msa_sc2901_scm2351-0295 ©Maryland State Archives

THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet: -"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MAY 18, 1850. NO. 3.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

$1 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

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 postpaid.

TO PHYSICIANS, MERCHANTS, AND OTHERS.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has again commenced business, and will give the same satisfaction to his customers that formerly characterised his store.





He keeps a general assortment of Drugs, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Brushes &c., &c.

Paints mixed and put up in small packages for family use.

Window glass cut to any size.

Captains of vessels need not take the trouble to carry or send their jugs or cans from their vessels to the subscribers' store, as he will always send down for these and have them returned with their desired contents.

No charge made for delivering goods in any part of the city.

J. W. W. GORDON.

No. 60, Pratt st., between South and Cay street, Baltimore.

Ap 27, 1850.—3m

IRON

FOUNDRY.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the public that their Foundry is now in full blast, and they are prepared to do all kinds of castings at the shortest notice.

They would particularly call the attention of Agriculturalists to their assortment of ploughs and castings which they are now getting up. Farmers wanting their machines repaired will please send them in early, so as to give sufficient time for repairing them.

Attached to the Foundry is a *BLACK SMITH & CARTWRIGHT SHOP*, where all kind of work in that line will be done in the best manner.

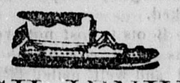
They return their thanks to the public for the encouragement heretofore received and hoping by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

☞Old Iron will be taken in exchange for work.

HAND & WHITELEY

Chester Town, }
Jan. 26, 1850. } 3m

THE STEAMER



HUGH JENKINS,

CAPT. J. D. TURNER,

Will leave Light street wharf, Baltimore every Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 7 o'clock for Chestertown, Corsica and Kent Island, and return same day. Passage 50 cents. Excursion passengers taken the round trip for 50 cents.

April 27, 1850.—tf

Orphans' Court NOTICE.

AGREEABLY to an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at the last session, the Orphans' Court of Kent county will hereafter meet on the *FIRST* and *THIRD* Tuesday of every month, instead of every TUESDAY as heretofore. Should the public business require it, the Court will meet on the Wednesday succeeding the first and third Tuesday of each month.

By order
EBEN. WELCH,
Reg. Wills.

Mch 23, 1850

Oyster Shell Lime.

THE subscriber proposes to deliver this article to order, well burnt, at any of the Landings on the Chesapeake Bay or Sassafras River, at 7 cts. per bushel, cash—or 7½ on 4 and 6 months time. To learn the merits of shell lime, see Dr. Higgins' Report.

WILLIAM T. SKIRVEN,
Fairlee Point

March 16, 1850. tf

C. O. CONE, M. D.

Professor of Operative and Mechanical Denistry in the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.



Will devote himself to the practice of Denistry and to the Medical and Surgical treatment of all diseases of the mouth. Office, No. 38, North Charles st. Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 26, 1850—1y.

AGENTS:

W. B. Palmer, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut st.; E. W. Carr, No 440 N. Fourth sts. Philadelphia, and Wm. Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South streets, Baltimore, are our authorised agents, to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for the Kent News, and collect [illegible]



POETRY.

[From the Maryland Republican.]

WEEP NOT FOR ME DEAR MOTHER.

Weep not for me, dear mother,
For death is but a road,
Which I must tread, if I would wish
To dwell above with God;
Then O, dear mother, bless thy child,
Before I go to rest;
And lay my weary aching head
Upon thy loving breast.

And press thy fond lips, mother,
Upon my heated brow,
For sickness hand is laid, mother,
Upon my forehead now.
I feel my eyes are growing dim
And earth fades fast away;
But yet, thank God, beyond the grave
There reigns eternal day.

Then shed no tears for me, mother,
For far beyond the tomb,
There is a land styled Paradise,
Where I shall ever bloom:
And a thousand angel forms, mother,
Are beckoning from the sky,
And call to me to leave this earth,
To dwell with them on high.

Then, O, thy blessing give, mother,
Before I sink to rest;
And let me close my weary eyes
Upon thy gentle breast:
And shed no tears for me, mother,
When I shall soar above,
For there with angels I shall share
My God's redeeming love.

POPULAR TALES

[From the Lancaster Union and Tribune.]

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

BY LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

LUCY LEE was a sweet and innocent village girl, handsome, modest, and kind hearted. When she was seventeen years old, she became acquainted with a young man, son of a wealthy merchant, in a neighboring city, of whom Mr. Lee's family were in the habit of purchasing their groceries. The acquaintance did not speedily ripen into love. Lucy did not think of marrying. She was very happy at home and had no wish to leave the dear ones there for a home amongst strangers. After a while it became evident that young Alfred Bailey admired her much, and she learned to prefer his society.

In two years they were decidedly lovers. Lucy's young heart had been all this time reaching out its tendrils, and taking hold of his apparent excellency and affection, until now there was no way to disengage them, but to tear them all asunder. She wondered how it could be possible that a love could have grown up in her nature, strong enough to draw her from her father's house, with all its old associations, and holy affections. Yet when Mr. Bailey asked her to become his wife and forsake all for him, she had no courage to refuse him. So they were plighted, and the lover gave his bride elect, many splendid articles of dress and ornament, so that all her young companions envied her happy lot. But Lucy was sad when she thought of going from all her early friends, relying on the sole love of one, who was a comparative stranger.—In three months the marriage was to be solemnized, and Mr. Bailey was finishing and furnishing a handsome house, in the city, for he was to be acting partner, in his father's business. At this time Lucy heard that a poor girl had come to the village, in the stage, but being too ill to proceed, had been left at the tavern, where she was lying, without friends or money. I will go and see her Lucy said, perhaps I can do something for her. So she put some night clothes and delicacies, in a basket, and went directly to the hotel.—The poor girl was delirous, and in a burning fever. Lucy had the doctor sent for, and having made the poor girl comfortable, for she was lying in her travelling dress, she sat down beside her. The doctor was from home, and Lucy did such little things, as her experience warranted, for the relief of the sufferer. Early in the morning the doctor arrived, and as an eruption began to appear, he declared that the girl had the small pox. Lucy was very much distressed, as none of her family had ever had the disease; but the doctor said he would inoculate them all directly, and provide nurses so that the disease should not spread. Lucy went home very sorrowful. Every precaution was taken, but the fears of the family were increased by the death of the poor lon girl - occasioned as the doctor declared by exposure, during the primary fever of the disease. The day that the stranger was buried, Lucy Lee took to her bed. Notice of the state of affairs was sent to Mr. Bailey, that he might not expose himself by calling at the house, during the season of infection. Lucy was very sick for several days delirious, and covered with the eruption. Other members of the family suffered severely from the inoculation, but the good doctor and the nurses, were indefatigable, and after a few days they were all convaiscent.

When Lucy was able to open her eyes, and sit up a little, she got a view of herself in a mirror and was terribly shocked at swollen, her discolored face and person. But the doctor assured her that the discolorations would soon disappear, and that she would not be badly marked. She was glad hear this, for her lovers sake, who she thought would be grieved to see her badly disfigured. But she was happy to believe that her own and her family's health would be re-established, so that there need be no disappointment in Mr Baily's arrangements.

The simple girl earnestly returned thanks to heaven that she was spared, for his sake, as during her illness, the thought of his sorrow for her loss, had been the most bitter of her fears.

As soon as all danger of infection was over Mr. Bailey hastened to visit his betrothed. But when he saw her weak emaciated, her hair gone, and her head covered with a close cap, her face swollen in spots, and blotched with purple, he shrank from the lean spotted hand she extended toward him, sank back upon a sofa, and gave way to tears.

Lucy was surprised. His emotion might have been sympathy for what she had undergone, but there was no tenderness in it.

There is no danger I assure you, she said, and offered to take his hand. He recoiled with a shudder, exclaiming—don't touch me! I cannot recognize in you the object of my affection. Oh it were better to have died than to live such a wreck of all loveliness. I am utterly bereaved. I cannot marry you, as you are now. I would give the world if I had not seen you. Good bye, Lucy. I shall die if I remain in your presence. Forgive me. I am more unhappy than you can be. And he hurried out of the house and departed.

For a while Lucy Lucy sat utterly confounded. She had never supposed the marring could excite any other feling than tender pity, in his bosom. He had exhibited utter loathing. At first she could not comprehend her misfortune; her brain seemed bewildered and dreamy; but at last, the truth began to appear distinctly before her. All the scenes, from her first acquaintance with him, passed in review. She saw all his apparent excellencies, and all his affectionate words and actions.

She remembered every link in the magic chain that bound her soul to him.—She reviewed all the happiness, all the hopes of the last year; and saw them all wrecked around, herself a wreck. A cry of the most intense agony escaped her, and she fell upon the floor just as her mother, summoned by her voice, entered the room. The doctor was called and soon concluded that something dreadful had occurred between her and Mr. Bailey.

Thirteen hours she remained without sense or motion, and then she revived, but her reason had departed. Very pitiful it was to see her with her meek pale face, and wasted form, lamenting for the death of her lover and parents? For though she knew them sometimes, she was haunted with the belief that her father and mother had died of small pox. Bailey she insisted had fallen dead at her feet.

And so she would weep, and sing mournful songs, in a low broken voice.—And then she would pray for strength and resignation.

In the meantime Mr. Bailey was drawn into a hasty marriage with a dashing young widow, who came as a visitor to stay a while with a family in the city.—She was one of those women who without being handsome or amiable, attract a certain polished boldness of manner and dazzle men they cannot answer why. People accounted for the ill-advised marriage by repeating a rumor that since his desertion of poor Lucy he had been intemperate in his habits. It was rumored that the widow was wealthy, but her person with its adornments, was all that she bestowed upon her husband. They commenced life in brilliant style, in the house that had been built, and furnished for Lucy Lee.

In about a year Mr. Bailey found that their extravagant mode of living and entertaining, would soon ruin the firm altogether; so he expostulated with his wife who had previously given him several specimens of her spirit. She railed violently against his niggardliness, and when he assured her that he must and would retrench, she told him she would not share his humility, and tauntingly declared that she was not his legal wife—that she forsook her first husband on account of his parsimony, but if she must live with a miser, she would go back to him, for he was not drunk one half his time. Mr. Bailey took her word for the ebullition of temper—but within the week she went off with a traveller, during his absence, taking with her all the money, plate, and valuables in the house, that could be crowded in trunks. Mr. Bailey was at first very angry, and threatened pursuit; but he finally declared that he was so glad to get rid of her, that he did not value what she had taken. He then plunged into dissipation more recklessly than ever.

About four years from his cruel desertion of Lucy Lee, he called on an acquaintance, in a distant part of the city, and on entering the parlor, was astonished at seeing Lucy seated before him. She had regained her health and reason, her form was full and of womanly majesty, her hair had grown out richer than ever; and only two or three scars remained to dimple her sweet smooth face. He gazed upon her a moment, reeled, and half fell, upon a chair. She arose and left the room; and though he earnestly besought it, utterly refused him an interview.

He learned, however that she was going directly home; and he addressed a letter to her there, pleading by very tender consideration, that she would forgive the wrong he had done her, and prove her kindness by at least permitting him to make her one visit, and plead his cause in person. He protested that he loved her now, and soberly; with all his heart. He told that his marriage had been illegal, and so was void; and appealed to her young love, and all that they both had suffered to forget the past, and renew her engagement with him.

Poor Lucy wept very bitterly over the strange letter. He never loved me, she murmured; he does not love me now. No human argument can ever persuade me that he loved me, and yet forsook me, because I was marred by sickness. So she wrote to him, that she had forgiven him long ago, and also ceased to love or respect him. You can never, she said, be what in my young love I imagined that you were; the shadow of that love will darken my path forever; but I shall never love again. The romance of my life has been too rudely dissipated; I have seen man as he is, and I can never again worship at his shrine. Do not endeavor to see me, or write to me again; it will only harrass me, and humiliate you; for my decision is unalterable.

Bailey read the letter, raved like a maniac, cursed himself, and railed against Lucy, swearing there was nothing so diabolical and bitter, as a woman's revenge. Soon after he gathered the wreck of his property together, and left for the Great West.

Hitherto although he drank, he had not learned to gamble; but on board the steamboats of the western waters, he fell in company with those who soon taught him the misteries of their games, and he became the colleague of a set of sharpers. While he is dodging with them from city to city, sometimes playing the gentleman, the officer; or foreign lord; and sometimes fleeting and skulking like a felon as he was, we will leave him, and return to Lucy.

Her sister and two brothers were all married and settled, and she remained the solace and blessing of her parents, in their decline. They sunk, one after the other, so that during three years Lucy was a constant attendant at the bed of helplessness and pain: and her affectionate care made peaceful the days which without it must have been painful in the extreme. Very precious to her soul were the blessings bestowed upon her by her dying parents, who both departed in peace and joy.

I have not lived in vain, she said if my career were to end here: After her mother's burial, see was left alone, and quite reduced in health and spirits. She therefore concluded to spend a year in visiting her brothers and sisters. After spending several months with her brother, very pleasantly, she proceeded to Cincinnati, to which her sister and her husband removed soon after her marriage. Here she enjoyed herself exceedingly during the fine autumn, and early part of a keen snow winter. Returning with her sister from a party, late in the evening, she thought she discerned something uncommon in the gutter just at the corner near their house. She drew her sister's attention to it, and on going nearer, the moonlight showed a man apparently dead. Summoning assistance, it was discovered that he was bleeding from several wounds. Lucy insisted so earnestly that he should be taken into her sisters house, that her brother-in-law consented; and he was carried in, his wounds dressed, and he soon showed signs of returning life.

Lucy faithfully superintended the details of the sick chamber; and her sister playfully observed that Lucy was intended for a sister of Charity, for her delight was to nurse the sick, and soothe the suffering.

But Lucy had an incentive, which her sister knew not of. She had recognized in the wretched man, one who could never be forgotten by her; even Alfred Bailey.

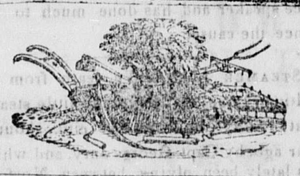
While he lay hovering between life and death, she forbore to agitate him, by appearing in his presence when he was awake and conscious, and in those dreadful hours his conscience made itself heard, all his sins against God, set themselves in array before him. Deep and very bitter was his penitence; and he besought the attendance of a minister of God. Humbled to earth, he entreated for instruction in the duty of penitence and reformation. He confessed his wickedness, his long career of vice, and that he had been assaulted and wounded, by a young stranger whom he had enticed into a gambling house, and assisted to rob of several thousand dollars. Maddened with his loss, and raging against the perfidy that ensnared him, the ruin man met him in the street, and fancied that he slew him. If it please God to spare me he said, I will never touch cards or the wine cup again while I have life. I will toil at any humble calling, for my daily bread and deem the penance too little for my sin.

One day when he was considerably better, he said to his attendant: I have heard a voice in this house which has thrilled every fibre of my soul. Can you tell me what ladies reside here? The man named Mrs. Allen, and her sister, Miss Lucy Lee. At the word the sick man started, and shook, as if he had an ague. The attendant, intent on his own thoughts, went on to detail how Miss Lucy discovered him, and how she had him brought to there, and how she had directed all that had been done for him.

Baily clasped his hands, and groaned, so that the man ran to him in alarm.

When he was so far recovered as to sit up, Lucy having been told that he was aware of her being in the house, went into his room, and sat down besides him.

With deep abasement and tears, he thanked her for her unmerited kindness, which he said had saved him body and soul. But he did not presume to refer to their early years. From that time though he mingled with the family, and showed a reverence amounting to worship for Lucy, he did not once speak to her of love. In the spring Mr. Allen employed him as a clerk in his house, and Lucy returned to her village home. During two years, Mrs Allen continued to send her accounts of the faithfulness and deep piety of Alfred Bailey; and last week that gentleman passed through our town on a visit to Lucy's home, trembling with a scarce acknowledged hope that she will at last consent to accept him, as her husband. Ah, he said, there is nothing so sweet so much like the mercy of God, as a woman's revenge. Reader do you wish him success in his wooing?



Agricultural.

[From the American Farmer.]

WORK FOR THE MONTH.

Mangel Wurtzel—Sugar Beet.—As the culture of each of these roots is the same, we will treat of them under the same head.

Preparation of the seed.—Soak the seed in water for two days, then draw off the water, let the seed drain in a sieve, but *not too dry;* then mix them with twice their bulk of *soot* and *ashes*, or *ashes* and *plaster* so as to separate and render the seed easy of being sown.

Quantity of seed per acre.—Three pounds of seed of either kind of beets is about the right quantity per acre.

Width of furrows or rows.—The most convenient distance, at which to cultivate the mangel wurtzel and sugar beet, is from 27 to 30 inches from row to row; the plants when thinned out, should stand 12 inches assunder in the row.

Modes of drilling.—We have done a pretty fair day's work in drilling in beet seed from the mouth of a quart bottle, half filled with sand, the other half seed; but as all operations guided by the hand, are more or less irregular, we prefer to use the drilling machine, by which a man may drill in two acres a day with comparative ease to himself. Drilling machines may be had at the cost of only a few dollars, which make the drill drop and cover the seed, and roll the ground also, at one and the same time. These machines are so adjusted, that the operator can regulate the distance of depositing the seed. These are all considerations worthy of moment, as they save time, which is the equivalent of money.

Depth of Drill.—The drills, made for the reception of the seed, should be about 2 inch deep. This is easily regulated by the drilling machine, where the seed is thus put in. If a drilling machine is not used, a line must be stretched across the ground, north and south, when the operator marks off a furrow or drill with the edge or corner of of a hoe, then proceeds to drop the seed from the mouth of a bottle, or by hand, therein, and covers with a rake, pressing the earth down over the seed either with the back of his rake or with a small garden roller.

Culture.—When the seed come up, sprinkle a mixture made of equal parts of ashes and plaster over them. A bushel of each will go over an acre. When the plants are three or four inches high, if healthy, thin them out, so to leave them 12 inches apart in the row, care being taken to leave the most vigorous plants.—Examine the plants remaining in the row and wherever you find more than one crown to a single plant—and there are occasionally from 2 to 4 pinch of all but one. At this time, work around the plants with the hoe and hand, so as to open the earth to the action of the atmosphere, and relieve the plants from the obtrusion of grass or weeds. In ten days or two weeks from this time, as may be indicated by the condition of the ground, run a one horse cultivator through the middle of the rows, and work near the plants with the hoe and hand. In two weeks more, repeat your working in the same way, and unless the weather should have proved very inauspicious, you may consider your labor upon your beet crop as done.

Use of the leaves.—About the middle of August, just at that period when your *pastures* wither beneath the blighting influence of droughts, and the scorching rays of the sun, and when your milch cows begin to dry up their milk in consequence of the want of succulent food, you may go into your beet patch and gather there as many leaves as will carry them through the residue of the month of August and all September, without materially affecting the [illegible] with the roots of either the mangel wurtzel or sugar beet. In stripping the leaves from the beet, those on the crown or heart must be left untouched.—In gathering the leaves, the party must press his thumb nail through the beet near its juncture with the body of the root, being careful not to lacerate or tear the skin from the stem of the beat. In this way several tons of beet leaves, say from 3 to 4 may be collected in the course of the season from an acre of beets, and I need scarcely add, that they are excellent food for milch cows, productive of the increase and secretion of milk, besides being highly relished by all other kinds of stock.—When the leaves are thus gathered from beets, fresh ones immediately put out and are ready for being pulled every two weeks.

Parsnip.—This is a root that we feel we cannot too highly recommend—its hardiness enables it to withstand the severest winters in open field, uncovered unprotected; its rich and nutritious properties make it one of the best roots to be given to milch cows, either cooked or uncooked, by itself or as an element of cow slops or marshes—horses relish and thrive upon it, while hogs will fatten upon it, and look as saucy as a hog can look.—Of its *yield*, per acre, 500 to 1000 bushels may be assumed as the quantity; in good land, highly manured, well prepared, and as well cultivated, from 6 to 700 bushels per acre may be safely calculated upon.

Soil adapted to Parsnips. It delights most in a *deep friable loam*, naturally fertile, or made so by bountiful supplies of nutritive manures. If the product of the stable or barn yard be the manure, before being used, it must be broken down by the process of decay—it must be short manure and rich at that.

Quality, kinds and quantity of manures—If the manure be *rotten dung* from the stable or barn yard, 10 double horse cart loads, will manure an acre. If *marsh mud* it will take 20 double horse cart loads, which it is necessary should have previously compounded with 25 bushels of lime or 50 bushels of marl, for some weeks, shoveled over two or three times, and mixed with one bushel of plaster. If *guano*, 2 to 300 lbs. guano, 1 bushel of plaster will answer for an acre; all the above to be ploughed in. If *bone dust* 10 bushels of bone dust, and 20 of ashes, must be mixed together, and permitted to remain in pie until the bones become heated, which can be ascertained by the insertion of a stick into the mass. When the bones become heated, they must be broke down with shovels, and have 1 bushel of plaster nicely mixed with the mass. This done, the whole must be sown broadcast, harrowed in, and the ground rolled.

Preparation of the soil.—The preparation of the soil must be the same as for mangel wurtzel and sugar beets deep, thorough and truthful plowing harrowing and cross harrowing, until the soil is in as fine tilth as land is susceptible of being brought to, and it must be rolled with a heavy roller.

Quantity of seed per acre.—From 2 to 3 lbs, according to its freshness, is necessary to seed an acre in parsnips.

Age of the seed.—Parsnip seed is the better of being but *one year* old, as after that age they cannot be depended upon to come up with certainty, as their germinating power after that period, depends much upon the manner in which the seed have been kept.

Preparation of the seed.—Before being drilled in, Parsnip seed should be soaked in warm water from 24 to 48 hours, the water must then be drained off and the seed mixed with equal portions of ashes and plaster, with soot, and plaster, mixed together, in equal proportions.

Mode of seeding.—If you have a drilling machine, drill your seed in, in rows 18 to 20 inches apart. If you have no drilling machine buy one, as it not only drills the seed with greater exactness, but will save its cost in a single season, whereas, if taken care of it will last an age. It makes the drill, deposites the seed, covers them, and finishes the work by rolling the ground over the drill in one operation all at the same time. If you should have no drill and determine not to get one, you must stretch a line across your ground intented for parsnips, north and south, then with a corner of a hoe, trace a drill 1 inch deep; this done, fill a quart bottle half full of sand, fill it nearly full with the prepared seed, shake the bottle well, so as to thoroughly mixed the sond and seed together; then go along the drill with the neck of the bottle close to the drill, keep shaking it as you go along, observing at at the same time, whether the seed is falling therein. The seed in the drill, cover with a rake, and press the soil down with the back of it.

Somebody thinks that if nature had designed man to be a drunkard, he would have been constructed like a churn, so that the more he drank, the firmer he would stand.

☞"I am now about to do for you what the devil never did by you," said a quaint parson in his valedictory to his flock, 'that is, I shall leave you."

☞Never lean on the world, for if you do, the world will jump aside and you will get a tumble.