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The Kent News.

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

Vol. 17. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MAY 31, 1856. No. 5.

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 COODS*, 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, Doap D'Eta, white and fancy drillings, Linen duck, Tailors Trimmings, and fine linen cambric red silk Handkerchiefs, silk and lawn Gravats, stocks, stockings, collars, silk and gauze morena shirts, &c. Also

READY MADE CLOTHING,

of a 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 the 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.

JOS PRYTO D.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
ADJOINING THE FOUNTAIN HOTEL, LIGHT ST.
BALTIMORE,

WISHES to inform the citizens of Kent that he has received a beautiful assortment of Cloths, Cassimers, Vestings and Linen Goods for Spring and Summer wear, which he will make up in the most fashionable and durable manner, also an assortment fine Clothing ready made.

Mar. 8, 1856.

NOTICE.

I WILL sell 5 Brood Sows and pigs, 2 Fine Young Mares, 1 Jack—four years old in the spring, and wants to purchase about Twenty Head young Cattle. Persons in want of the above or who have stock to sell will do well to call on

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, Md., Jan. 19, 1856.

E. B. HARRIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 4, Bowley's Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

CONTINUES to attend to the sales of Grain &c. &c.

April 7, 1855—tf

NOTICE.

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

SKIRVEN & FRANCIS.

March 29, 1856

FOR RENT [illegible] at a low price [illegible]
JOSEPH ANSLER.
Jones Neck, April 19, '56

ATTENTION FARMER!
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, 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. & F. TURNER,
42 Pratt st. Balt.

☞ Send and get analysis and testimonials.

Feb. 23, 1856—tf

Look Out for Mad-Dogs!

TO BE BITTEN by a rabid dog is a serious matter, but to buy clothing at about half the usual price and value is no grievous thing.

CHARLES H. KENTON

Will sell CLOTHING 50 per cent cheaper, at most, than they have ever been sold in this place,—for instance, Coats from 75 cents to $15, Pants 75 cts. to $6, Vests 62½ cts. and upwards, Hats from 12½ cts. to $4, Caps at all prices, and all other goods proportionably low.

apr. 19, 1856.

CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MAKING.



THE subscriber still continues to carry on the above business, near McDaniel's Hotel, Chestertown, Having employed the best workmen, he is now prepared to make Carriages, of any style, at short notice, which will compare favorably with any in the State—terms reasonable. Repairing, of all kinds, done with despatch.

JOHN GREENWOOD.

Feb. 2, 1856,—tf

WANTED—A boy to learn the Carriage trimming. G.J.

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 further 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.

SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.

1,000 TONS Mape's nitrogenised super phosphate of Lime, an article which has been fully tested by farmer, and is believed to be the cheapest and and strongest fertilizer in the market. 1,000 barrels superior Pondrette, especially adapted for the corn crop, also Tafew, a new and powerful fertilizer; all of the above for sale wholesale and retail by

PASCHALL MORRIS & CO.,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
Cor. 7th and Market Sts. Philadelphia.

Mar. 8, 1856.

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.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen,
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood wish,
To roam like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast—
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and lovely maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this!
Whose soft, dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the springtime of the year—
They have passed—like hope—away,
All their loveliness has fled—
Oh! many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.
Like the bright buds of Summer
They have fallen from the stem—
Yet oh! it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet—the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they—
And feel that all are beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love,
Grow to each loving breast,
Like tendrils of the clinging vine,
Then perish when they rest.

And can we but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming!
For we know that winter's coming
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorsous beauty round us
Is blooming but to die!

MISCELLANY.

LIFE OR DEATH.

A TRUE STORY OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.

By Elihu Burritt.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge of Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to the vast arch of unhewn rocks with the almighty bridge over their everlasting abutments, when the morning stars sang together. The little piece of sky, spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, though it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up these perpendicular bulworks of limestone to the key rock of this vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that runs from rock to rock, down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

At last, this feeling begins to wear away—they begin to look around them.—They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their lads and their knives are in hand in an instant. "What men has done, men can do,' is the watch word while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who had been there before them.

They were all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotton truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence.

This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that shall be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to the fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of a boy to write his name side and side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand—and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts into the limestone about a foot above where he stands; but as he puts feet and hands into these gains, and draws himself carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled on that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in huge capitals, large and deep, into the flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals.—This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions he cuts another niche and climbs again. The graduation of his ascending scale grew wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends grow weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock.—An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint from severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the cries of his terror-stricken companions below.

What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands in the same niche with his feet, and retain his hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive his new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipated his desire. Swift as the wine, he bounds down the channel, and the fearful situation is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there were hundreds standing in the rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath and awaiting that fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his fathers voice, who is shouting with all the energy of despair:

"William! William! don't look down—your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here praying for you. Keep your eyes towards the top."

The boy didn't look down—his eyes were fixed like a flint toward heaven; and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another niche is added to the hundreds that removed him from human help below.

How carefully he uses his wasting blade. How anxiously he selects the softest place in that pier. How he avoids every flinty grain. How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stand his father, mother, brother; and on the very spot, where if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half down in the West.—The lad had made fifty additional niches in the mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of the vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut in a new direction to get over this overhanging mountain.

The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom, its vital feeling is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with the ladder below. Fifty grains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade again strikes into the limestone.

The boy is emerging manfully, foot by foot, from under the lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the other edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over! That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels, and his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart. That niche is his last!

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his hand, and ringing along the precipice, fell at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-nell through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of near three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes, to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! One foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into enternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his lenghth over the bridge, has a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness came over him with the words, God! Mother! whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over the fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down, and draws the lad up, and holds him in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

CAUGHT COUNTERFEITING.

Two of the great guns of the New Hampshire bar; Jeremiah Mason and Ichabod Bartlett, had been battling all the week and the most important cases had been disposed of. The judge was half asleep, the jury was in scarcely a better condition, and cases were decided before the parties interested hardly knew which way to turn. At about four o'clock, an old man was placed at the bar, accused of passing counterfeit money. There were but few persons in the court house—the lawyers who had finished their business, had gone home, and the old fellow seemed in a fair way to be rapidly consigned to the State Prison. Mr. Bartlett the younger *gun*, sat with his arms folded and his feet upon the edge of the table, apparently asleep, while the attorney general was examining two or three witnesses. Never was justice hurried through in a more summary manner. The evidence was direct and conclusive, and as witness after witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler and he trembled at the certainty of his fate.

By and by Mr. Bartlet opened his eyes cast a glance at the grey hairs of the culprit, yawned gently, and turning to the attorney general, said audably, "I'll defend this man." He asked no questions of the witnesses and took no notes—but when the evidence was through, he rose and delivered one of the most beautiful arguments ever heard. The testimony which appeared as clear as noon-day, he pulled all to pieces—he made discord of harmony—nonsense of sense—discrepency of the most exact agreement, and when he touched upon the old man's unjust sufferings, he even drew tears.

Without leaving their seats, the jury declared the prisoner 'Not Guilty!' The weeping man, with clasped hands, leaned forward, seeming to invoke a blessing upon the head of his defender.

"Let him out, constable;' said Bartlet, "and now you old rascal, go about your business, *and never let me catch you counterfeiting money again!*"

The jury started in wonder, and we left the court house laughing, yet sorrowful.

A STRANGE HEAD.—The Napoleon (Arkansas) Sentinel, of March 21st, says:—"We were shown by Dr. Lebrader, a day or two since, a most singular and remarkable head—that of Fouchee, a celebrated chief of the Greeks The singularity of the head consists in two perfect mouths—a front and a rear mouth with a double set of masticators to each. It is a remarkable fact that it made no difference in his eating or feeding operations which mouth he used as either answered the same purpose, but whenever he imbibed from the rear mouth, drunkenness ensued much sooner than if he had taken it by the front. Such a head is worthy the study of anatomists and of the medical faculty.

EDITORIAL COMPLAINTS.—Prentice, of the Louisville Jonrnol, comes down on Harney, of the Democrat, in the following gentle style:

The editor, as we see misrepresents and lies, and does all in his power to make the world think that there can be no security for life and property. He is as great a curse to Louisville, as God, in the mysterious dispensation of His Providence, ever sent upon a city. He seems in his destructive and pestilent influence to be a combination of the lice, the frogs, the flies, the locusts, the murrain, the boils, and blains, the hail, the darkness that could be felt, and all the rest of the ten plagues that Heaven in its wrath visited upon Egypt."

NEW JERSEY ERECT!—A prominent leader of the American party in New Jersey, now in this city, informs us that the Fillmore and Donelson spirit is thoroughly aroused in New Jersey, and that there is no doubt of a glorious American victory in that State in November. The skies are brightening all over the country.—*Wash. Organ.*

Citizens of Chicago! these are your chief officers, appointed by the United States, the State of Illinois, and elected by the city and county,

☞ ALL IRISHMEN! ☜

The revenue of the United States, the entire taxes of the city and county, the whole State tax of Chicago, are in the hands of Irishmen!

The public prosecutor of the United States, the State prosecuting Attorney, six Justices of the Peace, and the Marshall who has the entire charge of the peace and order of the city, all are Irishmen!

We call this 'squatter sovereignty with a vengeance,' and we fear that before long you will find it to be such! Americans! does your blood boil at such an outrage—such an utter, open and unparalleled disgrace? Are you now satisfied as to the aims of Douglas. Can you read his plans and purposes? Do you feel that he is vile among the vile? It is to him we owe our thanks for such an exhibition of regard—this is the testimonial of esteem which we have from his hands, and it is with this splendid exhibition of his power his magnanimity and his nationality that he presents himself as a candidate for the Presidency. But, Americans, this is not all, these are merely the prominent features in the picture—Douglass's chosen friends—he has many more such, who *would* occupy these positions, but failing in this, consent to be policemen. Four-fifths of the whole police force are Irishmen—the other fifth divided between the Dutch and the Americans, the latter to be dismissed as soon as their services can be possibly dispensed with. Shall we call your attention to the Board of Aldermen—ah no! you are well acquainted with them now!

You have seen a drunken Irishman *stagger* in his seat!

Look for a moment at your representatives in the Board of County Supervisors—who are they? Red-mouthed Irishmen!

Citizens of Chicago, you know the workings of squatter sovereignty—how do you like it? Shall it spread abroad over and around the land, or will you check it in its course? You see the indignity which has been placed upon you; rise, then, to a man, and utter your opinion. Let your voice go forth, even to the Senate Chamber, where he holds you up to derision and scorn! 'your Senator!' the imbodiment of your sentiments! and let it brand him as the traitor! that he is false to America itself.

WHERE IS MRS. LUCY STONE?—An old bachelor talking of "woman's rights" in our office yesterday said—"Talk of *equality* of intellect, forsooth! Let us see what they have *done*, where the 'sphere' has been unquestioned and wide open to 'em this thousand years. Sir—

No woman ever produced a great painting or statue;

No woman ever wrote a great poem;

No woman ever wrote a great drama;

No woman ever composed a great opera or other piece of music;

No woman ever produced an important mechanical invention;

And, sir, no woman was ever a *good cook!*

The best that can be said of the best of them is this—they have written clever letters, tolerable novels, and intolerable epics They have made no sculptures, no music, no paintings worthy of the name; and as to 'inventions,' sir, they have invented nothing outside of millinery and mischief since the world begun!" We were about to reply, when we discovered the wretch had disappeared. But, really these are grave charges. Where *is* Mrs. Lucy Stone?—*Boston Post.*

☞ "Bob, that is a fine horse you have there—what is he worth?"

'Three hundred and fifty dollars.'

'Not so much as that?'

'Yes, every cent of it, and another fifty on top of it.'

"Are you sure?'

'Yes, I'll swear to it.'

'All right.'

'What are you so inquisitive for?'

'Merely for assessing purposes; for I am the assessor of this ward, and only wanted to know what you rated your nag at.'

DEATH OF AN AGED NEGRO.—The Shreveport Democrat says: 'We have to record, this week, the death of probably the oldest man in Louisiana—the old black man Jim, usually known as Dr. Jim.—He died on Saturday last, aged one hundred and twenty-four years, three months and twenty-five days. He was born December 24th, 1731, in Fredericksburg, Va., as the slave of Captain John Carter who served as an officer during the revolutionary war.

☞ Rev. David Daily, the oldest minister of the Philadelphic Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, died at his residence in Snow Hill, Md., a few days since. As might be supposed, from his long and useful life, his end was peaceful and triumphant.

☞ The American Party in Arkansas have nominated JAMES YELL for Governor of that State.