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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet:—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. FEBRUARY 27, 1847. NO. 44.

Cheap Watches and JEWELRY.

AT the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96, North Second street, corner of Quarry.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewl'd, 18 car. cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jew'd	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, 7 jewels,	18 00
SilverLepine Watches, jew'd, 1st qual.	14 00
Superior Quarter Watches,	10 00
Imitation quarter watches, not war.	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	8 00
Fine silver spectacles,	1 75
Gold bracelets, with topaz stones,	3 50
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 16 carats,	2 00

Gold finger rings, 37½ cts. to $8; Watch Glasses—plain 12½ cts, patent 18¾, lunet 25. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. O. CONRAD.

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines and Quarters, lower than the above prices.

dec'r 19, 1846.

Steam Iron Railing Factory,

RIDGE ROAD,

ABOVE BUTTONWOOD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

AT THIS establishment may be found the greatest variety of Plans and beautiful Patterns for

IRON RAILINGS

in the United States, to which the attention of those in want of any description, and especially for Cemeteries, is particularly invited.

The principal part of all the handsome Railings at Laurel Hill, Monument, and other celebrated Cemeteries in the city and county of Philadelphia, which have been so highly extolled by the public press, were executed at this manufactory.

A large Ware-Room is connected with the establishment, where is kept constantly on hand a large stock of ready-made IRON RAILINGS, ORNAMENTAL IRON SETTEES, IRON CHAIRS, new style plain and ornamental IRON GATES, with an extensive assortment of IRON POSTS, PEDESTALS, IRON ARBORS, &c. Also, in great variety, Wrought and Cast Iron ORNAMENTS, suitable for Railings, and other purposes.

The subscriber would also state that in his Pattern and Designing Department he has employed some of the best talent in the country, whose whole attention is devoted to the business—forming altogether one of the most complete and systematic establishments of the kind in the Union.

ROBERT WOOD, Proprietor,
Ridge Road, above Buttonwood St.
Philadelphia, February 6. 1847. 5m.

Hover's First Premium Ink.

No. 87

North Third street Philadelphia.

The celebrity of the Inks manufactured by the subscriber, and the extensive sales consequent upon the high reputation which they have attained, not only throughout the United States, but in the West Indies and in China, has induced him to make every necessary arrangement to supply the vast demand upon his establishment. He is now prepared with every variety of Black, Blue and Red Inks, Copying Inks, Indelible Ink, and Ink Powder, all prepared under his own personal superintendence, so that purchasers may depend upon its superior quality.

Hover's Adamantine Cement, a superior article for Mending Glass, China, Cabinet, Ware, &c., useful to every Housekeeper, being a white liquid, easily applied, and not affected by ordinary heat—warranted.

☞Pamphlets, containing numerous testimonials of men of science, and others, will be furnished to purchasers.

For sale at the Manufactory, Wholesale and Retail, No. 87 North Third Street, opposite Cherry Street, Philadelphia, by

JOSEPH E. HOVER,
Manufacturer.

February 6, '47. 1y

Drugs! Drugs! Drugs!

THOMPSON & CRAWFORD,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

No. 40 Market St. (S. Side below Second.)

PHILADELPHIA.

Offer for sale a large stock of Fresh Drugs, Medicines and Dye-Stufls, to which they call the attention of Country merchants and dealers visiting the city.

Coach, Cabinet, Japan, Black, and other Varnishes of a superior quality. Also White and Red Lead, Window Glass, Paints and Oils—cheaper than ever.

☞T. & C. are also proprietors of the Indian Vegetable Balsam, celebrated throughout their own and neighboring states, as the best preparation for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, &c. Money refunded in every instance where no benefit is received.

Philadelphia, Feb'y 6, '47. 6m

WOOD

TAKEN at this Office for subscription or advertising.

Sept. 12th, 1846.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first sixmonths

☞For Prospectus, see fourth page.



POETRY.

THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

Written for the Louisville (Ky.) Journal,

BY AMELIA WELBY.

Here is a little, golden tress,
Of soft unbraided hair;
The all that's left of loveliness,
That once was thought so fair.
And yet, though time has dimmed its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here a link between
My spirit, and the dead.

Yet from this shining ringlet, still,
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine slept,
This golden curl of hair!

Oh sunny tress! the joyous brow,
When thou did'st lightly wave,
With all thy sister tresses now,
Lies cold, within the grave.
That cheek is of its bloom bereft,
That eye no more is gay,
Of all her beauties, thou art left,
A solitary ray!

Four years have passed, this very June,
Since last we fondly met;
Four years! and yet it seems too soon,
To let the heart forget.
To soon to let that lovely face,
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another, give the place,
She hold within the heart.

Her memory still, within my mind,
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind,
To tell us of that flower!
Each blossom that in moments gone,
Round up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone,
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain,
O'er beds of violets flung,
Her voice, the prelude to a strain,
Before the song is sung.
Her lite 'twas a half blown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even;
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour,
That opes the gates of Heaven.

A single tress, how slight a thing,
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring,
Like blossoms in the heart!
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then I've heard a thousand lays,
From lips as sweet as hers,
Yet when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears.
I could not bear, amid the throng,
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song,
That trembled on her tongue.

A single, shining, tress of hair,
To bid such memories start,
But tears are on its lustre—there,
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in death's cold arms I sink,
Who then with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link,
A ringlet of my hair!

POWER OF GENTLENESS.—Whoever understands his own interests, and is pleased with the beautiful rather than the deformed, will be careful to cherish the virtue of gentleness. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature to conviuce us, that much of our happiness in life must depend upon the cultivation of this virtue. Gentleness will assist its possessor in all his lawful undertakings; it will often make him successful when nothing else could. It is exceedingly lovely and attractive in its appearance; it wins the hearts of all; it is even stronger than argument, and often prevails when that would be powerless and ineffectual; it shows that a man can put a bridle upon his passions; that he is above the ignoble vulgar, whose chracteristic is to storm and rage like the troubled ocean, at every little adversity and disappointment that crosses their path. It shows that he can soar away in the bright atmosphere of good feeling, and live in a continal sunshine when all around him are, like maniacs, the sport of their own passions.

A GOOD ONE.—The following is about the best thing in the anecdote line we have seen lately:

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer, said he thought the juice was extracted from women's tongues and lion's hearts, for when he drank a bottle he could talk forever and fight the devil!

THE DEVIL'S GIFT:

OR

The Three Bars of Gold.

A LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH.

There once lived in Scotland three poor blacksmiths. Their habitation was situated in the mountains, which surround the pretty town of Perth. Though they labored necessarily, they could barely obtain a sufficiency of food; and frequent and sorrowful were their prayers that God would send them some little p rtion of the bounty which so many enjoy without merit, or that their lives and wretchedness might and together. Labor and prayers were alike fruitless; misery alone seemed their lot.

Despairing of fortune, they were one evening conversing:

"Since," said they, "our prayers avail nothing, let us turn to the Evil One, he may hear us with favor."

Scarcely had they pronounced these words, when a voice was heard.

"At midnight at the Blackrock mountain I will await you. If you have courage to meet me there, fortune is yours. Remember midnight."

Speechless with terror, the brothers gazed upon each other. The youngest at last broke the silence:

"My brothers, do you hear? Shall we go?"

"We will obey," exclaimed the elder.

On the approach of midnight, they bent their steps towards the mountain. As they drew near it they heard the ringing of an anvil, but saw neither light nor smoke.—With terror they advanced to discover whence the sound proceeded. They reached the end of the path. The noise of a thousand hammers resounded; but on looking around they saw but a solitary man at work.

"I await you," he said, "and was forging for you. This product of my labor is yours upon one condition. If at the end of nine years you do not return it to me, or the value it has produced to you, you are mine both body and soul, and all your possessions shall vanish from the earth.—A whim sometimes impels me to benefit mortals; endeavor to profit by mine."

So saying, he gave to each a mass of iron and dismissed them.

The brothers arrived at home, not much pleased with the event of their journey, questioning whether the gifts promised much, and not doubting that they should return them at the appointed time. They fell asleep, thinking of their adventure, whose result by no means equalled their expectations.

On awaking the next morning, they were about to commence their daily toil, having almost forgotten the disappointment of the preceding night, when suddenly they perceived three ingots of gold, which had replaced the masses of iron. Their joy was unbounded.

In a short time they resided in a magnificent palace. Their retinue was regal in its splendor. Forgetting their promise to the Evil One, to return the value of his gift, they passed their time in enjoyment without seeking to ascertain its worth.

The nine years rolled away in festivals, and the most extravagant delights. The close of the term at length arrived. The demon, punctual to his appointed time, appeared at midnight, during a splendid entertainment given at the palace.

The hideous apparition, raising among the guests, addressed the brothers:

"The last hour is about to strike. What have you to return to me?"

They were dumb with terror.

An infernal smile played upon the features of the temper. He struck the ground—the palace disappeared. A horrid tumult filled the air as the ministers of the demon's vengeance swept away his victims.

Even now it is said that the traveller, as he hurries over the site of the palace, hears three voices in the air, which cry—

"Traveller, beware!—forget not the Future!"

☞A gentleman of a group looking at the Palmetto Regiment the other day, remarked incidentally in our hearing, that "it had many good-looking, gentlemenly members, in its ranks; and was a very fine body of men; but that in the aggregate its *physique* would not equal that of the Georgia Regiment.

This observation awoke the attention as well as ire of a hard-looking customer near by, who from imperfect hearing, or misunderstanding, took the matter in high dudgeon, imagining, with the utmost seriousness, some slight intended. He gave vent to his indignation in terms as follows:

"*Physic* be durned, stranger!" said he. "Perhaps it *were* a fact that the Georgians had a good deal of *physic* in 'em; but dod durn 'em, if these Palmettoes would only lay as long as they had in them blasted swamps on the Rio Grande, they wouldn't long brag over them in that item."

The indignant and unmistakeable earnestness with which this was said, banished all efforts at gravity from that vicinity for the next half hour.—*Montgomery Journal.*

☞"Father, wasn't Alexander a *he*-ro?" "Yes, my boy," replied Oats. "Well, then, father, wasn't Miss Alexander a *she*-ro?" "Girl, take that boy to bed! what depravity."

☞A certain cure for corns is to rub them well with salt every day for a week—then have both feet cut off, just above the ancle.

REMARKS

OF MR. PEARCE OF MD

The motion of Mr. Yulee, in the Senate, to expel Mr. Ritchie from his privilege of free access to the Senate chamber which has been generally accorded to the printers of the Senate, created a spicy debate before the vote was taken. In the course of the debate, Mr. Peace, spoke as follows:

Mr. Pearce said he desired to make a few remarks in reply to the Senator from Virginia, (Mr. Mason.) He would be quite as unwilling as that Senator to do any thing which could in the slightest degree infringe that glorious right which lies at the foundation of all public liberty—the freedom of the press. But how does the resolution before the Senate conflict with the constitutional protection of that right? What constitutional right does the resolution violate? What civil right does it take away? What *right* to which the Senator can give a name does it in any way affect? Whence does the printer of the Senate derive his privilege to a seat on the floor of the Senate? It is admitted that it is not derived from the constitution, nor from any law, nor from any written rule of the Senate. But it seems to be assumed that it arises *ex necessitate rei*. Now, sir, this is the case with your right and my right to be here. You cannot perform the functions which the constitution has devolved upon the Vice President except in this chamber and in the chair which you occupy. No Senator can perform the functions of his high place if he be not admitted here; nor can the Secretary, the Sergeant-at-Arms, and all other officers of the Senate whose business, as such, being here, they must necessarily be here too. But that is not the case with the printer of the Senate, whose functions, as such, do not require his presence here, are not in the slightest degree aided by his being here, and indeed cannot be and never are performed here at all. Mr. Ritchie's sole business, as our printer, is to print such manuscripts as the Secretary may send to him for that purpose in a stipulated manner, and at prices fixed by law. The reporting our proceedings and debates is no part of his business as printer of the Senate. That is another vocation, with which we have nothing to do. Since, then, the printer of the Senate has no functions to be performed in the Senate chamber, he has no right *ex nessitate rei* to a seat on this floor. As well might it be pretended that he was here by divine right. Therefore, sir, his privilege to be here has grown up out of the acquiescence and usage of the Senate—by their grace and favor. It is as much a courtesy extended to him as the same privilege which the rule extends to Governors of States, members of others Legislatures, military and naval officers who have received the thanks of Congress for distinguished public services, and all others mentioned in their rule; from all of whom it may be taken away by the Senate without that body being liable to the charge of violating a right.

It is not a right which he holds in common with all his fellow citizens, and the only purpose to which in fact he applies it is to watch our proceedings and debate, and make them the subject of such articles in his newspaper as those which have drawn upon him the just rebuke of this resolution. That, sir, takes from him no political or civil right; it inflicts no penalty properly so called; it does not affect his liberty or his property; it trenches upon nothing which the constitution or the law guaranties. It leaves him a full liberty and with unimpaired ability to print the public documents according to his contract, and to publish any thing and every thing in his newspaper which he could publish while in the possession of this privilege. It does nothing but deny to the man who has defamed the majority of this Senate the privilege of mingling with them here, which is conceded to some gentlemen but necessarily denied to great numbers of the highest respectability. It is indeed as if a private gentleman, who had been assailed by private slander, should find his calumniator making free in his house, and should rid himself of his hateful ptesence by directing his servant to show him the door. The one would be as much a violation of the liberty of the press as the other, but no more.

The Senator, with singular infelicity, compared the operation of this resolution to that of the old sedition law. I can find no parallel between them—no vestige of resemblance; not the slightest foundation for a comparison. The sedition law provided that the authors and publishers of certain scandalous writings should be punished by fine and imprisonment. These resolutions contemplate no such nor any other penalty. Now, the printer who was imdrisoned under the sedition law could not perform the functions of his business while immured in the walls of a jail; and so the freedom of the press might be said to be infringed. And this might equally be the case if he were only fined. Shylock said "you take my life when you do take the means whereby I live," and so the printer whose money was taken from him by judicial sentence, was deprived of the means of carrying on his trade of printing, and thus the liberty of the press was said to be abridged. But this resolution will leave the editor of the Union just as free as any other editor in the country to publish even the most defamatory attacks upon parties and individuals if he shall see fit to do so. But, sir, does any one believe that the men who framed our constitution and its amendments designed to throw a shield over slander, to build up shelter for falsehood, to erect constitutional guards and barriers to protect wanton detraction and malignant calumny? Never, sir.—Their aims were too pure and high for such purposes. They did design, without doubt, to protect freedom of opinion, and the free, fair, and full expression of it.—They designed neither to abridge the liberty of the press nor to sanction and encourage its licentiousness, but to leave the abuses of this great right not only to the condemnation of public opinion, but to certain well known forms of legal remedy.

Why, sir, it is notorious that slanders and libels are constantly the subject of legal proceedings in our State courts and in the courts of the United States too. In some of the States they do not even permit the libel to be justified by proof of its truth. And well is it that there should be some legal restraint to the licentious abuse of the press, since otherwise, no man could be safe in property, liberty, or reputation, which is dearer than either, or than life itself. Now, sir, the articles in the Union which have occasioned these resolutions are in my opinion grossly defamatory of a majority of the Senate; they assail with wanton malevolence public men, whose pure, spotless, and time-honored characters have given reputation to the country, which are a part of its glory, and to be cherished and preserved as such. I never doubted the right of the Senate to mark its sense of the vile injustice done to the majority by this malignant attack; but I did doubt the expediency of doing so; I thought it would be giving too much importance to the fugitive but envenomed slanders of the "Union." But to-day I see the calumny endorsed and reiterated by our printer, who defies the Senate, and declares his intention to repeat the slander as often as suits his purpose; while in the Senate it is declared upon most extraordinary and fallacious constitutional views that we cannot pass these resolutions without abridging the freedom of the press. Under these circumstances I cannot refuse to express my opinion by my vote, and to mark this calumny, so far as I can do it, with my indignant reprobation.

Bob Waddam's Horse Trade.

"You knew Bob Waddam, I reckon," said Uncle Mike

"Not that I recollect," I replied.

"Well, Bob was an amazin' hand at tradin' hosses, and generally came out ahead, too. I never knew him really girdled and the underbrush cut but once."

"How was that, Uncle Mike?"

"Why, you see Bob had jest been gettin' a gray hoss in some of his deals, that was jest about as nice a hoss to look at as ever put his nose through the rack sticks. He was a human lookin' hoss and nothin' shorter. He was always looking for stars, and carried his tail like the National flag on the 4th of July. But he wouldn't work—he was above it. He'd almost stop when he see his shadow following him, for fear he might be drawin' it. Now then, says Bob, some individual is bound to be picked up. So makin' an excuse that Gray's shoes wanted fixin' he sent him to the blacksmith's, and harnessed up his other hosses, hitched on to a wagon load of stone, and drove down to Sam Hewett's tavern. Here he stopped before the door and unharnessed him up in his place. Bob went in and took a drink, and waited around until some man should come along, who wanted to *speculate*. He hadn't been waitin' long when he see some feller comin' up the road like all possessed, his hosses under a full run, while he was sawin' the bit and hollerin' *wo! wo!* with all his might and main. He managed to stop 'em after he got a little by Sam Hewett's, and turnin' 'em round, he come up a slappin' his hands and cussin' that "sorrel hoss." "He's never ready to stop," says he, "that hoss ain't; and tho' he's the best hoss I ever owned, yet, blast my eyes if I don't git shut of him."

"Well, jest then out comes Bob and mounted his wagon jest as if he was goin' to drive off, when says he—

"Halloa, stranger, perhaps you'd like to deal with me for a steady one?"

"Why, yes," says the stranger, "I would like something a little more quiet than that go-ahead snap-dragon rascal of mine."

"So Bob he looks at the *sorrel*, and found him a fine square-built animal; his eye full of fire, and every muscle in play.

"Well," says Bob, "a few words does for me. There's my *gray*—here's your *sorrel*. What's your proposition?"

"Now you are talking," says the stranger, examining the *gray*, as he stood hitched to the load of stone. "I'll give you *sorrel*, and the best forty dollar clock in my wagon for your *gray*."

"Done!" said Bob, "just unhitch."

Neither of them had *asked* 'tother any questions, 'cause neither of them wanted to *answer* any. The hosses were exchanged. Bob had got his clock; and the stranger got into his wagon, took up his lines, and, bidding 'em good day, was about to start, when *gray* put a stop to it, and wouldn't budge a hair. In vain did the stranger whip and coax—not an inch could he get. There sat Bob, laughing in his sleeve, almost ready to burst, to see how the stranger was trying to start, and couldn't. Not a word did the stranger say, however, but after he had got tired, and had given up trying any more, he came and sat down on the horse block.

Bob thought he might as well be going; so picking up his ribbons, '*go along!*' says he. The *sorrel* turned his head and looked back at him, as much as to say—"don't you wish I would?" but didn't stir a hoof. In vain Bob coaxed and patted.—*Sorrel* was *thar*, and he wasn't anywhere else.

"Well, I reckon it's my turn to laugh now," said the stranger, "I 'spose you'll call again, when you come in town?"

"Oh! never mind," says Bob. "Sorrel *will* go, or else you couldn't got here with him."

"Oh, yes," says the stranger; "you can start him if you'll only bring some shavings, and *kindle a fire under him*, as I did."—And then he laughed again, and when I came away, they were playing a game of "*Old Sledge*," to see who should take them both."

WE give, says the Rock Island Whig, the following advertisement a conspicuous and *gratuitous* place in our columns:

LOST.—The wool that was left after the sailor had finished his yarn.

The reel on which the orator wound up the thread of his discourse.

The premium that is offered for the last sample of street yarn.

Wink from the eyes of the "times" and "prices" that are looking up.

A patch on the apron that is worn on the lap of luxury.

The chap who held the wager at Adam's race.

Interest due on the debt of nature.

Cinder and ashes from a burning shame.

Several pounds of tallow from one of the fore quarters of the globe; also from both hind quarters.

The yeast that was used in raising the wind.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.—An apothecary, who had never fired a pistol nor drawn a sword, was one day challenged to fight a duel, by an officer. He found himself at the appointed time at the rendezvous, but having observed to his adversary that he did not know how to fight, he told him he had another way of arranging the affair.—He then drew from his pocket a box of pills, took out two, and said to the officer, "As you are a man of honor, I know that you would not wish to take an advantage of me. Here are two pills, one of which is composed of the most subtle poison, the other will do no harm. We are now equal if we each swallow one. Choose." It is useless to say that the affair ended in bursts of laughter.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.—The following is a literal copy of a bill introduced by a member of one of the Western Legislature at its late session.—

be it anected by the Gineral essembly of the State of —— that Jewrisdiction of Justises of the peac bee extendid so as to try all cases of saut and battery and petty larsony and other Misdemeners.

the parties cused of eny of the above Crimes Shall have the Rite of Jewry of twelve men whoes Dessissing Shall be final unless the convicted wish an appeal. be it further enacted that the Convicted may appeal to the Circuit Court by giving bond with Sufficient security for his appearance at the Circuit Cort and also Security for the cost of suit—

"WELL, Nimrod, how long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?"

"Till they found their way out."

"Who was cast into the lions' den?"

"Van Amburg."

"Who was compelled to seek refuge in the land of Nod?"

"Goz Dorr."

"Why?"

"Because he got up the *King's* ebenezer, and *Providence* would'nt protect him."

REV. J. N. MAFFIT.—The Brooklyn Advertiser states, this celebrated orator is tarrying in that city, to meet, before a conference, soon to be held, certain charges which have been preferred against him in N. York connected with his ministry. It is stated that he has employed eminent counsel (John Dikeman, Esq., among others) to aid him in his defence, and that his friends anticipate for him a signal triumph over his foes.

THE following was the prize conundrum delivered at the Museum on the evening of Christy's last entertainment:

Why are the Mexicans, defeated by our arms, like this band of darkies?

Because they never *sing* for *quarters* in vain.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—The York Advocate states that the "great original Fakir of Ava," has been giving his interesting exhibitions in that place. We were under the impression that the "great original" died at Louisville some two years ago.

NEW MODE TO CLOSE THE WAR.—A petition has been presented to the New York Assembly, from Col. A. Jones, of Rochester, to let out the Mexican war on contract, the petitioner agreeing to give bonds to close it for two millions of dollars.

REPUBLICANISM.—It is related of Dr. Franklin, that once playing chess in Paris, and being checkmated, he said—"Take the King; I am a republican, and do not care for him."

THE TONGUE.

There is a world of meaning in the following from an old scrap book:

If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes—
What thou speakest and how beware,
Of *whom, to whom, when and where.*