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The Kent News.

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

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THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPE

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, & General News

EDWARD MANSFIELD

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expira ion of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To CLUBS—5 copies for $6—10 co ies for $10. No subscription received for horter period than six months, and no paper wil e discontinued until all arrears are paid.

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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.

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

POETRY.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

DELAY THOU NOT.

Upward, onward, be thy aim,
Earth boasts not a deathless fame,
'Tis but immortal in the skies,
Then win the prize,
God bid the speed.

Soil not thy pinion here below,
'Twill all thy swiftness overthrow;
Thy golden wing will folded be,
Sojourner for eternity
Delay thou not.

If faint-hearted, view the goal,
'Tis holy warfare for the soul;
Bright will thy weapons ever be,
If from the Christian armory,
Then gird them fast.

Thou hast no pang God doth not know,
Upward, onward, thou must go;
Faith be thy watchword, prayer thy might;
With heaven in sight
What wouldst thou more?

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

BANK RHYMES.

Adapted from the Original of Mother Goose.

Sing a song of specie,
Gotham all awry,
Seven and fifty Bank birds
Knocked into pi;
When the Banks were opened
The Cashiers tried to sing;
Wasn't that a pretty dish
To send to Gov'nor King.

The King was up to Albany
Fighting off the brokers;
The Cashiers were in Wall street
Working hard as stokers;
Presidents were shinning
Up and down the street,
Out rushed a *Brown* bear
And knocked them off their feet.

Bark! bark! the Banks do bark,
The brokers have come to town,
Some with 'bags' and some with rags,'
To hunt the specie down.

There was a man in our town,
Who was so wondrous wise,
He jumped into the Barbary coast,
And drew out his supplies.
And when he got his specie out,
With all his might and main,
He rushed into another bank,
And concluded that all things considered
he might as well deposit it again.

Here we go up, up, up!
Here we go round, round, roundy!
Here we go backwards and forwards,
Here we go down, down, down!
(Stock reports.)

Ba! ba! Bank sheep have you any gold?
Yes, marry, have I, t ree bags told;
One for depositors, one for me,
And one for the old chap that lives across the sea!

Note-shaver! Note-shaver!
Fly away from home;
Your notes are protested,
Your fingers will burn.

One—Two! What shall we do?
Three—Four! Close up the door.
Five—Six! They are coming like bricks.
Seven—Eight! Ask them to wait.
Nine—Ten! Good friends come in.
Eleven—Twelve! The deposits we'll shelve.
Thirteen—Fourteen! Stop exporting!
Fifteen—Sixteen! Ain't we fixed in?
Seventeen—Eighteen! Keep 'em waiting!
Nineteen—Twenty! Vaults are empty!

There was a Public had a Bank,
And it had naught to give her;
It paid out its notes, and marked its checks,
And bade its folks consider.

The folks considered very well,
But couldn't get their money,
And bade them play another tune
"Oh! specie-paying's funny!"

Monday night, it shall be the whole case

To say that our Banks are all on a square,
On Tuesday morning the folks will come in,
Never a one of 'em get any tin.

Fifty odd banks were bulled up by the Yorkers,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
When they expected suspension I don't know,
But come the smash did, and remarkably soon;
'Yorkers, New Yorkers, New Yorkers,' said I
'Why do you brag so remarkably high?'
'To keep up exchange while we can,' they did cry,
'But we'll fail and be with you by and by.'

There was a Teller who had nought,
And drawers came to spot it;
He stept into the specie vault,
And then they thought they'd got it;
But he crept out the other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

Pay my check, pay my check, Banker's man,
No I can't master, by any plan;
Then take it and cross it and mark it with G.
And then it will do for Tommy and me.

Pretty Director! Your Bank let me milk,
I'll give your wife a beautiful silk!
And a dozen gloves as you shall see,
If you will come down with a discount to me.

Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They laid a-bed till the clock struck ten,
Robin starts up and looks at the sky—
To Bank! brother Richard, our specie is dry;
Do you go before with the check and the bag,
And I'll follow after on little Jack nag.

High ding diddle, remember Nich. Biddle,
The Banks have gone up like balloons;
The Democrats laughed to see the sport,
And the Brokers went in for the spoons.

CHOICE TALES.

THE CITY COUSINS.

BY MRS. M. RITCHIE.

On a dreamy day, in the reign of Frederic William, King of Prussia, a heavy travelling carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only who took no heed of the slowness of the travelling; but leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers, contained in a small pocket book. Since he was dressed in a plain, dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to what grade of it nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided.

A chilly November evening was closing in, and though the rain had for a time ceased, yet the dark masses of clouds flying through the sky gave warning that a 'sweeping' darkness was at hand. The coach grew heavier, at least, so it should have seemed to a foot traveller, who was ploughing his way through the mire; and so, doubtless, it seemed to the carriage-horses who floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian, whom they had overtaken, kept easily along by the side of the coach, the occupant of which looked out of the window, and perceiving the stranger, called out in rather an authorative tone of voice:

"Halloo! young man, whither are you bound this stormy looking night?"

"That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a resting place before I get there, to that I am bound, for I am weary."

"I should think you must have two hours' walk before you was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause the stranger said:

"If it please you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome so to do Herr—What's your name?"

"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man, "one of those who never refuse the small benefit, because the larger one is not to be obtained."

The next question put to Heinrich from inside the window was:

"What are you going to Berlin for?"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer.

"And pray, who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well to tell you the truth, I have not an idea, who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed it is very doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioner looked amazed, and he said:

"Surely, there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin, or what could have put this into your head?"

"Why," replied Heinrich, 'I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting any thing to do in my own neighborhood. I have no relations to help me, and not quite enough to keep me in necessaries."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with cousins in Berlin?"

"Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow students have got good appointments, and whenever I ask them to let me know how it was done the answer always is, 'A cousin gave it to me,' or 'I got it through the interest of a cousin who lives in Berlin.' Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in the country I must go without their help, or hunt them in Berlin."

This was said in a comical, dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing, but he made no comment.—However, he pulled out a piece of paper and began to write upon it. When he had finished, he turned round to Heinrich, saying, that he observed he had been smoking, and that he had felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring his tinder with him. CouldHerr Meyer oblige him with a light?

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply.

And Heinrich, taking a tinder-box out of his wallet, immediately began to strike a light. Now, the evening was damp that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder lighting; moreover, the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well, if your cousins are not more easily to be got at than your light is, I pity you, young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched Heinrich's laborious efforts.

"*Nil desperandum* is my motto," answered the young man; and when the words were scarcely uttered, the light had been struck

In his delight of succeeding, Heinrich jumped up on the carriage step, and leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face, exclaiming,

"Hurrah, sir, puff away!"

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and addressed Heinrich:

"I have been thinking over what you have been telling me, and perhaps, in an humble way, I might be able to assist you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin, take this note," handing him a slip of paper on which he had been writing; "take this note to Marshal Grumkow, who is somewhat of a friend of mine. But mind! Do exactly as he bids you, and strictly abide by his advice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he will keep his word; but he is rather eccentric, and the way he sets about doing a kindness may perhaps seem strange to you. And now," he continued, "as the road is improved, I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good evening, hoping you will prosper in your new career."

As Heinrich began to express his sincere thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and before he had time to make any acknowledgments, he found himself alone again. The young man was not a little astonished at what had taken place; and as he gazed on the slip of paper, he would not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These were the only words on it:

"Dear Marshal—If you can forward the views of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend. Let me know the result of the interview with him."

"Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way.

Somehow or other, the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and footsore since receiving the paper. Hope was stronger within him than she had been for many a day; and quickening his pace, he reached Berlin by night-fall.

The noise and bustle of the capitol was new to him, and he had some difficulty in making his way to the inn. He found one at last and after a frugal supper, he retired to rest. After breakfast he spent some time in searching for the residence of Grumkow. The house was, however at last gained, and having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich awaited the result in the hall.

In a few minutes the servant returned, and requested him, in a most respectful manner, to follow him to the Marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously; and the Marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects; requested to know the name of the village or town in which he had been educated; at what inn he was living in Berlin, &c. But still no allusion was made either to the note or to the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes; at the end of which time the Marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call at that day fortnight.

. . . . . .

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the Marshal's arrived. His reception was again most favorable.—The Marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer and bringing forth a bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth, one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various superscriptions were?

Heinrich answered that to the best of his belief, one was that of Herr Mudel, his former schoolmaster; another that of Dr. Von Hummer, the principal of such a college, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the Marshal, "and perhaps it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal and not be working in the dark."

As he said these words, the Marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich, to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unabashed; he evidently feared no evil report.

"I feel bound," continued the Marshal, "to tell you that all they say of you is most favorable, and I am equally bound to believe and act upon their opinion. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's residence."

The Marshal descended a private staircase leading to the courtyard, where he passed through a gate in the wall, into a narrow street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to be exceedingly nervous; the conviction that this idea was not a mere trick of the imagination became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would have been at that moment forty miles from Berlin. At last he found himself following Grumkow even into the palace, he could not help from exclaiming:

"Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake."

No answer was vouchsafed, as the Marshal continued to lead him through various galleries and apartments, until at last they reached the door of one situated in the corner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in." As the door opened one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud and the king were one and the same person. The poor cousin-seeker, greatly confused, knelt before Frederick William, and began faltering out many contrite apologies.

"Rise young man," said the king, "you have not committed treason. How on earth could I travel quietly, if I meant everywhere to be recognized, or how could you guess who I was?"

After re-assuring Heinrich, the king told him that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen.

"But first," he said, "I must hear you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but mind, I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his room in the inn he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach before the king. The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about preparing his sermon as soon as he should receive the text. For the remainder of the day he never stirred out; every step on the stair was to his ear the bearer of the text. Nevertheless, evening and night passed, and the next day was advanced and still no text.

What was to be done? He must go and consult the marshal, but the latter could give him no further information.—There were only two days before Sunday; all he could promise was that if the king sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost dispatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either the king or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the Chapel Royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporise in case of emergency, he would certainly have run away and abjured his discovered cousins.

As it was, he abided by the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour.

Sunday morning arrived but no text. Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king, with the royal family, occupied their accustomed places.

The service commenced, but no text.—The prayers were ended, and whilst the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being a stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk. But as he was on the point of ascending the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered a folded paper to him saying,

"His majesty sends you the text!"

After having recited the preliminary prayers, the preacher opened the paper and it was blank! Not a word was written on it. What was he to do? Heinrich deliberately examined the whole paper, and, after a short pause, he held it up before the congregation saying:

"His majesty has furnished the text for the sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world.' I shall, therefore take the creation for the subject of our discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and fluency of language remarkable.

His audience accustomed to the king's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher extricated himself from the difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed.

At last the sermon opened, the congregation dispersed, and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy, receiving the congratulations of several of the dignitaries of the church, who all prophesied a brilliant future for him.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular preceedings of the king but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces, if he had not known that such vagaries were quite common to his majesty. In the midst of the conversation, a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the king, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely passed threshold of the king's room, when his majesty jumped up and thrused a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming,

"Hurrah, sir! puff away. Take this for the light you gave me."

Then throwing himself back in a chair he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter hardly knew what reply to make, or what to do, but just as he got as far as "Your majesty;" the king interrupted him saying,

"Make no fine speeches; go home quickly and examine the contents of your paper. You came to Berlin to find a cousin you have found, who if you go on steadily will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the University of Berlin, and made Henrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

WHAT DOES IT COST TO VISIT EUROPE?—This interesting question is thus satisfactorily answered by a correspondent of the Boston Post:

"This is a question that I am asked not unfrequently, and something may be said in answer that will be of advantage to the inexperienced traveller. Were I to state that I spent ten or forty thousand dollars during my first visit to Europe—and it was nearer the latter sum than the former—it would really be saying nothing definite; so I will tell what may be done.—Stay-at-home people often have some very singular ideas of the expenses of foreign travel. I am not writing for the information of beggers, robbers, or gamblers, but for those who take money enough with them to pay all their expenses, personal and otherwise.

During my last visit to Europe I visited England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Northern Italy, and Sardinia, and was gone from home about one hundred days. When I have been asked what it cost me, I have sometimes asked my questioner to "guess" the amount. The sum named has been usually $2,000 or $2,500. It was about one-fifth of the latter sum—to wit, five hundred; and the very same scenes can be visited now for one-half that sum, and travel respectably. Money being usually an important consideration, we wish, in travel, as in other investments, to get as much value as possible for our dollars. I believe travellers usually do not get more than one-half what they might. If a man wishes to become well acquainted with the English people at home, or any other people in their domestic and social relations, and their political condition, he must stay awhile making his home with them.

☞ The Indianopolis Journal is publishing a series of sketches of early trials and occurrences in Indiana, some of which are particularly rich. The following entitled "Coroner Connery Outdone," is one of 'em:

A man was found dead one cold morning with his skull broken, lying in the woods. He had been seen the night before considerably intoxicated. The body was frozen. An inquest was held before noon of the same day, before coroner Clifford. The jury formed a hollow square—the body in the centre.

Coroner Clifford—"Gentlemen of the inquest, there are three things to be considered when a man commits suicide by killing his neighbor. First, Did he come to his death by *incidence*? Second, Did he come to his death by *accidence*? Third Did he come to his death by the hands of the *inbendiary*? Look at that body, gentlemen, and return your verdict."

The jury counseled nearly five minutes:

"We the jury find that the deceased came to his death by *incidence*, having put too much water in his whiskey, causing him to freeze last night."

JOHN RANDOLPH.—Randolph was in a tavern, lying on a sofa in the parlor, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dignified chap stepped into the room with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing awhile, he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him, "Has the stage come?"

"Stage, sir! stage!" said the fop; "I've nothing to do with it, Sir."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Randolph, quietly, "*I thought you were the driver!*"—*Exchange.*

Hints to Farmers.

VALUE OF FALLEN LEAVES.

No manure is so well worth the saving, in October and November, as the now falling leaves of the season. According to Payen, they contain nearly three times as much nitrogen as ordinary barn-yard manures and every farmer who has strewn them in his trenches late in the fall or in December must have noticed next season how black and moist the soil is that adheres to the thrifty young beets he pulled! No vegetable substance yields its woody fibre and becomes soluble quicker than leaves, and from this very cause they are soon dried up, scattered to the winds and wasted if not now gathered and trenched in or composted before the advent of severe winter.

As leaves are poor in carbon, and rich in alkaline salts, as well as nitrogen, they are especially valuable in compost with manhaden fish manure, and dead animals, poor in potash, but abounding in barbon and lime phosphates. But the great value of leaves, is in the extra nitrogen they contain. Prof. Jackson truly says, that the compounds of nitrigen not only decompose readily themselves, but they also reduce the elements of other organic matter with which they are in contact to assume new forms, or to enter into new chemical combinations; and according to the long continued and varied Rothamsted experiments of the indefatigable Lawes and Dr. Gilbert, nitrogen in its compound forms amonia, also exerts the same potent influence on the inorganic or mineral elements of the soil, rendering even sand into the soluble food of plants. Yet every farmer or gardener ought also to know that his own mechanical aid in trenching or plowing, in order to keep his soil permeable and absorptive, is indispensabi too aid nature in developing her chemical process.

TO STOP POTATOES ROTTING.

We clip the following from an agricultural exchange:—"An experienced agriculturist informs us that about six years ago he applied lime to potatoes that were partly rotten, and that immediately arrested decay. Potatoes that were partly rotten when the lime was applied, continued to rot and were lost. Since then he has made it a common practice to apply slacked lime to his potatoes as he takes them up. He puts a thin layer of lime upon the floor where the potatoes are to be laid, and sprinkles some of it over the potatoes about every ten inches as they are put down. He considers this as perfectly protecting them from rotting and he has never had a rotten potato since he has practiced it; and he believes also that potatoes thus used are rendered better by the action of lime. We advise the farmers to try this plan, as it easily can be done by them all."

SAVING SEEDS.

It is but too commonly the case that our farmers, and others, save seeds from the very worst specimens of the variety of plants which they may wish to propagate. Instead of selecting the earliest, largest and finest fruits or ears for this purpose they are used either in the kitchen or sold in the market, as in the latter place such fine articles bring a better than the less perfect; but it is absolutely essential that in saving seed, it should be taken from those plants which exhibit all the point of perfection in the very highest degree for by this means the annual crops, instead of deteriorating will improve; while it the opposite course is pursued, decrease in both quantity and quality will be the natural result. Who among us would keep a scrub mare, with the expectation of obtaining a thorough-bred; or a "native" cow or sheep, and look for a Short-horn calf, or Southdown lamb? No one, one, of course, and it is equally foolish to expect fine crops from the seed of equally inferior plants of any kind.—*Ohio Farmer.*

CURE FOR CHOLIC IN HORSES.—A gentleman in Baltimore publishes the following receipt for the cholic in horses, which in his own case, effected a speedy cure:

3 ounces spirits of turpentine;
1 ounce tincture of opium.

He adds, "If relief is not obtained in one hour, repeat the dose with one ounce of best powdered aloes well dissolved together."

Of course these ingredients must be administered properly diluted.

☞ A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I vil not go in to boat!" was the Dutchman's placid answer.

TRUTHS.—One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

He that hath no money needeth no purse.

Few things are impossible to industry, perseverance and skill.

The best mode of revenge is not to imitate the injury.

The weakest spot in any man is where he thinks himself the wisest.