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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &C.

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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.
EDWARD MANSFIELD
PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

☞ "Gas-Light Foster," from the cells of Moyamensing Prison, chants, through the columns of the Philadelphia City Item, the following:

MIDNIGHT MADRIGAL.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

The moonlight through my prison cell
Her still and silver radiance throws,
And, startled by the wakeful bell,
The weary watchman comes and goes.

'Tis silence all—yet still I seem
To hear strange noises all around—
Perhaps in death's dark ocean-stream,
Some wretch repose hath sought—and found!

Ye starry eyes, look softly down
On that poor sinner's dreamless sleep—
No eyes but yours to smile or frown,
Or o'er his slumbers watch to keep!

For me, I cannot sleep—nor die—
For living eyes still watch and wait,
All tearful, at the hours go by,
That bring my dark, uncertain fate.

Come weal or woe, my heart is strong—
For love hath left an angel there,
Who prophesyeth all night long,
The hour of rescue from despair,

And should the evil power prevail,
To drag me to a wrongful doom,
Revenge and hatred still shall fail,
For love will weep above my tomb.

MISCELLANY.

THE MAIL ROBBER.

A FRAGMENT OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him one of the most formidable enemies to his usurpation was Sir Geo. Cochrane, a prominent actor in Argyle's rebellion.

For ages a destructive doom seemed to hang over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of the chieftains.—The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, bold, and desperate, was his resistance; but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and the jailor only awaited the arrival of his death-warrant, to lead him forth to execution. His family and relatives had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes and of his house, even Grizelle, the daughter of his love.

Twilight was casting a deep gloom over the grating of his prison house, and he was mourning for a last look at his favourite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like streams of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes bright and tearless, but their brightness told of sorrow—sorrow too deep to be wiped away, and her raven tresses parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble.—The unhappy captive raised his head as the two entered.

"My child, my own Grizelle!" he exclaimed and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father, my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tears that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short, very short," said the jailor, as he turned away and left them for a few minutes together.

"Heaven help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added Sir John, while he held her to his breast and imprinted a kiss upon her brow; "I feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death itself; but thou art come, and the last blessings of thy wretched father——"

"Nay, father, forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy *last* blessing! not thy *last*—my father shall not die."

"Be calm, be calm, my child," he returned. "Would to heaven I could comfort thee, my own! But there is no hope; within three days and thou and all my little ones will be——"

Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died upon his lips.

"Three days," repeated she, raising her head from his breast, and pressing his hand, "three days, then there is hope, my father shall live! Is not my grandfather with the confessor and the master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and you shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizelle," returned he, "be not deceived. there is no hope; already the king has sealed the order of my execution and the messenger of death is on his way.

"Yet my father shall not—*shall not die!*" she repeated emphatically, clasping her hands together. "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose," she exclaimed, and turning to him said calmly, "we part now. but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he eagerly and gazed anxiously upon her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father not now, but pray for me and bless me—but not with thy *last* blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few minutes the jailor entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the bridge at Berwick, from the North, and proceeded along Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelrie on the South side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "main guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it above his apparant condition; being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head quarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the 6th, of Scotland, had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a close jerkin, fastened around his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, and sudden guests of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross over the bridge.

In a few minutes he was over upon the wide, desolate, and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles present a desert of furze, fern and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle cover with thick brushwood. Slowly he toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm which now raved with the wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger hurried onward, until he had proceeded two or three miles from Berwick, when as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amid some crab and bramble bushes by the way side.

Nearly an hour passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night, and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard madly splashing through the water along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly the horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the stranger stood before him holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount or die!" said the stranger sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms but in a moment the hand of the robber, quiting the bridle, grasped the breast of rider, and dragged him to the ground.—He fell heavily upon his face, and for several minutes remained senseless.

The stranger seized the leather bag which contained the mail to the North, and flinging it on his shoulders, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick, were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction over the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had yet passed and Sir John Cochrane had lived. The mail which contained his death warrant had been robbed and before another order for an execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Donald, with the king's confessor, might be successful.

Grizelle now became his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort.

Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the prisoner became more bitter than the first despair. But even that hope bitter as it was, perished. The intercessions of his father has been unsuccessful, and the second time the bigoted haughty monarch had signed the warrant of his death, and within little more than a day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" responded Grizelle, with wild vehemence; "but yet my father shall not die."

Again the rider had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and the second time he bore with him the doom of Sir John Cochrane. He spurred his horse to the utmost speed, he looked before, behind, and round him, and in the right hand he held a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath, which was only sufficient to render desolation dimly visible, and gave a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning an angle of a straggling corpse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to flash in his very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and his horse rearing violently, he was driven from his saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said:

"Give me thy arms or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing a reply he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber sternly, "but leave the horse with me, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man arose and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling, and the robber mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly over the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waiting only for the arrival of the mail and the second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For fourteen days the life of the prisoner would yet be prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter and said:

"It is said—the hand of heaven is in this."

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud, that my father should not die?"

The fourteen days had not passed when the prison door flew open, and the Earl of Donald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been successful, and after twice signing the death warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had so often failed in its place of destination, the king had sealed his pardon.

He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own home, his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy; but Grizelle, who during the imprisonment had suffered more than all, was absent. They were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious Providence, that had twice intercepted the mail and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered; he was habited as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered. "When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them into the fire."

Sir John glanced at them—started and turned pale—they were his own death warrants.

"My deliverer!" he exclaimed, "how shall I thank thee; how repay the saviour of my life? My father, my children, thank him for me."

The Earl grasped the hand of the stranger, the children embraced his knees.—He pressed his hand to his face and burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly enquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizelle Cochrane fell on the coarse cloak.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child—my saviour—my own Grizelle!"

It is unnecessary to add more. The imagination of the reader can supply the rest, and we may add that Grizells Cochrane, whose heroic and noble affection we have briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the grand-mother of the late Sir John Stewart of Allenbank, Berwickshire, and grand-mother to Coutts, the celebrated banker.

France and England.—The value of the agricultural produce of France is two hundred millions sterling; of that of the United Kingdom, a hundred and sixty millions; but there is a *striking contrast* in the proportion of the animal to the vegetable products which go to make up this enormous sum in the two countries. In France the animal products are but £64,000,000, while the vegetable amount to £140,000,000 sterling. In the British Isles the two items are balanced, each be-

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

The number of religious sects in the United States is twenty, without counting the Chinese Buddhists in California or sundry minor Christian denominations. The whole number of edifices of worship is about thirty-six thousand, capable of accommodating fourteen millions of people. The total value of church property held by these twenty denominations is $86,416,639. The averaged value of each church is and its appurtenances is twenty-four hundred dollars. These facts, which are derived from official tables from the census, explode another false notion, which is that there is too much luxury and wealth in the American churches.

The most numerous sect in the United States is the Methodist, the second the Baptist, and the third the Presbyterians. The first has church accommodations for over four millions of worshipers; in other words, the Methodists have houses of worship for one-sixth of the entire population. The Baptist have accommodations for over three millions, and the Presbyterians for more than two. The fourth sect, in the extent of its accommodations, is the Congregational, the fifth the Episcopalian, and the sixth the Roman Catholic. The number of churches belonging to the three leading denominations does not always follow this proportion, however. The Methodists, for example, while they can accommodate but twice as many worshippers as the Presbyterians, have three times as many churches; the Roman Catholics, though sixth on the list as regards accommodations, stand seventh in the number of their churches. Of the principal sects, that which has the smallest edifices for worship is the Methodists, and those which have the largest are the Unitarians and Dutch Reformed. The smallest denomination is the Swedenbergian, and the next the Mennonite. There are no less than fifty-two Tunker churches, and thirty-five thousand worshippers.—The Friends, so numerous in Philadelphia, have accommodations for about three hundred thousand, or but more than one-hundredth of the entire population of the United States.

The richest denomination is the Methodist, which is set down in the census tables at $14,636,671. The next is the Presbyterian, which is rated at $14,369,889. The Episcopal, which in number of churches stands fifth, ranks third for its church property, being estimated at $11,261,970. The fourth is the Baptist, $10,931,382; the fifth the Roman Catholic, $8,973,838; and the sixth the Congregational, $7,973,962.

Of these various sects the two which sympathize the most in doctrine are the Congregationists and the Presbyterians; both adhering to the Westminster Catechism and differing only in their form of government, the one being republican, the other democratic. Together these two sects have over six thousand churches, can seat nearly three millions of worshippers, and hold church property to the value of more than twenty-two millions.

The sect whose average value of property ranks highest is the Unitarian.—Next comes the Dutch Reformed, and next the Jewish. The Swedenborgians, Roman Catholics, and Episcopalians follow in the order named. Of the leading denominations the Methodists stand the lowest on the list, and the Baptists next, while the Presbyterians and Congregationalists hold a middle place.

House Ants.—The best way to get rid of ants, is to set a quantity of cracked walnuts or shellbarks on plates, and put them in the closet and place where the ants congregate. They are very fond of these, and will collect on them in myriads. When they have collected on them, make a general *auto-da-fe*, by turning nuts and ants together into the fire, and then replenish the plates with fresh nuts. After they have become so thinned off as to cease collecting on the plates, powder some gum camphor, and put it in the holes and crevices, whereupon the remainder of them will speedily *vamose*. It may help the process of getting them to assemble on the shellbarks to remove all edibles out of their way for the time.

Bound to find him.—A letter passed through the Post Office the other day, actually addressed as follows:

"Mr. B———,
Pontiac,
Michigan.

The first name of Mr. B——— is not known, he has a son who has a running sore on or near his ankle."

If that description don't find the man, the writer may as well give it up as a bad job.—*Detroit Tribune.*

That is nothing. There is a letter in the Cleveland Post Office, directed as follows:

"To the big red-faced Butcher,
With a large wart on his nose,
Cleveland,
Ohio."

The clerks expect a licking when they deliver the letter.—*Clev. Plain.*

☞ A patent has been obtained for a prepation of maize leaf as a substitute for tobacco. It is claimed to be a pleasant tonic and to have a sweet and pungent flavor.

☞ The marriage certificate is said to

MANURING FRUIT TREES.

I wish to mention, what I consider a highly important subject, viz: that of manuring fruit trees, in the spring, or when the ground thaws sufficiently to allow the rains to soak down into the ground.

To make the advantages of manuring at this time apparent. I will state what I consider to be the physiological effect.—The sap that is first taken up in the spring serves to expand the leaves, and, after circulating through them, and absorbing oxygen from the atmosphere, returns and forms wood and fruit. The sap taken up after this is used more for the purpose of diluting the former and keeping it in a sufficiently fluid state to circulate freely; it appears to be mostly water that is taken up after a certain period in the annual growth of the tree.

If this is the true physiology of growth it is evident that unless the first sap that ascends the tree in the spring, is rich in all the elements and compounds required for the formation of wood and fruit, you will not have a large addition of wood, or a large quantity of rich fruit.

This view is verified by facts. I have pear trees that appeared to be dying, and had not made any wood or borne fruit for years, that matured a fine crop the year after the early application of manure, and made on some branches 20 inches of wood.

These trees had been manured and dug around, and every effort made to start them the summer before, but all to no purpose. I have poor grafts that made between four and five feet in one season, on trees that were not making any wood before.

I apply horse manure from my stable cellar, upon the surface of the ground and over as large a space as the top of the tree covers, and, as some of my trees are in grass plots, I rake it off when the grass begins to start; it can then be used for planting.

I can recommend this early application of manure with the fullest confidence; whatever may be the true theory, benefit is certain. I wish persons would try it, and send me the result of their trials and their mode of procedure.

Henry G. Davis.
Milbury, March 7th, 1855.

Congressional Modesty and Morality.—We were infinitely amused three or four weeks ago by a practical joke in Washington city upon a number of the nice men of Congress. It was too good to be left unpublished.

A couple of merry fellows, one of them a distinguished member of Congress from a Southern State, and the other a distinguished ex-editor from Kentucky, concocted a letter purporting to be addressed by a young lady to a very fine looking gentleman. It was got up in first rate style. The pretended young lady set forth therein that she had several times seen the gentleman she was addressing, that she was captivated by his fine face and manly form, that her heart was deeply touched by all she saw and heard of him, that she *must* make his acquaintance before his departure from the city, that she hoped and prayed he would forgive her seeming boldness as it was the first imprudent act of her life, that she had always moved and was still moving in the highest circles of the capital, that she would be upon a certain square of a certain street at precisely 12 o'clock on the following day, in a dress which she described with great particularity, and that she hoped and trusted he would meet her, and thus afford her an opportunity of a brief personal intercourse with the idol of her heart. The two wags had between thirty and forty copies of this letter written by a female friend of theirs, and they sent these copies to between thirty and forty members of Congress, selecting those of course who were known to entertain a very exalted opinion of their own personal fascinations.

Every thing being thus arranged, the two jokers called upon us and another young gentleman, explained what they had done, and invited us to get into their carriage, ride with them to the point of assignation, and see the sights. We unhesitatingly consented, and we saw sights sure enough. Riding on the designated square, we beheld the whole of the thirty or forty members, Northern men and Southern men, Whigs, Democrats, and Know-Nothings, walking to and fro, all gazing earnestly in every direction and at every female figure to discover the object of their anxious search.

We concluded that if a few more copies of the letter had been sent to members of the House of Representatives, the House would have had to adjourn for the want of a quorum.—*Lou. Jour.*

☞ The aggregate imports of foreign goods at New York for the first quarter of the year, show a decrease of $13,570,505, as compared with the imports of the same quarter last year. The receipts at the Boston Custom house for the quarter also show a decrease of $314,865.56.

Suicide in Prison.—Thomas McKean Heister, of Chester county, hung himself in jail at Lancaster, Pa., where he had been incarcerated for drunkenness. He was an educated man, of a respectable

Wise Words.—Thousands of thoughts are never breathed in air, nor embodied in deeds, which, however, are telling mightily in their influence on the minds in which they originate, and on the character to which they belong. They carry on the busy scenes of a life more real, more unsophisticated, and make impressions more indelible than any of those scenes which meet the eye.

Take up the duty that lies nearest to you, however humble it may be; do not let your desires to do much good prevent your doing a little when it is in your power, as the very training you will get by these daily endeavors, will fit and prepare you for more extended operations, should God see fit to call you to them.

Libraries are as shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion and imposture, are preserved and reposed. Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition; and it is as absurd to expect them without it, as it is to hope for a harvest where we have not sowed the seed.—Integrity is the first moral virtue, benevolence is the second and prudence is the third. Without the first, the two latter cannot exist; and without the third, the two former would often be rendered useless.

It is not so much that which the eye sees, as that which the mind reflects on, that supplies us with wisdom.

We all love to pluck the fairest fruit, and to gather the sweetest flowers; but put this down as a truth, worthy to be engraved on a pillar of brass, that more enjoyable fruits grow by the wayside of the path of duty, than in all the wilderness of wilful inclination.

British Regulars.—Captain Marryatt, speaking of the military strength of this county, said that 20,000 British regulars could march from one end of the Union to the other without much serious resistance; but he added a most important hint—that he doubted whether a single one of the twenty thousand would ever get back!—His idea was, that being without a standing army, the country might be taken by surprise, with no time to concert plans of resistance, the 20,000 regulars might by rapid movement traverse the whole length of the Union; but in attempting to return, they would find the aspect of things materially changed. The whole land would literally be bristling with bayonets. The Captain took a correct view of things.—The Republic is got up on the principle which distinguishes the mysterious architecture of an ele-trap—very easy to get into, dut mighty difficult to get out of.

Too True.—The Syracuse Standard says: "When a rakish youth goes astray friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor, confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of all society, and is henchforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no loving, helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences."

Confab.—"What's the news from Massachussetts?"

"From where?"

"From Massachussetts!"

"Don't know any such State."

"Don't know Massachussetts?"

"No, sir!"

"Never heard of such a State?"

"Never!"

"Where have you lived ever since you were born?"

"In the United States."

"And never heard of Old Bay."

"Oh, yes! I've heard of the Old Bay."

"Well, aint that Massachussetts?"

"It used to be, but ain't now."

"Ain't now? what on earth is it then?"

"They've seen Sam over there,—don't you think they have?"

"Well—yes; I reckon they have."

"Then it's no longer Massachussetts."

"What is it.

"Sam-achussetts, and nothing else!—Whoray for Hail Columbia & Co.

☞ The conductor of a New York railroad train recently discovered an Irishman in a car who said he had no money. The conductor, after lecturing him, ordered him to get off at the first stopping place. He did so. But he was afterwards found in the car. "Did I not tell you to get off?" "And sure I did so," answered he. "How is it then you are here again?" "And sure, did you not cry out, before starting, 'all aboard."

☞ The young lady who walked all over the city in the vain pursuit of the pint of the milk of human kindness, has been more successful in getting a little jam out of the jar of a door. She got the jam on her fingers.

☞ The news of the death of the Emperor Paul, in 1801, was twenty-one days in getting to London. That of the late Emperor Nicholas