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

Terms:

$2 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 aper 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 advetisers. Advertisement must have the number o times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid.

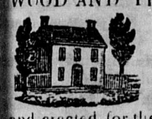
VALUABLE
FARM
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will sell at private sale, his Farm, situated near Fairlee, about half a mile from Worton Creek and adjoining the lands of Messrs. George S. Hollyday, Richard Smyth, William Stephens, and the heirs of the late John W. Walker.

This Farm is divided into eight fields and containg

310 Acres,

under good fencing, with about 65 acres of WOOD AND TIMBER.



The buildings consist of two dwelling houses, one of them a new two story brick—the houses are some distance apart and erected for the purpose of dividing the land into two farms—there is also a Granary, Stabling, Corn house, Meat house, Poultry and Milk house, all in good condition.

A young Peach Orchard of choice fruit, is also upon the premises.

Thirty thousand bushels of Lime has been put on the premises within the last three years and the farm now is in fine condition.

For further particulars enquire of the subscriber living on the premises.

JOHN SHAFFER.

Kent county, Md. May 18, '50

Thrashing and Cleaning
WHEAT & OATS.

I take this method of offering to my friends and the farmers of Kent county, generally, (who are not prepared with one of their own,) the services of my very superior Wheat Thrasher, Horse Power and Fan—the whole concern is nearly new and in first rate working order. This machin, fan, &c. is said by good practical farmers to be superior to any thing of the kind now in use among us, (it certainly does good work) She will thrash, fan and bag 18 to 25 bushels per hour. Al Oats that was got out by her last year brought 2 cents per bushel more, than those get out by other machines,

Mr. Wm. W. Byrom will have charge of the machine and is fully authorised to make contracts for getting out grain. Persons wishing to employ her would do well by applying early.

A. W. SPARKS.

May 25, 1850—tf

ESTATE OF FRANCIS LAMB.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans Court, June 4, 1850.

On the application of William Lamb, Admr. of Francis Lamb, late of Kent county deceased.

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chestertown.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereunto set my hand and [Seal] of my office, affixed this 4th day of June, 1850.

Test, EBEN. WELCH.
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above Order the is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Md., letters of administration on the personal estate of Francis Lamb late of Kent county, decease'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased'sestate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the Orphans' Court, on or before the 29th of December, 1850, they may otherwise be excluded from the benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 4th day of June, 1850.

WILLIAM LAMB,
Admr. of Francis Lamb, dec'd.

June 8, 1850—3w

ESTATE OF THOMAS BROOKS.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, June 4, 1850.

On the application of Araminta A. Brooks, Ext'x of Thomas Brooks, late of Kent county, dec'd

Ordered, that she give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chester Town.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 4th day of June, 1850.

Test, E. WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Thomas Brooks, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 28th day of December 1850, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 4th day of June, 1850.

ARAMINTA A. BROOKS,
Ex'tx of Thomas Brooks, dec'd.

June 8, 1850.—3w

CARTWRIGHT LUMBER. house Polraming of all kinds, on kand and for sale—Walnut suitable for coffins, for cash or good paper.

WM. BACCHUS.

April 6, 1850.

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JUNE 29, 1850. NO. 9.



POETRY.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Thou can'st not clasp the beautiful
And call it all thine own,
The beautiful is given to all
And not for one alone;
It is God's love made visible
In earth, and sea, and sky,
A blessing wide as time and space
For every human eye.

The foam that crests the ocean wave
And sparkles to the light,
The star that gems the brow of morn
And glorifies the night,
The brook, the flower, the leaf, the bird,
Whatever glads the sight—
Is God's own loving gift to all,
The beautiful and bright.

And blessed 'tis, and beautiful
That this one gift at least,
Defies the cruel tyrant's power
And ban of wicked priest—
For, spite of chains, the serf can see
God's love is with him here,
In beauty's light, in beauty's joy,
And beauty's blessed cheer.

And God be praised! for ever more,
For this His blessed boon,
The BEAUTIFUL—which all may share,
And none can share too soon;
The beautiful which purifies
And leads us up to Him,
Who is its source, its life and light,
From flower to seraphim.

POPULAR TALES

GOING IT WITH A RUSH:
OR
PLAYING POKER
WITH AN
EXTRA KNAVE IN THE PACK.

THERE is in New Orleans an honest, industrious colored man, whose patronymic is Jim Rush. Jim, paradoxical as it may seem, though a black man, is a whitewasher, and among his colored brethren of the long brush, stands high, when on his ladder or off it. He annually dusts the jacket of the St. Charles Hotel, and afterwards gives it a coat of slacked lime, guarantied to "stick like a knife." It is told of Jim, that on one occasion he was solicited by another of Africa's sons to whitewash his shanty, for a far remunerative consideration, of course.

Whar am dis house ob yours siterwated Misser Jones? said Jim.

Right back of de gas works, said Jones.

And what am its hight or dermensions? said Jim.

Why it ain't nuffin but de smallest kind ob a shanty, said Jones.

Jim looked for a moment down at the ground, and for another moment up at the sky, and the next moment he was looking Mr. Jones full in the face, remarking at the same time—his manner showing that he felt as if the mere proposition had lowered him at least ten rounds of his professional ladder—"Mister Jones, I does de fancy whitewashing ob de St. Charles, I'se a little above shanty jobs. Good mo'nin'—and he walked away as if he felt conscious of having delivered a just rebuke to Misser Jones.

Jim's fame as a whitewasher, floated across the lake and penetrated the forests of the Mississippi. It having come to the knowledge of Col. Montgomery of the Pass Christian Hotel, he secured the professional services of Jim—who unlike when he received the proposition from Misser Jones, felt flattered at the engagement, and with all the appliances of long brushes and short brushes, open brushes and close brushes, size and buckets, started on board a steamboat for Pass one fine morning. Arrived there, he soon, and with an air of no little importance, went to work, and continued to ply his brushes until he hae earned $90. During the time his behaviour to his brother darkies of the establishment was more aristociatic than otherwise. The "Boots," a good nature looking negro with a mouth full of teeth that looked like opposite rows of chessmen, he never recognized—the cook he occasionally nodded to—he would say, "How do yer do?" to the mulattoo nurse—but Bill, the barber, a negro of plausible address and insinuating manners, was the only one in the whole "grocery," as poor Felix McConnell used to figuratively say of the world, of whom he made an associate.

He would some times stand in the billiard-room, and look at the playing of a game for an X, or he would occasionally stop at the door of a room to see a quiet game at brag, which often called out hundreds on a table as a stake. This he was permitted to do, as he was known to most of the gentlemen, more particularly those from New Orleans who was stopping at the hotel. This looking on operated on his bump of imitativeness and on the evening he had his job finished, he challenged Bill, the barber, to a quiet game of poker.

It was the very thing that Bill desired—he had been many years on the Mississippi steamboat, and knew as much of rascalities of the game as Green, the reformed gambler. Down they both sat. Bill laid out the cards—he always had a dozen packs on hand—so at it they went.—They played for some time—Bill winning now and now Jim Rush, till finally Jim got a hand of four aces. I have him now thought he—but he had not, for Bill was only waiting to bring him out.

I goes you five dollars dis time, says Jim, boasting at the same time, of the tin.

I sees dat, and I goes you ten better, said Bill—you ain't agoin to bluff dis child no how you can fix it.

I sees you agin said Jim, and goes you forty better—dis Orleans nigger won't stay stumped, dat I tells you—sartin.

Well I tells you what it is Masser Rush, said Bill, dat is goin' it wid a rush—but I ain't gwine to give it up so. Hold on dere nigger—and he went to a drawer and pulled out a tin box—come now, said he, I see you, and goes you twenty better—are you dere, darkey.

Jim laid down his cards, counted over his money, scratched his head, and finally said—

Will you take my brushes and bucket into de stake as ten dollars?

I has no dejection, said Bill—I wants to take no advantage ob you.

Den, said Jim, I comes dat, putting down the money, and calls you, and showing his own hand added, You sees I can't be beat. I has four aces. Yaw! Yaw! Yaw!

And sure enough, so he had.

Yes, said Bill, but you can't come it dis time. You see I hab got five Jacks!

But there ain't so many in the pack, said Jim.

There main't be in de Louisianer packs, said Bill, but you knows that we do up things a little extra in Mississipper—a five Jack pack is legitimate here—so I rakes 'em down.

And suiting the action to the word, he hauled in the stakes—all excepting Jim's tools, which would not conveniently fit in his pocket.

Jim Rush rushed out and in doing so kicked the bucket—out of his way, which he had lost as well as his money and brushes. He left for New Orleans, in the first boat that night. He now sticks to his whitewashing, eschews poker, and has registered a vow that he'll never play at cards, more particularly with a five Jack pack!

From the Yankee Nation.

"WHERE DO LAWYERS GO TO?"

BY PHIL. CHESTER.

It was court time in W——, and the place was crowded to its utmost capacity The jolly host of the Black Bear rubbed his hands and stroked his well developed waistcoat, as room after room in the tavern was filled. The bar room was as usual well stocked with customers, and frequent were the calls made on "mine host's" supply of liquors. A crowd was congregated in the immediate vicinity of the fire, and seemed in a happy state of mind collectively. Jest and repartee were bandied from one to another, and mirth provoking stories were told.

The chief talker, however, was a smart dapper little lawyer, who had gained a case that day, and therefore seemed to consider bimself as "something considerable." He had a smart saying for every one, and but few escaped his jest.

His principal victim, however, was Deacon Jones. Many stories he told about deacons, and inquired if Jones was the deacon who, when he was elected to that high office, was so overjoyed that when he arrived home, happening to meet his cow, he threw his arms about her neck exclaiming—"O, Manny! you are no common cow now; ye're a deacon's cow;" and many other questions of like import.

The Deacon stood it pretty well, and bore the laugh like a martyr. At length he said he had a story to tell, and demanded a hearing. Silence was obtained through the exertions of the little lawyer, who was overjoyed at the thought of getting a story from the deacon.

"Ye see, Mr. Lawyer," began Jones, "last summer, when the cholera was round I catched it. It went mighty hard with me, I tell ye, so that they give me up, and I bid my family good bye, and made up my mind to die as only an honest man and a christian can. I hope when your time comes you can do the same; but I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" and the deacon shook his head solemnly.

Well, ye see, I didn't zactly die, but I came pretty near it. I went off in a trance.

"In a trance?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Yes, in a trance."

"What were your sensations?"

"That was just what I was coming to. I tho't that the angel Gabriel cum to my bed-side and raised me up and carried me through the sky, until we stood before the gates of Heaven.

"Then I thought that the angel turned to me and said, Mortal, you are brought here to see some of the glories of Heaven, and the miseries of Hell; then you will return and rejoin your friends on earth to abide there for a short season, and then you will return to Heaven, and partake of the happiness of the elect."

"Then we entered the gates, and my ears were saluted with sounds of melody and praise. But I will not attempt to describe all I saw and heard. The angel was very communicative, and readily answered all my questions. Wishing to know about a few of my old friends who had gone before me, I questioned him concerning them. Some he called to his presence and at the name of some, he significantly shook his head. I inquired for Squire Grasper. The shake was repeated. Supposing he misunderstood me, I again inquired. Another shake.

"He was a member of our church, in good standing," said I.

"He was a lawyer," said the angel, "was he not?"

"Yes," said I.

We have no lawyers here," was the reply.

A burst of laughter went up from the entire company, and the lawyers themselves participated therein. The deacon continued—

We then left heaven, and passing through a dark cloud, entered the confines of Hell! We paused at the gate and knocked. The door swung slowly back, and we entered. For a short space I could see nothing but a confused mass rolling here and there but my eyes soon became accustomed to the sight, and I perceived spirits darting here and there, and seeming as if trying to escape some terrific fate. The Prince of Darkness himself, did the honors, and showed us round. Still wishing to see the Squire, I inquired for him. Satan clapped his finger to his head as if to study, and slowly exclaimed—

"He is not here!"

"Not here!" I replied. "Why he must be here; he is not in Heaven"

"He was a lawyer, I believe!" said Satan.

"Yes," I answered.

"Ah! he is not here. We had so many lawyers sent here, that with their pleas, their demurrers, their motions, affidavits, indictments, &c., my prerogatives were in danger, so that I was obliged in self defence to banish them from my kingdom.

Thanking his highness for his courtesy, we left. I returned to earth and consciousness, and ever since then have been pondering on the question of "where do lawyers go to?"

Peal after peal of laughter greeted the conclusion of the deacon's narrative, and the little lawyer was dumb. Next morning he left, as he could not answer the question so often proposed to him of "WHERE DO LAWYERS GO TO?"

A Genuine Yankee.

"Hallo, my good friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"

Jonathan started up—leaned on his hoe handle—rested on one foot on the gambril of his sinister leg, and replied:

Hallo, yourself! how d'you do?—wall guess I can. Taint near as fur it used to be afore they cut the woods away—then it was generally recond four mile, but now the sun shrivels up the road, and don't make mor'n tew. The fust house you come to though, is a barn, and the next is a haystack; Hoskin's house is on beyont. You'll be sure to meet his gals long before you get there; tarnal rompin' critters, they plague our folks mor'n a little. His sheep get into our orchard. Dan sets the dog arter the sheep and me arter the gals—and the way they make the wool and I the petticoats fly, is a sin to snakes."

"I see you are inclined to be facetious, young man—pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other?"

"I never allows anybody to meddle with my grass tanglers, mister, but seein' it's you. I was born so at my ticular request so that when I hold the plough, I can go with one foot in the furrow and t'other on land, and not lop over; besides, it is convenient when I mow round a side hill."

"Very good indeed—how does your potatoes come on this year?"

"They don't come at all, I digs 'em out, and there's a tarnation snarl of them in each hill."

"But they are small, I perceive."

"Yes, I know it. You see, we planted some whoppin blue noses over in that ere patch there and they flourished so all-firedly that these are stopped growin' just out of spite, cause they knowed they couldn't keep up."

"You appear to be pretty smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."

"The looks ain't nothin', it's all in the behaviour. This ere hat was my religious Sunday go to meetin' hat, and its chock full of piety now. I've got a better one to hum, but I don't dig taters in it now."

"You have been in these parts some time I should guess?"

"I should guess so tew. I was born'd and got my brot'n up in that ere house; but my native place is down in Porkdunk."

"Then you say it is about three miles and a half to the next house?"

"Yes, sir; 'twas a spell ago, and I don't believe it's grow'd much shorter since.—Good bye to ye. That's a darn'd slick mare of yourn."—*Ulster Telegraph.*

AWFUL.—To kiss a rosy cheeked girl, and find your mouth filled with "Venitan Red," and growing pale on it. We saw a green-horn do so once; she fainted and he mizzled.

Married Life.

In considering our public and social duties, we must be aware that married life has its full share. When men marry and settle down in life, the world generally looks on with approbation, and its congratulations are warmly given. The reason is obvious: "in marrying, a guarantee is given to society for our good behaviour."

But married life is not always as happy as it might be, and those who have resolved to live for each other, sometimes end their career in mutual dislike. But if it does not come up to this, there are often little disagreements, misunderstandings and troubles which destroy the peace of the married people; and in general the fault is to be traced to a want of consideration, a little precipitancy of action on one side or the other. Half the success of married life depends upon the attention paid to trifles. Uniform kindness of manners is a sure method of preserving domestic quiet. In a recent work on social life, we have met with much on the treatment which husbands should give their wives their husbands. The advice comes from a sagacious observer of mankind, and we think we cannot do our readers a more agreeable service than by transferring to our columns some of the maxims which come from this well wisher of our race:

"Husbands should always regard their wives as their equals, and treat them with kindness, respect and attention. They should never address them with an air of authority, or as a master; nor interfere with domestic concerns, the employment or discharge of servants. The wife should also be supplied with money in proportion to her husband's means, that she may procure those things indispensible to the table, and for her personal comfort. Her reasonable wishes should be cheerfully complied with. Temper never should be shown at those slight irregularities in the domestic, arrangements which will occasionally occur in families, and are often caused by servants. If the wife be a strong-minded and prudent woman, she is her husband's best counsellor, and should be consulted in every difficulty—Many a man has been saved from ruin by this course, and mania one ruined by not adopting it. If the husband's circumstances are embarrassed, she should know it; as women who are kept in ignorance of them, often expend money which they would not do, if they knew the truth.

"A wife should never be rebuked or chided in company, for any little mistakes in conversation, or any other cause. Some men do this constantly, and strike a keener dart at the feelings of a sensitive woman than they would by a sharp rebuke to private. Any thing like an exposure of ignorance in company, impairs her respect for herself and the good opinion entertained of her by others.

"Wives should always receive their husbands with smiles, make their homes agreeable to them as possible, and greatly reciprocate their attentions. They should study to gratify their wishes with regard to food, its preparation, the management of the family in dress manners and deportment. A wife should never rule or seek to rule her husband, for such conduct degrades both in the estimation of others.—Cheerful compliance with his wishes—indeed, the anticipation of them, should be constantly studied. All altercations and arguments leading to ill humor, must be avoided, whether before strangers or in private. Married life is too often embittered by disputes, without any real cause for them. Wives should not interfere in their husband's business, unless their advice is particularly asked. They should never speak of their difference of opinion, nor of the failing and imperfections of their husbands, even to their most intimate friends For in spite of all the pledges given of secrecy, these things will soon become known to a numerous circle. This is a very common mistake, and many an unsuspecting husband is the object of very improper remarks. Wives should, at every opportunity, cultivate their own minds, that they may be rational companions.—In their expenditures they should remember the vicissitudes of life, and not incur expenses which may prove inconvenient or injurious. They should, in domestic life, think nothing a trifle which may interrupt its harmony or give real uneasiness. If disposed to economize in their household affairs, they should never do it at the expense of the poor women who are in their employment, the seamstress or the laundress. Some women are parsimonious to the extreme in the wages they allow only to be extravagant and wasteful in their own personal expenditures.—This is an offence which will bring upon any family in which it is permitted, sooner or later, retributive injustice.

WHEN TO LEAVE OFF DRINKING.—When you feel particularly desirous of having another glass, leave off; you have had enough. When you look at a distant object and appear to see two, leave off; you have had too much. When you knock over your glass, spill your wine upon the table, or are unable to recollect the words of a song you have been in the habit of singing for the last dozen of years, leave the company, you are getting troublesome. When you nod in the chair, fall over the hearth rug, or larch on your neighbor's shoulder, go to bed, you are drunk.



Agricultural.

[From the Maine Farmer.]

COMPARATIVE ESTIMATE
OF
Different Kinds of Cattle Feed.

Hay is the food for cattle during the winter. If they can get good hay enough during the cold season, they do very well. It is not always that the farmer has a sufficiency of this for his stock, and Hence it is useful to know the *comparative* value of other articles which may be used as substitutes for it. It is also more agreeable, and we think more profitable to mingle other articles with hay. We have prepaired from various sources the following table:—

Taking gooo hay as the standard, 100 bs. of hay equal
276 lbs. Carrots,
300 " Ruta Bega,
317 " Mangold Wurtzel,
201 " Potatoes,
494 " Common Turnips,

By calcul ting 60 lbs. for a bushel of any of the above roots, it will be seen that one ton of hay equals
91 bushels of Carrots,
100 " Ruta Baga,
160 " Mangold Wurtzel,
67 " Potoes,
165 " Turnips.

From this it will be seen how much fodder you get of each, per acre, compared with good hay.

In regard to straw, experiments have established the following estimate as very near the truth. 100 lbs. of hay equal
276 lbs. new Wheat Straw,
166 " Barley Straw,
169 " Pea Straw,
94 " Clover hay.

A REMEDY FOR CORN GRUB.

As the time is now approaching when the farmer may be more or less annoyed by the grub worm attacking the young corn, we give the following which is said to be a certain remedy, from the Germantown Telegraph:

"Mix one part of common salt with three parts of plaster or ashes, apply it around the hill after the plants have made their appearance, in proportion of about a table spoon full to a hill. Care must be taken not to throw the Mixture on the corn, but around it say from one to two inches from it otherwise the salt will destroy the plant.

This, to our personal knowledge, says the Delaware Republican, has been repeatedly tried by some of our most intelligent and successful farmers, and never known to fail when properly attended to. As a proof of his efficacy, it has been applied to alternate rows, only, which were completly protected against the grub, not a single hill being disturbed, while the other rows were considerably injured. The addition, too, of the salt to the plaster is believed to increase very much the fertilizing power of the mixture over the same amount of plaster."

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.—A late Cincinnati paper gives the following as a correct version, for the use of all doubting husbands. We recommend them to some of our readers:

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image for a servant girl, to bow down to her, for I am a jealous wife, visiting &c.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.
4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectable.
5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.
7. Thou shalt not chew tobacco, or take snuff.
9. Thou shalt not stay out nights after 9 o'clock.
10. Thou shalt not praise the beauty of any other woman in thy wife's presence.

HE HAD NO ENEMIES.

Such was the language of a friend in speaking of a deceased relative's character, and very strange language it is. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything He is made of that kind of material which is so easily moulded that every body ties a hand in it. A man of sterling worth is the man who, with all his friends, and must also have his enemies. He thinks for himself; he acts for himself; he speaks for himself; and inasmuch as all men do not think, and speak, and act the same, the man of settled principles frequently comes in collision with his neighbor's opinions. What wonder, then, that he occasionally has enemies!—How much greater would the wonder be had he none!

☞"Why have you volunteered?" said rather a careworn-looking newly enrolled volunteer to a fine looking young country soldier.

"Why I volunteered because I have no wife, and go in for war," was the unequivocal reply; "and now why have volunteered!" he added.

"Ah!" said the careworn countenanced little man—for he was little—with a significant smile, "I volunteered *because I have a wife and go in for peace!*"

A VALUABLE CARGO.—The whale ship *Coral*, Captain Seabury, from the Pacific Ocean, arrived at New Bedford on the 12th instant, with a cargo of three thousand barrels of sperm oil, which, at present prices, is valued at about one hundred and thirteen thousand dollars. The Coral has been absent from port about three years and a half. This is said to be the most valuable cargo of sperm oil ever entered in one vessel at any port in the world.