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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. JANUARY 29, 1848. NO. 40.

SICKLY SEASON.—There is not a man, woman, or child, but should take medicine at this season of the year, but more especially at this present time: for there probably were never so many causes existing at one period as there are now, so likely to produce a state of sickness. The repeated changes in the atmosphere, by acting as they do upon the constitution, and quality of the blood itself, give occasion for the most fatal and malignant disorders. The bile becomes (and often without any warning,) in a most acrimonious condition from these repeated changes, and if the stomach and bowels have been neglected previously, the first symptoms require immediate attention. Even those who have a healthy disposition of body, are subject to sickness under these circumstances.—Therefore to prevent any danger, we ought carefully to guard against a costive state of our bowels. Once or twice they should be evacuated in twenty-four hours. There are many causes which produce unhealthy blood: sometimes it may arise from grief, at others when the system is in a state of fullness it can take place from sudden joy; close application to a literary undertaking can produce it—in all cases where many persons have to be seen and spoken to, which producing nervous excitement, is a fertile source of unhealthy blood occasioning that slow nervous fever which has carried off soms of our best men, men martyrs to their reputation, but which a knowledge of the powers of Brandreth's Pills would have prevented. Those who desire to secure their health, under almost any adverse circumstances, can do so by having Brandreth's Pills on hand, and at once resorting to them when the first feelings of disorder take place in their bodies. As this advice is not so will the health be. The will yet [illegible] when a man that makes a good medicine shall be honored more than he who is an adept in the art of war.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The following are the duly appointed Agents for the sale of the genuine Brandreth Pills in Kent co.

John Russel, Chester Town;
S. Cooper, Urieville;
S. W. Cole & Co., New Market;
R. L. Rolph, Millington;
Nathan Peacock, Georgetown X Roads;
Benj. C. Wells, Head of Sassafrass.

September 25, 1847.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY!

THE INVALIDS BEST FRIEND!

It is confidently asserted that there never was a medicine which has given such uniform and universal satisfaction, as

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

They have stood the severest trials, by curing when all other remedy failed, and have established reputation in the face of the envious slanders which have been raised against them.

Let it be borne in mind that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are

No Catch-penny Remedy,

the offspring of the hour destined to pass away with it, and be forgotten, but a medicine of sterling value.

For Fever and Ague,

That scourge of the west. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stand unrivalled. An instance has never come to our knowledge of these Pills having been taken, without effecting a complete cure. In chills and fever the liver and bilary functions are chiefly disordered, superinduced by great physical debility. When the symptoms first appear, no time should be lost before resorting to these Pills. A few doses will give such manifest relief that no persuasion will be necessary to continue the use of them.

For Dyspepsia,

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, will be found very superior. In this disease, the gastric juice is weak and deficient in quality. Consequently, the digestion is imperfect and the health impaired. These Pills remove the bile from the stomach, restore its tone, and improve the digestion.

Great Female Medicine!

It would be difficult precisely to tell to which of the two sexes Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have been the two greatest blessing. But it is very certain that these pills have given health, and spirits, and a good complexion, to hundreds of females, who would without them, have been in their graves. A box of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, is an inestimable companion at certain periods.

Valuable Anti Bilious Medicine!

It is well known that the South and West suffer more from bilious disorders than from all others combined. This is partly owing to the climate, but chiefly to the nature of Southern and Western life. The sensations accompanying liver complaint are of the most wretched description. *Habitual* drunkenness is frequently brought on by liver complaint. A patient suffering from this disease, should not be mocked with pretended cures; yet there are very few medicines that are worth a straw in the removal of this complaint. Calomel has hitherto been the reliance, but the remedy has proved worse than the disease! What then is to be done? We say, give Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills a trial. If they do not exceed your expectations, we are willing to bear all the opprobrium of failure.

The following Agencies have been established for the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills in Kent county:

John Russell, Chestertown:
Wiley & Perkins, do
Nathan Peacock, Georgetown X Roads.
Daniel Hanes, Still Pond.
Henry Blackiston, Rock Hall.
W. R Foreman, Chesterville.
John Cooper, Urieville.
Walker & Bell, Millington.
B. C. Wells, Head of Sassafras.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, wholesale and retail, 169 Reece st. Phil.; 288 Greenwich st. N. Y; and 198 Tremont st Boston.

July 24, '47.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday by
Edward Mansfield.

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Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞All communications must be post paid.

POETRY.



THE OUTWARD BOUND.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier,

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

Farewell, farewell—a moment since
And thou wert at my side,
And now I see thy little boat
Cleave swiftly thro' the tide;
I hear the sturdy oarsman's strokes,
And shudder at the sound,
Until their echos die away
Besides the Outward Bound.

I see thee near thy vessel's side,
I see thee on the deck,
(God shield thee in the time of storm,
From tempest—and from wreck;)
I may not tread the trackless waste
That compass thee round,
But my heart's prayer of hope, and love,
Follows the Outward Bound.

And now upon the lonely shore,
I watch thy less'ning barque
Fade dimly from my aching view,
Upon the waters dark;
The sails are set—each swelling sheet
By fav'ring breezes crown'd,
Spreads forth to hope its snowy wings,—
Heaven shield the Outward Bound!

Farewell! farewell—her lofty masts
Are passing from my sight,
And now her wide-spread flowing sails
Are little specks of white.
'Tis gone—no more to fill my gaze
That speeding barque is found;
In God—and thee, I put my trust,
Oh! shield the Outward Bound!

SELECTED TALE.

THE ORPHAN;

OR,

"Giving a Home."

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"Pray can you tell me any thing of my accomplished friend, Isabel Carrington?" I asked, on my return to P—— after a year's absence. "I have been much distressed to learn of her father's misfortunes and death, and anxious to know what has become of her."

Mrs. T——arched her eyebrows, and replied, "I do not know."

"Not know, and you were so very intimate with her!"

"She left P—— soon after her father's death," said another lady, "and is I believe, living in C——, supported by her own exertions."

"Then nothing was saved to her out of her father's property?"

"Nothing at all."

"It is strange that she chose to quit this place," observed Mrs T——. "There was a very good opening for the exercise of her talents. Mrs. —— and I would have exerted ourselves to get her a class in music, and one in drawing and fancy work. She might have maintained herself handsomely. But she was too proud, it appears, to earn her bread in the village where she once lived in luxury, and would go elsewhere."

"Although we all kindly called upon her and offered our patronage," said another lady.

"That is what I call ingratitude," remarked a third; and the sentiment was echoed by a fourth and a fifth.

"The advantages of remaining here were, no doubt, properly represented to her," I observed.

"Oh, certainly;" answered Mrs. T——. "It would not do, of course, for us to notice her in the waywe formerly did, when she was looked upon as an heiress, and was at the head of her father's fine establishment. The proper distinctions in society must be observed. But we would have sent our children to receive instruction from her."

"A great condescension, truly, toward a person you were once proud to claim as an acquaintance," said a lady, who had not before spoken, in a corner of the room. "But you are mistaken; Isabella Carington is not dependent for a maintainance upon her own efforts. Her uncle has given her a home."

"Her uncle!" I repeated.

"Yes, her mother's half brother. He resides in C——, and on the death of Mr. Carrington wrote to invite Isabel to his house."

"How generous, how kind!" remarked several of the company.

"In truth, Isabel may consider herself fortunate," observed Mrs. ——. "I am slightly acquainted with Mr. Lantrem, her uncle. He has a large family of children, of his own and it is very noble of him to give her a support."

'For my part,' said a dowager loking matron' "I do not like this living upon others. I should prefer independence with a mere crust. And with such talents as Isabel has, to be content to receive charity!,,

The lady's opinion was well illustuated for she had five daughters, who dressed in the extreme of the fashion, on the means of their uncle; for it was well known the mother never paid her debts.

"Very true," assented Mr. T. "It would have been much more proper for Isabel to stayin P——,and turn to her own resources, than to become a burden on those who have children of their own."

"I cannot believe Miss Carrington would be a burden to any one," I ventured to say.

"Perhaps Mr. Lanthem does not think her so," was the reply; "but he is not rich, and many have claims upon him. At any rate, it was generous of him to offer his niece a home, she is only to blame in having accepted it."

In the midst of my indignation at the exhibition of so much ill-nature, I was glad to hear the orphan had fonnd a friend.—Poor Isabel! and lovely as she was—possessing a rare beauty that made her an object for the shafts of envy—refined, delicate, and sensitive,—she needed the protection of one who could stand in the place of a parent. How charmingly she had borne prosperity! With what grace and dignity she had presided over her father's house, (her mother had been deceased many years,) fulfilling every duty, yielding all that could be required to the claims of society, yet finding time for the cultivation of those mental acquirements which were to her a pure source of happiness! She was both thoroughly and brilliantly accomplished, possessing exquisite taste as well as scientific knowledge in music; an artist in drawing and painting, mistress of the French and Italian languages, as well acquainted with English literature in the works of the best authors. In fancy work and in dress her taste was so perfect that she was consulted as an oracle by all the young ladies of her native village, and her judgment never failed to settle any disputed question.

More than two years afterward I chanced to be in C———. A large party was given the evening of my arrival, and I went in the expectation of seeing Isabel, as I learned there was an intimacy between the family and that of her uncle. Mr. Lantrem and his wife were introduced to me. He was a middle-aged gentleman of very urbane manners, and his wife a lady-like person, evidently in delicate health, with a soft voice and a sweet smile. The appearance of both pleased me, and I argued well for the happiness of the orphan girl. She was not there; and in answer to my inquiries, her aunt informed she was well, but seldom went out. I heard no one else speak of her

The next morning I called at Mr. Lantrem's to see my friend. As I entered, I heard the sound of a piano, and a sweet voice singing. The song ceased when the drawing room door opened. Isabel was there as lovely as ever, though much thinner than when I last saw her. She wore the same bright smile, however, and told me she was happy. One of her young cousins had been engaged with her music lesson, and she remained as if expecting me to take leave soon, while Isabel took up some work—a child's dress—and sewed while we taked of past times. I invited her to spend the evening with me; but after some hesitation, she excused herself, saying that her aunt was engaged to go out, and she should be obliged to remain with the children. Nor could she accept the invitation to a drive in the country on the following morning. The children had their lessons. I saw that my presence had been an interruption, and I departed, promising soon to call again.

The same afternoon I met Isabel walking out. She was accompanied by the four youngest of her uncle's children, three girls and a boy of eight. She showed them to me, smiling, and said she had promised them a walk on the hill, where they were to gather flowers for mamma's vases.

I soon discovered that the time of my young friend was completely occupied with her cousins, Mrs. Lantrem having neither leisuure nor health to attend to the education of her children, and being prejudiced against schools. The eldest of eight, a girl of fifteen was at an age to profit most by the lessons of Miss Carrington. Her mornings were devoted to teaching, her afternoons to music lessons and walking with her pupils, and in the evenings they were left under her care, their mother, when not visiting or receiving company, usually retiring to her own room for the sake of quiet. She assisted, too, in superintending their dress and employment. The children were all so fond of "cousin 'Bel!" and she seemed to have such pleasure in instructing them! It was so much better than to intrust to a stranger the formation of their young minds!

It was certain Isabel did take pleasure in thus imparting knowledge to those she loved. And the constant occupation of her time prevented the indulgence of painful memories. She insured me she was happier than she could have expected to be, after the loss of her beloved parent. But there were enjoyments for which she was fitted, of which she never partook. So strictly had she devoted herself to her self-imposed duties, that no time was left for amusement or society; and her aunt and uncle, though they sometimes asked her to accompany them, and playfully rallied her on having grown thin and pale from too much confinement, never insisted on her sacrificing, in any instance, the wish for retirement that was but natural in her desolate condition.

"You must positively leave your duties awhile, Isabel," I said to her one day, "and go this summer to—— Springs. Your health is giving way."

"It is impossible for me to leave home," she replied.

"I know you are very useful here, and will be much missed, but your health should be the paramount consideration."

"There are other reasons," she said, with a slight sigh, "why I cannot travel. I have no means for such indulgences."

"But your uncle—"

"My uncle is very kind. He gave me a home when I was destitute"—her eyes filled with tears—"and suffers me to want for nothing. I could not think of encroaching on his generosity"

"His generosity!" I involuntarily repeated.

"Last summer," she said, "I spent three months in the country."

"But it was to take charge of three of the children, who were elected to benefit by the air. You then had as little opportunity for recreation as now."

"My uncle is very kind," repeated the orphan, dropping her eyes on her work, as if desirous of fixing the idea firmly in her mind. "I owe much, very much to him."

It was plain that Isabel thought herself the obliged person. With the delicacy of a generous nature, she dwelt on what she received, overlooking what she gave. The articles of dress bestowed were always in the way of presents, and were received as favors by her. She never considered herself entitled to them nor did it occur to her that she was rendering far more than an equivalent. Her energies, were all devoted to her uncle's family; and all she could do seemed insufficient to show her gratitude. She was, in fact, a governess, without the salary her services merited.—With resources that could have commanded independence anywhere, all asked to their utmost, she was weighed down by a perpetual sense of obligation.

Mr. and Mrs Lantrem were far from imagining they were wronging their orphan niece. They regarded her they said, as one of their own children. They considered her avoidance of society as a matter of simple choice, not as the result of morbid sensitiveness and mistaken delicacy.

"What salary do you pay Miss Carrington?" asked a blunt man once. Mr. Lantrem indignantly replied, that his niece was no hired governess. It would have been better for her if she had been.

Some equally inconsiderate or impertinent person offered Isabel a situation in his family with a salary of six hundred dollars, exclusive of board; but Mr. Lantrem regarded the offer as an insult, and his niece was easily persuaded to think its acceptance would be a degradation.

There was a fancy ball given at C——, and Isabel,s tast and skill were in requisition for the arangement of costumes for her aunt and the eldest daughter.

"Is it not provoking" asked Mrs. Lantrem with a smile, "that Isabel will not be persuaded to go?"

"She does not care for society, though we have given her every advantage, as if she had been our own daughter."

The aunt looked upon herself as the benefactress, not the debtor. Many had been the praises lavished on her as well as the generous Mr. Lantrem, when Isabel first came to his house, for their disinterested benevolence.

Some time after I heard of the marriage of Isabel. Her husband was a man of coarse tastes and a selfish character, and altogether unfit for companionship with so gentle and refined a being. She was not happy with him. People said they did not pity her, for she ought not to have quitted such a home as she had, to marry such a man. They knew not, in "giving a home," what a sacrifice of pride and feeling had been exacted; they knew not how painful the position had been, in which nothing she could be considered an equivalent for what she received; they took not into account the sinking of the spirit under the sense of dependence, the weariness of the heart, the failing of energies, the paralysis of will and judgment, under which she had gradually lost the power to sustain herself, so that from any change in her mode of life, relief was expected. Her uncle was displeased at the match, and there was little intercourse afterward between them. His daughters sadly missed "cousin Bel," and showed in their advancement the fruit of her devotion to them; but they seldom named her, and always thought her very ungrateful in marrying contrary to her papa's advice, when he had been so very kind in "giving her a home."—*Columbian Magazine.*

MISCELLANEOUS

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

THE YOUNG LADY

WHO IS ENGAGED.

"We give here but a little sketch
For you to look upon,
That each may see its own sweet face,
In printed letters done.,'

[BYRON JUNIOR.

All persons are aware that as soon as a young lady becomes engaged, she's an altered being. We might almost say that she ceases to preserve her identity, for by this simple process we have known a romantic young lady to become sensible and the matter-of-fact young lady become romantic. We will now show you, fair readers, how you can tell whether a young lady is engaged or not.

First, there will always be a very strong report of it, one third of which you may fairly believe, especially if your sisters have heard it from her maid while she was "doing" her hair. When you have fully and philosophically established in your mind what *quantum* of belief, &c., report deserves, you may proceed to work without delay, by paying a visit boldly at the house where lives the young lady herself. Knock softly. You ask "is any one at home?" "Only Miss Higgins, Sir," says John, with a knowing wink, not meant, of course, for you to see. The next moment you are shown slap into the parlor, and there find Miss Higgins and Mr. Brown sitting opposite one another at each side of the fire. Now observe carefully whether the chairs appear to have been hurriedly seperated at your appearance, and mark if the lady's face appears flushed. It depends entirely on your own management whether your future manœvres shall advance you a step in your line of evidence. Much, of course, must be left to circumstances, and much to your own peculiar genius. A snob would cry out, "Hallo! what's here?" and observe the degree of blushing on either side, consequent upon such an exclamation. It is best to sit down, and without appearing to do so, remark particularly what ocular telegraphs pass between the two parties. If the gentleman obstinately sits you out, of course that goes down as additional evidence.

The next time you meet the "poor fellow" in the street, put on the most friendly tone imaginable, shake him a dozen times by the hand, saying, affectionately, "My dear fellow, I congratulate you; upon my soul I do. What a lucky man you are," &c. &c. Hereupon, if the poor devil protests that he can't understand you, with a falter in his voice, and a semi smile struggling at the corners of his mouth, set him down as trying to humbug you. These signs add to your former presumptive evidence, and so come at last to the conclusion that the lady *is* engaged.

We will now give you a few more *signs*. The lady, if before she was shy towards yourself and other young gentlemen, now talks to you in the most easy manner possible when he is away—when he is present, she answers to any question you may put, "yes," or "no," as the case may be.—Again mark her walk, she preserves a sort of staid, sober, tragic gait. She spends her time learning to make pies, et cetera. Again, she is ever knitting slippers and purses. However others may be astonished when you receive a small piece of cake "done up" with a white seal—go on with your coffee and say "You knew it all long ago."

A Love Letter.

The following sweet morceau, which lately appeared in the New York Union, is reported to have been picked up in the Park. We insert it as a model for the imitation of the court sick swain whose situation may be such as to compel him to conduct courtship in writing:

DEAR SWEET.—Oh my love of loves, clarified honey of oil of citrons, white loaf sugar of my hopes, and molasses of my expectations! you have been absent from me three whole days! The sun is dark at mid-day—the moon and stars are black when thou art absent. Thy step is the music of the spheres; and the wind of thy gown, when you pass by, is a zephyr from the garden of paradise in the time of early flowers I kissed you when we last met, and my whole frame was filled with sweetness. One of your curls touched me on the nose and that organ was transmitted into loaf sugar. Oh, spice of spices, garden of delights send a lock of your hair—send me anything that your finger has touched, and I will go raving mad with exstacy. One look from thy bright eye would transport me incontinently into the third heaven. Your lips are red roses gathered from Eden by the hand of Gabriel. Your words are melted pearl dropping from your mouth. My heart blazes at the thought of thee. My brain is an everlasting fire. The blood burns and scalds my veins and vitals as it passes through them. Oh come, most delightful of delights, and breathe upon me with thy seraphic breath. When you do come be sure and bring that two shillings that you borrowed of me as I want to buy some tobacco.

AGRICULTURAL

Speed the Plough.

The teems are waiting in the field,
The ploughmen in a row,
As brisk and gay as birds in May,
They make a goodly show.
The farmer stands, and sees all hands
Turn'd out and ready now;
Yet ere they start, with all our heart
We'll say God speed the plough!

We plough the field, but he must yield
His sunshine and his rains;
In hope we plough, in hope we sow,
That HE will bless our pains.
'Tis even weight and furrow straight,
That bears away the bell;
So off! And now, God speed the plough,
And send the ploughman well.

MANURING BY MEANS OF CLOVER.

Messrs Editors—The pratice of manuring by means of turning down second crops of clover for wheat, and the experience that teaches it is by far the cheapest and most efficient of all dressings, seems to have taken possession of the agricultural community in many parts of the country, particularly where the farms are so large that "it gives them the heart ache, even to think of carryng abroad and spreading manure from the cart." The fact is, manuring by means of clover, has introduced a new era in farming, and it begins to be seen that one-half the objection to large farms is done away, when, by some intelligent, enlightened cultivator, the system has been adopted and properly pursued: I was a good deal amused while at the house of a friend who was turning down a crop of clover two tons to the acre for wheat, to hear his wife coax him to permit the cows to be turned into it for a single day; but he would not spare an ounce of it for love or money.—*Boston Cultivator.*

The Potatoe.

THE Morris Jerseyman says: For a few years past public attention has been directed to the cause of the potatoe rot, as also the remedy, but nothing satisfactory has been elicited. One of our farmers, a few days since informed us, while in conversation on that subject, that he planted his potatoes earlier this season than usual, and that he dug and put in his cellar some 30 or 40 bushels before the rains came on. These are still perfectly sound, while those which remained in the ground during the recent heavy rains many have attributed this rot and consequently they put their crops in very early, to enable them to arrive at maturity before the rains commenced. The experiment mentioned below may be considered of some consequence, as we have seen it satisfactorily tried. A lady from Mississippi spent the past season with her friends in our town. The all engrossing subject of the potatoe rot was on the tapis, when she observed that in that region many of the planters had been experimenting on that vegetable, and the best result was from transplanting the slips into rows similar to the method of cultivating the Carolina potatoe. Her friends tried the experiment, and finer potatoes we have not seen or eaten for many years. The potatoe is planted early in a hot-bed, and the slips when about three inches in length, are taken off and transplanted some eight or fifteen inches distant. The original will continue to send forth shoots for a long time.

CORN COBS

A friend who had read an article in some paper recommending corn cobs, ground cobs, ground or unground, as constituting a valuable feed for stock, undertook to test the truth of the statement for himself. He had a large quantity on hand, and after providing himself with the proper vessel—(half hogshead tub,) he filled it with cobs, and then with a solution of salt in water. In this steep the cobs were suffered to remain till they had imbibed a sufficiency of the fluid to render them soft. In this condition they were fed out to his stock—half a peck to a full grown cow or ox in the morning, and the same quantity at night. He remarks that all his animals are extremely fond of them, and that they consume a much less quantity of them cob feed. Neither do they require salt in its natural state. He has also ground several bushels of cobs, and finds the meal an excellent article for making of mush." The most economical mode, however, of appropriating corn. The corn should be first crushed, in a mill constructed expressly for the purpose, and then ground into meal, the same as corn when shelled.—*Maine Farmer.*

☞The fruit trees in old orchards, especially in situation were they do not grow kindly are apt to have the branches and trunks covered with lichens or moss, which does them a cosiderable injury.—This moss may be cleared off in several ways; but one of the simplest, and a very effectual one, is to sprinkle the trees with dry wood ashes while they are damp or wet by dew or rain. If this be repeated, in a short time the trees will be effectually cleared.

A PAGAN PRAYER.—Few Christian prayers carry with them in words so few & simple so much of the true spirit of Christianity as the following prayer of Sadi, the Persian, which we find quoted in the Horolula Polynesian:—"Great God! have pity on the wicked, for thou did'st every thing for the good when thou madest them good."