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# KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. DECEMBER 11, 1847. NO. 33.



## VENDUE.

The subscriber, indending to remove to the Western Shore of Maryland, will offer at public sale, on

*WEDNESDAY,*

the 15th day of DECEMBER next, his Personal Property, consisting of HORSES, Cattle, Shoats, Farming Utensils, of most every variety,

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE, &c., &c.,

The terms of sale on all sums under $5, cash, for all sums over that amount the purchaser must give his note with approved security, payable in eight months from the day of sale.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. No property to be removed until the terms of sale are complied with.

PHILIP T. SIMMONS.

Quaker Neck, }
Nov. 27, '47. }

## 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 purchaeers.

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

## PROCLAMATION.

*THOMAS G. PRATT, Governor of Maryland.*

*To all whom these Presents may concern:*

WHEREAS, I have received from the Judges of Election, in the several counties of this State and of the city of Baltimore and returns of an election, held on Wednesday the 6th day of October, 1847, for members to represent this State in the Congress of the United States, and have carefully ascertained the member of votes given for every person voted for as such,

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the law in such case made and provided, I do, by this my Proclamation, declare, that

*John G. Chapman*, of the First District.
*J. Dixon Roman*, of the Second District.
*T. Watkins Ligon*, of the Third District.
*Robert M. McLane*, of the Fourth District
*Alexander Evans*, of Fifth District, and
*John W. Crisfield*, of the Sixth District.

appear, by the said returns, to have had the highest number of votes in thair respective districts and were duly elected Members to represent this Stete in the Congress of the United States.

[L. S.] Given under my hand and the great seal of the State of Maryland, on the 22nd day of November, 1847.

THOS. G. PRATT.

W. T. WOOTTON, Secretary of State.

Nov. 26, '47.—3w.

## DENTISTRY.

*Dr. Leach No. 54 N. Charles Street, opposite St. Paul's Church, Baltimore.*

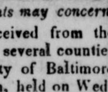
INSERTS the best Porcelain Teeth in every variety of style and in the most natural, agreeable, and substantial manner for trom $1,50 to $3, in each using *only* the very best materials.

Teeth extracted without pain whilst the patient is under the influence of the Letheon, price 50 cents.

Every operation warranted to suit the Patient or no pay required.

October 30, 1847. 1y

## To Rent.



HOUSE and LOT lying at Belle-Air, Kent county, called the Etherington Property, a good Stand for a Grocery and Shoe Making, or any kind of country business. It is at present occupied by Collin Tatman, who will show the premises to any one disposed to rent. For terms apply to

JOHN W. CARROLL, Agent.
Chester Town, }
Nov. 13—4w. }

SUP. winter sperm oil on hand and for sale by

WILEY & PERKINS.

SUP. green and black teas on hand and for sale by

WILEY & PERKINS.

FOR SALE, *by Wilmer & Nicols*—1 piece light Coberg Cloth, suitable for Ladies. [Nov. 20.

A new supply of CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Cassinotts, Flannels, Calicoes, Muslins, for sale cheap by *Wilmir & Nicols.*

Nov. 20 '47.



## THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

*Is Published every Saturday by*

**Edward Mansfield.**

### Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞All communications must be post paid.




# POETRY.

Written for the Baltimore American,

## TO HYNSON.

His last words,—"No! I will take my chance with those who are to perish!"—deserve to be remembered when the Mexican War is forgotten. In all antiquity there is no expression filled with deeper pathos, sublimer poetry, or more lordly self-denying heroism. Their greatness can only be appreciated by contrasting them with the most celebrated answers on record.

"I take my chance with those who are to perish!"
With those who are to *live* thy spirit stands!—
With those whom time must spare, whom man shall cherish,
Whose name is earth's, tho' heaven the rest demands.

*Live* in the page o'er which a nation bending,
Pours forth her love, her homage and her tears!
Part of thy country's past, thy fame is lending
A rose to deck the fresh-plucked wreath she wears.

*Live* like young Wogan in the heart of beauty,*
While age repeats thy fate to youths that burn;
The chisel, pausing in its sad—brief—duty,
Stops with thy name —— that sanctifies the urn.

In camp and cabin when the bowl is brimming,
Bright as the mantling wine thy fame shall be;
At morn and evening, pale devotion hymning
Her song of praise, shall breath a prayer for thee.

And couldst thou think to perish, when around thee
Then waters blanched beneath the hurricane,—
When crested death advanced, but fearless found thee—
Didst thou not feel 'twas then thy life *began?*

In that tremendous hour, when all was frowning,
When the red billow and the spray-kissed sky
Put on their noblest,—then, tho' sinking—drowning—
Thou wert the greater—thine the victory.

Though golden sands the Ocean's bed are lining,
And gem on gem in rich profusion sleeps,
Old Ocean stole, in thee, a pearl outshining
The added treasures of his jewelled deeps.

Yet little of thee mingled with his surges:—
He cannot keep thy soul or quench thy star;—
Fresh from the tide the evergreen emerges,
All glistening from its bath and lovelier far.

Had thy true heart already felt the iron?
Had hope beguiled thee with her tuneful breath?
Were joy and love so withered by the syren,
That thou didst spurn her call and tune to death?

I know not—'tis the same; and when the morrow
Dims half the glory that enchants to-day,
One breast, at least, for thee shall heave in sorrow,
One taper shed its tributary ray.

*The reader of Waverly will remember the key to the character of Flora Mac Ivor.

*Baltimore*, Dec. 1, 1847.

## BROKEN TIES.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before the mental gaze
Like a remembered dream.
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling run lies,
And earthly hands can nd'er again
Unite these broken ties.

The parent of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms pescnance may roam
To distant scenes removed;
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to thing how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of my youth,
They too, are gone or chonged
Or whose than all, their love and truth,
Are darkened and estranged,
They met us in a glittering throng.
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this
Could bear their tot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss,
Unclouded yet remain?
Thatt hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Whv reigns beyond the skies,
Thot hope unites our soul to heavdn
By truths enduring ties.

☞Dr. Chalmers never preached longer than three-quarters of an hour, though a great orator.

# MISCELLANEOUS

## A YANKEE

AT THE POSTON ADAMS HOUSE.

Some weeks ago a very long brown Down Easter, attired in one of those costumes which are now no where to be met with except upon the stage, a tall bell-crowned white hat, short-waisted blue coat with enormous pewter buttons, a vest as yellar as a barberry blossom, and pair of corduroys whose highest ambition seemed to maintain t heir ascendenay over a pair of enormous cowhides that had trodden many a hundred miles of logging paths, might have been seen. Jacknife and a shingle in hand, wending his way up Long wharf, in the realization of his life-long anticipations of seein' Boston. At the corner of Merchants' Row his progress was arrested by the lumbering transmit of a two-story house on wheels drawn by half a dozen yoke of oxen with the people inside pursuing their usual avocations.

"What on airth is that ere?" he asked of a by-stander.

"Oh! nothing, replied the 'towney'—the folks are only moving—that's all. When we move down here—we do it, house and all.

Jesrusalem! Wall! that beats all natur. Wall, capin what's that 'ere big stun house over the left?

That's the Custom House. It's a mighty bad location—but they're going to move it next week.

Thunder and molasses! It'll take all the oxen in creation for to start her?

"Oh! they use elephants for moving such large buildings.

And how many elephants it'll take?

Upwards of a hundred. The Yankee cut a deep gash in his shingle and walked on.

He next inquired for the Adams House, for he had heard tell of that and was determined to progress during his juvenility aware of the impossibility of so doing so at a more advanced age.

He soon found the tavern, and the deacon and ordered accommodation liberally darning the expense.

Having slicked up a little he witnessed some amazement and operations of the servant on the gong simply remarking that the know'd what sheet of lightnin' was, but his was the fust time he'd ever heard of sleet thunder. He followed the crowd into the dining hall and ushered to a seat where he escounced upon himself, tucking his towl under his chin with a sort of desperation as if he was going to be shaved or scalped.

The sight of the covered dishes added to his amazement. Dod dern't he exclaimed if ever I heard of cooking of the table—but here they've gone and sot tin kitchens all over the lot. What's the fire to come from—that's what I'd like to know?"

He got along with the soup very well, and was pausing for breadth before he finished it, when a waiter snatched his plate away and was running off with it.

"Hello! you sir! vociferated the Yankee—I see you—Fetch that 'ere back quick-ein' ink lightning, or else you'll have your head bunched."

His plate was returned, and he finished his soup with dignity. After waiting a moment, he raised his voice again, and summoned the offending waiter sternly.

Kalkelate to starve me?"

"No-sir."

"Wall—why don't you fetch on some fresh fodder—darn ye?"

"There's the carte, sir."

"Where's the cart? And what in the thunder am I to do with the cart when I've got it? Look out you pesky sarpint, or you'll catch it.

"The bill of fare." "I don't pay my bill till I've had my fodder."

The waiter humbly explained his meaning.

What's all these crack-jaw names? Give me somethin' plain and hearty—biled corn beef—and fetch it about the quickest—while I look over the paper and see what else I'll hev. The meat was brought to him.

"Hold on!" was the next order. 'What's this here? M-a-c-c-e—Read it won't you, sir?'

"Maccaroni, sir."

"All right cap'n. Hurry it up.

The dish was brought.

"You eternal cuss!" roared the Down-Easter, 'ef I haint as great a mind as ever I had to ker wallop yer, and make an example of ye on the spot. What do ye mean by runnin' your rigs on me jest because I'm a stranger in these parts? Take away your darned biled pipe stems and fetch us on some cabbage. That's right.—And now, squire some vinegar.

"Winegar's in the castor, sir," replied the waiter, and made good his retreat.

"In the castor it it, hey soliloquised the Yankee—'and where in thunder is the castor?"

The young gentleman opposite pushed it towards him. He looked at it—took the stopper out of the vinegar, and taking up the castor by the bottom, turned it up But all the cruets manifested a desire to illustrate the laws of gravity and leap from their locations, and the yankee was compelled to set it down again.

"Jerusalem," he exclaimed. "This here is a curious contrivance, and no mistake. How on airth am I to get at the tarnal vinegar? I'll try on it once more."

Again he canted the castor, but this time all the stepples tumbled out.

"Thunderation," he roared, "here's a pretty mess. Darn it all!—here I've got the darned castor all into my gravy, and the darned red lead on my cabbage, and the valler on my 'tater. Darn the thing! I say."

"My friend," said the gentleman opposite, with a strong control over his risible muscles, it appears to me if I were in want of vinegar, that I should take the vinegar cruet out of the stand, and by that means I should avoid all trouble."

Here the whole company waiters and all burst into a convulsive fit of laughter. The Yankee rose at a rage, upsetting his chair, and glaring defiance on his neighbors.

"How in the name of all the tarnal cusses in creation," he yelled "should I know any thing about the way the darn thing worked when I ne'er seed one of 'em afore?—You've hatched this up agin me—I know it. Whar's the landlord? Fetch your bill on—I'll get out of this. I haint eat ten cents' worth, but I'll pay up like a book—and cuss and quit. And if ever I set out to eat a meals vittles in Boston town again—you may take my hide and tan it. Darn your castors—and your castorile—and you, too, one and all! And fling down a dollar on the table, he seized his white bell-top from the hand of a trembling waiter and vamosed. Down Washington and State streets, he streaked it like a comet, and never slacked his pace till pulled up on board the Kennebec.

'Cap'n,' said he to the commander—cast off your line jest as quick as you're a mind to. And ef ever you catch me wanting to see Boston agin, jest you take me by the slack and throw me right into that ere biler boots and all—by gravy!"

## ENCOUNTER WITH ROBBERS

IN CALIFORNIA.

The hunter (though rarely) has been set upon by robbers for the sake of the pack of furs he was carrying on his back to some of the seaport towns on the coast to dispose of; but, as the fur-hunters are generally on foot, and from habit of watching about for either hostile Indians or wild animals, they are always on their guard, and as the robbers well know that they are, to a man, riflemen who seldom miss their mark, they avoid them. During my rambles in the wilds and fortresses of California I became acquainted with many of them, some from the back settlements of the United Sistes, and others from the Canada's.

I have hunted for months with them, and witnessed some conflicts between them and wild animals in which the utmost daring and recklessness was exhibited by the hunter. These are not the men that robbers like to encounter, but I have said they sometimes take a fancy to the valuable pack of furs which, if they find any facility obtaining, they make the attempt. It is the very climax of cruelty to plunder those poor fellows of packs which were procured only by outlaying for months in the depths of the forest and wilds of the country, and not unfrequently in the hunting-grounds of a tribe of hostile Indians.

I once hunted for three months in company with a hunter well known in California. In idea he was wild and imaginative in the extreme; but, in his acts of daring, &c., the most cool and philosophic fellow I ever knew. A commercianto, or merchant, at St. Francisco, on whose veracity I know from experience I can depend, told me the following story of this man, which will at once illustrate his general character.

This hunter was, some months before I had fallen in with him, making the best of his way down the valley of the Tule Lakes from the interior, with a heavy pack of furs on his back, his never-erring rifle in his hand, and his two dogs by his side. He was joined at the northermost end of the valley by the merchant I have spoken of who was armed only with his sword and pistols. They had scarcely cleared the valley when a party of robbers galloped out before them. There were four whites fully armed, and two Indians with lassos coiled up in their right hands "ready for a throw."

The hunter told the merchant, who was on horseback, to dismount instantly "and to cover." Fortunately for them, there was a good deal of thicket, and trunks of large trees that had fallen, were strewed about in a very desirable manner. Behind those logs the merchant and the hunter quickly took up their position, and as they were in the act of doing so, two or three shots were fired after them without effect. The hunter coolly untied the pack of furs from his back and laid them beside him. "It's my opinion, merchant," said he, "that them varmints there wants either your saddle bags, or my pack, but I reckon they'll get neither." So he took up his rifle, fired, and the formost Indian, lasso in hand, rolled off his horse. Another discharge from the rifle and the second Indian fell, whilst in the act of throwing his lasso at the head and shoulders of the hunter as he raised himself from behind the log to fire. 'Now,' said the hunter, as he re-loaded, lying on his back to avoid the shots of the robbers, "that is what I call the best of the schrimmage, to get them brown thieves with their lasso out of the way first. See them rascally whites now jumping over the logs to charge us in our cover."

They were fast advancing, when the rifle again spoke out, and the formost fell; they still came on to within about thirty yards, another fell, and the remaining two made a desperate charge up close to the log. The hunter, from long practice, was dexterous in reloading his gun. "Now, merchant," said he, "is the time for your popguns," meaning the pistols, "and don't be at all nervous. Keep a steady hand, and drop either man or horse. A man of them shan't escape."

The two remaining robbers were now up with the log, and fired each a pistol-shot at the hunter, which he escaped by dodging behind a tree close to, from which he fired with effect. As only was robber was left, he wheeled round his horse with the intention of galloping off, when the pistol bullets of the merchant, shot the horse. "Well done, merchant," said the hunter, "you've stopped that fellow's gallop." As soon as the robber could disentangle himself from the fallen horse, he took to his heels and ran down a sloping ground as fast as he could. The hunter drew his tomahawk from his belt and run after him. As he was more of an equestrian than a pedestrian, the nimbleness of the hunter shortened the distance between them, and the last of the robbers fell.

Thus perished this dangerous gang of six by the single hand of this brave hunter, and, as the "comercianto" informed me, he acted as coolly and deliberately as if he were shooting tame bullocks for the market. The affair was rather advantageous to the hunter, for, on searching the saddle-bags and pockets of the robbers, he pulled forth some doubloons, and a few dollars, with other valuables they had, no doubt, a short time previously taken from some traveller; the saddle-bags, arms and accoutrements of the four white men were packed up, and made fast on the saddles of two horses, the hunter mounted a third, the merchant mounted another, his horse being shot, and thus they left the scene of action, the bodies of the robbers to the wolves who were howling about them, and entered St. Francisco in triumph.—*Coulter's Adventures.*

## SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

You have my text in these words:

Nobility of blood
Is but a glitering and fallacious good;
The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is filled with inbred worth, unborrowed from his kind.

My hearers—Is there any such thing as nobility of blood? No. The vital fluid that filled the veins of our first father, Adam and our first mother, Eve, is anylytically the same as that which keeps emperors, kings, and lords alive. The blood of a man and that of a monkey are materially the same; but in the intellectual organization we find a vast difference. No one upon this mysterious earthly soil, which sometimes produces very small patatoes from mammoth seed—can lay claim to primeral nobility; and to say that this or that is not worthy of a hodman's recognition because of obscure origin, is to derogate the diamond on account of its being dug from among the scurf and dandruff that covers the cuticle of mother Earth, or to detract the blooming rose because it sprang from the manure and muck.

Now, how much better are you than I? Did we not spring from the same source? Are we not made of the same material?—Do we not tread the same soil—breathe the same atmosphere? And shall we not both be put to bed with a shovel at last?—Ver-i-ly! If you imagine that from your noble dust nothing less than amaranthine flowers will start and nothing more than ephemeral toad stool from my plebian ashes—why, then you are laboring under (as my friend Mrs. Partington would say) a false and artificial delusion. No, Lord Noble—I, or any other fellow, am just as good behavior holds out. When that caves in, you get the advantage of me.

My friends—Your *own* acts must immortalize your names; as for relying upon your ancestral fame, as well might a pigmy lay claim to strength and stature because his granddad was a giant. An honest, upright man—(the poets sentiments and mine assimilate)—in the purest specimen of nobility that ever graced the clod; and I care not whence he sprang. In short, my dear brethren, that will admit of no further expatiation. All you have to do is, to prove yourselves noble by noble deeds, and you will pull yourselves a degree of eminence that never a monarch yet attained by inherent worth. So mote it be!

WHY SHOULD A YOUNG MAN BE TEMPERATE?—Because temperance preserves health. Without health, life becomes a burden.

Because it preserves respectability. One who frequents a dram-shop can hardly be called respectable, unless we call him a respectable tippler.

Because it preserves reputation and confidence, plants of slow growth: they flourish not in the halls of drunkenness and revelry.

Because time is the estate of the young man; to waste it, shows him unworthy of the inheritance.

Because temperance and sobriety are due from us to our fellows, in example of its influence. If we refuse these, we defraud society of its just claims.

Because intemperance is a waste—a mildew—a deadly blight upon the prospects of the young—a war upon one's self, upon his nature and his interests, wholy unprovoked.

Because, after enfeebling the body, and filling it with disease, and clothing it in rags, it drags it down unmourned and unlamented, to a dishonorable and ignominious grave.—*Christian Philosopher.*

*From the New Orleans Delta.*

THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL AND THE DUTCHMAN.—Yesterday a rich scene took place in front of St. Charles Hotel. An honest Dutchman, who had just arrived from the Netherlands came up St. Charles street with his wife and daughter hanging on his arm. In coming in front of the splendid edifice already mentioned, he suddenly halted, and with his mouth wide open, he exclaimed to his "vrow."

"Mine Got, Elisabet, what a splendid church?"

"Hans," said his wife, catching him by the arm, "does you tink dat sh a Lutheran or a Catholic church. It doeshent look much like de one, and den it looks a good deal like de toder, and den agin it doeshent look much like de neder."

"Stop, mine vrow," said old Hans, as he shook the ashes out of his wry necked pipe, "I will go in an' see what church it am."

The old man went in and saw a motly crowd at the bar, rows of brilliant decanters filled with the choicest of liquors, and every one apparently enjoying himself.—He rushed out in perfect horror, and clutching his wife by the arm, said in trembling tones:

"Elisabet! Elizabet! Mine Gott! You hear how de Saviour once drive de money merchants out de temples, an' all dat. And new some, Elishabet, lesh go back to Yarmany, for here in New Orleans I find dat *dey sells schnapps in churches!*"

## BEAUTIFUL LINES.

The following lines are taken from Sir Humphrey Davy's Samonia:

"I envy no quality of the mind, or intellect in others; be it penius, power, wit fancy—but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief, to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, breathes new hopes, and throws over the decay, and destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity, makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, call up the most delightful visions of palms and amantes; and gardens of the best, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloomy decay, annihilation and despair."

AN HONOR TO HIS MOTHER.—"John," enquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?"

"A man that makes nails," said John

"Very good. What is a tailor?"

"One who makes tails.'

"O, you stupid fellow," said the dominie, biting his lips, "a man who makes tails?"

"Yes, master," returned John, "If the tailor did not put tails to the coats he made, they would all be jackets!"

"Sit down, John, you're an honor to your maternal parent."

☞Cut this little scrap out and stick it over the mnatle, that you may be sure to remember it in season and try the experiment; if it proves true, calculate its actual value, and give us credit by a few dozen cabbage heads next winter, and our word for it, we'll eat 'em:

"The Batavia Times says that if a teaspoonful of salt, or what you can take up between the thumb and two fingers, be dropped into the centre of a cabbage, scarcely one in a hundred will fail of having a good heed."

THE DIFFERENCE.—Folk's don't go to bed now-a-days—they retire. Nobody eats dinner—people take some refreshment. Nobody goes to church—people attend Divine service. There is no Sunday, it is Sabbath. No one gets his tooth pulled—it is extracted. No one tears a hole in his breeches—he makes a rent in his pantaloons. Ladies don't go a visiting—they make calls. Our grandmas used hard-back chairs, but our belles HAVE STUFFED BACKS TO THEIR SEATS!

A young couple were sitting together, undoutedly in some romantic spot, with birds and flowers around; at least the reader is left to inter that they had "all these appliances and means to boot," when the following conversation ensued:

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please you, most gladly would I lay it down at thy feet!"

"Oh! sir, you are too kind! but it just reminds me that it would gratify me by your discontinuing the use of *tobacco.*"

"Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, sir; since this is the way in which your life for me, and as you are already *wedded* to tobacco, I'll take care that you are never wedded to me also, as it would be bigamy."

THIRTEEN YEARS' WORK FOR A BIBLE! In the year 1272 the wages of a laboring man were less than four cents a day, while the price of the Bible, at the same period, was about $180. A common laborer, in those days, must toil on industriously for a copy of the word of God. Now, the earnings of a half a day will pay the cost of a beautifully printed copy of the sacred oracles. What a contrast! What an illustration of the power of the press.

A gentleman who obtained a ticket the other day at the head station of her Edinburg and Granton Railway, and was detained half an hour in consequence of there being no room in the carriages, received compensation for the loss of time.