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The Kent News.

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

Vol. 16. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MAY 10, 1856. No. 52.

ESTATE OF GILES WARNER.

Maryland, Kent County, Orphans' Court, February 26th, 1856.

ON the application of Henry Urie, Administrator D. B. N. of Giles Warner late of Kent county, deceased,

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 26th day of February, 1856.

SEAL

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Giles Warner, deceased.—All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 28th day of October, 1856, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 29th day of February, 1856. HENRY URIE,
Adm'r D. B. N. of Giles Warner, dec'd.

March 1, 1856.—4w.

GROCERIES.

A few more left at Rees' Corner, and for sale at fair profits. Any person in want would do well to call and see us.—Having laid in a large stock of goods before the closing of the navigation, we have still a pretty good assortment on hand which we are willing to sell at the same low rates. A large stock of Confectionary still on hand, and just opened fresh. Apples, Peaches, &c.

ABEL J. REES.

Feb. 9. '56.

HORSES! HORSES!

One pair gray Horses, young, sound and gentle.

One brown Horse, Northern stock, and a natural pacer, rather fast, young, sound and gentle.

Several other horses on hand and for sale at Rees' corner by

ABEL J. REES.

Feb 23, 1856.

I expect other horses, in a few days, and would be glad to furnish those who may want. A. J. R.

One Door Below the Post Office.

MORE NEW FALL AND WINTER

Goods!

The subscriber has just returned again from Philadelphia with a large and elegant assortment of goods for Men's Wear, embracing Over, Frock, and business Coats, Talmas, Blk and Fancy Cassimeres pants, Silk, Plush, and Velvet, Cashmere, Granardine, Valencia, Cloth and common vests, made and lined in the best manner. Drawers, Suspenders, Gloves, Pocket and Neck Handkerchiefs, Stocks, &c. Also French Cloths, Beaver Cloths, French, English, and American Cassimers, Silk Plush, Silk Velvet, Granardine, Cashmere, and Silk Vestings. Tailor's Trimmings, &c., &c., all o which was selected with great care and is without doubt, the best and most desirable lot o goods ever offered to the inspection of our citizens.

All garments sold and made up warranted to fit, and what they are represented to be. Also qualities Silk, Blk and brown Slouch and citizen Hats.

Call, See and Buy.

JAMES ARTHUR.

Nov. 17, 1855.

Negroes for Sale.

BY an order of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned is authorized to sell at private sale to persons residing in Kent county, the following negroes:

5 boys—one 9 years of age;
Two 5 years of age;
And 2 not a year old;

Two girls—one nine and the other three years old; and a negro woman who has now about three years and four or five months to serve.—All the others are slaves for life.

MOSES KENNARD, Admr.
Moses Kennard, dec'd.

Feb. 23, 1856—tf

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the P. O. Chestertown, Md., March 31st 1856.

I S Brinton,	Benj. sohnson
James Bealen,	Wm. Kennedy
John T Briscoe	Rev. J. H. Kennard
James Barnett	Mrs Sane Kirkland 2
Rev. D Ball	Doct Kinidy
Davik H Brakly	G M McKinney,
Patrick McCloskey	Wm Lindsy
Carolina Coniger	Jas. J Lewis
John Carbery	Joseph Mitchell
Peters Chambers	L M Miller
Thomas Crawford	Lizzie J Mowbray
George Chambers	Morr-s Nickson
Thomas P Daniol	John W Quay
William Earskine	Thos. Primrose
George Fowler	Charlotte Peakey
James Frisby	L F Richards
Rev. S. N. Gorden	Peter Ross
Samuel Grevies	Dr. J A Robinson
George Gibbons	Milton Sawyer
Daniel Gidkis, f.n.	Alphonsa Sheppard
Joseph A Harper	Wm S Shaw
W Heland	Henry Sheats
Ella J A——	Martha F Turner
Allen Haines	Henry Wolf
Thomas Haslett	Thomas Wilgins
Joseph Hopkins	Thomas Whittuker
Adka Hotchkiss	James Woolford
Joseph Hamit	Samuel W Walker
John Journey	George Watts
S W C Johnson	Mrs. Martha J Warmsley

J. L. STAM, P. M.

Apr. 5, 1856.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

HAVING made arrangements with competent workmen, I will undertake by contract to do any kind of Carpentering, Brickwork, Plaster ing, Painting, Post and Rail or Board Fencing Any person having anything of the kind done will do well to consult the subscriber.

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner March 17, 1855.

FISH.

DIFFERENT varieties and grades of Fish can be had at Wilmer's Point or Georgetown selling at the warehouse.

ATTENTION FARMERS!
Guano excelled by 'De Burg.'

The great advantage De Burgs Super Phosphate has over Guano, is attributed to the large amont of fertilizing matter, Phosphates and Ammonia, which it contains.

It is a settled point with all chemist and scientific farmers that Peruvian Guano only supplies about one half of the phosphates that is required to grow wheat, rye, oats, corn, vegetables, &c., and that is the reason that land becomes exhausted and impoverished by its continued application. Whereas De Burgs Super Phosphate supplies more than is required, by the crops, and is quite as effective in its action of inducing early maturity as guano, much more durable and fertilizing to the soil and less volatile.

It is adapted for all crops and all soils, as a proof, we have testimonials from Maland to Georgia, and from *every county in this State*, from every variety of soil, and from gentlemen well known as intelligent farmers—some of whom have tried it for two years on fall and spring crops with pleasing results, in every instance. We name Hon. J. A. Pearce, G. W. T. Perkins, L. M. Strong, J. Urie, W. W. Stephens, Wm. Emory, T. D. C. Ruth, Esqs., and many others.

Francis Cann, Esq. says: "I never had so fine a field of corn as I have at present. The corn and potatoes grown by "De Burg" were much superior in quality and quantity to those grown by No. 1, Peruvian Guano, at the same rate per acre. I think it the best fertilizer I ever tried and cheaper than guano."

Josiah Ringgold, Kent co. says: "I applied De Burg and Peruvian Guano separately, each at the rate of 200 lbs. per acre, on same quality of land in corn, oats and vegetables, and I think where DeBurg was used that my crops were much the best."

Wm. T. Skirven, Esq., Kent co., says: "There was a manifest difference in the growth of the corn where I applied "De Burg" over that which was guanoed.—My wheat sown with "De Burg" looks better than my guanoed wheat."

☞ Every lot we receive is inspected and analyzed by the Chemist to the Md. Agricultural Society, who draws samples himself from entire cargo, and rejects all that does not come up to the fixed standard, thereby guaranteeing to the farmer a uniformity not to be found in any guanoor other manure.

The best proof of the value of this fertilizer as entertained by the agricultural community is the greatly increased demand for it, which is beyond precedent in any other manure. In consequence of which many imitations have been put upon the market. Farmers should be particular and buy none but "De Burgs Supher Phosphate" and to secure the genuine article, order it direct from us.

Price $43 per 2000 pounds, in 8 bbls.

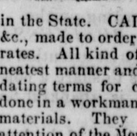
J. J. & T. TURNER,
42 Pratt st. Balt.

☞ Send and get analysis and testimonials.

Feb. 23, 1856—tf

TO FARMERS, MERCHANTS, AND OTHERS.

THE subscribers respectfully announce to their friends and the public in general that having taken the "Farmers' Foundry" in Chestertown, they how have on hand a large quantity of materials which they will manufacture to order in the best manner, and at the shortest notice.



They also keep constantly on hand a good supply of Plough Castings, which cannot be surpassed in neatness and durability by any manufactured in the State. CARTS, WAGONS, PLOUGHS, &c., made to order at the shortest notice and low rates. All kind of machine work done in the neatest manner and at short notice on accommodating terms for cash. Blacksmithing will bt done in a workmanlike manner and of the bese materials. They would particularly call the attention of the Merchants and Farmers of Kent and the adjoining counties to their castings—they will be sold as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere. ☞ All descriptions of old iron will be taken in exchange for work at the highest prices.

HENRY W. EARNEST,
DAVID A. BENJAMIN.

Jan 19, 1856.—tf

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, February 5, 1856.

On the application of William F. Smyth, administrator of John Curlett, late of Kent county, dec'd

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditorsto exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same by published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 5th day of February, 1856.

SEAL

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of John Curlett, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estates are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 30th day of August, 1856; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 5th day of February, 1855.

WM. F. SMYTH,
Adm'r John Curlett, dec'd.

Feb. 9, 1856.—4t

ETHERIAL OIL, best quality, at a low price by PRICE & FOWLER.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, an 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.

Wwritten for the Kent News.

THE SPIRITS FAREWELL TO THE BODY.

BY ROBERT F. GREELY, New York.

Farewell! thou dark and narrow cell,
That cramped awhile my stay on earth;
No longer doom'd in thee to dwell,
I waken to a brighter birth.
Then—thou, within a narrow tomb,—
Then thine own sepulchre of clay,
In silence and eternal gloom
Must moulder and decay;—
While I, defying death's keen dart,
Shall live to play another part.

Farewell. the grave shut out from noise,
With all its fabled terrors thine;
Eternal life, with all its joys,
Unaloy'd by ought of care is mine.
With thee—dull form, fit food for worms!
All consciousness must henceforth cease:—
And I ascend unto the realms
Of never fading peace!
'Tis thine to sink in oblivious bowl,
'Tis mine to live, forever a soul!

MISCELLANY.

For the Kent News.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

There is occasionally an article which we see in the public papers of the day, which is suggestive of a stray thought, and as has been our want, we pen down one or two little chirpping fancies, which now and then hop out of the medaow-land of the mind, and cage them in the Kent News.

A friend of ours—a friend, we say, for we are not conscious of having an enemy in the world, and if we have, the enmity is all on the other side—a friend of ours for some unknown cause attacks an article from our pen, which has no literary merit, nor ever raised any pretenstions thereto.—A reply is given in sportive mood; inasmuch as when the gauntlet is thrown down, and especially by a lady, it is no more than common gallantry to stoop and pick it up. This however does not seem sufficient to our irritable friend. He has got the crotchet into his brain for some reason or other that we are proud, and has taken upon him the self-imposed duty of punishing us a little for cherishing such feelings. There is a kind of pride—and we harbor no other—to which we must unhesitatingly plead guilty. It is that kind of pride which can never stoop to do a mean or degrading action. Our friend however sees fit to attribute it to some other motive, namely that I have been received into society. Now so simple an act as that, whatever effect it might have had upon him, has never disturbed the even tenor of our thoughts; much less turned our poor head. There is good society to be found in all sections of our great country, and sooner or later every individual will fall in with that, to which he is most accustomed, and which is most congenial to his taste. But it was not for that that we took the pen at the present time. It was to speak of another thing to wnich he alludes, and for which our pen has been burning to write for a long time; namely, the hospitality and kindness of the people of Maryland. I thank him for this peg upon which to hang a thought.

He tells the truth here—the very truth. We have been received with great kindness and hospitality; a hospitality which from its very heartiness, is divested in our mind of all suspicion. We are a person of few words; but our thoughts have been very busy as we have mused upon the fact, that territorial boundaries are no breastworks to genuine kindness, and real goodness of heart. Our letters, north, west, and east, and those which has crossed the briny deep, have gone feighted with the praises of our Southern brother. Southern hospitality has been to us heretofore only in name; we now have felt it, tasted it, experienced it. Think you, my dear sir, that cherishing such feelings as these, we would do anything whatever to injure those who have confided to us the rights of genuine hospitality? Do you not cross yourself, sir, when you say that all look upon us with suspicion as a betrayer of hospitality, when these same kindly offices are showered upon us?—We have more charity for *our* frtends. We will not believe them hypocrites till they in some way have shown themselves such.

A serious charge is that of having a mania for writing for the Kent News.—We are thankful that though a thought is occasionally caged there, it is sometimes lucky enough to make an escape. It is not the only periodical however, to which we have had the pleasure of contributing. For the past four years the railroads of this country and Europe have been scattering our thoughts in all directions; of which our sensitive friend from across the waters (we forbear giving him his national appellative) is perhaps not aware. Nor would we, though scenes from real life must of course be the most lifelike, ever use any private scene or individual name to disadvantage. We have always studiousiy avoided anything of the kind, and would sooner hold our right hand in the flames till it was consumed than knowingly to injure the feelings of the smallest child.

My sensitive friend is hurt because I give him his national name. *Our* pride does not prevent us from taking him by the hand and calling him brother, if he indicates those characteristics of mind which in our country are the only true basis of aristocracy. The wind of yesterday brought this man's vessel with a full cargo from the Indies, and he is rich.—The same wind sunk his neighbors vessel and he is poor. Shall I look with proud disdain upon the latter and fawn upon the former? I think not. When you know us better my friend you will judge us with more levity. When such names as Curran, Grathan, and Emmitt grace the pages of history and eloquence the term Irethman shall never by us be used as one of reproach. We hate hypocricy and double-dealing, as we do those snakes which St. Patrick forever banished from the Emerald Isle. And now if you should ever wander to our northern home, you may be sure of receiving as hospitable a welcome as the proudest lord of the land.

An Adventure.

There are many situations in life that men are placed in, which will bring forth talent, strength, courage and ingenuity, which, himself and others deemed totally at variance with his nature. I am one whose life has been an undisturbed peace and quietness. No quarrel or dispute ever rendered it necessary for me to call forth my moral or physical strength, both of which I am now inclined to think I possess; at least the reader will bear me out, when I have related the following adventure:

I was on my way to P——, in the fall of 18—; it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house, about four miles from N——. There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor did he move a step in spite of all my exertions to move him on. I determined to gratify his whim and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling indescribable, seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked and requested *to* be conducted to the lady of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting room, where sat a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance and seemed to be a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger. In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not," I observed, superstitious, nor inclined on the side of metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us, we are surrounded by good neighbors and I flatter myself we are at peace with them all. But this evening in consequence of my father's absence, I feel unusually lonesome, and if it were not bordering on the superstitious I might reason as you have, and say I consent to your staying, for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived; from what cause I cannot imagine.

The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; the hours flew so quick, that on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring—and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my mind, and I lay twisting and turning on the bed, in all the agony of a sleepless suspense.

The old clock struck one—its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person jumping from a window sill to the door, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway. I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady—mine was next the staircase—the step came along the galley slow and cautious. I seized my pistol, and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements seemingly mysterious or suspicious. The sound of the step stopped at my door, then followed one as if applying the ear to the key hole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved nor a nerve slackened, for I felt as it Heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.

The person now slowly passed on. I heard a door open softly, I also opened mine, and caught a glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady. I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber; through the half open door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtained bed, within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he—gracious Heaven! a negro! For at that moment a tall, fierce looking black approached the bed; and never were Othello and Desdamona more naturally represented. I was now all suspense; my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation as I bounded into the chamber.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted we stood gazing at each other a few seconds; his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance—he made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse at my feet. The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper; she started in the bed.—The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh do not kill me! take all, you cannot, will not kill me, sir?"

The servants now rushed in; all was explained. The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed to be a runaway slave from Virginia—I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of deaths, who in after years called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attack of a midnight assassin.

A Woman Married to a Woman—Interesting Developments.

We recently alluded to the fact that a gay young lady was cutting around in male attire among the belles of Syracuse. The Standard announces that she has been arrested on the charge of palming herself off as a man, having been married to a young lady named Lewis! The Standard of Tuesday says:—

Yesterday morning the female dressed in male attire, was brought before Justice Durmford for examination. The circumstances attending this case, although somewhat enveloped in mystery, are, as far known, exceedingly singular. There is now no doubt but the person is a woman, and although she is still attired in men's apparel, we will speak of her as one of the female sex.

In answer to the questions of the Justice yesterday morning, she said her name was Albert Guelph, that she is English by birth, had been in this country about two years; lived in Lodi about six months part of the time with a colored woman named Dinah Jackson, and, part of the time in the family of Mr. Lewis; she has no occupation: receives remittances from England, and the balance of her support is furnished by a sister, who resides in this city. In reply to a question, "are you a male or a female?" she answered "your officers can tell you," or "have told you." She refused to give any more direct answer to the inquiry in relation to her sex, and was committed for a further examination.

From various persons we learn that this woman is well known in town in the character of a female, and she has probably assumed the disguise of a man within a few weeks. She is said to be an English woman, and to have a son a blind boy, who lives with her sister, a very respectable woman named Mrs. Edgar, residing in this city.

A few weeks since she assumed the garb of a man, and made the acquaintance of a young lady named Miss Lewis. After a brief courtship they were married by Rev. Mr. Gregory, of the Episcopal Church, and the parties have since resided together as husband and wife. The marriage ceremony was performed about three weeks since, and the bride's father, suspecting there was something wrong about his new son-in-law, obtained a private interview, and informed her of his suspicion that she was not what she pretended to be. At first she claimed that she was a man, but on closer questioning finally admitted that she was a female.—A partial examination was made at this time by the father-in-law and officer Barnes, which satisfied the officer that the person was a woman disguised, and he immmediately arrested her, and placed her in the watch house, where she has remained since Saturday evening last.

We have not learned the proper name of this singular woman. She is about 30 years of age, with marked features, prominent nose, high cheek bones, black hair, worn long (for a man,) and curling at the end, and apparently brushed and oiled with care. She wears a glazed cap, blue coat, blue shirt, dark vest, buff colored pants and gaiter boots, and a shawl over her shoulders; speaks with considerable confidence, but is not very communicative.

It is understood that when this woman first came to the house of the bride's father, she was attired in female apparel, and her clothing was changed to man's attire with the knowledge of the family.—The probability is that the family supposed her woman's dress was a disguise, and that she was resuming the proper habiliments of her sex. The lady's father was adverse to the match, but the bride still clings to her women husband, and claims that the arrest is a conspiracy against them. They were allowed to meet in one of the ante-rooms of the police office, and embraced each other with the greatest marks of affection.

There are many absurd stories afloat in relation to this singular case, but we believe the above are the only reliable facts that have been brought to light.—The Justice, as we have already remarked, remanded her for further examination as it is understood that other charges will probably be brought against her.

[From the Centreville Times.]

THE RAIL ROAD.

MR. EDITOR—Perhaps it will be gratifying to your readers to learn that prompt measures are being adopted for the early organization of the Queen Anne and Kent county Rail Road. Although we fear that the great reaction in prices of grain will somewhat retard the necessary subscriptions, yet we hope that the generally awakened interest of the community, to the importance of the work will call forth exertions on the part of our citizens which will ensure its early completion.

Never is the necessity of a Rail Road connexion with NEW YORK more apparent than at periods of *low prices like the present*. The prices current as quoted in the *Baltimore American* of *last Wednesday*, show that while corn is selling in *Baltimore* at 46 cents, the same article is quoted in *New York* at 62½ cents!

We have the positive assurance of capitalists and business men in Delaware, that if we will extend our road to the Delaware line, in the upper part of Kent County that they will there meet us, and build a road from thence, through Smyrna to Bombay Hook, there to connect with a line of steamers which shall carry our grain to N. York at a rate of freight not exceeding 3 or 3½ cents per bushel.—Thus making the whole rate of freight from here to New York not more than 3 cents over Baltimore freights, while the difference in price in the two markets is 17½ cents! It will thus be seen that 300 bushels of corn transported to New York at the rates proposed, will *nett* as much to the farmer as 400 bushels sold in Baltimore!

Do not such facts as the above, show that the farmer will be blind to their own interests if they fail to render prompt aid to this great work? And as the Commissioners will organize at an early day and open books for subscription to the stock of the Company, let us hope that their efforts will be promptly supported.

A COMMISSIONER.

WEATHER PROVERBS.—The following cutting from one of the Glasgow "Penny Almanacs" for this year, will be found generally so true and useful in its observations, as no unworthy of being copied:

"WEATHER WISDOM.

A rainbow in the morning gives the shepherd warning; that is if the wind be easterly, because it shows that the rain cloud is approaching the observer.

A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight. This is also a good sign, provided the wind be westerly, as it shows that the rain clouds are passing away.

Evening red, and next morning gray, are certain signs of a beautiful day.

If the cock goes crowing to bed, he will be certain to rise with a watery head.

When you see gossamer flying, be sure the air is drying.

When black snails cross your path, black clouds much moisture hath.

When the peacock loudly bawls, soon we'll have both rain and squalls.

When ducks are driven thro' the burn, that night the weather takes a turn.

If the moon shows like a silver shield, be not afraid to reap your field.

But if she rises haloed round, soon we will tread on deluged ground.

When rooks fly sporting in the air, it shows that windy storms are near.

If at the sun rising or setting the clouds appear of a lurid red colour, extending nearly to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms and gales of wind."—*Notes and Quries.*

Why is the letter U an uncertain letter? Because its always in doubt.