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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra,laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet---"He labours vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance

VOL. 12. SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852. NO. 52.

POSTPONED

Sales of Valuable

Real Estate

BY Virtue of a Decree of the Chancellor, the undersigned, as Trustee. will offer at public sale. on

TUESDAY

the 27th day of April inst, at Chestertville, in Kent county, Maryland, all that Farm or Tract of land, called

'Killingsworthmore'

containing

310 Acres of Land,

more or less. This Tract of land is a part of the Real Estate of which the late Isaac Spencer died seized, whereon Col. Wm. Spencer resided at the time of his death. It is situated very near Chester River and within a very short distance of Spry's Landing

It has on it a small *DWELLING HOUSE*, Corn House and Stables and to it are attached fine and extensive

Meadow Grounds,

with a valuable and never failing water power. on which formerly stood two superior Grist Mills. The land is of good quality

THE TERMS

OF SALE require the payment of one-fourth of the purchase money in cash on the day of sale, and the residue in three equal instalments of six, twelve and eighteen months, bearing interest from the day of sale, to be secured by bond or bonds of the purchaser or purchasers with approved security.

W. A SPENCER,
Trustee.

AT the same time and on the same terms, the subscriber, as Testamentary Trustee of Isaac Spencer, will offer for sale one

TWENTY ACRES—one cleared out of *EIGHTEEN ACRES*, being part of a Tract of land called

'Marrowbone,'

and one Wood Lot of *THIRTY-SIX ACRES*, called the

'SHADDING REACH.'

These Lots are all situate on Chester River, adjoining the farm on which Isaac Spencer recently resided, in Kent county, Md.

WM. A. SPENCER, } Trustees
JOHN SPENCER, }
March 2, 1852.

AT the same time and on the same terms, the subscriber will offer for sale all that Tract of land called

'MARROWBONE,'

containing

213 Acres.

This is one of the most desirable estates in this county, for situation and convenience. This land is of good quality. It has a good and commodious

BRICK

Dwelling,

with *OUT HOUSES*. It lies on the river and has a Landing equal to any in the county, directly opposite is Kerr's Landing, to which the Steamer 'Cecil' plies once a week, and to which other Steamers are expected to shortly. A public Landing with a Granary on the farm, and with a proper road leading direct to Millington would necessarily commend all the boating business from that place, and would take the business of the Steamboats.

It is the Estate on which Isaac Spencer recently resided.

☞Any information will be given in reference to the aforegoing Estates, by Dan'l M. & Sam'l Comegys, Chesterville, Kent county.

☞The aforegoing sales will be conducted by Col. R. R. Carmichael, of Queen Ann's county. who has full power in every respect to sell the farms and settle with the purchasers.

W. A. SPENCER.

April 10, 1852. tds

LOSSUTH, Jenny Lind blk and wht Slouches; Pedal Braid, China Girl, Boys' wool, Palm Leaf and other varieties of Hats, for sale by

W. N. E. WICKES.

Spring Millinery.

MRS. ARIANNA SIMMS respectfully informs the Ladies of Chestertown and its vicinity, that she has just returned from the city with a well selected assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS,

such as *Fancy Gimp Straw Bonnets, Boys Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, &c. &c.*—She is prepared to make *Fancy, Silk. and Transparent BONNETS.* Straw Hats and Bonnets bleached and repaired in the best manner. Ladies Dress Caps made to order. She hopes by strict attention to business. and her knowledge of the trade, to receive encouragement. She will be found in Queen st. 5 doors west of High, opposite the residence of the late Richard Ringgold.

April 10, 1852.

MILLINERY.

BONNETS! BONNETS!!

MRS JULIA F. BAKER, would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she has removed to the house on Queen street, near the Foundry (lately occupied by Mr. Hand) and has opened a

Millinery and Fancy Store,

and intends keeping a general variety of all articles in her line.

She has just returned from the city with a new and beautiful supply all of which will be sold *CHEAP*.

BONNETS made, altered and trimmed, in the neatest and most fashionable style, at the very lowest prices.

She hopes by strict attention to business and unremitted exertions to please all her customers, to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

April 10, 1852.

SPRING MILLINERY.

Mrs. Mary Perkins

WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform her friends and the ladies generally, that she has just opened in this place, opposite Miss Eliza Smith's, a new and beautiful assortment o

Bonnets, Ribbons &c.

She also intends keeping on hand a variety of trimmings, consisting in part, of

Laces, Gloves, &c, &c.

Having employed a young lady from Greensborough, who has a thorough knowledge of the business, she flatters herself to be able to please all who may give her a call.

☞BONNETS made to order. The ladies would do well to call and look at her assortment.

N. B. She also intends to carry on the MANTUA MAKING business.

C. Town, April 10, 1852.

Constable's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of the State of Maryland of Fi. Fa. and Venditioni—to me directed at the suit of Joshua Clarke against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of John Wilson, security for George Hynson, free negro, I have seized and taken in execution all that

HOUSE and Lot of LAND,

which was conveyed by said Joshua Clarke to said George Hynson, free negro, situate in Kent county—adjoining the lands of said Joshua Clark, and on

SATURDAY,

the 1st day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., I will offer the the same at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, at the tavern door of J. McDaniel, in Chestertown, to satisfy said writ.

WM. H. HAMILTON,
Constable

April 10, 1852.

CHEAP

Boots & Shoes.

THE undersigned has just returned from the city with a large assortment of Ladies Shoes and Gaiters—Gentlemen's fine Boots, children's Shoes &c which are the cheapest ever offered in this market.

He has on a hand a lot of sup. Leather which he is prepared to make up to order, for cash.

WILLIAM CONYER.

April 10, 1852.

LECOULTRE AU SENTIER RAZORS; also a good supply of Whips and Whitewash Brushes, for sale by

WILMER & WALKER.

April 10, '52.

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1,50, payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2,50 at the end of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

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

All communications must be post-paid.

POETRY.

Written for the Kent News,

I FORGET NOT.

BY MYRA.

I ne'er can forget you, though distant I be,
Far, far from the home where you dwell;
Yet oft in fancy I rove by the river where we
Met, to take our last earthly farewell.

You remember the hour the bright sun set,
In his couch fringed with crimson and gold;
And the place where that river with the dark ocean met,
Mingling their waters as they onwardly rolled.

Soft zephyrs were fanning the rippling stream,
The stars cintilating and bright,
Peeped from the blue azure as the moon's gentle beam
Descended in rays of a silvery light.

O! well I remember that sad parting hour.
Yet why should memory those scenes linger o'er?
Now faded and lifeless the sweet white rose flower,
You then gave me it blooms now no more.

Though faded the flower, yet still it retains
A monemto that is dear to my heart;
What if it reminds me of seperation and pains,
With these remembrances I wish not to part.

For all that dark hour in all its distress,
When we knew that our meetings had ended;
Sweet hope in my bosom then whispered of rest!
When our clay with earth's dust should be blended.

That hope like my rose has not withered the, while.
It yet blooms as the light of my soul,
I now think of that parting, think of it and smile,
For that hope all my sorrows control.

O! then grieve no longer though parted we be,
We will meet when life's troubles are over;
Where we shall from toil and sorrow be free,
Forever my love. friend. forever.

Kent co. Md.

THE MOTHER'S HAND.

There is an eloquence and sweet simplicity in the following lines from the pen of Charles Swain, a poet who has written much to be admired, and more to commend!

A wandering orphan child was I—
But meanly, at the best. attired;
For oh, my mother scarce could buy
The common food each week required;
But when the anxious day had fled,
It seemed to be her dearest joy,
To place her hand upon my head,
And pray that God would guide her boy.

But more, each winter, more and more
Stern sufferings brought her to decay,
And then an Angel passed her door,
And bore her lingering soul away!
But oh! they know not what is grief,
Who ne'er knelt by a dying bed;
All other woes on earth are brief,
Save that which weeps a mother dead.

A seaman's life was soon my lot.
'Mid reckless deeds—and desperate men!
But still I never quite forgot
That prayer I ne'er should hear again;
And oft, when half induced to tread
Such paths, as into sin decoy,
I've felt her fond press my head,
And that soft touch hath saved her boy.

Though hard their mockery to receive,
Who ne'er themselves 'gainst sin had striv'n
Her, who on earth I dare not greive,
I could not—would not—grieve in heaven;
And thus from many action dread,
Too dark for human eyes to scan;
The same fond hand upon my head
That blessed the boy—hath saved the man

☞A preacher once selected the following words for a text:—"The world, the flesh. and the devil;" observing that he would arrange aach under its proper head—he would commence upon the flesh—pass lightly over the world, and hasten as fast as he could *to the devil.*

The Beauty of the Heavens

How beautiful it is to contemplate the Heavens. They are "stretched out as a curtain to dwell in." Not only as the human eye can see, but beyond the remotest boundary which the highest telescope power can reach. does the eternal firmament extend! We can find no limit, no boundary. Millions of miles may be traversed from any given point and still the heavens appear illimitable Infinity is stamped upon them. And with what gorgeous splendor and magnificence is that curtain adorned! In every direction it is studd d with words, suns, and systems, all moving in perfect and undeviating obedience to the Almighty will The soul in such a contemplation is absorded. Earth ceases to hold us with its silver chain. The mind, set free from groveling pursuits, mounts up, as on the wings of an eagle, and soars away through immensity of space, surveying and admiring the innumerable revolving orbs which like so many "crowns of glory," and "diadems of beauty," bespangle the firmament "whose antiquity is of ancient days," and which so powerfully attests that "the hand that made them is divine!"

The immense distance of the fixed stars claims our attention, and awakens the most enraptured feelings in the mind. Reason is compelled to give the reins to imagination which tells us there are stars so distant that their light has been shining since the creation. and yet amazingly rapid as light travels, no ray from them has yet reached us.

"The heavens truly declare the glory of God," and, in beholding such display of glory and beauty we are deeply impressed with its manifestation of the power of the Creator, who sustains, upholds, and preserves such myriands of ponderous revolving bodies, each in its orbit, moving in unerring obedience to His will.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME IN CONSUMPTION.

When an account of Dr. Stone's (of New Orleans) success in treatment of consumption was published, it naturally enough interested the profession, as well as the friends of those who were suffering, because it raised a gleam of hope in cases where none existed. The following facts have come to our knowledge and may be considered favorable in regard to this method of treatment. A gentlemen of the neighboring city of Charlestown, whose son was considered in a hopeless state from the diseased condition of the respiratory apparatus, was induced to administer Dr. Stone's medicine. All the phosphate of lime procured at the shops appeared to be imperfectly prepared—being coarse and otherwise objectionable. A purer article was prepared especially for the occasion, reduced to an impalpable powder, and ten grains were administered three times a day followed by a swallow of cod-liver oil. No material change was discoveradle in the patient for two weeks. Suddenly, as it were, a fixed pain of long standing in the chest then abated; sleep became refreshing, the appetite improved, strength returned, and from being moved about the apartment reclining on an invalid chair, he is now daily riding on an average. ten miles on horseback, facing the wind and breasting the cold with impunity. This is a synopsis of a case related by a grateful parent, who would be glad to have others, under similar circumstances, make an effort with the phosphate, combined with cod-liver oil.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

A JUDGE'S CHARGE.—We have met with some good stories of backwoods eloquence and logic, but the following clear and able charge of a judge, upon a murder trial rather "bangs Bannagher." It certainly defines the crime of murder succinctly and clearly, and contains unanswerable "points:"

"Murder, gentlemen, is where a man is murderously killed. The killer in such a case, is a murderer, Murder by poison is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the murdering which constitutes murder in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing, and manslaughter another; therefore, if it is not manslaughter, it must be murder. Self-murder has nothing to do with this case. One man can not commit *felo de se* on another, that is clearly my view. Gentlemen. I think you can have no difficulty. Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a father is fratricide, but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You know what murder is, and I need not tell you what it is not. I repeat, murder is murder. You may now retire upon it if you like."

Why does your brother upon going to California cease to be your brother. Because he is then a *distant* relative.

☞A Dutch friend of ours says:—"Honesty ish te pest policy, but it keeps a man tam poor!"

Seed Potatoes.

SMALL VS LARGE SEED.

A correspondent of the Dollar Newspaper gives his experience as to the advantages of planting small seed potatoes as follows:

SMALL POTATOES FOR SEED.—I noticed a communication in your valuable paper of last week, favoring the idea, that large potatoes are superior to small ones for seed. This impression seems to be very general. and I myself was a convert to it till last season, when I tried an experiment which has somewhat changed my views, the result of which, I presume, may be interesting to the readers of of your agricultural corner

On the 18th day of June last, I planted a quarter of an acre with potatoes in rows, nearly two feet apart, manured in the row with stable manure, woodpile, chips, &c., littered over with hay. Seed being very scarce I planted one half the patch with large potatoes, cut up as usual, and the other half with exceedingly small ones, many of them not being sufficiently large to cut in two.—The small seed came up much better than the large, and grew quite as vigorously. Expecting nothing but a crop of small potatoes from them, what was my surpcise on digging them in the fall, to find them equally as large as those from the large seed. I had fifty bushels from the patch, and I think about thirty of them were from the small seed There was proportional more of the latter, in consequence of their coming up better; but under all other circumstances, they were equal to to the others. I shall try the same experiment again this year, when, if it attended with a corresponding result, I shall have no hesitation in recommending the plan of reserving our large potatoes for sale or use, and substituting the small ones as seed, which are of little or no value.

The following, from the Albany Cultivator, being the rusult of six years' experience, seems to settle the question in favor of a large seed:

SEED POTATOES.—There is no crop the farmer raises so much seed, or seed which cost so much per acre, as potatoes—ranging from eight to twenty bushels—the difference being one quarter in large or small seed; or if it takes sixteen bushels, which is about the average of fair sized potatoes. to plant an acre, the same might be done with four very small ones, making a difference of twelve bushels, no small item at present prices, or fifty cents per bushel, which would be six dollars in favor of small seed in planting one acre.

For six years I have planted both large and small seed, sometimes from necessity, but have always carefully noted the difference, which has been uniformly and decidedly in favor of large seed

I will specify two cases. In the spring of 1849 I planted two acres of potatoes, a portion of which was with small seed where I planted large seed I had good potatoes, but where the small seed was planted I had very small poor potatoes, the whole being new ground.

The past season I planted the same number of acres, but reserved a quarter of an acre which I planted with small seed, from the size of a walnut up to that of a hen's egg. The result was as all former crops had been with me, they were all small and worthless, besides being more effected by the rot than where large seed were used.

The difference in the vines, was perceptible as far as my potato patch could be seen. Those vines where I planted small seed, being not half the length of the others, besides having a slender and sickly appearance from the time they were out of the ground till they were harvested.

The ground had laid in pasture and meadow for forty years, never having been ploughed before. I think the principle holds good for selecting the best of seed for potatoes, as much so as for corn, wheat or and crop raised on the farm.

We presume that few farmers in our county produced more grain in the last season, or made more money by their agricultural operations. We take pleasure in refering to this case because we think that good farming should be commended, and held up as an example for the emulation of others."

YEAST.—The bitterness of yeast, which is often a cause of complaint, may be removed by straining it through bran, or by dipping red hot charcoal in it. But the most effectual and easily available remedy is to put the yeast into a large pan, and cover it with spring or well water. changing it every 3 or four hours. The bran seems to impair the strength, and the coal sometimes strains it, but the water purifies it in color and taste.

The mode of using water for keeping and purifying yeast has been adopted by some of the American housekeepers with entire success. So says the Gardener's Chronicle.

From the Philadelphia Enquirer.

A Printer-Farmer,

The following, from the Bucks County Intelligencer, alludes to a gentleman who is well known in this city, as a practical and enterprising printer, having carried on business in Philadelphia for many years—

'We have, on one or two former occasions, referred to the mode of farming practised by William Stavely, Esq. of Solebury, (a brother printer by the way) as worthy of note. and as likely to produce good results to him or any other who should adopt it. A few days since, a neighbour of Mr. S. in conversation, incidently referred to his fine yield of wheat of the past season Upon inquiry we learned that his crop of wheat grew upon forty-seven acres and that the average production was nearly thirty-five bushels per acre. Ten acres of it was without any other manure except a heavy crop of green corn, ploughed down in the month of August; and the wheat on this ground was quite equal, we believe, to the remainder, which was heavily manured with barn-yard manure, upon a clover sod.

Of this crop of wheat, Mr. S. sold thirteen hundred and thirty-eight bushels to Alfred Thomas, at the Great Spring mill, and consumed at home for family use, seed. &c., about two hundred and seventy bushels making a total of over 16 hundred bushels.

In addition to this crop of wheat, Mr. Stavely raised the same season sixteen to eighteen hundred bushels of Oats, and eighteen hundred to two thousand bushels of corn.

In these days of strife and dissension, of disunion and upbraidings, the moral of the following fable is peculiarly pointed It is from the Madison Record, and compares with the best in Æsop:

The Pin and the Needle.

A pin and a needle, says the American Fantaine, being neighbors in a work basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather shapely; "if you have no eye?" "What's the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes, but you will not live long." "Why not?" 'Because you have always a stich in your side," said the pin. "You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back." "I will pull your head off if you insult me again." "I'll pull your eye out if you touch me, remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she soon broke of the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and, attempting to sew with it she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now,' said the pin.

"It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

'A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. 'How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do."

EXAMINING JUDGE.—Sir, it would be idle to trouble you farther. You are perfect. and I will dismiss you with a few words of advice, which you will do very well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of the civil law, never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress. Carry out this principle, sir, and you are safe. Never say boo to a goose when she has the power to lay golden eggs Let your face be long, and your bills longer. Never put your hand in your pocket, when any one else's is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters.—Plaster the judge and butter the jury.—Look wiser than an owl and be as oracular as the town clock. and above all get money. Honestly if you can, my dear sir, but get money. I welcome you, to the Bar

Kitchen girls are now termed "young ladies of the parlor." People who grind knives, scissors, and razors, "gentlemen of the revolution." Folks who dig clams are termed "profound investigators."

"I think,' said a farmer, "I would make a good Congressman, for I used their language. I received two bills the other day, with request for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months."