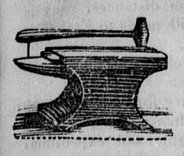
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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD, FEBRUARY 24 1849. NO. 41.

Black and White SMITHING.



THE subscriber offers his services to the citizens of Chester Town and the surrounding country in the above line of business. He has taken the Shop adjoining Mr. John Greenwood's carriage shop, where he will be happy to see his friends and all others wanting work done in his line.

Horse-shoeing and Cartwrighting and all kinds of jobbing done at the owest rates.

He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a share of public patronage.

HENRY H. SIMMS.

Chester Town, Dec. 16, '48. 1y

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND ST. corner of Quarry.

Gold Leaver Watches, full jew'd, 18 car. cases,	$38 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jew'd	18 00
Silver Leaver. 7 jewels,	16 00
Silver Lepines, jewel'd,	11 00
Quarters good quality,	7 00
Imitation,	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	7 00
Fine Silver do.	1 50
Gold Bracelets,	3 00
Ladies Gold Pencils,	1 75
Silver teaspoons, set,	5 00
Gold Pens with Pencil and Silver holder,	1 00

Gold Finger Rings 37½ to $80.

Watch Glasses, best quality plain 12½ cts.; Patent 18¾; Lunet 25, other articles in proportion.

All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

On hand some Gold and Silver Levers and Lepines, still lower than the above prices, O. CONRAD,

Jeweller and Manuft'r of Sil Ware, Watch Maker and Imp. of Watches.

Constantly on hand, a large assortment of all articles usually kept in similar establishments, of good quality and fashionable styles.

July 1. 1848. 1y

Dry Goods, Groceries, HARDWARE, China Glass, Boots and Shoes, CAPS &C.

W. N. E. Wickes has just returned with another stock of Winter goods, which will be disposed of at small profits.

Heavy yd. wide Brown Muslins at 5 and 6 cts.. Black Muslins 6-4 and 12 4, Meetings. Pillow slip Muslin yd. wide and other Tickings, cantonFlannels, &c.

For sale at very great deductions in price by

W. N. E. WICKES.

Fresh Green and Blk. Teas Coffees and crushed Sugars, Bro. Sugars at and 6cts. (other best ever offered at the store) Soap, candles and a general variety of Groceries for sale very low by

W. N. E. WICKES.

Personal Discharge.

NOTICE is hereby given to the creditors of Thomas Jones, free negro, that a personal discharge hath been granted to the insolvent debtor, and that the 21st day of March, being the first Wednesday of our county Court next succeeding this day hath been set apart for the final hearing in his case, where his creditors may attend and shew cause if any they have why a final discharge shall not be granted the debtor. Test,

JOS. N. GORDON,

Clerk of Kent county Court, Md.

Dec. 16, 1848.

A WOMAN WANTED.

A colored woman or girl, for which a liberal price will be paid. Any person wishing one to dispose of can do so on good terms, without incurring any risk of sending her out of the State, or most probably out of the county. Enquire of the Editor.

August 12, '48—tf2

HATS AND CAPS.

The subscriber has just received a large assortment of FASHIONABLE HATS AND CAPS, which he will sell at reduced prices. My friends and the public are respectfully requested to call and examine my stock.

Sept. 16, '48. JAS. ARTHUR.

DRESS GOODS.—Lamartine plaids, plain and plaid lustres, plaid and figured Alpaccas, delanes, fine french ginghams and a large assortment of calicoes all at reduced prices.

by T. W. ELIASON

December, 18th 1848.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Is Published every Saturday.

Edward Mansfield,

PROPRIETOR.

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 postpaid.



POETRY.

LINES

Written on the blank leaf of an old Testament in a Barber Shop, whilst waiting to be shaved,

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"My birth day! as the year comes round
Less and less white its mark appears."—*Moore.*

I'm twenty-two, I'm twenty-two: they gaily give me joy
As if I should be glad to hear that I was less a boy:
They do not know how carelessly their words have given pain,
To one, whose heart would leap to be a happy boy again,

A change has o'er my spirit passed, my mirthful days are few,
The light has all departed now my early feelings knew,
I used to love the morning's grey, the twilight's quiet deep,
But now, like shadows on the sea, upon my thoughts they creep.

And Love was as a holy star when this brief year was young,
And my whole worship of the sky on one sweet ray was flung,
But worldly things have come between, and shut in from my sight
And tho' that star shines purely yet, I mourn its hidden light.

And Fame! I bent to it my knee and bound to my brow
And it is like a coal upon my living spirit now—
But when I prayed for fire from Heaven to touch the soul bowed,
I little thought the lightning flash would come in such a cloud,

Ye give me joy! Is it because another year has fled?
That I am further from my youth, and nearer to the dead?
Is it that manhood's cares hsve come—my happy boyhood o'er,
Because the visions I have loved can visit me no more?

Oh! wherefore give me joys when I can smile no welcome back?
I've found no flower and see no fight on manhood's weary track;
My love is deep—ambitious deep and heart and mind will on—
But love is fainting by the way—and fame consumes are won.

FRANKLIN

AND GOV BURNETT.

AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Ben had just returned from assisting poor Collins to bed, when the captain of the vessel which had brought him to New York, stepped up and in a very respectful manner put a note into his hand. Ben opened it not without considerable agitation, and read as follows:—

"G. Burnett's compliments await young Mr. Franklin, and should be glad of half an hour's chat with him over a glass of wine."

"G. Burnett," said Ben, "who can that be?"

"Why, 'tis the governor," replied the captain, with a smile—"I have just been to see him, with some letters I brought for him from Boston. And when I told him what a world of books you have, he expressed a curiosity to see you, and begged I would return with you to his palace"

Ben instantly set off with the captain, but not without a sigh as he cast a look at the door of poor Collins' bed-room, to think what an hour that wretched young man had lost for the sake of two or three gulps of filthy grog.

The governor's looks at the approach of Ben, showed somewhat a disappointment. He had, it seems, expected considerable entertainment from Ben's conversation. But his fresh and ruddy countenance showed him so much younger than he had counted on, that he gave up all promised entertainment as a lost hope. He received Ben, however, with great politeness, and after pressing on him a glass of wine, took him into an adjoining room which was his library, consisting of a large and well chosen collection.

Seeing the pleasure which sparkled in Ben's eyes, as he surveyed so many elegant authors, and thought of the rich stores of knowledge which they contained, the governor, with a smile of complacency, as on a young pupil of science, said to him—

"Well, Mr. Franklin, I am told by the captain here, that you have a fine collection too."

"Only a trunk full, sir," said Ben.

"A trunk full, sir!" replied the governor, "why what use can you have for so many books? Young people at your age, have seldom read beyond the tenth chapter of Nehemia."

"I can boast," replied Ben, "of having red a great deal beyond that myself; but still, I should be sorry if I could not get a trunk full to read every six months."

At this the governor, regarding him with a look of surprise, said;

"You must then, though so young, be a scholar; perhaps a teacher of the languages."

"No, sir," answered Ben, "I know no language but my own"

"What, not Latin or Greek?"

"No, sir, not a work of either."

"Why, don't you think that necessary?"

"I don't set myself up as a judge—but I should not suppose them necessary."

"Aye! well, I should like to hear your reasons."

"Why, sir, I am not competent to give reasons that may satisfy a gentleman of your learning, but the following are the reasons with which I satisfy myself. I look on language, sir, merely as arbitrary sounds of characters, whereby men communicate their ideas to each other. Now I already possess a language which is capable of conveying more ideas than I shall ever acquire; were it not wiser in me to improve my time in sense through that one language, than waste it is getting mere sounds through fifty languages, even if I could learn so many."

Here the governor paused a moment, though not without a little red on his cheeks, for having a few moments before put Ben and chapter X. Nehemiah so close together. However, catching a new idea he took another start.

"Well, but my dear sir, you certainly differ from the learned world, which is, you know, decidedly in favor of the languages."

"I would not wish wantonly to differ from tha learned world," said Ben, "especially when they maintain opinions that seem to me founded in truth. But when this is not the case, to differ from them I have ever thought my duty; and especially, since I studied Locke."

"Locke!" cried the governor with surprise, "you *studied Locke?*"

"Yes, sir, I studied Locke on the Understanding, three years ago, when I was thirteen!"

"You amaze me, sir. You study Locke on the Understanding, at thirteen."

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, and pray at what college did you study Locke at thirteen; for at Cambridge college in old England, where I got my education, they never allowed the senior class to look at Locke till eighteen."

"Why, sir, it was my misfortune never to be at a college or even a grammar school, except nine months when I was a child."

Here the governor sprang from his seat, and staring at Ben, cried out:—

"Never at a coll ge! well and where—where did you get your education, pray?"

"At home, sir, in a tallow-chandler's shop."

"In a tallow-chandler's shop!" screamed the governor.

"Yes, sir, my father was a poor old tallow chandler with sixteen children, and I the youngest of all; at eight years of age he put me to school, but finding he could not spare the money from the rest of the children to keep me here, he took me home in the shop, where I assisted him by twisting the candle-wicks and filling the moulds all day, and at night I read by myself. At twelve my father bound me to my brother, a printer in Boston, and with him I worked there all day at case and press, and again read by myself at night."

Here the governor spanked his hands together, and put up a loud whistle, while his eye-balls, wild with surprise, rolled about in their sockets as if in a mighty mind to hop out.

"Impossible, young man!" he exclaimed, "impossible, you are only sounding my credulity. I can never believe the one-half of this." Then turning to the captain he said:—"Captain you are an intelligent man, and from Boston; pray tell me, can this young man here be aiming at anything but to quiz me?"

"No indeed, please your excellency," replied the captain, "Mr. Franklin is not quizzing you; he is saying what is really true for I am acquainted with his father and family.

The governor then turning to Ben, said more moderately:—"Well, my dear wonderful boy, I ask your pardon for doubting your word, and now pray tell me, for I feel a stronger desire than ever to hear your objection to learning the dead languages."

"Why, sir, I object to it principally on account of the shortness of human life.—Taking them one with another men do not live above forty years. Plutarch, indeed, only puts it at thirty-three. But say forty. Well of this, full ten years are lost in childhood, before any boy thinks of Latin grammer. This brings the forty down to thirty. Now of such a moment as this to spend five or sixv ears in learning the dead languages, especially, when all the best of books in those languages are translated into ours, and besides, we already have more books on every subject than such short lived creatures can ever acquire, seems very prosperous.

"Well, what are you to do with their great poets, Virgil and Homer, for example; I suppose you would not think of translating Homer out of his rich and native Greek into our poor homespun English, would you?"

"Why not sir?"

"Why, I should as soon thing of transplanting a pine apple from Jamaica to Boston."

"Well, sir, a skillful gardener, with his hot-house would give us nearly as fine a pine-apple as any in Jamaica. And so Mr. Pope with his fine imagination, has given us Homer in English, with more of his beauties than ordinary scholars would find in him after forty years study of the Greek—And besides, sir if Homer was not translated, I am far from thinking it would be worth spending five or six years to learn to read him in his own language."

"You differ from the critics, Mr. Franklin, for the critics all tell us his beauties are inimitable."

"Yes, sir, and the naturalists tell us that the beauties of the basilisk are inimitable too."

"The basilisk, sir! Homer compared with the basilisk! I really don't understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean, sir, that as the basilisk is the more to be dreaded from the beautiful skill that covers his poison, so is Homer; for the bright colorings he throws over bad characters and passions. Now, as I don't think the beauties of poetry as comparable to those of philanthropy, nor a thousandth part so important to human happiness, I must confess, I dread Homer especially as the companion of youth.—The humane and gentle virtues are certainly the greatest sweeteners of life. And I suppose, sir, you would hardly think of sending your son to Achilles to learn these"

"I agree he has too much revenge in his composition."

"Yes, sir, and when painted in the colors which Homer's glowing fancy lend, what youth but must run the most imminent risk of catching a spark of bad fire from such a blaze as he throws upon his pictures."

"Why this, though an uncommon view of the subject, is, I confess an, ingenious one, Mr. Faanklin; but surely 'tis over strained."

"Not at all, sir; we are told from good authority, that it was the reading of Homer that first put into the head of Alexander the Great to become a HERO; and after him, of Charles XII. What millions of creatures have been slaughtered by these two great butchers is not known; but still probably not a tythe of what haue perished in duels, between individuals from pride and revenge, nursed from reading Homer."

"Well, sir," replied the governor, "I never heard the prince of bards treated in this way before. You must certainly be singular in your charges against Homer."

"Ask your pardon, sir; I have the honor to think of Homer exactly as did the greatest philosopher of antiquity, I mean Plato, who strictly forbade the reading of Homer to his republic. And yet Plato was a heathen. I don't boast myself as a Christian; and yet I am shocked at the inconsistency of our Latin and Greek teachers (generally Christians and DIVINES too) who can one day put Homer into the hands of their pupils, and in the midst of their recitations can stop short to point out *divine beauties* and *sublimities* which the poet gives to this hero in the bloody work of slaughtering the poor Trojans; and the next day take them to church to hear a discourse from Christ on the blessedness of meekness and forgiveness. No wonder that hot lived young men, thus educated should despise meekness as a coward's virtues, and nothing so glorious as fighting duels and blowing out brains."

Here the governor came to a pause, like a gamster to his last trump. But perceiving Ben cat his eye on a splendid copy of Pope, he suddenly seized it as a *fine* opportunity to change the conversation.—So stepping up he placed his hand on his shoulder, and said in a very familiar manner, said:

"Well, Mr. Franklin, there's an author that I am sure you will not quarrel with; an author that that I think you will pronounce *faultless*.

"Why, sir," replied Ben. "I entertain a most exalted opinion of Pope; but still, sir, I think he is not without his faults."

"It would puzzle you, I suspect Mr. Franklin, a keen a critic as you are, to point out one."

"Well; sir" said Ben, hastily turning to the place, "what do you think of this famous couplet of Pope's:—

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

"I see no fault there."

"No—indeed!" replied Ben, "why now to my mind a man can ask no better excuse for anything he does wrong than his *want of sense*."

"How so."

"Well, sir, if I might presume to alter a line in this great poet, I would do it in this way:

"Immodest words admit of this defeace,
The want of decency is want of sense."

Here the governor caught Ben in his arms, as a delighted father would his son calling out at the same time to the Captain:

"How greatly am I obliged to you, sir, for bringing me to an acquaintance with this charming youth! Oh, what a delightful thing it would be for us to converse with such sprightly youth as him. But the worst of it is, most parents are blind as bats to the true glory and happiness of their children. Most parents never look higher for their sons than to see them delving like muck-worms for money; or hopping about like jay-birds in fine feathers Hence their conversation is no better than froth or nonsense."

After several other handsome compliments on Ben, and the captain expressed a wish to be going, the governor shook hands with Ben, begging at the same time, that he would ever consider him as one of his fastest friends, and also never to come to New York without coming to see him.

CAPTAIN GUY.

BY OLDKINGKOL.

On a fine day in the year 1814, two men started in a little schooner, called the "Harriet," from a creek in Maryland, abreast of Blackstone's Island, with a load of oysters, for a run to Alexandria.

They had just got clear of the land and fairly into the Potomac, when they were discovered by some of the British fleet, which was then blockading the river, and chase was immediately given by a barge. The little schooner was quickly put about, and endeavored to regain her harbor, but she struck last between the Island and the main land. The men on board owned the vessel, and were *both Captains*—their names Matthew Guy and Woodward

Guy was a little bullet-headed fellow, as brave as old Zach, and as active as a panther, and could shoot as well as *another* celebrated sportsman of the *name*, who is still living. As soon as the schooner grounded, he began to prepare his ducking-gun to receive the Johny Bulls, who were paying them so hurried a visit.

"For God's sake said Woodward, "don't fire on them, or they will kill us when they board."

"D——n 'em!" said Guy; "I'll give 'em thunder; but as you'r a kind o' frustrated, I'll take the canoe and go ashore, and wait for 'em there."

He accordingly landed and got behind a blind for shooting ducks, which was close by, and as the barge pulled in and her keel touched the shore, he let fly with a load of swan-shot, and wounded every man of them but one, and before they could recover from their astonishment, Guy was down upon them snd sternly ordered them to jump out. He did not feel quite sure of them till they were separated from their arms. The officer in command stood up and shouted out—

"Men, are you all dead?"

"If they are not," said Guy, "I can soon finish them!"

"There is no need of that sir," said he "we have surrendered."

Well, out they jumped, and Guy ordered them to march up from the beach. In a few minutes, when the officer began to think a little, he asked Guy if it was possible he had attacked them alone?

"If you don't march on in silence," said bullet-head—"d've see this?" (holding out his shooting tool.)

"No necessity for that, sir," said the Briton; "we've surrendered!"

Some say that Guy whooped and *hollered* so, that he made them believe that a crowd of such boys were coming after him, and judging from the sample, they did not wish to see the rest of them; and it is also said that he had but one load of shot, and that a scant one; but one thing is certain, he took them all prisoners, one officer and 5 or 6 men, by himself, and delivered them up to the nearest post.

The main facts of the above story may be ascertained by any one who will enquire at the War Department in Washington. The agent for prisoners at the time, Gen. John Mason, the father of Senator Mason, of Virginia, is still living. I believe he paid Guy the sum allowed by Government for taking the prisoners.—When Guy came forward to claim the reward, his claim was doubted, till the officer taken acknowledged him to be his captor. I have heard that the sum paid him by the Government for the barge and the prisoners and their arms, amounted to some thousand of twelve hundred dollars a snug little independence for the brave little fellow.

It is said that the captured officer, for some reason or other, denied that he was wounded; when Guy heard of it, he said "Open his shirt bosom and examine."

Guy, I believe, emigrated some years after to Kentucky. Living or dead, let us ever hold in honor the name of the veteran who so gallantly served his country, fighting on his own hook and individually responsibility.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

[From the Model American Courier.]

THE ACTION OF MANURES.

DOES IT SINK OR RISE?

This question was raised last year in what is called the New York Farmer's Club, as if it were a new one, just sprung upon the community, and as remarkable as if an alligator had been found in the Hudson River. If the American institute possessed a file of the old American Farmer, they would find it to contain many things that are not dreamed of in their Philosophy. Among these the question raised and the opinion very distinctly advanced, more than a quarter of a century ago, by Thomas Jefferson Randolph, son of Gov. Randolph, and grandson of Mr. Jefferson, one of the most zealous and accomplished agricultural inquirers;—that manure rises and does not sink, as has been supposed.

In 1822, he commenced a communication to the Albemarle Agricultural Society—(of which no less a personage was President than James Madison, and Peter Minor, among the best informed and most diffident of them, Secretary,) with this remark:—From my commencing as a Farmer, I have been struck with the great increase of the wheat crop, and the improvement of the land fallows made in July and August over those made in September and October." He goes on to state that, according to his observations on clover, as well as on common grass fallows, he had seen that land ploughed in July and the early part of August, changed to many shades darker after ploughing, than land seen that land ploughed in July and the early part of August, changed to many shades darker after ploughing, than land adjoining fallow in September and October which, if it changed all, the change was imperceptable.

After detailing a variety of facts in proof of them, he winds up with this declaration. 'From these observations, I have been induced to adopt the following opinions:

1. That the fertilizing properties of manure exist more in gas that is generated in its decomposition, than in that body or quantum of the manure itself.

2. That half rotted manures are more active in their effects than those completely rotted.

3. That the manure rises by means of this air generated from it, and does not sink, as has been supposed.

After all we may quote from Scripture the question—"Is there anything whereof may be said is new?"

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

Col. Pitchlyn, the Choctaw Delegate has submitted a remonstrance to Congress against the passage of the bill or unite under one government the several Indian tribes west of the Mississippi. His reasons are numerous and apparently plausible, but our object in alluding to the remonstrance is merely to quote a single figure of speech which strikes on us particularly characteristic of the Indian. It is as follows:

"This scheme, as I have remarked, may be beautiful in theory; but it is the beauty of the summer cloud that rises in the west with its borders tipped with golden sunlight, and ascending in majesty it towers to the zenith, filling the beholder with wonder and awe; but the forked lightning is within that cloud, and its bolts scatter death around; the wild hurricane is within its bosom, and it is let loose to scatter the blast, and to destroy! O, let not the red men be smitten by its fury! Remember what they were, and what they are! and grant, Heavenly Father, that whatever offence may have been committed by our ancestors, for which our people have been so scattered and pealed, that it may be atoned for before this last and worst judgment shall be visited upon us."

MULTITUDE OF BEINGS IN THE UNIVERSE.

On our globe there ase supported at least 800,000,000 of human beings; but it is capable of supporting twenty times that number, or sixteen thousand millions, if all its desolate waste were cultivated and peopled. Besides man, there are numerous orders of other sensative beings; there are at least 500 species of quadrupeds, 4000 species of birds, 3000 species of fishes, 700 species of reptiles, 50,000 species of insects, besides thousands which the microscope alone can enable us to perceive—at least sixty thousand species in all.—If every species contain about 500,000,000 of individuals, then there will be no less than 30,000,000,000,000, or thirty bilions of individuals belonging to all the different classes of sensative existence on the surface of the globe.

☞"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Laplander to another who had fallen from the top of a two story house "Not in the laste, 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."