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The Kent News.

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

Vol. 17. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MAY 24, 1856. No. 4.

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.

MIDDLETOWN ACADEMY,

DELAWARE.

JAMES B. MCDOWELL, PRINCIPAL,

Assisted by Able and Experienced Teachers.

THE Summer Season of this Academy will commence on the first Monday of May, and continue 21 weeks. The course of instruction is very thorough and comprehensive, including the branches of a complete English and Classical Education &c., &c The Boarding-House for Students from a distance, is under the sole charge of the Principal, and is renovated and furnished in the most neat and comfortable manner. *Expenses*:—For Boarding, Tuition, &c., &c., for term $80, or $85, according to advancement of of which a part is required in advance. There are *no extra charges whatever* connected with the Institution.

Middletown Academy is situated in the healthy and pleasant village of Middletown, New Castle county, Delaware surrounded by a very beautiful and highly productive country, inhabited by a moral, enterprising, and intelligent population. The Delaware Railroad connecting with the neighboring cities, and different parts of the Peninsula, affords speedy and comfortable access.

The Principal has had ample and successful experience in the education of youth, and pledges his most earnest efforts to maintain a school equal to the best Academies in the country; and worthy of the confidence and patronage of those interested in the education of boys or young men.

For Circulars containing particulars address the Principal as above.

March 22, 1856.

"Young America."

CORN AND COB MILL.

THE undersigned has been appointed agent for the sale of this superior mill which he will sell at the city price. Advantages of the Young American or Excelsior mill over all others,—1st, great strength and durability, 2nd, simplicity—having only one set screw to graduate the quality of grinding, which renders it so simple that it may be managed by any ordinary farm hand; 3rd, it will grind more corn or corn and cob in the same time, and of the same quality, than any other mill in use of the same size; 4th economy, that part of the mill which is most liable to wear being made separate from the main body of the machine, can be renewed when worn out at the small cost of $3. Thus, in the Young America or Excelsior mill, we present the best, cheapest, and most durable mill ever offered to the farmer. This mill is of larger size and greater capacity than any other mill sold at the same price.

Price $50, with a discount of 5 pr. ct. off for cash, including an extra set grinding plates, which renders it equal to two entire mills, for $50 and new plates can be furnished at the small cost of $3 per set, which can be attached in the same manner that new points or shares are put to a plough, when the old ones are worn out; delivered in any part of the county.

B. B. PERKINS.

April 5, 1856.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER

GOODS!

JAMES ARTHUR

HAS just returned from Philadelphia with an assortment of *ELEGANT GOODS*, adapted to men's wear, to which he invites the attention of his customers and all persons in want of such Goods. The stock consists of fine and medium French Cloths, cassimeres, vestings, Soap D'Eta, white and fancy drillings, Linen Duck, Tailors Trimmings, and fine linen cambric red silk Handkerchiefs, silk and lawn Cravats, stocks, stockings, collars, silk and gauze Merino shirts, &c. Also

READY MADE CLOTHING,

of superior quality, silk and soft hats, all of which were selected with great care from the importers and Manufacturers and will be sold at the lowest prices.

Terms cash, unless otherwise agreed upon before sale. Goods cut and made up as usual in the most fashionable styles. Call, see and buy. One door below the Post Office.

Apr. 19, 1856.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers wish to employ for two months several able bodied men hands to work upon a wharf upon the bay shore near the Groff farm. Good wages will be given. Apply to

SKIRVEN & FRANCIS.

March 29, 1856

POETRY.

☞ Here is one of the best pieces ever written by G. D. Prentice, the greatest poet of America:

NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked on the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand.
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day;
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my line away.

And so me thought, 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea,
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more;
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace,

And yet with him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands;
Inscribed against my name
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

I hear the soft wind sighing,
Through every bush and tree,
Where now dear mother's lying
Away from love and me.
Tears from my eyes are starting,
And sorrow shades my brow;
Oh, weary was our parting—
I have no mother now!

I see the pale moon shining
On mother's white head stone;
The rose bush round it twining,
Is here, like me—alone.
And just like me are weeping
Those dew-drops from the bough;
Long time has she been sleeping—
I have no mother now!

My heart is ever lonely,
My life is drear and sad,
'Twas her dear presence only
That made my spirit glad.
From morning until even,
Care rests upon my brow;
She's gone from me to heaven—
I have no mother now.

MISCELLANY.

For the News.

VILLAGE GOSSIP.

SCENE FIRST.

One fine spring morning, Mrs. Jones having taken in a full supply of gossip on the previous evening, sets out to make calls. The first place of resort is to her intimate friend's, Mrs. Smith's:

"Good morning Mrs. Smith; how are you this fine day?"

"Quite well, thank you; how are all the little ones?"

"O! they are as well as usual; I don't see anything of Mr. Smith, has he gone out?"

"Yes he went to call on the Parson."

"O, that reminds me of something I heard yesterday evening; though you must promise me first not to say anything about it."

"Of *course* not; how could you suspect me of such a thing as repeat what is told in confidence"

"Well, it isn't much after all. and I don't know that any one knows it except the person who told me. But Mr. Hodges, when he had the Parish in Baltimore county, used to turn his back on the congregation when he pronounced the benediction.

"You don't tell me so. Patience alive! what *are* we coming to. Why, its just for all the world like the Romish Priests.'

"Why it *does* savour of Romanism—that's a fact; and to tell you the truth I think the matter ought to be looked into."

"To be sure it ought; *well*, who would ever have thought it; I dont wonder at it though. I never did like the looks of that man from the first time I saw him.'

"No, nor I either; that long straight coat he wears put *me* against him.'

"You don't say he's got one those long coats? Well—I *did not* think he'd go so far as *that;* though I always knew he had a *tendency* towards Romanism. I must mention this to Mr. Smith. He's one of the vestry and will know what to do about it'

"Well, do; I think you are quite right about it; but as I have several other calls to make this morning, I must be going. And mind Mrs. Smith dont tell.'

So off she sets, and no sooner is she fairly out of sight, than Mrs. Smith *forgetting* her friend's injunction to secrecy, hastens to impart what she has heard, to *her* intimate friend, Mrs. Chatherton.—Commencing as Mrs. Jones did to her, with a caution to be silent—she thus begins.

SCENE SECOND.

"Have you heard the news Mrs. Catherton?'

"No, what news?"

"You have'nt! why, that's strange; you musn't say anything about it though, for it was told me in confidence."

"No, certainly not."

"Well then—the Parson turns his back upon the congregation when he pronounces the benediction, and besides that he wears a long coat! Did you ever?"

"No, I never. Who on earth could have told you?"

"O. Mrs. Jones told me, but she told me not to say anything about it. I dont suppose she'd care about my telling *you*, though, for I am perfectly confident you wont mention it."

"You may depend upon me, I assure you."

"I hear we are to have service every day this week; have you heard anything of it?"

"No. Who told you?'

"I heard Miss Brown say that the Parson told *her* so."

"Miss Brown, eh! I believe the single ladies of his congregation see more of him than any one else. I declare I think its shameful the way the young girls run after him. It was only the other day I saw Miss Alice Somers stop him in the street to ask how his cold had got. Just an excuse you may know, because she could easily have sent a servant to enquire.—Now if it had been an old woman like *myself* it would not have made so much difference you know."

"No, of couse not. That is what *I* think. By the by, I wonder what the Parson does with himself now a days. I never see him except in the pulpit.'

"Nor I either—he never comes here now. I dont think he visits as much as he used to."

"Well, I dont know about that. He visits at *some* place, Mrs. Chatherton, more than he does at others. But my stars! here he comes now. Take care—let me get out the back way, I dont want him to catch me here, for he saw me out yesterday, and if he knows I'm out so often, he'll be preaching a sermon on gadding about.'

And home she goes to digest what she has heard and prepare for a fresh supply.

SCENE THIRD.

"Good morning, Mr. Grant. Why, what's the matter,—you don't look very well pleased about something."

"Neither am I sir, I'm bothered to death—*worn out*—with this *eternal* ringing of that Church bell. Nothing but ring, ring, from morning till night, from one week's end to another. Wife and daughter both trampoosled off to church, and not a button on my shirt. Just look here, can't keep my sleeves fastened for the life of me; I'm sick and tired of it.—They shan't go any more—I'll be hanged if they shall."

"Why neighbor, you are quite eloquent on the subject."

"It's enough to make a man eloquent, sir; if women would only stay at home and read their bibles, they'd be doing a great deal better than tramping off to the church every morning. One half of them only go anyhow to show their new bonnets and criticise others. I'll warrant St. Paul himself would lose his patience if he was situated as I am. I'll put a stop to this eternal church going."

"Well, for my part, I don't care how much they go to church themselves, so they dont expect me to go with them.—Men of business dont have time for it. Ah! here comes Philips, I wonder what *he* has to say for himself.'

"Good morning, gentlemen—just looking for you. I want you to subscribe to a new church we are getting up. Mr. Grant we shall get something from you.'

No sir, not a *cent*. There's too much bell ringing for me; I wont give a cent towards any church whey they have service more than once a week.

"Well, Mr. Reed, *you* will certainly help us?"

Not *I* sir, you must excuse me; I paid twenty dollars yesterday for repairs on the church and I'm not going to be filched of any more. People seem to think I'm made of money. I dont know what in the world they do with the money I give them every year. It's a regular extortion. I'll not give any more."

"Well, I see I shall get nothing here, so I might as well bid you good morning."

SCENE FOURTH.

"O, Nelly, what do you think! I got a bow from the Parson this evening.'

"*That's* nothing. He sent me a bunch of flowers yesterday.'

"Did he though? Ah how I wish it had been me. Where are they? Do let me look at them."

"Come up stairs and I'll show them to you."

"O how beautiful! I wonder where he got them? There is cedar; do you know the emblem?'

"Yes—I live for thee."

"I wonder if he knew what it was when he put in?'

"Do hush Alice. Of course it is only a gift of friendship.'

"O, of course. Did you think I meant anything else? O, what do you think? they say he is engaged to that odious Miss Allison. Wont it be dreadful if he is?'

"Who says so? I dont believe a word of it?"

"I do though; everybody says so, and then he wears a ring on his little finger. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if it *were* so.'

"I dont care if he *does* marry her. I expect she'd make a very good wife, and people would not talk so much about us girls if he were married."

"No, they would not, isn't it a shame, just because we think him handsome, and have the courage to say so; I dare say they like him just as much as we do, only they wont acknowledge it. I declare, I do detest old maids—they are forever scolding us girls about something or other.'

"There goes Mr. Hodges now; doesn't he look handsome?'

"Where? I dont see him?"

"Right across the street."

"O, yes; just look at his eyes Alice—aint they beautiful."

"Hush, Nelly, hush! he's coming across."

"O, let me run up stairs and brush my hair before he come.'

[The Parson enters and puts an end to the gossip.] A Spectator.

A Law Suit at the West.

An old acquaintance of ours, now a resident of Minnesota, writes us as follows, amongst other things relative to the manner in which suits are tried before justices of the peace in Minnesota Valley:

They have some rich justice trials in the Minnesota Valley. I will give a specimen of one. Not far below Traverse des Sioux a trial came off before a Dutch Justice—the parties were a german as plaintiff, and a Mohawk Dutchman, named Letcher as defendant. An Irish schoolmaster was attorney for defendent, and an English butcher attorney for the plaintiff—neither of the attorneys was a lawyer nor could the justice either read or write English. The controversy was about some hay and boards defendant had of plaintiff.

When a witness was brought on the stand, the justice swore him on the statutes of Minnesota. The butcher objected to his being sworn on the statutes—the magistrate insisted that it was the law and he ought to be sworn by the law; the butcher insisted that the Bible was the only proper book upon which a witness should be sworn, but the justice was exorable. The justice then asked the witness—"Vill you shwear dat Letcher hav' de hay?' The butcher then insisted that the witness should be sworn generally and in the proper manner; but the justice gave no heed to the objection, and while the witness was being sworn on the statute said—"I believe Letcher hav' de hay, and you shwear Letcher hav' de hay. I give shudgment for de hay—you shwear py die law, not py die Piple; dat ish de no-notting pook—it ish not de laws of Minnesota. Letcher shwear he hav' de two poards, and py Gott, if he hav' de two poards, I pelieves he hav de nine; pefore I give shudgment for one ton and de half of hay and nine poards.

At this stage of the proceedings, defendant's council moved for an adjournment—which the justice considering in order at all times, granted for one week. But the *denouement* was the richest of all.—The people at once proceeded to the house of the butcher which stood in the adjoining county, tore it down, moved it into the county where the trial came off, and the next day elected the butcher prosecuting attorney for that county. Such legal talent and legal honesty, as the butcher displayed, in dictating law to a justice already prone to his side could not go unrewarded by the people of Minnesota Valley.

This is a rare occurrence, and might happen in any new country, peopled in part by foreigners.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Obituary.—Curious combinations are oftentimes found in the advertising columns of our newspapers. The following which we may under the circumstances, venture to style the *utile cum dulce*, in the announcement made by a lately bereaved wife:

"Died on the 11th inst., at his shop No. 20 Greenwich street, Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and delt with him. As a man he was amiable; as a hatter, upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable rate than any house in the city. His disconsolate family will carry on business with punctuality.

☞ John Randolph was one of the most sarcastic men that ever lived. One time a young man attempted to make his acquaintance. He obtained an introduction and among the first remarks said:

"I passed by your house lately, Mr. Randolph."

"I hope you always will," was the reply.

☞ Answer to Enigma in our last—Millard Fillmore.

For the "News."

To the writer of "This That and 'Tother"

Sir: I would not be doing justice to my feelings, did I refrain from expressing my appreciation of your last article; there is something so peculiarly attractive in these "little chirping fancies" of yours as they come hopping out of the "Meadow land of the mused" that one is led to contemplate the meadow itself, and almost in ectacy exclaim, how beautiful! how green!

Permit me, as with the freedom of a friend to remark that we never made an attack upon an article as yours, though if we had, the cause would not have been unknown to you. We merely expressed our opinion, in common with others, and without reference to any person; on the contrary we see a continual attempt on your part to draw the public mind from our articles, to the supposed writer of them.

Considering the mild tenor of your communication, we are surprised to find you charge the supposed author of being ashamed af his country, and almost with the same breath tender him lordly hospitalities, should he even visit your Northern home. From what we know of that gentleman the contrary would be nearer the fact—nor do we see any cause to be ashamed of the land that has produced such men as Wellington, Montgomery, Burke and Adam Clark, and whose hills, in the midst of winter, would outvie in greenness, those meadow lands which nurtured your chirping fancies.—She is still beautiful, oppressed as she is by the implements of men's avarice, and the man that would be ashamed of such a Mother would be unworthy of your hospitalities.

We feel happy to know that the periodicals of the day have received your disinterested aid, but we confess ourselves a little in the dark when you say that for the last four years the R. R. of the country and Europe have been scattering our thoughts in all directions." We have been puzzled not a little about the meaning of this sentence. If you mean your crude thoughts we know of no way by which a Railroad Co. could carry them unless they have such a cage as the Kent News, and thoughts of the weight of yours would smash all to atoms. What is more likely to be your meaning is, you expressed your thonghts in words and then committed them to paper and then dispatched them by the R. R. of this country and Europe in the form of letters and in that way any one who can raise postage can distribute their thoughts; but what excites our surprise is, it has only been for the last four years you have been in the habit of doing it—we feel confident in saying that the reduction of postage, near the commencement of that period, had nothing to do with it.

Your good sense and refined feeling which prompt you to say that you had sooner your right hand to be burned than knowingly injure the feelings of the smallest child is every thing. We need hear no more, if you offended it was through ignorance you did so, and as we never take umbrage where none is intended, and as the gentleman you allude to so much is of the same opinion, he requests me to say to you, if ever the fire of your poetical imagination would incite you to visit the beauty of nature in other lands, and a love of the sublime and beautiful forgotten stones, (we know you are fond of pebbles,) should draw you to the Giant's Causeway, or as an admirer of Moore, you visit the scene of one of his soul stirring melodies, the meeting of the waters, not far from there, and by a stream as beautiful stands a cottage, and in that cottage, you need no other passport than simply state that you are an American, to entitle you to their hospitality; how much it would be increased by stating that you are an acquaintance of mine, modesty forbids me to say, but I imagine only for the fear of it being seen in the newspapers, you would get a kiss from the owner of a pair of as beautiful blue eyes, as those owned by the belle at Washington.

With unfeigned friendship I am your devoted Louise.

A Doctor's Life.—An M. D. writing to the Nashville Journal of medicine, thus describes a few of the trials which the poor doctors are doomed to suffer:

"If he visits a few of his customers when they are well, it is to get his dinner; if he don't do so it is because he cares more about the fleece and the flock. If he goes to church regularly, it is because he has nothing else to do; if he dont go, it is because he has no respect for the Sabbath or religion. If he speaks to a poor person, he keeps bad company; if he passes them by he is better than other folks. If he has a good carriage he is extravagant; if he uses a poor one on the score of economy he is deficient in necessary pride. If he makes parties it is to soft-soap the people to get their money; if he dont make them he is afraid of a *cent!* If his horse is fat, it is because he has nothing to do; if he is lean, it is because he isn't taken care of; if he drives fast, it is to make people think somebody is very sick; if he drives slow he has no interest in the welfare of his patients. If he dresses neat, he is proud; if he does not he is wanting in self respect; If he works on the land he is fit for nothing but a farmer; if he don't work it is because he is too lazy to do anything; if he talks much, "we don't want a doctor to tell everything he knows;" if he don't talk, "*we like to see a doctor social;*" if he says anything about politics, he had better let it alone; if he don't say anything about it, "we like to see a man show his colors." If he visits his patients every day it is to run up a bill; if he don't it is unjustifiable negligence. If he says anything about religion, he is a hypocrite; if he don't, he is an infidel. If he uses any of the popular remedies of the day, it is to cater to the whims and prejudices of the people to fill his pockets; if he don't use them it is from professional selfishnes. If he is in the habit of having counsel often, it is because he knows nothing; if he objects to having it on the ground that he understands his own business, he is fraid of exposing his ignorance to his superiors. If he gets pay for one-half his services he has the reputation of being a great manager. Who wouldn't be an

M. D.?

A TALE WITHOUT A HEAD.

Jake was a little negro who belonged to Dr. Talliaferro, and was said to have in his little frame a heart as big as Gen. Jackson's, to say nothing of Napoleon Bonaparte and Zack. Taylor. He did not fear even old Nick, and as for coolness he was as cool as the tip top of North Pole.

One day Dr. Talliaferro, upon the occasion of the commencement of a Medical College, of which he held the chair of Anatomy, give a dinner. Among his guests was a well known ventriloquest.—Late in the evening after the bottle had done its work, the conversation turned upon courage, and the doctor boasted considerably on the lion heart of his man Jake. He offered to bet that nothing could scare him, and this bet the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for and came.

"Jake," said the Doctor, "I have let a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think you can?

"Berry well, Massa," replied Jake; "jes tell dis nigger what he's to do, an' he'll do it shore."

"I wan't you to go to the dissecting room. You will find two dead bodies.—Cut off the head of one with a large knife which you will find there and bring it to us. You must not take a light, however and do not get frightened."

"Dat's all, is it?" enquired Jake; 'Oh berry well, I'll do dat, shore, for sartin, and as for being frighten', old Satin himself ain't gwine to frighten me."

Jake accordingly set off, and reaching the dissecting room, groped about until he found the knife and bodies. He had just applied the former to the neck of one of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate, a hollow and sepulchural voice exclaimed:

"Let my head alone!"

"Yes, sah," said Jake; "I ain't 'ticular; todder head'll do jes as well.'

He accordingly put the knife to the neck of the next corpse, when another voice equally unearthly in its tone shrieked out:

"Let my head alone!"

Jake was puzzled at first, but presently answered:

"Look a yah! Massa Tollifer sed I must bring one ob de heads, and you isn't gwine to fool me no how!"

Jake hacked away until he separated the head from the body. Thereupon half a dozen voices all screamed out—

"Bring it back! bring it back!"

Jake had reached the door, but on hearing this, turned round and said:

"Now, now, see yah! Jes keep quiet, you deuce ob a fool, an' don't wake up de women folks. Massa only gwine to look at de bumps.

"Bring back my head at once!" cried the voice.

"Tend to you, right away, sah!" replied Jake, as he marched off with the head, and the next minute he deposited it before the doctor.

"So you've got it, I see," said Jake's master.

"Yes, sah," replied the unmoved Jake "but please be done lookin' at him soon, *kase the gemmen told me to fotch him back right away!*"

To Improve Seed Potatoes.—Charles Seager, of St. Louis, recommends the following easily tried method of improving potatoes, so as to restore them to the original soundness, richness and mealiness of this valuable root:

"The plan is this: Keep back some seed potatoes for six or seven weeks after the usual time of planting, say till the last week of June or the first week of July and then plant and cultivate them as same as stock potatoes. They will grow until the frost withers the vines when they should be dug. They will be very small. Should be planted at the usual time of planting in the spring—one of the small potatoes being sufficient for seed in each hill; the result will be large sized, sound mealy potatoes, as I have proven by actual trial. I hope that it will be tried by some of our farmers this year."