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# The Kent News.

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

Vol. 16. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JANUARY 26, 1856. No. 37.



*CORN SHELLERS & STRAW CUTTERS.*

A LARGE assortment of superior Corn Shellers, including Readings Patent capable of shelling 1000 bushels of Corn per day, also Hand and Power Shellers with various other Patterns at different prices. Hay, Straw and Fodder Cutters, of the most approved construction, and in great variety. Sausage Choppers and Stuffers. Double Michigan, Eagle and Bar share PLOWS.—Superior Ox-Yokes and Bows; Grain Fans, Farmers Boilers, Corn and Cob Mills, Lime and Guano Spreaders, &c., &c., for sale wholesale and retail, by

PASCHALL MORRIS & Co.
*Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,*
*N. E. Cor. 7th and Market Sts., Philadelphia.*
Oct. 13, 1855.

**DR. B D. HYDE,**

*A Graduate of the Dental College of Baltimore,*

Offers his services to the citizens o- Kent and the adf joining counties, in the various departments of his profession, and especially in that of Mechanical Denistry, or the supply of artificial teeth.

From the advantages he has had and the care which he has taken to perfect himself in the art, he believes he can give entire satisfaction to all who may engage his services.

*REFERENCE:*
Geo. B. Westcott, Esq., Chestertown.
Rev. Geo. C. Stokes, "
C. A. Harris, M. D., D. D. S., Baltimore.
A. A. Blandy " " "
☞ Rooms in the rear of the Episcopal Church.
Chester Town, april 7, 1855.

*NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS*
OF THE 2D AND 3D ELECTION DISTRICTS.

The undersigned, Deputy Collecter for the 2nd and 3rd Districts of Kent County, for the year 1854, would hereby notify all those who have not yet paid settled their accounts, that they must close them at the earliest possible moment. The demands upon him are such that furtehr indulgence is out of the question. These taxes have been due for nearly fourteen months, and unless paid he will be compelled to advertise and sell in every case, without respect to persons.

THOS. LUSBY,
Aug 18, 1855—tf. Dep. Col.

**WOOLEN FACTORY,**
NEAR MILLINGTON.

THE undersigned continue to carry on the Woolen Manufacture at the Unicorn Mills, in the upper part of Queen Ann's county, where they are prepared to fill promptly all orders from Mechanics and Farmers.

Their machinery being in the best order, they are making up most superior Cotton and Wool and all Wool Keyseys, heavy Tweeds, Wave Cassimers, Blankets, Flannels, Stocking Yarn, &c. They are also prepared to card rolls, buy wool, or exchange for it manufactured goods, so that farmers having Wool to sell would do well to have it exchanged or manufactured into cloth, &c.

MALLALIEU & BRO.

*Agents for Kent Connty:*
Collins & Hynson—Chester Town.
Abel J. Rees & Co.—Rees' Corner.
B. H. Start—Worton Heights.
William Watts—Still Pond X Roads
John L. Bowers—Kennards' Corner.
G. W. Price—Harmony.
June 2, 1855.—6m.

*GEORGE T. KENLY,*
GRAIN & PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT,
*No. 8 Bowley's Wharf, Baltimore.*

Refers to
Hon. James A. Pearce, Kent Co.
Solomon Betts, Esq., Queen Ann's Co.
A. U. Thompson, Esq., " " "
B. B. Price, Esq., Cecil Co.
Col. Jacob G. Davies, Baltimore.
Charles A. Gambrill, Esq., "
Messrs. Thos. Whitridge & Co. "
Messrs. Hugh Jenkins & Co. "
Sept. 15, 1855.—1y.

**LeFevre, Black & Co.,**
*COMMISSION MERCHANTS*
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN AND PRODUCE,
*Nos. 71 & 72 South Wharves, Philadelphia.*

☞ DANIEL JONES, Esq., our general agent in Kent county, is prepared to made advance upon consignments to our house, or to purchase grain from those prefering to sell.

G. H. LEFEVRE,
JAS. J. BLACK,
GEO. W. MEARS.
une 17, 1854.—1y.

**Lumber**
*STILL CHEAPER.*

THE undersigned take this method to inform the public that by late arrivals they have *largely* increased their stock of Lumber, which now comprises a full assortment, and are now prepared to sell at *reduced* prices either at Wilmer's Point or Georgetown.

WILMER & FORD.
June 16, '55.

*FISH.*

DIFFERENT varieties and grades of Fish can be had at Wilmer's Point or Georgetown, by calling at the warehouse of

WILMER & FORD.
June 16, 1855.

**Shingles, Laths, &c.**

A Lot of good Shingles and Lathes, just received and for sale cheap, by

CHARLES H. WICKES.
Oct. 27, 1855.
N. B.—A full assortment of DRY LUMBER also on hand.

*GUNS! GUNS!!*

JUST received at Rees' Corner a large assortment of Guns, small and large at all prices from $5 to $50 and warranted to give satisfaction or the money refunded. Call and take a look at them.

ABEL J. REES.
Rees' Corner, Nov. 24, '55

*NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS 1st District.*

AS the undersigned is compelled to pay interest after the first day of January, 1856, all persons indebted must pay up by that day otherwise he will proceed to close his books according to law.

ISAAC GALE, Jr., Col. 1st Dis't.
Dec. 29, 1855.



THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
*Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.*
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. To CLUBS—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.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.


## POETRY.

### O! BLAME ME NOT!

*Written for the Kent News,*
BY MINNA.

O blame me not! I cannot feel
Those soft emotions in thy soul—
For say this heart is cased in steel,
Or swayed by meager love of gold;
No passion of the kind, I own;
Nor harbor in this bosom's care;
For earthly wealth I never mourn,
I crave not shining ore.

O blame me not! why should I tell,
Or answer questions fraught with pain,
The feelings that my bosom swell,
Are not allied to close disdain—
The world may frown 'tis naught to me,
Through tempest dire and billows dark;
Upon its wide and troubled sea,
Struggles my feeble bark.

O blame me not! I cannot say
All that within my bosom burns,
As well might man pretend to stay,
The earth that on her axis turns—
No more I wear a mortal chain,
My every earthly tie is riven;
Then ask me not, 'twere all in vain!
I am the bride of heaven.

January, 1856.

## MISCELLANY.

### A STORY.

Written for the Kent News,
BY CLEOPATRA.

What *shall* I do this evening? There is no prayer meeting, no singing school, no party, no lecture, no sleigh ride, no skating; for if the ice were not covered with four inches of snow, the girls have worn it all out with their rocking chairs. I have seated myself in my easy chair, the grate is glowing like Vulcen's furnace, my feet are invested in the slippers which cousin Kate has so prettily worked for me; the Era and Times have been perused, the Saturday Evening Post has added to the fund of entertainment; Harper's, the Knickerbocker, and Putnam, have given me a refreshing slice from their spicy Editor's Tables: I have watched the eddying wreaths of smoke which have been taking an circling trip from my Havanna to the ceiling, and it yet lacks two good hours till bed time. What shall I do? Going out is out of the question, for it is as dark and squally out of doors as forty bushels of black Thomascats. I must find my entertainment within doors.

"O, a story if you please—do tell us a story," says little Lilly Lee, who is sitting on the rug before the fire-place, and busily engaged in stroking her kitty.—"O I would like a story, a real bunch." "Tell us a story," said she, having dropped her charge and grasping our big hand in both her little chubby ones, while she shakes the curls away from her large blue eyes, "tell us a story about some little bits of girls who went off into the woods and got to sleep, and somehow did'nt wake up, and—and the little birdies came and covered them all up with leaves."

"A story indeed!" says old Mr. Reed Sandstone,—"as if a story would have any bearing on the immutable principles of Geology. Will it explain the sublime phenomena of striation, stratification, and lamination? Will it tell us why there is a curavature in the strata of the hypogene rocks? Will it account for the immense size of the animals existing in a fossil state, and indicate to us the subsistence of the Megallonyx Dinotherium and Megatherium? I would not give a limestone pebble for a mammoth cave full of stories."

"Laws a sakes a live!" says Miss Deborah Cruet, a young lady of very questionable age, who not like Topsy "never was born," but who in all human probability never will die—married;—a young lady who has indicated her extreme youth for the past twenty years by saying that "she was ten years old when her little brother was born, and he now, the dear little fellow, thinks himself quite a man because he can read Virgil, and only twelve years old too!" "Laws a sakes alive! that Mr. Sandstone is a smart young man; why they do say he is only forty; and so talented! Indeed if I were not quite too young to marry I would be setting my cap for him. But do tell us a story, and let it be of some gallant cavalier or perhaps two of them, who riding together about sundown up a hill suddenly fell in with a lordly castle, in the fourteenth story of which a fair maiden was gazing out upon the enchanting prospect, and looking at the cavaliers. And let the two cavaliers fight a duel for the fair maiden, and let one of them be mortally wounded but not killed, then let the other lead her off in triumph to the Hymeneal altar, when the blushing bride (and Miss Cruet blushes herself to think of it) will promise to be his for ever and ever and ever,—Oh!"

"A fig for your love stories, Miss Vinegar—O no! I meant Cruet;"—says little Jack Bowsprit who is whittling pine shingles into schooners,—"tell us a story about a rover on the high seas, who captured a man of war of four hundred guns and took five hundred of the crew prisoners, and how they found in the hull lots of gold and silver, and how they carried it off on to a desert island and buried it in the sand. Don't give us any of Miss Vinegar's milk-and-water ttash."

Well I suppose the story must be forthcoming, but what have I been doing? I declare, I have burned those beautiful slippers to a cinder on the grate! I must go right up to Mr. Eliason's and get that pretty pair of pink satin ones before they are gone. Permit me then to say my adieu, and—

*To be continued.*

### USEFUL TO FARMERS.

The following table may be of importance to farmers:

The following table shows the number of plants contained in an acre, planted at the several distrnces specified in the columns marked "feet apart-" For example an acre will contain 10,890 corn-hills two feet apart; 2,151 four and a half apart, &c. These numbers are obtained by dividing 43,560, the number of sqnare feet in an acre, by the square of the number of feet the plants are distant from each other; thus—the square of 2 is 4, and 43,560 divided by 4 gives 10,890, as above. If the plants be set in an oblong form, of 5 ft. by 6 apart, multiply the two distances together, and divide 43,560 by their product for the answer.—When setting out trees, farmers generally name tho distauce in yards. In this esse, divide 4,840, the square yards in an acre, by the square of the distances apart, if they be equal, or by their product if unequal, and the quotient wiil be the number of the trees in an acre. For example; at 7 yards apart, an acre contains 98 trees; for the square of 7 is 49, and 4840 divided by 49 gives 89, the nearest whole number. If the distances be 7 and 10, their product is 70, and 4840 divided by 70 gives 69 trees:

| *Feet Apart.* | | | *No. of Plants.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | – | – | 43,560 |
| 1½ | – | – | 19,360 |
| 2 | – | – | 10,890 |
| 2½ | – | – | 6,969 |
| 3 | – | – | 4,840 |
| 3½ | – | – | 3,556 |
| 4 | – | – | 2,722 |
| 4½ | – | – | 2,151 |
| 5 | – | – | 1,742 |
| 5½ | – | – | 1,440 |
| 6 | – | – | 1,210 |
| 6½ | – | – | 1,031 |
| 7 | – | – | 889 |
| 7½ | – | – | 774 |
| 8 | – | – | 680 |
| 8½ | – | – | 602 |
| 9 | – | – | 537 |
| 9½ | – | – | 482 |
| 10 | – | – | 435 |
| 10½ | – | – | 395 |
| 11 | – | – | 360 |
| 12 | – | – | 302 |
| 13 | – | – | 257 |
| 14 | – | – | 222 |
| 15 | – | – | 193 |
| 16 | – | – | 170 |
| 17 | – | – | 150 |
| 18 | – | – | 134 |
| 19 | – | – | 120 |
| 20 | – | – | 108 |
| 25 | – | – | 69 |
| 30 | – | – | 48 |
| 35 | – | – | 35 |
| 40 | – | – | 27 |

—*Newburn Spectator.*

## THE SECRET BENEFACTOR.

BY MRS. E. C. LOVERING.

"Have you attended to the business I spoke of particularly, yesterday," asked Mr. Lambert, a wealthy owner of real estate, addressing an intelligent, fair looking young man, who was sitting at a desk, as the above named gentleman entered his office.

Charles Buchard colored with embarrassment. For a moment his hand moved across his brow, then raising his handsome eyes to his employer's face, he answered in a frank, steady tone.

"I have neglected to follow your instructions."

"Sir?"

"I am very sorry."

"Sorry!" cried Mr. Lambert, angrily, "sorry indeed! and this is the way that you attend to my affairs! Young man if you think I will pass over this carelessness—"

"I beg your pardon," said Charles, with a face like marble, but speaking in a calm tone, "I am guilty of no carelessness. I have endeavored to do my duty—"

"Your duty was to follow my instruction. Number twenty-three has been a losing business for me long enough. The family have had warning. You should not have disappointed me. I told you that if the rent was not paid before 12 o'clock yesterday—"

"I visited the family," rejoined Charles "and it seemed to me that had you seen what I saw, you would not have had me apply the extremity of the law to their miserable case. They are very poor—they are sick—they are suffering. You would not have had the heart to—"

"Charles Buchard,' exclaimed Mr. Lambert, angrily, "you have been in my employ two years. I have found you faithful, honest, capable—and I would not willingly part with you; but since you prefer your way of doing business to mine, and presume to dictate, it is not proper that we should work together any longer."

"I have thought myself," said Charles "that since I cannot conscientiously pursue the extremes you deem necessary, it will be best for me to quit your service. I am ready," he added, fixing his mild eye upon Mr. Lambert's face, "I am ready to go."

"Well, sir, we will have a settlement at once. How much am I indebted to you? What is your due?

"Nothing."

"Nothing! How is that?"

"You will see. Cast your eyes over this page."

"Yes—I perceive—you have taken up your wages lately, as soon as due," said Mr. Lambert, who remembering his clerks fidelity and capacity, was becoming softened. This is a new thing, but I presume you have invested your money advantageously?"

"I have tried to make Christrian use of it,' answered Charles.

"Have you been dealing in stock?"

"No sir."

"Ah, you lost confidence in me, and thought proper to put your money into other hands?"

"I have neither made investments nor loans," said Charles with a peculiar smile. "What small funds I could command, I have used."

"You!"

"Yes sir."

"Bless me, Charles! I thought you a steady young man; and how you can have consumed your entire salary I am unable to conceive."

"And I presume I should be unable to explain to your satisfaction, sir. It is a subject which I can avail nothing to converse upon. If you get a man in my place immediately, I shall be willing to save you the trouble of instructing him in the state of your business."

"Certainly—if you please—and you shall be paid—"

"I did not make the offer, expecting remuneration. I trust that I have kept my accounts in such a manner that it will not require half an hour to make an intelligent man understand the entire business."

"Charles," said Mr. Lambert, "I dislike to part with you so. We have always agreed until this time."

"Six months ago," replied Charles Buchard, "the family in No. 23 could not pay their quarter's rent I had orders to turn them into the street. I did not do it."

"But—but the rent was paid."

"You permitted me to give them a few days' grace, you permitted this, on my promise to see that the rent was paid.—You are right, sir—it *was* paid; the next quarter's rent was also paid. At present they *cannot* pay. Knowing the condition of the family I cannot follow your instructions."

"Well," said Mr. Lambert, hardening himself, "I have rules with regard to tennants which cannot be broken. I have rules with regard to persons in my employ, which nething can induce me to break. *Justice* is my motto. It is a good one; I shall stand by it."

"*Mercy* is a better one, sometimes," replied Chares softly. "Justice is admirable in all—but, mercy in the powerful is godlike.'

Thus Mr. Lambert parted with his faithful clerk. Another took the place of Charles Buchard, and the latter was without a situation.

About the first business Mr. Carrol, the new clerk attended to, concerned the family in No. 23.

"They vacate the premises immediately,' he said to Mr. Lambert. "But there is some mystery about that family; they made allusion to yourself, which I was unable to understand."

"To me!"

"Yes sir; they spoke of your kindness to them—'

"My kindness!' said Mr. Lambert.

"The woman is an invalid," said Mr. Carrol. "The man is a fine-looking, intellectual person, with thin cheeks, a broad pale forehead, and bright, expressive eyes. He has been a year at work on some mechanical invention, which he believes is going to be a vast benefit to manufacturers."

"I have heard Mr. Buchard speak of that," replied Mr. Lambert. "But what did these people say of me?'

"That they had been indebted to me for numerous favors—'

"Favors!"

"Yes sir—at work at his invention, which, of course, can afford him no income until completed, Mr. Ward has not been able to do much towards the support of his family. Mrs. Ward, as I said is an invalid. Their only child a—daughter about eighteen, and a girl of some accomplishments—has done considerable towards their support—"

"I have heard all this from Mr. Buchard. What did they say of me?"

"That in these circumstances they have received benefits from you, for which they are very grateful."

"It is a mere taunt—insolent irony," muttered Mr. Lambert.

"I assure you there were tears in the poor woman's eyes, when she said it; she was sincere."

"Humph!"

"They appreciated these favors so much the more," said Mr. Carral, "from the fact that, as Mr. Ward's invention is a secret, and as all his instruments and contrivances have been in the house, it would have been a sore disadvantege to be obliged to move. His invention is now on the eve of completion he is firm in the hope of being able to pay with interest all your benefits.

Mr. Lambert was greatly perplexed by this inexplicable conversation of his clerk; but he concealed his feelings, and leaving Mr. Carrol, to believe he was a man who did a great deal of good in a quiet way, went to make an attempt to explore the mystery; by visiting No. 23.

He found the Wards making preparations to vacate the premises. To a beautiful girl, with a handkerchief over her head, who was carrying small articles of furniture to the hall, he made known his wish to see Mr. Ward.

This gentleman was engaged in packing up his machinery; but soon coming out of his secret room and locking the door behind him, he appeared before Mr. Lambert. As these two individuals had never met, the landlord was obliged to introduce himself.

"I feel highly honored—I am thankful for this new indication of kindness," said Mr. Ward.

"I understand that you have been at work on an important mechanical invention."

"Yes sir, and I am happy to inform you that it is completed; the model is gone to Washington. I have used all the money I could scrape together to pay the expenses of the patent right; but, sir, a manufacturing company are ready to negotiate with me for my machine, and in a very short time I shall be able to pay all my debts."

Mr Lambert had hitherto regarded his tenant as a visionary. He did not look like one. The thought strnck Mr. Lambert that he might after all be able to pay his rent.

"I have concluded that I might as well permit you to remain here a short time longer—although I am myself pressed for money," he said with a thoughtful air.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Ward, "this is a favor I had no right to expect, notwithstanding all you have done for us; but I am sincerely grateful. We are geing into a miserable house, where we did not anticipate residing more than two or three weeks, or until I find my funds coming in; and if we can stay here, you shall be no loser by the operation. Your debt I consider sacred; those my benefits shall never be forgotten."

"Benefits! I am not aware that you are much indebted to me—"

"You are pleased to say so—but for two quarters' rent you gave me receipts in full, relying upon my honor for payment at some future time. I have also received snms to aid me in prosecuting my invention. I have at no time doubted but that they came from you."

Mr. Lambert pressed his forehead with his hand. After a pause he continued,

"And why, may I ask—why did you give me credit—"

"Excuse me for mentioning the subject,' said Mr. Ward with emotion, "but although you parted in anger from your sister—"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Lambert, starting and changing color.

"Her's was a pardonable offence," said Mr. Ward. "She declined marrying the man whom you chose for her husband.—You disowned her! you have never met her since. But this was years ago, and I knew you could not cherish resentment so long."

"My God!" cried Mr. Lambert, "what do you mean? I have heard nothing of her for twenty years. I know not what has become of her."

The tenant's eye looked searchingly and earnestly into the landlord's face.—Then taking him by the arm, he led him deliberately and softly into an adjoining room.

There was a pale thin weman sitting in an arm chair. She started on seeing the two men enter and uttered a faint cry of surprise.

"My brother!"

"Mary!" gasped Mr. Lambert, "can it be my sister?"

"Your sister and my wife," said Mr. Ward.

* * * * *

An hour later, Mr. Lambert might have been seen entering Charles Buchard's lodgings.

The young man with surprise greeted his late employer. The latter was apparantly excited by the occurrence of some recent event.

"Young man," I have learned in what way you have spent your salary the last year.'

"Sir!"

"You have compromised me;—I do not wish to blame you but you should not have left the Ward family to suppose the money they received came from me. *You* paid their rent, and gave them receipts in *my* name!"

"And do they know it?" exclaimed Charles.

"Why should they not? Why did you not act openly with them?"

"I had no thought that you would be injured by being suspected of helping them, and I had my reasons for not wishing to be known as the author of their benefits,' said Charles.

"I demand your reasons."

"The truth is, sir, if I must confess it, I—I hope some day to marry Mary Ward—'

"Ah!—'

"She is a worthy girl, sir.'

"But this is no reason!' exclaimed Mr. Lambert.

"Well then, you must know, sir, had I advanced money to the family openly,' said Charles, recovering his self-possession, and his face beaming with fankness "there was a possibility that I might be suspected of unworthy motives. And again, even had it been otherwise, and I could have won Miss Ward, as I would have wished to win her, she might have loved me more from a sense of gratitude than for myself; and I would not have bought her love. As it is, I—I hope she loves me for what I am, and that she will accept my hand, when I am in a position to support a wife.'

"Charles,' said Mr. Lambert, pressing the young man's hand, "I honor you!—You have acted nobly. Return to your situation; you shall have the entire control of my business; your salary shall be doubled—'

"But Mr. Carrol—'

"He is not permanently engaged. I will procure a place for him. Charles, you *must* come back! I confess I have acted wrong in this matter. To tell you a secret, Charles, Mrs. Ward is my own sister!"

"*Your* sister?"

"I do not wonder at your astonishment but it cannot equal mine, when I learned the fact this morning. I disclaimed all connection with her twenty years ago, because she refused to marry a man who was my friend. I was unjust. Afterwards she married Mr. Ward, of whom I knew nothing. She supposed, however that I might have learned the facts, and and all the favors they have received from you have thus been credited to me. But it shall all be made right. I thank heaven that I have now an opportunity to atone for my injustice to an only sister, and to thank you for the lesson in humanity you have taught me. Wealthy as I am, I shall never again distress a tenant for rents, without ascertaining whether he is deserving of any favors."

Mr. Lambert was not permitted to do all the good he proposed to his sister's family. In a few days Mr. Ward's patent was decreed, and his fortune made. Thanks to his noble invention, his family was raised to affluence; but Mrs. Ward did not disdain the kindness of her restored brother.

Mr. Lambert had lost no time in acquainting his relative with the nature of their indebtedness to Charles Buchard.—If they esteemed and loved this generous hearted young man before, what was now their admiration of his noble qualities!—None, however, felt their influence like Miss Ward. The only way in which she could express her joy, gratitude and love was by becoming his wife, with a dowry which relieved him of the care of providing for the comforts of life. Prosperous in business, happy in his domestic relations, Charles Buchard often had occasion to look back with a smile to the time when he left the service of Mr. Lambert "for conscience sake."