did the Lord take from me, and then He called my husband to be with him, but I deemed *thou* shouldst lay me in my grave. Thou, too, art gone!—His will be done!"

Again she seated herself beside the bed, weeping, "yet not as one without hope." Her chastened heart grew calmer, and many a blessed thought of that country to which those she loved were gone, and to which she herself was, as she trusted, drawing near, glided across her mind and comforted her. At length she heard a step on the stair, and, rising to ascertain who was coming, she met Amy Sinclair at the chamber door.

"Dear, dear Amy," she whispered, "are you come to do it?"

"Yes," answered Amy, "I will do it, but I must be alone;" and she passed into the chamber of death.

There was a hollow sadness in her voice that had alarmed Mrs. Morton, who waited at the door, listening anxiously, lest any sound should betray that Amy had overrated her courage, or that the first sight of death had alarmed and overpowered her. She little suspected how much had died to Amy with Walter Morton. All was still for a few minutes, and then she thought she heard a low yet bitter groan, but when she opened the door, Amy was already seated at her task, composed and tearless. Again Mrs. Morton left her, and went downstairs to make the melancholy arrangements which she knew must claim her attention. None watched the progress of Amy's sorrowful task, and when, long after, she confessed the tie that had bound her to it, she told but little of the four days she spent in the chamber of death. Something she said of the gay, mocking sunshine that filled the room when she drew aside the curtain that she might see his face; something of the cruel contrast between the merry voices that filled the summer air with life, and the dreary, unbroken silence of the little room that was then her world. She hinted at moments when the passion of grief conquered her, and she wept in hopeless agony; and again, the calm evening would find her kneeling beside him, his cold hands in hers, praying that her despair might be forgiven, and finding some of the comfort she so sorely needed.

The picture was finished, and two days afterwards Walter was laid in his grave.—Mrs. Morton's affection for Amy appeared daily to increase; and, in a few weeks, she persuaded Amy and her mother to take up their abode in her house.

Poor Amy's patient, fruitful spirit struggled hard against despondency, and she continued her labors a miniature painter with the zeal of her former and happier days. But alas! success did not, as formerly, attend her efforts. It might be that her hand was less skillful; it might be that the gay and thoughtless who had at first found a pleasant way of obtaining a character for benevolence, by patronizing the pretty young miniature painter, had found some still more interesting object on whom to bestow their so called charity. Whichever was the cause, Amy's pictures no longer gave satisfaction; and again and again they were returned to her as requiring alteration, or even rejected altogether. These disappointments added a last drop of bitterness to her cup, little thought of by those who thus heedlessly inflicted pang after pang on a worn and breaking heart.

It was about eight months after Walter's death. The early spring flowers were showing themselves among the grass, the birds were beginning to sing in the budding trees; to the happy, it was a season of hope and promise. Amy returned home after a long and lonely walk, and when her mother asked the result of her expedition, she shook her head sadly, and, laying a parcel on the table, replied—

"As usual, they are not pleased with the pictures, and I have brought them back.—Dear mother, I cannot even help *you* now!"

She hid her face in her hands, but the tears forced their way between her thin fingers, and it was long before her mother could comfort her. She seemed soothed at length, and went to her room, to lie down to rest after her walk. Before that day, strangely enough, her mother had been unconscious of Amy's declining state of health, but now she could shut her eyes to it no more. Mrs. Morton, anxious to preserve that precious life, procured the best advice that the neighborhood afforded, and assisted Mrs. Sinclair in nursing the invalid with unwearied devoteeness; but all care was vain, and in a few weeks Amy Sinclair lay on her death bed. It was then that she confessed to her mother and Mrs. Mason the love that she had borne to Walter; the grief that, for their sakes, she had so carefully concealed, even while it was consuming her life.

"I wished—I tried to live!" said she, when they knew all; "but I was weak, and it has pleased God to take me from you. I trust I have not murmured; but it was so sudden."

That night, while the two widows watched her calm sleep, her fled without a sigh; and till morning dawned, and they saw the angelic expression that Amy's brow wore, they knew not that she was dead!

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The late eminent Judge, Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London:

"We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of the greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts, to the Gospel."

THE NEW PLANET.—We cut the following from one of the newspapers:

"It appears, by late discoveries, that the planet 'La Verrier,' is continually approaching the earth. When first discovered, it was with difficulty seen through the most powerful telescope; but is now nearly visible to the naked eye. It is said to travel at the rate of a million and a half of miles in twenty-four hours; and as it is believed by some, to partake of the nature of a comet, some philosophers apprehend serious results from its approach. The most learned professors in England and France are anxiously endeavoring to solve the mysterious problem."

Sir W. Hamilton says, in the "Dublin Journal," that he is of opinion that the new planet is surrounded by a ring like that of Saturn."

DOING WHAT THE DEVIL NEVER DID.—The Telegraph speaks of a worthy clergyman down on Cape, who was told that a portion of his flock were dissatisfied with his ministry, and anxious to get rid of him. Determined to be beforehand with them, on the next Sunday morning, after service, he addressed them a follows:—"My dear hearers—in the course of the ensuing week it is my intention to what the devil himself never did yet. *I'm going to leave Cape Cod.*"

ELOQUENCE.—A sprig of the law out West, in defending a man for assault and battery, addressed the jury in the following strain: 'Gentlemen of the Jury—Notwithstanding the sagacious goat may browse upon the mountain top, and the humble ass crop the thistle of the valley, yet believe me, the defendant at the bar, my client, is not guilty."

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLIMENT.—Rev. T. H. Stockton, last Sunday night, (says the Philadelphia Inis) in the course of one of the most eloquent and useful discourses to which we ever listened—delivered to the ladies—made the following beautiful remark:—"Poets may compare woman, in a paradise of flowers, to the moon in a paradise of stars; but after all they compliment the *moon* and not woman."—*Methodist Protestant.*



AGRICULTURAL.

Potato Disease.

All our observations in regard to this mysterious malady, confirm us more and more in the opinion some time expressed, that nothing of any consequence has yet been ascertained as to its cause or prevention. The opinion seems to be gaining ground in Europe, as well as here, that it is an epidemic. In our December number we alluded to the fact, that other kinds of vegetation appeared, last season, to be attacked with blight in a similar manner to potatoes. The same appearance was noticed in the British islands. In the *Gardener's Chronicle* of November 7th last, is a communication in reference to the potato crop in the Isle of Man. The writer says—"when the potato haulm was affected by the blight, the fern, rag wort, nettles, and even part of the heath on the hills, were entirely destroyed."

The (Edinburgh) *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* for October, in reference to this subject observes:

"The recurrence of the disease this season excited much surprise, for the potato plant has not shown so much vigor, and exhibited so beautiful and healthy a display of blossoms for many years."

* * * * * * *

"Whatever may be the nature of this affection which has overtaken the potato, it does not seem to be confined this season to that crop. The beans have their leaves blackened, and their stems shrivelled by apparently the same cause and the rottenness in the turnip may be safely ascribed to the same influence. The products of the flower garden have not escaped the affection, for the leaves of the paeony seem to us to have suffered from the same source. Even the forest trees are affected, as the appearance of the balsam poplar clearly indicated. And wild plants have been observed to suffer in a similar manner, as is instanced in the case of the common fern. So far as we can discern, the mysterious cause of this universal affection, is very much "like the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and that wasteth at noonday."—*Albany Cultivator.*

Improvement.

By the term improvement, as applied to agricultural affairs, I understand an advance upon old systeRs; the word, according to my judgment, having precisely the same application and force in the farming vocabulary, as in the vocabulary of the mechanic. If a farmer raises a good ox or a superior cow—if superior varieties of grain are produced on his farm, and a constant progression is witnessed in his system and routinh of general cultivation, it is obvious that he "improves;" he is advancing. So with the student who masters one branch of science, and proceeds cheerfully to the acquisition of another. Now it is obvious that whild a few among us are evidently on the *qui vive*, and ready to adopt every valuable improvement in the art, there are others who not only refuse to do so, but who condemn their friends and neighbors who do. They deny that the present is an age of improvement, or that our ancestors were less informed than ourselves.—Formerly, I indulged in the same opinion, and was actuated by the same illiberal prejudice; but a few years' candid experiment has convinced me that I have been in error, and that the New England farmer—I speak without local discriminations—has yet much to do in order to reach the standard he is destined to attain in agricultural improvement, and that of its kindred arts.—*Maine Cultivator.*

BLOATED CATTLE.—For cattle in this condition, a dose of thoroughwort with a little tansy, will afford a speedy relief. It should be given warm. If one dose is not enough, administer another—and let the animal be driven about the yard till relieved.