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THE KENT NEWS.
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DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
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Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

From the Blue Hen's Chicken.

The Rejected.

BY J. R. WILLIAMS.

What means that sigh, that deep drawn sigh
That swells the youthful breast?
What means that melancholy look,
With dire despair impressed?

A cloud o'ercast those features that
Were once adorned with smiles,
A signal of a broken heart,
By worse than Syren's wiles.

He weeps, but none is found to wipe
With care the drooping tear,
The hand that could give him relief,
Withdraws—it won't come near.

Why does he now love roaming where
No eye the wanderer spies?
Where silence reigns no noise intrudes
Save his desponding sighs.

In vain I seek him now about,
That smiling little cot,
The whole affection of his soul,
Once centered in that spot.

He loved the daughter fair as morn,
Who, like the angel's love,
So ardent, yet so pure, that Heaven
Smiled on him from above.

The beauteous Mary for awhile,
To love appeared not loth,
And spoke a volume in a smile,
How happy were they both.

The cruel maid at last derides,
And laughs his love to scorn,
Though day by day he droops—he dies—
Her conduct says, "Die on."

MISCELLANY.

A TIME IN OUR BOADING HOUSE.

BY RUDDER.

OUR's is a most singular boarding house. Scarcely a day passes that the steward does not break a new set of dishes, an old gentleman precipitates headlong down a steep flight of stairs; an interesting child swallows a pin, a lady boarder's spaniel dash itself accidently from the third story window; or, in fact which does not abound with a variety of disastrous occurrences calculated to throw the boarders into an uproar, and to reduce our landlord to the most distressing state of anxiety.

One day last week there was a calm—the first that had occurred for a month.—We congratulated ourselves upon the event and began to entertain vague hopes that permanent peace was about to be established; but, alas! the house is so doomed to accidents, that no reliable conjecture can be drawn from the present appearances.—The very next day there occurred one of the most exciting incidents that ever drove our landlord furious, and wound up his boarders into a quintescence of merriment.

I had just returned from Wilson's rarest musical *lunches*, most of the boarders had retired to their rooms, and complete silence reigned in the house. Striking a light I drew my arm chair up to the head of my bed and threw myself upon it in a mental state of luxurious indolence, repeating internally, Wilson's 'Scots wha hae.' Thus I sat for a few moments, when suddenly I heard two screames in the room overhead, so loud, so shrill—they could be compared to nothing, save the cry of a busy house wife after a servant in the back yard. Soon I heard two bounds on the floor as if persons were jumping out of bed, and the cries were repeated louder and louder in quick succession. There was no time for consideration. My neighbors were evidently in a trying dilemma. Seizing the candle, I unbolted the door and rushed into the hall. But I had been forstalled. All the doors of either side of the hall were opened, and the inmates excited to the last degree. Some with nightcaps, some with only a single boot on, and one even sporting a pair of flaming red flannel drawers, were crowded together in the hall hurrying to the scene of the catastrophe.

'What's the matter?"

'Can't say.'

'Whose voice is that?'

'*Ouch!* stand off my corns."

'Beg pardon—such confounded squeezing.'

'Lord how she hollers.'

And on they rushed, helter-skelter, first from one hall to the other, then up a flight of stairs next to another hall, and so on to the scene of excitement.

"Oh, my heavens!" cried a female voice as the foremost of the party reached the landing.

"What's all them men doing here?"

"Stand back, gentlemen, stand back," cried one of the least excited of the boarders—a venerable looking gentleman who had on his coat and his pants, and held his candlestick upside-down; "get back if you please, there are females here—helps of the house gentlemen—Susan and Margaret—stand back if you please."

'But what's the matter?'

'Who in the deuce cares if—'

'Go ahead if you're going to.'

'We want to see.'

'What is it?'

'But, gentlemen,' resumed the non-excitable speaker. The females are not quite—that is to say Susan has not—hem—I think it's only their—hem—their *night things* the girls have on.'

'That's nothing—let's see what's the matter.'

'We'll shut our eyes.'

'Good.'

'Oh, get along—they'll be murdered before getting there.'

'Whew! what squeezing!"

'I do wonder—'

'Beef.'

'Ah, now we go;' and on the tide rolled pushing, pulling and *wondering* until they stopped opposite No 54, the chamber of the two house *helps*.

The door stood wide open; the beds were tumbled in admirable confusion, and Susan and Margaret stood at the entrance one holding her hands over her face, and the other pale and weeping as though her heart would burst.

"What's the matter, my child?" asked a young gentleman of about sixteen summers in anxious tone.

"Boo—hoo—hoo—hoo," cried Margaret, giving vent to a fresh flood of tears.

'My gracious, it's very distressing,' said the gentleman in red flannel drawers, snuffing a neighbors candle out, in an excess of sympathy. "My *poor* girl what has happened?"

'Boo—hoo—hoo," answered Margaret, 'I ca-ca-can't say.

'Well, now, what the devil is the matter with you," cried somebody from a distance who was not able to see over the hands of those before him. This question was propounded so earnestly this time, it was impossible to overlook it.

'Well,' commenced the distressed help, 'well, boo—hoo—hoo, there's a *ma-ma-man* in my boo—hoo—hoo."

'I *wonder!*" said the man in red drawers, opening his eyes to their utmost width and keeping them fixed in inexpressible astonishment on the help.

'Let's drag him out,' suggested some one.

'Yes,' continued the crowd, 'let's take him out.'

'Carry him out on a rail.'

'On two-chips.'

'Ah, the scoundrel.'

'Who'd have thought.'

'Don't put.'

'So rascally."

Let's go in."

'Inhuman."

Infuriated at the audacity of such villainy, the crowd rushed into the chamber—the man in red drawers tore off the coverlet, and true enough, there lay a stout, large sized MAN. He remained perfectly still during all the excitement, not appearing even to breath.

'Get up, sir.'

The man remained perfectly insensible.

'Get up, I tell you, or I'll strike you." Still he did not offer to stir. The excitement became incontrollabla.

'Tear him out.'

'Drag him down.'

'Don't have any mercy.'

'Get out you rascal,' cried the man with red drawers, in a voice of thunder. Still a perfect calm. There was no bearing such indifference. Seizing the offender roughly by the arm, the red drawers man pelled him violently over.

'Ah! what's *that?*'

'Why it's *stuffed!*'

'Roped in, by jingo, it's a *parcel of dirty clothes!*'

The man in drawers stared at his *villain* in a maze of donbt and astonishment. A roar of laughter that ran through every apartment in the house, and started a watchman on the street, succeeded, and a young gentleman, whose countenance in the beginning had been disfigured by inexplicable twists and contortions, slipped quietly from the crowd, hurried to his room, and throwing himself on the bed, was for a full quarter of an hour holding his sides, and laughing as if he expected this to be his very last chance for an ebullition of fine spirits.

Really, as I said before, ours is a very curious house, but as its turmoils and agitations are rather of an amusing character, it may be all the better for that.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

QUEER CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.

The New Orleans Picayune tells a rare story of a man who fancied he was seized with cholera and who was ordered to take an ounce of brandy. On the following forenoon the physician paid a visit to the cholera man, and, to his astonishment, found him in a most excellent flow of spirits, or in other words, quite *gough'd*. On inquiring into this singular state of things the medicine man exclaimed:

'Did I not prescribe an ounce of brandy per day?'

'Yes sir,' replied the cholera man; 'but then you must know, Doctor, I had no scales to weigh it in, and remembering that eight drams make an ounce, I had no scruples in measuring it out in that way. Yesterday I took eight good 'horns,' and have already had three this morning, and feel much the better from it. You're a first rate cholera doctor, you are.'

The doctor then went to his next patient.

I. O. OF O. F.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

Week before last, the brethren of the Lodge of Odd Fellows at Woodstown, N. J., determined to have their Hall swept out and cleansed, when it was unanimously resolved that Mrs Keep Secret should be called upon to do the job.

After the meeting had adjourned, the lamp lighter, who well knew the inquisitive character of Mrs Keep Secret, went and procured a monstrous Billy-goat, and placed it in the closet which was kept as a reservoir for all secret things. He then proceeded to the domicil of the good lady informed her of the job of cleaning and sweeping the Hall, and requested her to come early next morning as he would be at leisure to show her what was to be done.

The morning came, and she appeared according to promise, with her broom, brushes, pails, tubs, &c. Door keeper in waiting for her.

Now madam. said the mischievous doorkeeper, I will tell you what we want done and how we come to employ you.

One of the brethren said it would be difficult to get any body to do the job who would not be meddling with our secrets in that closet, because we've lost the key and can't lock it. I assured them that you could be trusted, and so they ordered me to call on you, as I knew you could be depended upon

'Depend upon it,' says the Madam, 'I guess I can, my poor dead and gone husband, who belonged to the Free-masons or Anti-masons, I don't know which, used to tell me the secrets of the consarn, and when he showed me the marks of the gridiron when he was initiated, and told me all how they fixed poor Morgan, I never told a livin' soul to this day, and if nobody troubles the closet to find out your secrets till I do, they'll all lay there till they rot, that they will."

'I thought so,' says the doorkeeper, 'and now I want you to commence at that corner, pointing with his finger to a place where some undignified and indecent brother had thrown out quids of tobacco, and give the whole room a decent cleansing and I have pledged my word and honor for your fidelity to promises—☞dont go in that closet,' and then left our lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet upon the last step of the stairs, than she exclaimed, that closet! what on earth can be there? I'll warrant there's a gridiron, or some such nonesense, just like the Anti-masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I'll just take a peep in and nobody'll be any the wiser but me, and I can keep it to myself. Suiting the action to the word, she stepped softly to the door of the forbiden closet—turned the button—which, no sooner done, baba, ba, ba, went Billy, with a spring to regain his liberty, which came nigh upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the doorway, which was filled with her implements of house cleansing, when all was swept clear from their positions to the bottom of the stairs. The noise and confusion occasioned by such an unceremonious coming down stairs drew half the town to witness our Mrs Keep Secret's effort to get from under a pile of pails, tubs, brooms, and scrubbing brushes.

Who should be the first on the spot but the rascally doorkeeper, who after releasing the goat, who was made a cripple for life, and unpiling the other rubbish which bound the good lady to the floor anxiously inquired if she had been taking the 'degrees?'

'Taking the degrees,' exclaimed our lady, if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs with a tarnal goat to jump upon ye as ye go, taking things by 'degrees,' I have, and if ye generally frighten folks as bad as ye have me, and hurt 'em to boot, I'll warrant ye, they'll make as much noise as me.'

'I hope you did not open the closet, Madam?' said the doorkeeper.

'Open the closet! an' sure I did and didn't. Eve eat the apple when forbidden.'

If you want a woman to do any thing, tell her not to, and she'll do it sartin. I could'nt stand the temptation. There was the secret; I wanted to know it, and as I opened the closet out popped the tarnal goat, right in my face. I thought besure it was the Devil, and I run for the stairs, with it at my heels, when, when I fell over the tubs, and we all arrived at the bottom as you found us, in a heap together.

'But madam,' said the doorkeeper, 'you are in possession of the great secret of the order and you must go up and be innitiated, sworn. Sworn and ride the goat in the regular way.'

'Regular way,' exclaimed the old lady, 'do you suppose I'm going to go near that tarnal critter again—and without a bridle or lady's saddle—no, never, I don't want nothin' to do with it, or a man that rides it. I'd look nice perched on a goat, would'nt I? I'll never go naer it again nor your hall nuther, and if I can prevent it no lady shall ever join any of the odd fellows. Why I'd sooner be a Free Mason or Anti-Mason and be boiled on a gridiron as long as fire could be kept under it and pulled from garret to cellar with a halter in a pair of old breeches and slippers, just as my poor dead and gone husband used to tell me they served him, and he lived over such a ride as I took with the goat to-day. and you may rest assured I shall never see a goat but what I shall think of the Odd Fellows.

A WOMAN'S ADVANTAGE.

A woman may say what she likes to you without the risk of getting knocked down for it.

She can dress herself in neat and tidy calicoes for a dollar which her husband has to earn and fork over.

She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has got to go to work.

She can go into the street without being obliged to "*treat*" at every coffee house.

She can paint her face if too pale or flour it if too red.

She can stay at home in time of war and wed again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick, and other fixins' if too thin.

She can eat drink and be merry without costing her a cent.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees any one she likes better.

And she can run into debt all over until he warns the public by advertisements not to trust her on his account any longer.

THE MISCHIEF OF A JEST.

The Boston Herald gives the following account of *Milton W. Streeter*, now lying under sentence of death, in Massachusetts, for the murder of his wife:

"Streeter is a man of a low order of intellect, and almost entirely governed by the animal passions. He married his wife, Elvira Houghton, after a month's courtship, and was for several months most fondly attached to her, so much so, we understand, that he could not bear to see any one render to her the most common attentions without exhibiting the utmost jealonsy. This trait was observed by his townsmen, and some of them made it a point to work upon his suspicious nature by seeming to be upon the most intimate terms with his wife. We were told that a man named Bacon, doing business in the island of Cuba, visited Southbridge a few months before the commission of the murder, and either having discovered or been informed of Streeter's jealous disposition, set himself to work to excite his suspicitions of the chastity of his wife to the highest degree. To this end he took lodgings in a tavern nearly opposite the the house occupied by Streeter, and used every method in his power to insinuate that he was in unlawful communication with Mrs. S. Streeter observed this, and watched his house and wife with the utmost vigilance, often neglected his occupation for that purpose; but he made no discovery warranting a certain belief that his wife was unfaithful to him with this individual.

"It is said that some of his townsmen were accustomed from time to time to give him half a dollar or so, and request him to give it to his wife, pretending that they were indebted to her in that amount for some work done by her for them. Such things as these, long continued, which had rendered Streeter nervous and irritable in the extreme, and he firmly believed that Mrs. Streeter had been guilty of infidelity to his bed; he had therefore threatened her with severe measures, unless she satisfied him of her innocence, and had carried a razor to bed with him several times for the purpose of terrifying her into a confession; but, instead of confessing any thing, she finally complained to a justice of the peace that she considered her life endangered by any further cohabitation with him, and he was therefore put under bonds to keep the peace, and was also ordered to separate from his wife and leave the State."

These rude and remorseless jokers have now the satisfaction of knowing that their fine sport has been purchased by the death of one human being at the hands of a murderer, and is yet to be further paid for by the death of another on the scaffold.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.

The extensive jewelry establishment of Messrs Watson & Hildeburn, of Philadelphia, No. 72 Market street, was entered on the 25th ult. between 12 and 1 o'clock and robbed of over 200 gold watches, about 100 gold chains of various descriptions and a number of diamonds; rings, breastpins, pencils and other valuable jewelry. The property stolen is estimated at $15,000 or $20,000.

The Sword voted to Gen. Pierce by the Legislature of New Hampshire, was presented to him by the Governor of the State on Thursday last, when short addresses were made by the Governor and General. The Legislature and a large body of citizens were present.

Mr. Swipes, I've just kicked your William out of doors.' 'Well, Mr. Swingle, it's the first Bill you've footed this many a day.'

AVOW YOUR PRINCIPLES.

THE following beautiful extract from an address delivered by the Rev. Dr. OLIN before the students of the University at Middletown, Connecticut, is so appropriate to "the times we live in," that we at once adopt it:—"Always be ready to avow your principles of action. Put out your true colors to the gaze of men and angels There is a false prudence, a mock modesty, which inculcates the opposite method It is well and safe to stand commited to the right, that the world may know, in advance, where you will be found in any day of trial; and it is a reflection upon a good man's intelligence or integrity to have his opinions and principles forever unsettled or in doubt. Society has a right to know what it may expect from him, and justly suspects him of interested and dishonest aims, when he chooses to remain undecided and uncommitted till suffrage has announced the safe way. Educated men are the natural sources and guides of popular opinion, and they are bound to stand forth boldly, to battle with prejudice and breast the inundation of passion, though at some risk of being swept away by its fury. The principles of the educated active, influential men of every community, generally become its public sentiment. On this account it was that the laws of Athens held that any citizens was an enemy to the state, who remained a neutral in any important crisis or question of general interest. The Redeemer of the world has given to this equitable principle the sanction of religion, and it is only they who confess him before men, whom he will confess before the angels in heaven. Let every one who would not become a mere puppet and time-server, beware of feeling more solicitude for promotion than he does for his principles. If they are to be put down, it is a misfortune and a snare to rise, and he should blush and suspect a knave, who is conscious of grudging the sacrifice which it may cost him to be an honest man. No valuable ends besides those of selfish or prafligate ambition can ever be secured by such dishonorable successes; and any but a weak or unscrupulous man will prefer to bide his time and wait for more auspicious days, when God whose attributes ever side with the right, will pluck its drowned honors from the deep, and make the conscientous and the brave sharers in its triumphs."

"Murder, horror, vengeance, oh!
Kiss me quick, and let me go,"

is now translated thus:

"Terribly tragical, and sublimely retributive, will be the course pursued be me, if you do not instantaneously place thine alabaster lips to mine, and enrapture my immortal soul by imprinting one angelic sensation of divine bliss upon those indispensable members of the human physiognomy, and then kindly condescend to allow me to take my departure from the everlasting sublimity of thy thrice glorious presence."

The Cincinnati Nonpareil said that.

☞"The popular negro melody of

"Dance, boatmen, dance,
Dance all night till the broad daylight,
And go home with the gals in the morning."

Is thus rendered into prose:

"Mingle in the mazes of the dance, thou knight of the oar, while the resplendent luminary of the day has withdrawn his light from the earth, till the bright Aurora gilds the eastern sky with golden light, and then, with thy characteristic gallantry, accompany the fair and unsophisticated participants of thy pleasure to their paternal mansions."

AN EPIGRAM.—Why is a dandy like a mushroom? Give it up?

"Because he's a regular sap-head—
His waist is remarkably slender;
His growth is exceedingly rapid;
And his top is uncommonly tender?

JERMS."—*Boston Post.*

Deliberate with caution, but act with discretion; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

Trust him little who praises all—him less who censures all—and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavater.*

"Pray Miss," said a composer of music to a young lady whom he was courting, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh!" she replied, carelessly, "any time will do, but the quicker the better." The gentleman took the hint, and a wedding in quick time was the consequence.

"Who is the strongest man?" "The man that can lift his note every day without borrowing."

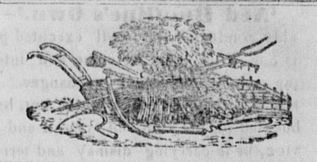
The latest definition of marriage is the following:—An insane desire to pay a young woman's board.

☞We once saw a lady laced so tight, while stooping forward to pick up a pin, her stays gave way and she turned three summersets in consequence!

MR CLAY.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says Mr Clay is expected there on or about the 10th of next month.

METHODIST CHURCH SOUTH.

There are nineteen annual conferences in the Methodist Church South, extending over the Southern States and much Indian territory. Its regular pastoral and missionary work is exerted by 1,476 traveling preachers, and 3,026 local preachers, under the general superintendance of four Bishops. The total number of members is 491,786, viz; whites 354,268; colored 134,153; indians 3,375, exhibiting upon the returns of last year, the large increase of 26,533. The Missionary collections of the past year are reported from 16 of the 19 Conferences, and amount to a little upwards of $65,000.



AGRICULTURAL.

GUANO.

ITS USES AND RELATIVE VALUE.

We copy the following practical observations on the uses and value of the imported Manure called and known by the name of *Guano*, from a very interesting article in the June number of Mr. Skinners periodical, "The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil," by Edward Stabler, of Montgomery county, Maryland, which will, no doubt, be instructive to many of our rural readers:

This is one of the most active of all manures; and if the price would justify the application in sufficient quantities, it might aid very materially in "renovating worn out lands." But considering the evanescent nature of its most active principle: ammonia, and the present high market price, viz. the Peruvian at $60 to $70, and more inferior kinds at $45 to $55 for the ton of 2,000 pounds, it is much doubted whether the ultimate advantage, calculated on by many, will be realized. If the Peruvian could be obtained at about HALF this price—and it is believed such would be the case with a fair competition in the Peruvian market—the case might be different.

The writer has made liberal use of guano; and generally to profit, as to the immediate return; but in no case has much benefit been derived beyond the first crop; and rarely was any material effect perceived after the second year.

This opinion, so different from that entertained by some others, is not lightly formed, nor without several years' careful observation; and also testing the matter by numerous experiments, and on a scale sufficiently extended to prove the truth or fallacy of the doctrine held by some, that it is only a stimulant. Reference to one experiment may suffice, as they all tend to the same result, and nearly to the same degree.

In a field of some ten acres, one acre was selected near the middle, and extending through the field, so as to embrace any difference of soil, should there be any—On this acre 200 lbs. of Peruvian guano, at a cost of about five dollars, were sown with the wheat. Adjoining the guano on one siee, was manure from the barn-yard, at the rate of twenty five cart-loads to the acre; and on the opposite side (separated by an open drain the whole disiance) ground bones were applied on the balance of the field, at a cost of six dollars to the acre; the field equally lined two years preceeding. There was no material difference in the time or manner of seeding, except that the manner was lightly cross ploughed, in and the guano and bones harrowed in with the wheat.

The yield on the guanoed acre was thirty-five bushels; the adjoining acre with bone, as near as could be estimated by dozens and compared with the guano, was about twenty-seven bushels; and the manured about twenty-four bushels. The season was unusually dry; and the manured portion suffered more from this cause than either of the others; the land being considerably more elevated, and south exposure.

The field has since been mowed three times; the *first* crop of grass was evidently in favor of the boned part; the second and third were fully two to one over the guano, and also yielding much heavier crops of clover-seed. On a part of the land, eighteen bushels to the acre of the finest of the bone were used; on this the wheat was as heavy as on the guanoed, and the grass generally lodges before harvest, as it also does on much of the adjoining land with twelve bushels of bone.

The action and durability of guano probably vary on different soils; and although it may generally be used to advantage in aid of a single crop, I have as yet no satisfactory evidence that its fertilizing properties are very durabile, unless applied in such quantities as may in the end "cost more than it comes to."

Guano should *not* be used with caustic lime or ashes; nor very soon succeeding their application. It may with decided advantage be mixed with plaster, to fix and retain the ammonia; and for nearly if not all crops it is best to sow it broad-cast, and *plough* in immediately.

MURDER ON SPESUTIA ISLAND.—We learn that a murder was committed on this Island on Saturday last. The parties were a German and a negro, the former stabbing the latter so severely in the abdomen with a knife that he died in the course of a few hours. The murder was committed on the place of a Mr Riddle, where the men had been at work mowing grass—had a quarrel, the result of which is herewith given. The murderer has not yet been arrested.