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The Kent News.

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

Vol. 16. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JANUARY 19, 1856. No. 36.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD, PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

THE NEW YEAR.

Written for the Kent News,

BY MINNA.

In silence he came with dark clouds on his brow,
And clothed in a mantle of white,
While cold was his breath, as the visage of death,
As he rode on the wings of the night.

He entered, no sunbeams encircled his head,
No starry crown decked his grey hair,
He strode in with power, and the midnight hour
A conqueror cold and severe.

The goddess Aurora in mourning he draped,
No bright ray tints could be seen;
But dark as the tomb, were the curtains of gloom,
He cast o'er the brow of the queen.

'Til Lot, in his chariot, golden and bright
Arose from the eastern view fair,
And threw his bright ray, on the cresent of day
Which hung over the new-born year.

Though he came in darkness, and cold as the grave
He the emblem of innocence bore,
And sunbeams awhile, cheered his face with a smile,
And gilded the mantle he wore.

Roll on '56 and be prosperous thy reign
Free from war, dark pestilence and fire,
Stretch over the land, the bright side of thy wand
And subdue dissension and ire.

St. Mary's county, Md., Jan. 1, 1856.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Air—*Dearest Mae.*

No nation like our Union—such world-wide is the cry—
No country like America, in which to live and die;
And her sons she bravely cherishes—'Twas they who made her free—
No people are so glorious, or so happy now as we.

Oh my native land,
The happiest spot on earth:
Home of the free, I love none but thee,
The land that gave me birth.

She knows no lords or baronets, no kings or princes here,
Her jewels are her working men, she prizes them most dear;
Land of the glorious stars and stripes, home of the child of toil,
Where all are equally thy sons, who are born upon thy soil.

O! my native land, &c.

She cherishes the noble deeds of those who've gone to rest,
Their names e'en now are monuments by all her children blest;
Their words, their deeds, still nobly dwell in every patriot heart,
And when the time of need rolls 'round, they each will bear a part.

Oh my native land, &c.

The time is here when all her sons should head the warning tones—
Beware of influence from abroad upon your native home;
From Washington's last command, that we might ever be
As pure as true, as great as now, as glorious and as free.

Oh my native land, &c.

Miss Josephine M. Bunkly, authoress of "Disclosures of a Nun," was married in Weldon, N. C., on Monday, to Dr. S. Andrews, of New Jersey.

☞ A coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorns are reserved for her future husband.

MISCELLANY.

Spirits in the Backwoods.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

The table moving was tried by all placing our hands in a ring, upon the table. The effect was almost instantly seen.—Our own weight could not hold the table down to the floor. Slowly it raised, but tipping a little, we fell headlong into the pancake batter, the table and batter, arising as we went down. J—— would have laughed at our fall, had not H—— trod hardly upon his corns. Instead of laughing, he looked like cursing. He was grave, and declared that the spirits compelled him to step where he did. It was evident that he had 'got up the Dutch' of our unseen visitors. Wishing to get a good understanding with them we proposed to learn, by rapping, a variety of matters particularly interesting, and at the same time, test by mental questions and otherwise, their spiritual intelligence and veracity. Perhaps I cannot do better than to give the questions and answers as they occurred:

'Are the spirits present?'

'They are, sir.'

'How many of 'em?'

'More'n you can shake a stick at.'

'Are they good spirits?'

'Fourth proof and no mistake.'

'From what sphere?'

'The top notch.'

'Will they converse with us?'

'Well they will hosses.'

These replies were rapped out as we drew our fingers over the alphabet.—Verbal questions were first asked by different members of the 'circle.'

'Will any spirit called for, appear and answer?'

'S-a-r-t-a-i-n!'

'Is Cain present?'

'He happens to be.'

'Was the club with which he slew Abel hickory or white ash, and what did he cut it with?'

'Yes, twan't either. It was a shoemake ball-club, and cut with a butcher knife.'

This important question being settled, Cain stood aside and Belshazzar was called.

'Do you remember the feast when the handwriting appeared on the wall?'

'I make out to.'

'Were you, begging pardon sir, under the influence of intoxicating liquors that evening.

'Drunk, gentlemen, as a biled owl.'

'Drink Champagne or Monongahala?'

'Neither. Owing to the scarcity of logwood, went on black strap and clear rot-gut.'

'Any of the women tipsy?'

'They wan't nothin' else, recon. Mrs. Belshazzar was so limber-like in playing 'snap-and-ketch-em,' she fell into the oyster kettle and broke a turtle shell comb to smash.'

'Was it fright that made your knees smite together?'

'No, sir. I was so almighty tired I could'nt keep from smiting together nohow.'

'Was Cyrus one of the b'hoys?'

'Well not great scratch. He took the advantage of us when we were on a bender. He was a cold water fanatic and an enemy to the constitution.'

'Are you in favor of the Maine Law?'

'Not—by—a—jug—full!'

'Do you get any thing to take where you are?'

'Not a drop. I've got a thundering hankering after a snifter.'

'Help yourself to the cold water on the table, old boy.'

'Go to the devil with your cold water.'

'Is Balaam present?'

'What do you want of Balaam?'

'How old was the jackass of his'n?'

'He would have been 'four years old the next general training.'

'Are there any jackasses in your sphere Mr. Balaam?'

'No, you impudent puppies. The jackasses are all on earth yet.'

This ill-natured insinuation was received with enthusiastic raps by the spirits.

'Is the post builder of the tower of Babel present?' inquired one of the company.

'He am.'

'Was the tower built of brick or stone?

'Brick.'

'How many thousand brick was in the concern?'

'An almighty heap of them, you better believe.'

'How much did they cost per thousand?'

'Four dollars and a half, at the kiln.'

'How many Irishmen did it take to carry the mortar?'

'Nine millions and rising.'

'That's a lie, I know,' muttered H——. A smart rap on his sore toe under the table made him aware that the foreman of Babel was about. The inquiries were continued.

'Was there any confusion of language among the workmen?'

'Considerable, I must admit—a perfect hella-balloo.'

'What did the king say when he examined into the matter?'

'*Nix for stay!*'

'One thing more, Mr.—Mr. whats your name?'

'*Smith*, if you please.'

'Well, Mr. Smith one thing more.—Was it true that Nebuchadnezzar was made to mix clay on the sweep?'

'True, and a thundering good ox he was too. He ground all the clay for the Tower of Babel.'

'Did he have any brass knobs on the horns?'

'He had'nt any horns—he was muly.'

'Was he a—'

'Go to thunder. I won't have anything more to say to you.'

'Was he short horned Durham or a Devonshire?'

No answer. The foreman of the Tower of Babel had evidently believed himself quizzed, gone off in a "huff." Yet J—— flattered himself that valuable information which would be of incalculable good to the spiritual interests of the world.

The "circle" continued its sitting, after H—— had filled his pipe, and had spent a few minutes in the open air.

Noah was now called and found to be present.

'Were you Commodore of that old craft called the Ark?'

'I was.'

'Was there much of a shower about those days?'

'Shower! my dear sir, it *poured* like blazes.'

'What flag did you sail under—English or French?'

'Dutch.'

'Who was pilot?'

'Christopher Columbus.'

'How many animals had you on board?

'Several hundred, besides the one that drew bored the hen coop.'

'Any Know-Nothings among them?'

'Not a Know-Nothing—they were all drowned,'

'Was it true that Belshazzar hailed you on a life-preserver, and told you to go to thunder with your old tub—guess there wouldn't be much of a shower?'

'He did.'

'Why didn't you take him in?'

'He was taken in a few minutes after that, all over.'

'Had you any of Barnum's Fire Annihilators on board?'

'Some two or three hundred of them just to use in putting out the candles at night.'

'One more question, Commodore Noah. What became of the dove that went out and never returned?'

Some snipe shooters on Mt. Arart shot it.'

'Are Joe ——'s dove chickens of the same sort?'

'So said to be; this explains why they are sometimes shot.'

'Was there any wharf on Mt. Arart?'

'Nothing but a white oak snubbing post and a Yankee grocery.'

'Was the Yankee there himslf?'

'Yes, he sat on a herring box a whittling.'

'What did he say when you hove in sight?'

'H-a-l-l-o-a! what craft is that? Been looking for you for these few days, by golly! Say neow, spose yeou dont want teu buy any hams or Weathersfield unyuns, or anything, do you, old feller?'

Remedy for a Cough.—This is the season for coughs and colds, and amid the changes of the weather too much care and caution cannot be taken in regard to them. There is a simple remedy for cough, which we have occasionally tried and found effective, and can, therefore, recommend it. It is a mixture of one-third antimonial wine, one-third syrup of squills, and one third paragoric, in equal proportions mixed. A swallow of it occasionally, so as to moisten the throat. It is innocent in its effects, and can at any rate do no harm. The apothecaries will sell a six-pence worth, but the best way for those who can afford it is to get it at some reliable druggists, say twenty five cents worth of each in seperate bottles, and mix it, as they may want it themselves.

In respect to the antimonial wine, an article is sometimes sold, we have reason to believe, where alcohol instead of wine, is used in the preparation. In that case it would be too strong. Almost every druggist of good reputation, however, has the preparation as it should be from its name. The only inconvenience from using the other, as already stated, is its being stronger than most persons can bear and is too heating for the system.

Persons having a cough, too, should be careful to abstain from the use of cold water as a drink, and also, so far as proper from the use of external application. A free bathing from pure alcohol instead of water, of the throat and chest, to be wiped dry afterwards, would be of service.

We need not say that care should always be taken to keep the feet dry and comfortable, and avoid as far as possible, any time, letting the blood in any way become chilled. Those most subject to coughs and colds are the poor, who have to expose themselves to the weather and to tuch and others, an observance of the above hints may not be unattended with at least some beneficial effect.—*New York Sun.*

An Adventure of Jenny Lind.

The Swedish Nightengale remained three weeks in Paris without singing, without speaking the language, even—such is her antipathy—and was about to pass the straits to Dover, to meet a London audience; for, being a woman, she was tired of silence.

She had left Paris by railroad, but before crossing the Channel, she took her room in the Hotel of the Port, to recruit her strength for her disagreeable voyage, by a night's rest.

The musical dillitanti of the city—Boulogne, Havre, Calais, it did not appear which—were anxious to hear her, and thought at first of crossing the Ghannel, in order to enjoy the exquisite voice, whish was denied to France and its provinces.

The process was expensive and stupid. They thought of a better one.

No sooner was the cautratrice enstalled in her apartments than three grave gentlemen entered, and with an air of authority, and of severity, even demanded her passports.

Astonished but faithful to her vow of silence on the soil of France, Jenny Lind handed them the paper without uttering a word,

The gentleman read it with an air of distrust, and then replied with soberness:

'Oh! we know you have neglected no precaution and that you are travelling under a fictitious name!'

'For whom do you take me, then?' demanded Jenny Lind, obliged to break the silence.

'Do not attempt to impose on us, madame. You shall see that we are well informed. An intrigante of assumed rank has just fled from Paris, where she has made numberless dupes, and is now attempting to escape to England."

'And you suppose—?'

'That you are the woman. Your features and person correspond with our description. Our instructions are precise.'

Indignant and perplexed, the songstress broke out into earnest remonstrances, which were replied to with cold irony.—Had she any witnesses? None! Could she give bail? She knew no one! Then it would be necessary to take custody of her person! A threat so alarming drew out a new volley of remonstrances, which were repeated, till at last the spokesman of the three said:

"Well, madame, there is one method of proving your identity. You pretend to be Jenny Lind. There is no need of bail or of witnesses. You bear with you the unmistakable evidence of your identity. Nothing is easier for you than to give proof of your wondrous talent. Your own voice will pronounce your acquittal. I am myself too good a musician not to be in that case a good judge.'

The artist hesitated, and was much confused!

"Ah! we were sure of it. Quit then, this disguise, which you are unable to maintain, and do not disgrace an illustrious name.'

'It is my name, Monsieur.'

'Enough of that, Madame, your assertions are disproved by your inability to give so simple a proof. We must execute our warrant."

'Well,' exclaimed the songstress, 'since I must do it, listen and judge.'

And after a pause, in which she calmed herself, she burst forth with the cavatina from Norma. She sang with all the richness of her melodious voice. The three gentlemen listened to her with delight.

'Bravo! It is admirable; it is sublime!' they cried, as it closed.

'Admirable! sublime!' echoed many voices in the ante-chamber, where several had gathered to await the chance of the experiment.

We need not translate the story farther nor tell now gracefully and eloquently the guilty authors of the imposition begged pardon, setting forth that their longing to hear that voice had so wrought upon their minds that they had become desperate; and how gracefully the Sweedish nightingale forgave them. We leave all that to the imagination of the readers.

Affection of a Cat for Chickens.—Mrs. John Beattie, of Bonstead-hill, near Carlise, found a nest of chickens, deserted. The chickens being very weak, she took them into the house and laid them on the hearthstone to warm them, when a cat, which had kitteus about a week old, came and watched, smelled and licked them. She then took them seperately to her nest where she deposited them, and it is astonishing to see wiih what affection she keeps them along with her kittens.—She has now had them under her protection for about a fortnight: they frisk about and are appearantly as happy as if they were following a hen.—*Carlisle Journal.*

A Phrenologist Posed.—An itinerant phrenologist stopped at a rustic farm house the proprietor of which was busily engaged in threshing.

'Sir, I am a phrenologist. Would you like to have me examine the heads of your children? I will do it cheap.

'Wall,' answered the farmer, pausing, 'I rather guess they don't need it. The old woman *combs 'em with a fine tooth comb once a week!*'

PATENT ALARM BEDS.

A Lady and Gentleman in a peculiarly perplexing predicament.

Those who visited the fair at the Crystal Palace, says the N. Y. Morning News must have noticed the patent alarm bed—a down east invention. The purpose of these beds is to prevent a person from ever-sleeping himself, for if he does not awake at the time the alarm is sounded the machinery operates in such a manner as to chuck him out upon the floor much to his astonishment. For instance if a person wishes to retire to bed he winds up an alarm clock attached to the bed, sets it at the hour he wishes to get up.—At the appointed hour the alarm sounds, and if the sleeper is awakened he may arise; but if he does not awake, the machinery of the clock operating on a lever, upsets the bed frame, and the occupant is tilted out upon the floor. The bed is worthy of the inspection of heads of families who have the care of sluggards and sleepy heads.

We have a good story to tell in connection with one of those beds, says the Uncle Sam, a "Bosting" paper. A friend of ours recently got married to a lovely and interesting young woman. In the house of the bride's father, where the wedding took place, one of the "alarm beds" had just been introduced. The wedding party was very grand, fashionable, and everything went off with the utmost merriment—the entertainment being of the most generous kind. At length the feasting over and the hour of midnight passed, the guests began to retire and the lights to grow dim in the house. The 'old folks' hinted about sleep, and the bride and her lord grew weary and impatient. It was easily seen that they wished to be alone and the lady was accordingly escorted to her chamber, for which blissful haven the bridegroom soon followed her.

We will not attempt to draw a picture of what ensued, but suffice it to say that when the interesting pair were in the midst of one of their most interesting tete-a-te-teas, a slink was heard; and the astonished couple the next instant, found themselves launched upon the floor in the middle of the room, fast locked in each other's arms, holding on like good fellows, in momentary expectation of an earthquake. They survived the shock, however.

The fact of it, however, was:—the "alarm bed" had been assigned them for their nuptial couch, and the bride's youngest brother, the mischievous devil Tom, had taken the liberty to set the alarm, at what he said he thought would be the "auspicious hour." He got his ears well boxed the next morning, and our friend has been suspicious of alarm beds ever since.

The Indian and the stolen Venison.—A North American Indian, upon returning home to his cabin, discovered that his venison which had been hung up to dry was stolen. After taking his observation on the spot he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods.

Meeting with some persons on his route, he inquired if they had seen a little old white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bobtail. They answered in the affirmative; and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person whom, it appeared, he had never seen.

The Indian repiled, "The thief I know is a little man, by his having heaped up a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison from the heighth at which I hung it while standing on the ground; that he is an old man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a white man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks; which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short, from the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree against which it leaned; that his dog is small, I know by his track; and that he has a bobtail, I discovered by the track it made in the dust, where he was sitting while his master was about my meat."

"Wife, wife, our cow is dead—choked with turnips.'

'Yes, I told you so. I always knew she would choke herself with them turnips.'

'But it was a pumpkin."

"Well, it's all the same. I knowed all along how it would be. Nobody but a ninny like you would ever feed a cow on pumpkins that were not chopped.'

'The pumpkins were chopped. And it wan't the pumpkins neither that choked her. 'Twas the tray—and the end on it's sticking out of her mouth now!'

'Ugh! Ugh! There goes my bread tray. No longer ago than yesterday I told you that the cow would swallow that tray!'

If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh put them in water—if the butts turn up they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good from *a bad egg*.

Facts about Milk.—Cream cannot rise through a great depth of the milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep narrow dish, and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is faciliated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy—50 degrees of Fahrenheit—all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours but at 70 degrees it will perhaps rise in half that time; and when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified.

In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm and on this account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. The milk, in spring, is supposed to be the best for drinking, hence it would be the best for calves, in summer it is best suited for cheese, and in autumn the butter keeping is better than that of summer—the cows less frequently milked, give richer milk, and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn.—*Western Agriculturist.*

CHEAP AND FINE CANDLES.

The following receipt I have tried twice and find it all that it is cracked up to be. I have no doubt that it would have been worth more than $20 to me if I had known it twenty years ago. Most farmers have a surplus of stale fat and dirty grease, which can be made into good candles at a trifling expense.

I kept both tallow and lard candles through the last summer, the lard candles standing the heat the best and burning quite as well, and giving as good a light as the tallow ones.

Directions for making good candles from lard:

For 12 pounds of lard take 1 pound of saltpetre, and 1 pound of alum; mix them and pulverize them; dissolve the saltpetro and alum in a gill of boiling water; pour the compound into the lard before it is quite all melted; stir the whole until it boils, skim of what rises; let it simmer until the water is boiled out, or till it ceases to throw off steam; pour off the lard as soon as it is done, and clean the boiler while it is hot. If the candles are to be run, you may commence immediately; if to be dipped, let the lard cool first to a cake, and then treat it as you would tallow.—*Cor. N. E. Farmer.*

A STUMP SPEECH.

"Fellow-Citizens:—You might jist as well try to pry up the Atlantic ocean with a broom straw, or draw this 'ere stump from under my feet with a harnessed gad fly, as to convince me that I ain't gwine to be elected this heat. My opponent don't stand a chance—not a sniff. Why he ain't as intellectooal as a common-sized shad. Fellers, I'm a hull team, with two bull-dogs under the wagon and a tar-bucket behind—I am. Ef there's anybody this side of whar the sun begins to blister the earth that kin wallop me, let him show himself—I'm ready. Boys, I go in for the American eagle—claws, stars stripes and all; and may I bust my everlastin' button holes of I don't knock down drag out, and gouge everybody as denies it."

Napoleon.—Napier, in his History of the Peninsular War, makes the following excellent and just remark on Napoleon: "Self had no place in his policy save as his personal glory was identified with France and her prosperity. Never before did the world see a man soaring so high and devoid of all selfish ambition. Let those who, honestly seeking truth, doubt this, study Napoleon carefully; let them read the record of his second abdication, published by his brother Lucien, that stern republican who refused kingdoms at the price of his principles, and they will doubt no longer." This is a British writer who studied the affairs of the times in which Napoleon flourished with more than ordinary fidelity and intelligence, and who, withal, is as regular a specimen of John Bull as ever put pen on paper.

Good Advice.—Sir Matthew Hale says: Converse not with a liar or a swearer, or a man of obscure or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you or at least it will hazard your reputation to be one of the like making; and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that will be troublesome to you in after time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed.

☞ The speaker who "took the floor" has been arrested for stealing lumber.

☞ The reason that tom-cats are so musical, is because they are all fiddle-strings inside.

☞ When does a man look like a cannon ball?

When he looks round.