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The Kent News.

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

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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 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.

ESTATE OF EDWARD R. MERRITT.

Maryland, Kent County, Orphans' Court, November 18, 1856.

ON the application of William S. Merritt, Administrator of Edward R. Merritt, late of Kent county deceased,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for redtors 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 18th day of November, 1856.

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 Edward R. Merritt 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 27th day of June, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of November, 1856. WM. S. MERRITT,
Admr. of E. R. Merritt, dec'd.

Nov. 22 1856.—4w.

ESTATE OF ANGEVINE WARREN.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, November 18, 1856.

On the application of Geo. W. Crossley, Administrator of Angevine Warren, late of Kent county, deceased

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditorsto 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 Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 18th day of November,, 1856.

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 Angevine Warren late of said 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 27th day of June, 1857; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of November, 1856.

G. W. CROSSLEY,
Admr. Angevine Warren dec'd.

Nov. 22, 1856—4t.

ESTATE OF JAMES H. WEER.

Maryland; Kent county, Orphan's Court, November 25, 1856.

On the application of Joseph E. Weer, administrator of James H. Weer late of Kent county, deceased;

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against 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 hereto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 25th day of November, 1856.

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 has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration of the personal estate of James H. Weer, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers on or before the 20th day of May, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 25th day of November, 1856.

JOSEPH E WEER,
Adm'r of James H. Weer, deceased.

Nov. 29, 1856—4t.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby forwarned from gunning in, or trespassing upon my property, after this date. WM. M. GEMMILL.

Nov. 22, 1856

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon my enclosures with dog, gun, or otherwise, from this date. I will prosecute all who may disregard this notice.

HENRY COHEE.

Worton, Nov 22, '56.

POETRY

John G. Whittier, the Quaker bard, has of late, sullied the purity of his mission as a true poet, by writing verses in a sectional spirit and for party ends, against the safety of the Union, and the Constitution. His mind is biassed and his vision obscured by prejudice, or he would never so prostrate his talent, after having given us such noble stanzas as the following, which are worthy his genius as a Poet and his feelings as a Patriot, and stand forth in striking and ennobling contrast with his later Abolition productions. The memory of these lines should have shamed him from perpetrating the others:

OUR UNION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimson'd bright Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern Gulf and by the Lakes of Maine:
It flows in veins that swells above Pacific's golden sand,
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by dark Atlantic's strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West,
With men whose cities class themselves in Erie's classic breast;
And those to whom September brings the fireside's social hours,
With those who see December's brow wreathed with gorgeous flowers!

From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling western wave,
To where Potomac sighs beside the Patriot hero's grave;
And from the gleaming everglades to Huron's lordly flood.
The glory of the Nation's past thrills through a kindred blood!

Wherever Arnold's tale is told it dyes the cheek with shame
And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill or Moultrie's wider fame;
And whereso'er above the fray the stars of empire gleam,
Upon the deck or over the dust, it pours a common stream!

It is a sacred legacy ye never can divide,
Nor take from village urchin, nor the son of city pride;
Nor the hunter's white haired children who find a fruitful home
Where nameless lakes are sparkling and where lonely rivers roam!

Green drew his sword at Eutaw and bleeding Southern feet
Trod the march across the Delaware amid the snow and sleet;
And, low! upon the parchment, where the natal record shines,
The burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin calmer lines.

Could ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart,
That erst were written boldly there with plight of hand and heart?
Could ye erase a Handcock's name e'en with the sabre's edge,
Or wash out with fraternal blood a Carroll's double pledge?

Say, can the South sell her share in Bunker's hoary height,
Or can the North give up her boast in Yorktown's closing fight?
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves.
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves?

Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer 'mid the gloom
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's tomb?
Or could ye meet around his grave a' fratricidal foes,
Bad wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?

Ye dare not! is the Alleghenian thunder toned decree;
'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea;
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery Southern shore;
And where, through frowning mountain gates, Nebraska waters roar.

Taking Notes.—"Well, Cuff," said a minister to his colored servant, "what were you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"You taking notes?" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said he.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen spiders, dipped in ink had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister.

"Well, massa," Cuffee replied, "I thought so all the time you was preaching."

A Thrilling Tragedy.

On a certain evening, two American officers, belonging to some volunteer corps attended the Cathedral in Mexico, where certain services were held appertaining to the nuns at the Western part of San Francisco.

The cathedral was filled, as usual, with a large crowd of the faithful; and at the conclusion of the ceremonies, when they were dispersing, the two officers lingered in the church, gazing at the expensive ornaments; a nun who remained behind the rest of the sisterhood made a sign to one of the officers, who was slowly following the footsteps of his comrade, that she wished to speak to him. Returning to the nun, a dialogue ensued, in substance as follows:

"You are an American officer?"

"I am, madam, and but recently from the land of Yankees."

"I presume, sir, you are a man of honor and discretion."

"Those qualities, added to courage, make up the composition of an American soldier."

"Will you render me an important service?"

"You have but to command me."

"I will not conceal from you that the service I ask at your hands requires not only discretion, but extraordinary intrepidity. Now, knowing this, are you still willing to assist me?"

"Yes, I am determined."

"Very well; when you hear the convent bell strike twelve to-night, be at the side gate; I shall be there to open it, and on your knocking three times, you shall learn what it is I require of you. Will you be faithful to the rendezvous?"

"Yes."

"Well, I depend on you. Adieu."

They parted, and the officer rejoined his companion, as they pursued their way to the American quarters, related to him all that had transpired, and asked him if he should fill the appointment.

The other advised him to do so by all means, and for fear of accident, offered to accompany him to the gate at the appointed hour.

Supposing the affair to end in one of those innocent adventures so common in Mexico, and taking it for granted that the lady had been struck with his personal appearance, the officer, with his companion, repaired to the gate according to agreement; and upon giving a concerted signal, the entraque was opened by the nun.

"You are truly a man of courage and honor, and entitled to my warmest gratitude."

After conducting him to her cell where a lamp was burning, she politely invited him to sit down, and producing two bottles requested him to take a glass of wine with her—a request which a man and a soldier is not apt to treat with indifference. Filling a glass out of one bottle, she took a little to herself out of the other, and after he had finished his, she told him to go to the opposite side of the bed from herself. The officer, still innocent, obeyed, when the nun thus addressed him.

"Well, we are quite alone. Is my door bolted? Look!"

And at the same instant, to his utter horror and amazement, she disclosed to him the dead body of a monk, whose clothes were stiff and matted with blood, while she continued:

"The favor I require is that you take this body on your shoulders and convey it beyond the gates of the convent. I will light you to the gates of the first court. Obey instantly or your life will be in peril for if you attempt to escape, I will shoot you through the head!" And suiting the action to the word she drew a pistol from her bosom and presented it at him. "I know," she added, "that my own life will be the forfeit, for after despatching you I have a poinard for myself—the same with which I stabbed that miserable monk."

Seeing no other means of escape, the officer took up the body and accompanied by the nun, who carried a dark lantern, proceeded to the gate by which he entered; and upon issuing from it, threw down his horrible burden at the feet of his comrade, who waited to enjoy a hearty laugh at what they both imagined would terminate in a pious love intrigue.

After recounting to his friend the almost incredible adventure in which he had been engaged, they resolved to communicate the circumstance to Gen. Worth in person; but they only proceeded a short distance from the convent, when the officer who had brought out the body began to complain of the most violent and excruciating pains. He soon fell upon the pavement and expired! He had been poisoned.

A Puzzled Irishman.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. The two Crogans was one, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who the mischief was four? Let me see—counting his fingers—the two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three, and—be dad! there was four of us; but St. Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now its meself that have it; Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two, meself was three, and—and—be the powers, I think there was but three of us after all.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS.

The hero of the following thrilling story was embodied in the person of a stout blacksmith, aye, an humble blacksmith, but in his stout frame, hardened with toil, throbbed as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of La Fayette, or around the heart of mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in the full tide of retreat that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service, was dragging a baggage wagon from the field of battle, while some short distance behind, a body of continentals were pushing forward with a body of British in pursuit.

The wagon had arrived at a narrow point of the by-road leading to the south where two high rocks and crags, arising on either side, affording just space sufficient for the passage of the baggage wagons, and not an inch more.

His eyes were arrested by the sight of a stout, muscular man, apparently some forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree at the very opening of the pass. He was clad in the course attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, and with his shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arm, he lay extended on the turf with his rifle in his grasp, while the blood poured in torrent from his right leg, which was broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The waggoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight He would have paused in the very instance of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout hearted man refused.

"I'll not go into your wagon," said he, in his rough way, "but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on the the top of that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you can lift a man of my build up there? For you see neighbor," he continued while the blood flowed down from his wound, "I never meddled with the Britishers until they came tramping over this valley, and burnt my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces, and haint got more than fifteen minutes in me; but I've got three balls in my cartridge-box, and so just prop me up against that tree, and I'll give the whole three shots, and then, I'll die!"

The wagoner started his horses ahead, and then with sudden effort dragged the wounded man along the sod to the foot of the tree. His face was to the advancing troopers, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the waggoner rusued on his way, when the doomed blacksmith proceeded coolly to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and, raising his rifle to his shoulder, he picked the foremost from his spirited steed, with the exclamation:

"That's for Gen. Washington!"

In a moment the rifle was re-loaded, and again it was fired, and the pursuing British rode over another of their fallen officers.

"That's for myself," cried the blacksmith, and then, with a hand strong with the feeling of approaching death, again loaded, raised his rifle—fired his last shot, and another soldier kissed the sod! A tear quivered in the eye of the dying blacksmith.

"And that," he said, with a husky voice, which strengthed almost into a shout, "is for mad Anthony Wayne!"

Long after the battle of the Brandywine was past, the body was discovered against the tree, with the features frozen in death smiling grimly, while his right hand grasped the never failing rifle.

And thus died one of the thousand brave mechanic heroes of the revolution; brave in the hour of battle, undaunted in the hour of retreat, and undismayed in the moment of death.

New Life Boat.—A new life boat, invented by a Mr. James Peake of London, was recently tried on the Thames with the most complete success. It contained forty men, and so great was its stability that it required twenty-four men to bring her gunwale to the water's age. Finally being turned over by some tackling attached to a crane, she righted herself in a few seconds, and when filled with water relieved herself of it in less than thirty seconds. Four such boats as this would have saved every life upon the ill-fated Lyonnais.

☞ It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong.

It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich.

It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned.

It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

These are very plain and and important truths, too little heeded by gluttons, spendthrifts, bookworms and hypocrites.

Hoops.—The last wicked thing on hoops is the following: The ladies' hoops are getting so wide that it is difficult for them to get into a railroad car, most of them being built of the "narrow gauge". It will be a little singular if fashion should drive all the travel to the six foot gauge railroads.

Hints to Farmers.

Apple Trees.—October is one of the months to transplant apple trees. After the frost has so nipped the leaves as to stop the circulation of the sap, the trees may be taking up and transplanted.

It is a question whether this work is best done in the fall or in the spring.—Each season has its advantages. We can have more time in autumn, and as we can so easily bank up the tree with earth to support it, and to keep away the mice, we need not fear to set our best trees as soon as they cease to grow.

If any one would set trees, before the frost has nipped the leaves, he may do it by first stripping off all the leaves, for these will no longer draw forth the sap, and no risk will be run eve when the trees are taken up in September

By throwing a little bank around each tree at this time of year, the labor of staking will be saved, and the mice will do no harm unless the trees are set near some old wall, in which case particular care should be taken to guard them.

The mulching may all be done in the spring after the little mounds are levelled down—or it may be done at the time of setting, provided proper care is taken to cover up all the staw, &c., about the trees.

After all, it is of but little consequnce how or when trees are set, unless you take care to procure good ones. If you take the refuse trees from a nursery, or buy them of a strolling dealer in cheap articles, you may as well set them in one way as in another. But good trees will be sure to produce fruit by the fourth year after setting.

Corn Meal for Milch Cows.—In the fall of 1852, I began to feed three farrow cows for the purpose of supplying a milk man in this vicinity with milk for market. I had a few sugar beats and turnips with which I begun and, as I designed the farrow cows for the butcher in the spring, I commenced giving them meal from corn and barley, some ten bushels old grain; then corn meal alone, increasing till they ate one peck each per day. I tried it cooked and raw, wet and dry, mixed with cut fodder, composed of hay, straw, corn-stalks cut up together, varying the amount of each as convenience might suggest, as I think all animals require a variety. Now for the result. The cows increased in milk, giving more on the above feed than they had done on grass during the summer. Contrary to my expectation, they did not improve very fast on the food given, and I was obliged to dry them up early in March, to get them fit for the shambles. My cows that were coming in, in the spring had two quarts of corn meal each per day, and they also gave liberally. The milk being sold daily, gave an excellent opportunity for, testing the amount given at the time. I made up my mind that corn meal was the best for milk of any food for milch cows, and still think so, if good, rich milk is wanted. It has been tried considerably in this vicinity, with the same result as here given. I feed cut feed, but I do not think that would vary the result; with me, if the cows get their daily allowance, I get the returns.

Change of Food for Animals.—The kind of food for animals should be changed frequently. A horse long kept on shorts will be affected with a fever in his legs and feet producing a result similar to founder. Shorts, corn meal, or cob meal, should never be given except in a mixed state with cut hay or straw. This will require them to eat slower and the food is better prepared for digestion. If given alone, it ferments rapidly in the stomach,, produces a general fever, injuries the digestive organs, and finally produces a stiffness throughout the limbs.—When these results are discovered, the remedy is a change of food Continued feeding on oats alone will produce the same results as shorts or meal, and as many a founder is caused by it as by feeding and drinking when the horse is warm. If necessity compels a person to feed his horse on shorts, corn meal, or cob meal, a supply of salt should be added to prevent fermentation in the stomach.—*Western Agriculturist.*

Egyptian Wheat.—A. Fahnesstock writes from Toledo to the *Ohio Farmer*, that some person in the State of N. York procured and sowed last year, 35 pounds of this wheat, and the produce was thirty bushels—nearly a bushel to a pound of seed sown.

The heads are branched, having on it one main head, and from it shoots out from three and four to eight and ten heads. It is not likely to lodge, and the whole patch raised last year averaged near six feet high. Its origin is said to be unknown.

Relieving Choked Cattle.—The following method of relieving neat cattle when choked by a turnip, potato, &c., has been tried, it is said, and never known to fail:—Pour into the throat of the animal, from a junk bottle, a pint or so of lamp or sweet oil, at the same time rubbing the throat briskly with the hand.—Immediate relief will follow. This is easily tried, and may be the means of saving many valuable animals.

Why dew hurts Sheep.—From time immemorial, it has been a precept with careful shepherds, not to let the sheep turn out upon the dewy grass, or graze in the damp or marshy regions.

Why was the dew of the morning, so dear to poets, considered dangerous to sheep? No one could tell, least of all, the bucolic guardian; but if he could not tell why it was so, he still avered that it was so. And now, science comes with a very simple explanation, to justify the empirical precept. Siebold, the great comparative anatomist, has given the rationale in his curious treatise on entozoa.

Many of the creatures pass the early portion of their predatory existence in the bodies of one species of animal, and their maturity in another. The eggs are deposited in these latter domiciles, but not developed there; they have to be expelled and the dear little innocents, either as eggs or embryos, are cast upon the wide world to shift for themselves. But how?

There they lie on the smoking dung heap, and far away roam the sheep, in whose lungs they live, and they alone can develop them, and find food. What chance have they? This chance. The rain washes them into the earth, or the farmer flings them in manure upon the soil. The humidity serves to develop them; they fix themselves against the moist grass, the sheep nibble the grass, and with it carry these tiny antozos into their stomach; once here the business is soon accomplished! Thus it is, that the dewy grass is dangerous. Thus it is, that damp seasons are prejudicial to sheep, multiplying the diseases of lungs and liver to which these animals are subject.—*Howard's Register.*

Land Manure.—If you have a large pile of leaves, which you would convert into manure, adopt the following process:

Slack fresh lime with brine till it falls to a powder. Turn the leaves with a fork, and sprinkle this powder evenly among them, at the rate of four bushels to a cord of leaves. Turn the heap now and then, and you will soon have a maple manure. Nothing is better applied to fruit trees.

"Philosophy of Drowning.—Man is the only animal that drowns naturally.—He does so because he is endowed with reason; that is to say, with a large spherical brain with a skull on it which rises above his nose. If he falls into deep water, in spite of his great brain, he has not presence of mind enough to put his nose out and keep it out, as he might easily do, but lets his heavy head, like a stone, press his nose under water. In this position, with his lungs emptied of air, he inhales and fills his breathing pipe with water so that he becomes enough heavier than water to sink and die for want of oxygen to keep up the vital combination.

While the lungs and passages are filled air, the body is lighter than its bulk of water, and of course swims, just as an iron vessel does. All, therefore, which is necessary to keep a person from drowning in deep water is to keep out of the entrance to the lungs. Do you ask how this is to be done? Suppose yourself a bottle. Your nose is the nozzle, and must be kept out of water. If it goes under, do not breathe at all till it comes out. Then to prevent it going doing again, keep every other part under—head, legs, arms, all under water *except* your nose. Do that and you cannot sink in any depth of water. All you need do to secure you this, is to clasp your hands behind your back, and point your nose at the top of the heavens, and keep perfectly still. Your nose will not go under the water, unless you raise your brain, hand, head, knee or foot higher than it. Keep still, with your nose turned up in perfect impudence and you are safe.

This will do in tolerable still water.—In boisterous water you will need a little of the art of swimming.

The Parting Hour.

The hour is coming, and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and the best; the hour is coming when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to the families we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think, or whether we think not, that body which is now warm and active with life shall be cold and motionless in death—the countenance must be pale, the eyes must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature, we may tremble at the prospect of dissolution; but our reluctance to reflect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollection, are in vain. We know that we are sentenced to die, and though we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we never can entirely remove it. The reflection haunts us still; it haunts us in solitude; it follows us into society; it lies down with us at night—it awakes with us at morning. The irrevocable doom has passed upon us, and too well do we know it. "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."—*Tweed.*