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ULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
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OWARD MANSFIELD,
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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. II. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JULY 13, 1850. NO. 11.

POETRY.

ACCOUNT CURRENT.

WOMAN DR.

Oh! the woe that woman brings!
Source of sorrow grief and pain!
All our evils have their springs.
In the first of female train.

Eve, by eating led Adam
Out of Eden, and astray;
Look for sorrow still where madam,
Pert and proud directs the way.

Courtship is a slavish pleasure,
Soothing a coquettish train;
Wedded—what! the mighty treasure,
Doomed to drag a golden chain.

Noisy clank and constant brawling,
Discord and domestic strife;
Empty cupboard, children brawling,
Scolding woman made a wife.

Graudy dress and haughty carriage,
Love's fond balance fled and gone;
Those the bitter fruits of marriage!
He that's well let alone.

CONTRA, CR.

Oh, what joys from woman spring,
Source of bliss and purest peace,
Eden could not comfort bring,
So our parent prized her charms.

When she came, good honest Adam
Clasp'd the gift with open arms,
He left Eden for his madam,
So our parent prized her charms.

Courtship thrills the soul with pleasure!
Virtue's blush on beauty's cheek;
Happy prelude to a treasure
Kings have left their crowns to seek.

Lovely looks and constant smiling,
Sweetning all the toils of life;
Cheerful children, harmless sporting,
Lovely woman made a wife.

Modest dress and gentle carriage,
Love triumphant on his throne;
These the blissful fruits of marriage,
None but fools would live alone.

HE WORE A FLASHY WAISTCOAT.

"He wore a flashy waistcoat,
On the night when first we met—
With a famous pair of whiskers,
And imperial of jet.
His air had all the haughtiness,
His voice the manly tone,
Of a gentleman of eighty
Thousand dollars, all his own.
I saw him but a moment,
Yet methinks I see him now,
With his very flashy waistcoat,
And a beaver on his brow.

And once again I saw that brow—
No neat B'hee was there.
But a shocking bad 'un was his hat,
And matted was his hair.
He wore a black within that hat,
The change was all complete,
And he was flanked by constables,
Who marched him up the street.
I saw him but a moment,
Yet methinks I see him now,
Charged by these worthy officers,
With kicking up a row."

POPULAR TALES.

A DUEL WITHOUT SECONDS.

A DAGUERREOTYPE FROM THE STATE HOUSE OF ARKANSAS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of Arkansas held a session shortly after the organization of the State Government. Everything, of course, was in a state of half chaotic transition.—The "loaves and fishes" of office had not been fully divided, and monopoly was knocking noiselessly at the door of the "public crib," clamorous to be admitted.—Intense was the fury of partizans within the House, and as fierce the excitement raging in the community without. The members mostly went to their places armed to their teeth, and besides the choice weapons, worn in their bosoms or protruding from their pockets, each kept an ample supply of revolving pistols in the writing desk before him. There were munitions of war enough in the hall to have answered the purpose of a small army.

Every evening after adjournment, there was a general firing off and reloading in order to have their "tools" of death in the condition for the emergencies of the morrow. I was frequently startled from sleep at the hour of midnight, by the roar of incessant explosions, heard at different points in the city. Many legislators during the day would be out practising to gain the difficult art of cutting a tape string at ten paces, or of driving the centre of a silver quarter at twelve. They used as their pistol gallery, a little grove of pine trees, immediately on the south bank of the Arkansas river, and not more than fifty yards from the State House, where every report was fearfully audible; and admonished certain independent members of the doom they might expect, provided their votes were not cast in favor of the banks. The Deringer pistol and bowie knife governed. Power resided in gun-powder and popularity hovered round the points of naked daggers.

Among the most agitating measures calling into existence of wisdom of the Western *sages* was the institution of the Real Estate Bank. Its establishment was strongly and steadily but inefficually opposed by a slender minority. All the wealthiest men in the State, all the leading legislators took shares of the capital stock; and John Wilson, Speaker of the Lower House was elected President. As this person was one of the chief actors in the tragedy soon to be recorded; a brief designation of his appearance and character becomes necessary.

Every public man in the backwoods has a *soburiquet*, bestowed on account of some real or fancied peculiarity, by the whimsical humors of his constituents. Speaker Wilson was called "Horse Ears," from his possessing an accident never before heard of in the natural history of the species.—When excited by any violent emotion, his ears worked up and down flexibly, like those of a horse. A man of ordinary looks, nothing in his features or countenance denoted the desperado, save a strange wild, twinkling expression of his infantile grey eyes, always in motion with cold keen glances, as if watching out for some secret enemy. He had fought half a dozen duels with uniform success, and had been engaged in several more off-hand affrays, in none of which he had received even the honor of a scar. Hence, as may well be supposed his powers inspired almost universal fear, and few were the desperadoes, who would voluntarily seek a quarrel with "Horse Ears." As to the rest, he was the owner of a large cotton farm, rich and influential, honest, liberal and courteous in his manners; exceedingly amiable in his domestic relations, beloved by his family, and adored by his slaves; such are often the inconsistencies of human nature, which seem utterly incapable of producing unalloyed types of either good or evil—angels or devils!

During the session previously specified, there was a member of the Lower House, by the name of Abel, Anthony, in no way remarkable except for his opposition to the banks, and his sly, quiet wit, addicted to practical jokes. In the parlance of frontier technics, he belonged to the category of "peaceable men," having never in all his life before had a rencounter. He was even deemed a coward, for he had been known to pocket open insults without showing so much as a sign of resentment.

One day the bill to provide for the more effectual rewarding of wolf slayers; denominated, in short, the "wolf scalp" bill came up for discussion. This had been a standing reform measure from the earliest settlement of Arkansas, and will probably continue to be; so long as the Ozark mountains shall rear their black, bristling crests in the western division of the State, or the Mississippi swamps shall occupy so large an area in the east. Accordingly, whenever the wolf scalp bill is taken up a tremendous debate ensues. The contest then is no longer between the *ins* and *outs* of power. Whigs and Democrats alike overleap the iron lines of party demarkation, and bring a general massacre of chance medley. It is a battle—war to the knife, and the knife to the handle—every member against every other; the object being, as to who shall urge the most annihilating statutes against their common foes, the wolves, because that is the great pivot question on which hinges the popularity of each and all.

The present occasion was the more arousing as there had happened lately a laughable, but most annoying, in fraud of the previous territorial law. It seems that a cunning Yankee, fresh from the land growing "wooden nutmegs," had conceived a notable scheme of rearing wolves of his own; so that the by butchering a hairy whelp, at his option, and taking its ears to a Justice of the Peace, he could obtain a certificate of wolf scalp, entitling him to ten dollars out of the county treasury.—It was said that this enterprising genius had already in his pens a number of fine looking breeders, and expressing sanguine hopes of realizing a handsome fortune.

Numerous were the provisions advocated to prevent such scandalous evasions in future. Among others, Brown C. Roberts of Marion, moved "that each certificate of genuine wolf scalp be based on not less than four affidavits, be signed by four justices of the peace, and one judge of the circuit court.

Abel Anthony moved to amend by adding "and by the President of the Real Estate Bank."

This was intended by the mover merely as a jest to throw ridicule on the complicated machinery of Roberts' bill, and accordingly it excited a general smile.—But very different was the effect on Mr.—Speaker Wilson, President of the Real Estate Bank. He saw fit to interpret the amendment and as the deadliest insult.

I glanced toward the honorable Chairman, expecting to see him enjoying the joke; but the moment I beheld his countenance, I was absolutely horrified at its savage expression. His face was of ashy paleness; and there, on those thin white lips, as grim mockery of malace, sat that grim, snake, like, writhing smile, which merely moved the curled mouth, spreading no further, nor affecting any other feature—that significant smile of murder, so peculiar to almost the whole class of desperadoes, when about to do some deed of death. There was, however, brief space for speculation as to physiognomic signs; for hardly had the offensive words left Anthony's lips, when Wilson sprang to his feet imperiously ordered the other to sit down.

Anthony manifested no token of either surprise or alarm, and replied mildly that he was entitled to the floor.

"Sit down!" Wilson repeated, and this time in a shout like thunder.

"I am entitled to the floor, and will not resign it," said Anthony, apparently without anger, but giving back a look of calm immovable resolution.

Speaker Wilson then left the chair, drew his bowie-knife, descended the steps of the platform, and slowly and deliberately advanced through the hall some forty feet, in the direction of his foe—all the while that horrible smile, reviling up his pallid lips, and short ears moving backwards, with those strange, short, sharp vibrations, which had won for him long before, nickname of "Horse Ears."

As Anthony was commonly considered a coward, when the spectators beheld the far-famed and all-dreaded duellist advancing upon him with uplifted blade, glancing aloft in the air, as ready for the fatal blow, all supposed that the reputed craven would flee in terror from his place. No one believed that he was armed, or that he would fight under any circumstances, or with any odds of positions or weapons. But in this opinion every body was mistaken, and no one, perhaps, more so than his infuriate adversary. While that ferocious man was coming towards him he stood calm and motionless as a pillar of marble. All his limbs were rigid as iron. His only evidence of unusual emotion was a copious efflux of tears! At the sight of this we all shuddered, for then we knew the weeper would conquer or perish. In the backwoods, experience has demonstrated two unmistakable tokens of thought *desperation*—frozen smiles and gushing tears; and tears may always be regarded as far the most dangerous. Such a conclusion was verified full in the present instance, for as soon as the Speaker approached within ten feet of his weeping adversary, the latter suddenly unsheathed a bowie-knife from his bosom, and stepped boldly forward to the proffered battle. And then commenced a struggle for life and death, the most obstinate, bloody, and truthfully protracted, ever witnessed in the south west.

Wilsons knife was long, keen, and so highly polished that you might see yourself in the reflection of its smooth, bright surface, as in the most perfect looking-glass; the image being an extremely small miniature, so symetrical was the rounding of the fine glittering steel. On each side of the flashing blade was a picture, the facsimile of the other, wrought in exquisitive gold enamel, of two Indians in their wild, native costumes engaged in mortal combat with bowie-knives. The weapon of the other was of the largest size in that country "Arkansas tooth-picks," the most murderous implement of destruction, before which a human eye ever quiled. On one side of its broad gleaming blade was the picture of a fight betwixt a hunter and black bear. The bear seemed to be squeezing the man todeath in its iron hug, while he was fiercely digging at the monster's heart with the point of his knife.

Such devices are common on the arms of the most notorious desperadoes on the frontiers, and are the objects of as intense a pride to their owners, as were the *insignia* of the most exalted chivalry to the knights of the hercic ages. For all men are; poets; and the idea seeks forevermore to render its incarnate in the material form—to speak in knowing signs to the senses. Destructiveness will have its images as well as devotion!

Wilson made the first pass—a determined thurst at the pit of his antagonist's stomach, which the other dexterously parried. For a short time both parties fought with admirable coolness, and with such consummate skill that only slight wounds were inflicted, and those on the head and face, whence blood began to trickle freely. And still—ominous and awful vision—while the contest raged, the opposite and characteristic signs of desperation remained fixed, sculptured by the hand of horrible vengence in either countenance. The cold smile now converted into a fiendish grin of immeasurable malice, still lingered on Wilson's livid lips; and the tears still flowed from Anthony's black blazing eyes! The clatter of the knives, thrusting and fending off and sharply ringing against each other, was hideous to hear, and alone broke the appalling silence that reigned throughout the hall.

At length both foes maddened at the prolonged obstinacy of the struggle, and blinded by the gore from the red gushes about their eyes, lost all caution, coiffers quananimity, and battled wildly, more like devil- than living ment. Each one, more intent on taking the life of his enemy than in guarding his own, exerted every nerve and muscle with truculent fury, that struck the very beholders with icy fear. Both were soon very severely wounded in different parts of the body; but still, there came no pause in the combat, till Anthony, striking a heavy, overhanded blow cut his adversary's arm half off at the wrist!—Wilson changed his bowie-knife in his left hand, and for an instant, ran several steps backward, as if to decline any further contest. He then stopped and smiling more frightfully than ever, with a fearless, infernal look, again rushed forward. Precisely at this crisis, when certain victory was within his grasp, Anthony committed the folly of flinging his knife at the other's bosom, which, missing its aim fell with a loud ringing noise on the floor, more than thirty feet distant.

This error decided the tremendous combat. Anthony was entirely disarmed, at the mercy of the tiger man. Wilson darted upon him with a hoarse cry of anger and hellish joy—there, where he stood, motionless as a rock, powerless to resist and yet too brave to fly. One sharp thrust ripped open the victim's bowels, which caught them, as they were falling, in his hands. Another stroke, directed at the neck, severed the main artery, and the blood spouting out with a guarding noise, sprinkled the robes, and even the faces of some members who sat nearest to the horrid scene.

The last act of the tragedy was closed and the curtain of death dropped on the gory stage. Anthony, without a groan or sigh, fell in his place a corpse, and Wilson, fainting from loss of blood sunk down beside him.

Up to this moment, although sixty Legislators were in their seats, and more than a hundred lookers on in the lobby, and jewelled bevies of bright-eyed ladies in the gallery, still no one save those raging madmen had moved; no sound had disturbed the whisperless silence, but the clangor of the concussive steel. But then, both tumbled on the floor, like lumps of lead, a wailing, heart-shivering shriek, as if some other soul were parting with its mortal clay, arose in the crowd of females, and all was again still; but whether that deep cry of an orphaned spirit was uttered by the maiden of poor Anthony's bosom, who had hoped to-morrow to be his bride, or by the beautiful little daughter of Wilson, or by some pitying stranger, could never be ascertained.

Wilson recovered, and is yet alive; and there is scarcely an inch square on his face that does not show its deep scar, as a memento of the matchless combat. He was expelled from the House, bailed by a *merciful* Judge, brought to trial, and acquitted. There was never a jury yet in the backwoods that would convict a person for slaying another in a fair fight.—For the desperado is the backwoods hero, whom all men *worship*.

A RICH LOVE LETTER.

The following admirable hit at those love-sick swains who indulge in an extravagant prodigality of honeyed words and hyperbolical phrases when addressing their dulcineas, we take from the Aberdeen (Miss.) Independent. Such a rich piece of literature should be preserved:

APRIL, 1st, 1850.

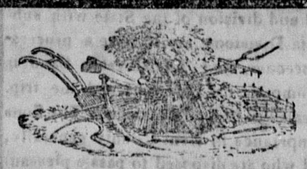
Most transcendent and egregious Miss.

Would that my pen were dipped in the dyes of the rainbow, plucked from the wings of an angel and mended with the prayer of an infants wit! then I might expect to paint the burning brightness of that flame which thy thrilling eloquence has enkindled. Thou sunbeam of sentiment! soft moon-light of modesty! thy voice is as gentle as the first stiring of an infant's dream—thy step light as the sylken-footed zephyr which fanned with the wing of perfume the new born paradise—thine eyes are two brilliants, stolen from a seraphic crown—thy lips are riven rosebuds, moistened by the honey dew of affection—thy words are like drops of amber—thy teeth are snow-flakes set in a bed of verbena. Sweet spirits of camphor, double distilled essence of hoocpathy sourkrout of my hopes, sauce of my thoughts, butter-milk catsups of my fancy, tiger lilly of innocence, logwood of perfection—thou art the julep of my dreams, gingerpop of my waking visions, and cherry-bounce of my recolection. Thou art as harmless as a tiger, handsome as an elephant, melodious as the lion, meek as the hyena, spotted as the leopard, bright as the struggling sneezing sun-light, passing the mortal cracks of an old barn loft, or a greased streak of blue lightning churned to consistency in the milky way, and peppered with a shower of turnip tops, comets, and percoon roots from the crust of eternity. The onion of the soul! pickled pumkin! preserved crab of the garden Hesperides! Thy glance is as melting as old butter in summer time—thou art a drop of water from the cup of the gods, or the juice of a rotten pine apple.

GREGORY.

We nottice the marriage of Mr. Day to Miss Field, which presente the singular anomaly, that although he won the Field she gained the Day.

What is the Geological character of the *rock* on which drunkards split?—Most commonly on *quarts*.



Agricultural.

CONVERTING GREEN VEGETABLE MATTER INTO MANURE.

H. D. White, Esq., of Windhame, Me., a well known writer on agricultural subjects and matters relating to the farm, in an article to the pennsylvania *Telegraph*, says:—

A great many methods have been devised of late, for converting green vegitable matters into manure. These doubtless, may be rendered of immense practical importance to the farmer, by their conversion into the aliment of plants, a result which, in her laboratory, nature accomplishes slowly, and not unfrequently, with a heavy loss of what, in reality, constitutes their most valuable portions, when contemplated as manure.

The celebrated system of BOMMER, a among many others of a cognate character, promises to be of great utility to the farmer, and is eminently deserving of public consideration. It is true, indeed, that those who avail themselves of its benefits are required to pay the same; but in recommending a system which enables one to secure an immediate and and permanant advantage from what would otherwise be a useless and worthless encumbrance to the soil—even though it cost somewhat for the "right," we feel that we are amenable to no imputation which a word were not sufficient to refute,

The following method of attaining the same result was communicated several years since, by H. Brown, Esq., a celebrated chemist, to the "Society for the encouragement of Arts."

Mr. Brown asserted that from numerous experiments made, for a number of years in succession, by himself and friends, the utility of the composition, as well as its cheapness and durability, had been fully and permanently established. It can be manufactured in any situation, and to any extent desired. And the mode of making it, is as simple as can be expected, in cases where nature is to receive any assistance from the hand of art. The following is the *modus operandi* to be pursued, as detailed in the author's own words:

"Upon a layer of vegetable matter, about a foot thick, a very thin layer of lime beat small, is to be laid; and so on, vegetable matter and then lime, alternately.—After they have been put together a few hours, the decomposition will take place—and unless prevented by a few sods, or a fork full of vegetables at hand, the mixture will break out into a blaze, which must, at all events, be avoided. In about twenty-four hours the process will be complete, and you will have a quantity of ashes to lay on your land, at any time you wish. Any and all sorts of vegetables, and weeds of every description, if used green, will answer the purpose. They will doubly serve the farmer, as they will not only be at a small expense, but will, in process of time, render his farm far more valuable by depriving it of all noisome weeds."

Mr. Brown states that he made a calculation with clover, grown for the purpose, and that one acre, at a single cutting when decomposed by the above process, yielded a sufficient quantity of ashes to manure four acres. He says the vegetables should be used as soon after they are cut, as possible, and that the lime should be as fresh from the kiln as the distance will allow. It would seem that on these two circumstances the success of the undertaking is found mainly to depend.

GUANO.

DEBATE ON ITS IMPORTATION.

The Rockville (Md.) Journal says that within five miles of that town, the instances are numerous where fine fields of wheat corn and oats, are now growing, which, three years ago, were in commons and sedge. The following case is said to be but one of many like it:

"There is a farm of several hundred acres near this place, on which the owner some years ago, with difficulty supported a small family; he sold out and removed to the West, to seek more fertile lands.—The present owner, it is thought, will cut from this place the coming harvest, at least one thousand bushels of wheat.—His corn and oats also promise a very fine yield, with a pretty prospect of a very large crop of grass and other products."

The Baltimore American says that within a specified district where, four years ago, not one thousand bushels of wheat were raised, the product this year will be ten thousand bushels. Guano and other fertilizers are used with judicious liberality.

Mr. Pratt of Maryland submitted the following resolutions in the U. S. Senate on Monday last, in reference to the trade in Guano:

Resolved, That the Secretary of State be directed to inform the Senate whether, by the existing treaties of the United States with the Peruvian Government, the citizens of the United States are placed upon an equal footing with the citizens or subjects of other countries in the trade in Guano.

Resolved, further, That if no such treaty stipulations exis, the Secretary of State be instructed to inform the Senate whether there is any obstacles to such treaty stipulations being effected with the Government of Peru as could place the citizens of the States on an equal footing the citizens or subjects of other countries in regard to the said trade.

Mr. Pratt said: During the whole of last week the morning hour having been occupied with important business, I had not an opportunity of offering the resolutions which I have now submitted. They relate to a letter received by the Agricultural Society of Maryland, in which they allege that the Government of Great Britain, by a treaty with the Peruvian Government, has obtained for the subjects of Great Britain, a monopoly in the article of guano, which has resulted in this state of facts: that now no guano can be brought into the United States from Peru, except such as is purchased from English merchants.—This results, in two ways, injuriously to to our country. In the first place, we are obliged to pay for this valuable article of manure a much larger sum than we would otherwise be obliged to pay; and in the second place, it operate against our shipping interest, because it must be imported here in English vessels. I asks therefore the unanimous consent of the Senate to take up the consideration of these resolutions now. They are mere resolutions of inquiry.

Mr. Webster. I have to say——

The Vice President. Does the Senator from Massachusetts object?

Mr. Webster. So far from objecting, sir, the only question with me is, whether this resolution should be referred to the Department of State or to a committee of the Senate? The evil to which the resolution alludes is one which is much complained of in some portions of the country, where the article would be extensively used, if it could be obtained at a fair cost. The difficulty is, that, under the present arrangements, it cannot be so obtained. If it could be obtained at a fair expense, it would be a most useful article of commerce, and would be found to be highly beneficial to the land in many portions of the country. I concur entirely in the importance of the object, and am willing that the resolutions should go as a resolution of inquiry to the Secretary of State.

Mr. Pratt. I apprehend the proper course will be to obtain the information which is sought to be obtained, and then probably that information would be referred to a committee.

The question being taken on the resolution, they were adopted.

A Witty Take-off.

The Bunkum Flag Staff in the last number publishes the following quip—

BY TELEGRAPH.

FEMALE INSURRECTION! PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT DECLARED!

We have to lay before our readers the following important despatch from our Western agent—

SQUASHVILLE. 10—P. M.

An immense meeting of women has just come off at Candle Hall, Squashville.

The meeting was called to order by Tabitha Henpeck and addressed by Priscilla Pugnose.

We have been able to obt in but an imperfect account of their very extraordinary proceedings but furnish you with the preamble and resolutions adopted—will send speeches if we can obtain them.

Whereas, The burthen of inferiority having been so long borne by us, the superior sex, we, the women of Squashville—in solemn conclave assemble—hereby announce to the world in general and to the town of Squashville in particular that we pledge ourselves, our fortune and our sacred honor, to carry out to the very letter the following RESOLUTIONS:

1st. That we hence forth and forever refuse to wash dishes.

2d. That we hereby solemnly announce our intention of voting at the next general election and in future at all the social elections in Squashville.

3d. That every lady who chooses shall in future wear breeches.

4th. That all ladies unprovided with husbands are at liberty to seize upon any uncaptured man in town.

5th. That posterity having done nothing for us, we intend in future, to do nothing for posterity.

6th. That a committee of ways and means be appointed to ascertain if the more serious burthen of the marriage state may not be entailed upon the men it being beyond the powers of our conception to understand how women have borne it so long.

7th. That in future the ladies shall carry night keys and that no husband shall be allowed to go out after dark unprotected.

The females were dressed in Mob caps and shot guns. [N. B.—probably should be short gowns.—Ed.] A banner representing a red petticoat surmounted a pair of baited breeches was waving over the Chairman's head.

The men are all in arms and——Here the wires ceased working, leaving us in the state of the most intense anxiety.

A TAVERN INCIDENT.—"What are you about? you black rascal! Twice have you roused me from my sound sleep to tell me that breakfast is ready, and you've awoke me by attempting to pull off the bed clothes! What the deuce do you mean?" "Why, massa, if you isn't goin' to get up I mus hab de sheet and blow, 'cause dey's wantin or de table cloth!"