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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. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. MAY 29, 1847. NO. 5.

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
Silver Lepine Watches, 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 RAILING

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. 5m.

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 testimoniale of men of science, and others, will be furnished to purchasers.

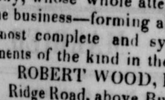
For sale at the Manufactory, Wholesale and Retail, No. 87 North Third Street, opposite Cherry Street, Philadelphia, by

JOSEPH E. HOVER,
Manufacturer.

February 6, '47. 1y

For Chester Town and Centreville.

THE STEAMER



MARYLAND,

WILL leave Baltimore on WEDNESDAY, the 24th inst., for Chester and Centreville, from her usual place starting lower end of Dugan's wharf. leave Centreville at 11 o'clock, and Chester Town at 1 o'clock for Baltimore. Fare $1.

☞ B. All baggage at the owner's risk.

L. G. TAYLOR.

March 20, 1847.

For sale by Wilmer and Nicols a good assortment of hats, of different kinds from $1. 2½

Lumber.

RECEIVED and for sale 40,000 feet seasoned Boards.

A. W. SPARKS.

Chester Town, March 27, 1847.

LADIES slippers from 12½ to $1.

WICKES & BRO.

NAVY drilling and shirting for servnats

WICKES & BRO'R.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first sixmonths

☞ For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.



POETRY.

The Girl I left behind me.

Written for the Yankee Doodle.

It is well known that the air of this popular song is played by the drums and fifes during the embarkation of an English or American army about to open a foreign campaign. The Mexicans doubtless thinking that there is some virtue in it, have, since the battle of Sierra Gordo, adopted it in their own army; but in compliment to Santa Anna they call it—

THE LEG I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm stumpless quite, since from the shot
Of Sierra Gordo peggin'
I left behind to pay the Scott
My grub, and gave my leg in.

I dare not turn to view the place,
Lest Yankee foes should find me;
And, mocking, shake before my face
The leg I left behind me.

At Buena Vista I was sure
"That Yankee" must surrender;
And bade my men "Hurrah! for you're
All going on a bender."

That all my hopes and plans were dashed,
My scattered troops remind me.
But though I there got soundly thrashed,
I left no leg behind me.

Polk shall another passport make,
Command be given to Benton,
Ere Santa Anna shall retake
The dear old peg he went on.

But should they that three millions pay,
I'll wish I'd let them find me;
And curse the day I ran away,
And left my leg behind me.

Should Taylor of my track get scent,
Or Scott beat up my quarters,
I may as well just be content
To go across the waters.

But e'en should that my fortune be
Fate has not quite resigned me;
For in the Museum I'll see
The leg I leg I left behind me.

MISCELLANEOUS

A NARROW ESCAPE.

IN the month of October, 1826, my vessel was lying in Mobile. I went ashore one bright morning, to do some business with the house to which I was consigned, and as I passed along the street it occurred to me that I might as well have a beard of a weeks growth reaped, before I presented myself at the counting room. I stepped into a barber's shop, and told the barber to proceed.

He was a bright mulatto, a good looking young fellow, not more than two and twenty years of age, it appeared. His eyes were large, black, and lustrous, unnaturally lustrous, I thought. His manner at first was quiet and respectful. I tho't he was a long while lathering my face, and I told him that he must have bought his soap at the wholesale price. Laughing, he replied that mine was a long beard, and that he knew what he was about.

"Are you the boss here, my man?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "my master set me up, and I pay him twenty dollars a month for my time."

"That is a good interest on the capital invested," I remarked; "can you pay your rent, and live on the balance of your savings?"

"O yes, and I lay up something besides.—Sometimes I receive thirty bits a day"

"Then I suppose you will buy your freedom one of these days."

"As for that he replied, "I care little. I have all the liberty I want, and enjoy myself as I go along."

"But suppose you should marry, and have children, you would not wish to leave them for slaves?"

"Yes I would, because they would be better off than if they were free."

By this time he had laid down the brush and commenced running his razor over the strop, looking at the blade every time he drew it across the leather. His hand trembled a little, and his eyes absolutely burned like coals of fire. I did not feel uneasy, but I could not avoid watching him closely.

At last he commenced shaving me. My head being thrown back, I was able to keep my eyes fixed directly on his own. Why I did so, I cannot tell; certainly, I apprehend nothing, but I did not remove my gaze for a single instant while the razor was passing over my neck and throat. He seemed to grow more and more uneasy; his eyes were as bright, but not as steady as when I first observed them. He could not meet my fixed and deliberate look. As he commenced shaving my chin, he said abruptly—

"Barber's handle a deadly weapon, Sir."

"True enough, my man," I replied; "but you handle yours skillfully, although I notice that your hand shakes a little."

"That's nothing, Sir—I can shave just as well. My hand shakes because I did not have much sleep last night But, I was thinking just now," he added, with a laugh, "how easy it would be for me to cut your throat."

"Very likely," I replied, laughing in return, but looking sternly at him—"very likely, yet I would not advise you to try the experiment."

Nothing more was said. He soon finished, and I arose from the chair just as an elderly gentleman was entering the shop. The last comer divested himself of his coat and cravat, and took the seat I had vacated.

I went to the glass, which did not reflect the chair to arrange my collar. Certainly I had not stood before it for a single moment when I heard something like a suppressed shriek, a gurgling, horrible sound, that made my blood run cold I turned—great God! there sat the unfortunate gentleman, covered with blood, his throat cut from ear to ear, and the barber, now a raving maniac, dashing his razor with tremendous violence into the mangled neck. On the instant the man's eye caught mine, the razor dropped from his hand, and he fell down in a fit I rushed towards the door, and called for assistance. The unfortunate man was dead before we reached the chair.

We secured the barber, who, as I subsequently learned, had been drinking deeply the night before, and was laboring under *mania a potu*. His fate I never heard.

Afraid of the Bilers.

During the height of the *opposition* between the steamboat lines from Kennebec to Boston, last summer, and just as the rival boats were ready to start, a wagon hove in sight, in which was an old lady, with an accompaniment of band-boxes and bundles evidently equipped for a journey The agents of the two lines ran towards her.

"Take the *Marshall*, marm? A very fine boat!"

"Try the *Penobscot!* New boat built last summer, commanded by the favorite of every body, Capt. ——," &c.

The boys and loafers around echoed the claims of their favorites in concert.—"Hurrah for the Penobscot!" "Go in the John Marshall?" The old lady, who had probably never seen a steamboat before and whose chief notion of the varmint was connected with their boiler bursting propensities, was almost beside herself with terror at the hubbub.

"O, Lordy! I wish I'd never stirred a step—if I'd known there was to be such an awful time as this. I'm sure I wouldn't.—The pesky bilers—I know they'll burst—everybody's looking after me, and nobody's attending to 'em.—There, go right away, all of you I'm going straight back. I couldn't rest a wink for fear of them pesky bilers."

"You need give yourself no anxiety on account of the boilers in the Marshall," said the agent of the M. "they are new and sound, and couldn't be made to burst."

"Are you sure of it?" said the old lady, evincing symptoms of a favorable disposition towards the Marshall. "You an't a trying to practize on the credulity of a poor lone woman, I hope."

"No fear of me—sound as a teakettle," was the reply.

The old lady was about descending from the wagon to embark in the Marshall, when agent No. 2 stepped up

"Madam" said he, in a serious tone, "no doubt the Marshall's boilers are sound enough; but the best boilers are dangerous things. We know that a great many people have been killed by them, especially of late, and *took the boilers out of our boat three weeks ago!*"

"You did," said she "that the boat for me then! James, (to the boy in the wagon,) pass out the basket, and the bonnet-box, and the umbrella, and the parasol—and don't forget the new shoes and the doughnuts under the seats. Tell Sally I went in the boat without any bilers, and she need have no fears of me."—*Bostonian.*

SANTA ANNA AND HIS CARRIAGE.

MR. Kendall of the Picayune writes: "I informed you the other day that I had a story to tell of Santa Anna and his travelling carriage In his great haste to leave it he went off without taking any of his effects—a small writing only was found broken open, for he had no time to unlock it, from which he had evidently taken a few papers of great importance; but the majority of his effects—his silver plate, his papers, his money—all were there in good condition. Two of our officers entered the coach, and what did they find, after rummaging about, but a most excellent dinner, together with delicious wine and most highly flavored cigars. To say that they did not sit themselves comfortably down on his richly cushioned seats, partake of his sumptuous dinner, wash it down with his delicious wine, and finish it off with his highly flavored cigars, would be departing further from the truth than I care about doing just now. The names of the officers were Capts. Williams and McKinstry, and the dinner was a perfect windfall after a hard morning's work without eating, and with slim prospects ahead for food.

GEN. TAYLOR A PROPHET.

It has often been said, that "cruelty and cowardice go together." The same sentiment is well expressed in the following extract from a general order of General Taylor, delivered just before the battle of Buena Vista:

"The commanding General regrets most deeply that circumstances again impose upon him the duty of issuing orders upon the subject of marauding and mal-treating the Mexicans. Such deeds have recently been perpetrated by a portion of the Arkansas cavalry, cast indellible disgrace upon our arms, and reputation of our country. The General had hoped that he might be able in a short time to resume effensive operations, but if orders, discipline, and all the dictates of humanity are set at defiance it is vain to expect anything but disaster and defeat. The men who cowardly put to death unoffending Mexicans are not those who will sustain the honor of our arms in the day of trial."

As our readers know the day of trial came and these Arkansas volunteers fled from the field, while the brave Yell, rallying only a hundred of true men like himself, lost his life to redeem the tarnished honor of his State.

This prediction and its fulfilment form a remarkable feature in the history of this battle.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Laboring in Factories.

The House of Commons was occupied on the 17th ult. with the factory bill.—Lord John Russell, in an elaborate speech on the bill, reviewed the state of the cotton trade in England and elsewhere, and the relative social condition of the persons employed in it, and conbluded by saying that he could not look with indifference on thnse whose lot it was only to work, to eat, to sleep, and to die. As regarded such persons generally, but particularly the young, it was the duty of the government, he said to inculcate the doctrines of religion, and to cultivate their domestic habits and affections, and to encourage them to look up to the government for protection from oppression. He could not see how these objects could be accomplished, so long as the hours of labor of these persons were permitted to be protracted as they had been. He could not conceive how a girl of fourteen, employed at work twelve hours a day—fourteen including intervals—and coming home every day tired, and jaded, and unable to be a good wife or a good mother. He was ready, therefore, at a risk—for risk he though there was—to vote for the clause of the bill which restricted the period of labor in the case of females and children under eighteen, to eleven hours a day. The vote was then taken, and the clause embracing the above proposition was agreed to. A second clause limiting hours of labor to *ten hours a day* after the first of May, 1848, was then put, and carried, by a majority of 78—144 voting for it, and 66 against it.

MAN.

We take the following from one of Dow Jr.'s short patent sermons:

Man looks upon life just as he does upon woman—there's no living with them, and he can't live without them. He will run after them, and rather than be held, he will lose his coat tail and character—kiss them for love, and then kiss them for leading him into trouble. So with life; he partakes of pleasures, and then curses it for its pains; gathered boquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded; he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briers; which is allowing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspecting as a tree toad in a thunderstorm.—He was told to increase and multiply, and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, and multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition.

NAUTICAL SERMON.—When Whitefield preached before the seamen of New York he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon! Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every seaman to his duty!—How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone!—The ship is on her beam ends? What next?"

It is said that the unsuspectidg tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic arose with united voices and minds, and exclaimed, "*Take to the long boat!*"

GOOD.—Father, said a little boy to his Locofoco parent, is Gen. Taylor a Whig? Yes, my son. Were Clay, and Harden and Lincoln, Whigs? They were. Is Scott a Whig? Yes—why do you ask?—Because you call the Whigs Mexicans. Pshaw; you are too young to understand politics. But did Polk give Santa Anna a pass to return to Mexico? Don't talk to me, my son, I'm in a hurry.

NOTHING could exceed the determination with which the Mexicans marched against Gen. Taylor.—*Washington Union.* Except the determination with which they marched back again.—*Prentice.*

HUMOROUS.

Rank in the Army,

OR, A DARKEY'S DIGNITY.

After a portion of the troops had landed on the beach near Vera Cruz, on the night of the 9th of March, a body of the enemy commenced a brisk fire of small arms into the encampment Of course, all hands were on the *que vive*, expecting the Mexicans would make some demonstration upon our lines during the night, and when the firing commenced, concluded there was about to be a general attack. The lines were soon formed, and not a word could be heard from the soldiery; but there was a negro who kept running from one little point of hill to another, apparently in a state of great excitement. He finally laid himself flat on his face, at full-length, and commenced working himself into the soft sand with a good deal of energy. On being asked what he was about, he replied—

"I is 'fraid some ob dem 'ere copper balls will put a stop to me drawin' my rashins."

"Why, in the devil," asked the party speaking to him, "don't you get up and fight them?"

"No, sir ee!" he said, "dat's my massa's part ob de bizness; he done been to Westpint, where dey makes fightin' people to larn dat, and you don't ketch dis nigger meddlin' he sef wid odder people's biz ness. My massa does de fightin' an' I waits on him, an' nusses him. If he gets wounded, we gets promoted"

"You get promoted! What good will his promotion do you?" inquired the individual.

"Oh, Lor' hab mercy! dat question is been settled long time ago in dese parts down here; a colored gemman what waits on a kurnel always outranks one dat waits on a capten, an' de way we colored gemmen reg'lars makes dese volunteer niggers squat is a caution to white folks."—*N. O Delta.*

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE!—ALMOST.—An English paper says that, at Wombell's Menagarie, a short time since, "a fashionably dressed lady, while standing near the den of a 'royal Bengal tiger,' turned suddenly round, and was seized behind by the ferocious brute. Amidst the shrieks of the belle and the bystanders, he tore off, as he expected, a luxurious meal, but the next moment the poor dupe found that he had been nicely taken in being—half suffocated with bran—the stuffing of the lady's bustle!"

"How many genders are there?" asked a schoolmaster. "Three, sir," promptly responded little blue eyes. "Pray give me an example of each," said the master—"Masculine, feminine, and neuter—why, you are masculine, because you are a man, and I am feminine, because I am a girl I don't know, but I reckon uncle Jim is neuter, as he is a n old bachelor!"

GEOGRAPHY.—"John, what is geography?"

"Geography is the history of everything on earth, except the sun, moon, and stars, and the steam bulgine."

"That's right; go to the head."

COMING THE DICTIONARY.—Castigate that quadruped until he shall have accelerated his pace, said a dandy to a livery stable boy, who was driving him a short distance into the country.

Talk to me in English said the boy, I don't understand Injin!

STANDING UPON PRINCIPLE.—The N. O. Delta says—"We yesterday saw a democrat who can lay no claim to the right to wear a temperance medal refuse to take a drink because a whig stood treat. He said it was a whig measure, and he could not join in it 'no how.'"

IT is fashionable for some captains and owners to give the names of their wives, daughters and sisters to their vessels, as a sort of family compliment. A man down east christened his craft the 'Virago,' an other calls his the "Vixen!"

OUT OF PATIENCE.—Tom, said a girl to her sweetheart, you have been paying your distresses to me long enough. It is time you were making known your contentions, so as not to keep me in expense any longer.

THE following concise and appropriate prayer was once offered in the Michigan Legislature by a French chaplain:

"O Lor! Bless the peeps, and their servants the representatives. May dey make laws for de peeps, and not for demselves—amen."

CUTTING IT RATHER THICK.—A lady poetess, writing about her lover, says in the charmingest manner imaginable—

——"He drew,
In one long kiss, my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew!"

THERE is a smart active well proprectioned girl in a town in the state of Maine, who is 13 years old and weighs only 183 pounds.

A Miss Pumpkin of Vermont, has lately been married to a Mr. Pye. This comes very near making a pumpkin pie!

PUNCH says that General Tom Thumb complains of the kisses of the French ladies because they left paint on his nose.

☞ Why is Colonel *May* like a New York landlord's warrant at a certain period of the year?—Because he's sure to *dislodge* the tenant and make him *more* on a *charge* at the word "go."

AGRICULTURAL.



TO PREPARE BONES FOR MANURE.

As mills for grinding bones are very costly, it is a great desideratum for the farmer to know how he can otherwise prepare them for his crops. By the following simple method he can reduce them to a fine powder and increase their value fourfold:—

Take 100 lbs. of bones, and place them in a kettle, or in an old tub unfit for further use, or even in a hollow scooped in the ground, and made water tight by lining with clay. Next take from 30 to 35 lbs. of oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid,) mixed with one-third to one-half its weight of water, and pour over the bones. In a day or two, the bones will dissolve into a liquid paste, to which there must be added, by stirring in, wood ashes or fine mould, until it is of the consistency of thick mortar. Put the mixture under cover out of the way of rain, and in a few weeks it will become a light dry powder, which may be applied by the hand or otherwise, to any kind of land that may require it. In preparing this mixture, great care must be observed to keep the oil of vitriol from touching the clothes or skin, as it will burn them as badly as fire.

The oil of vitriol, for this mixture, must be of a first-rate quality, otherwise it would require a greater quantity than given above, to dissolve 100 lbs. of bones. The mixture answers best for a turnip crop; but it is highly valuable for other roots as well as for grass and grain. It should be applied at the rate of 20 to 40 bushels to the acre, sown broad-cast on grass-land, in the spring, or on grain and turnip-crops after harrowing in the seed. For garden or field crops planted in rows or drills, as roots, corn, beans, peas, &c., it may be applied in the hills or rows at the time of sowing, or it may be afterwards sprinkled around the plants at the time of hoeing.

The Potato.

From the Cecil Whig.

Experiments have shown me within the last three years, that fall potatos, should be planted early—they are not half so subject to the rot as those planted late, and the yield is usually much better. I have planted my late potatos, but many have not. I would advise all such, to lose no time in getting theirs in the ground. Potatoes require deep ploughing, and the ground should be thoroughly harrowed—the finer the better.—When long manure is used, plaster should be spread upon it and some time would be of great service, in fact, limed land produces of the best potatoes, in almost all cases. I hold to the belief, and I think my experience warrants it, that large potatoes are much the best for seed, even when reduced by cutting to the size of smaller ones. If those who have not yet to plant would attend to these crude hints, I think they would find advantage in them.

NOTTINGHAM.

May 18th, 1847.

HOW TO DECOY & DESTROY ANTS IN DWELLING-HOUSES.

When practicable, place near the end or passage on a level, a basin or bowl filled with dry mould; then put a bone or bones of fresh meat in the bottom (such as are discarded from the dining room). You will soon find your tormentors congregate thousands strong; for I assure you they are first-rate bone polishers. Forty years ago, when a boy, whenever I wanted a particular bone of a duck or goose polished, I always found the ant hill the best manufactory. Have in readiness a strong solution of boiling salt and water, and when you perceive your enemies begin to retreat, cover them with it. Salt and water cold will destroy them poured into their haunts; but the better way is to decoy them out of their strongholds. It will be good policy to was out the basin or bowl, and fill it with fresh mould previous to a second decoy, as it will be perceived salt is not a favorite.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Crops of the U. States.

The Washington Era contains an estimate taken from the letter of the Secretary of the Treasury, of December 10, 1846, of the quantity of each of the following staples, raised in the United States during the year 1846, with the value of each production, according to the prices they bore in this market on the 1st December last, viz:

Cot'n—760,000,000 ps. worth		$73,150,000
Oats—179,528,890 bush	"	69,567,410
Rice—97,741,500 ps,	"	3,786,483
Barley—5,676,600 bush.	"	3,434,343
Rye—59,892,500	" "	23,465,512
Wheat—117,202,800	"	124,011,891
Ind. Corn—450,666,900	"	314,871,820
		$609,287,559

☞ Why is a sharp-nosed woman like great wall of China? Because if crossed you are apt to find a Tartar.

☞ Why is General Taylor good at the trade which bears his name?—Because he made Ampudia *sue* for terms, and gave Santa Anna a regular *basteing.*