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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

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NATIONAL LOAN FUND
Life Assurance Company.
No. 26, Coruhill, London.
BRANCH OFFICES:
No. 71 Wall street New York.
10 Merchant's Exchange, Boston.
22 South street, Baltimore.

CAPITAL £500.000 STERLING, OR $2,500,000.

THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages to the community, with aespect to Life Assurrance and defesred annuities, the assured having on all occasions the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture or the policy, two-thirds of the amount of premiums paid.

Assurances for terms of years or for Life made at the lowest possible rates, viz:

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Age nex Birth day	FOR LIFE. Annual Premium	on year on nly
15	$1 48	$0 78
16	1 52	0 80
17	1 56	0 82
18	1 60	0 84
19	1 64	0 85
20	1 68	0 87
21	1 73	0 89
22	1 78	0 91
23	1 83	0 93
24	1 88	0 96
25	1 93	0 99
26	1 98	1 02
27	2 04	1 05
28	2 10	1 10
29	2 16	1 16
30	2 22	1 21
31	2 28	1 26
32	2 35	1 31
33	2 41	1 35
34	2 48	1 41
35	2 55	1 46
36	2 62	1 51
37	2 70	1 55
38	2 77	1 58
39	2 85	1 59
40	2 94	1 61
41	3 03	1 63
42	3 13	1 65
43	3 24	1 67
44	3 35	1 70
45	3 47	1 72
46	3 60	1 76
47	3 73	1 80
48	3 88	1 85
49	4 04	1 89
50	4 21	1 95
51	4 40	2 00
52	4 60	2 08
53	4 81	2 17
54	5 04	2 30
55	5 28	2 54
56	5 53	2 78
57	5 79	3 01
58	6 07	3 29
59	6 37	3 58
60	6 68	3 74

The subscriber haveing been appointed Agent by the above Company for this County, is prepared to recieve applications for Life Insuranse, and will furnish the requisite forms, and any other information that may be required in reference to said company.

A. W. SPARKS.

Chester Town. Md. }
Nov. 3, 1849.—tf. }

BOOTS! BOOTS!!
SHOES! SHOES!!

A large stock of mens' long Boots $1,25 to 2,50, pair; Boys Boots; Mens and Boys Lace Boots, and Womens and Childrens Boots and Shoes, for sale low by

T. W. ELIASON.

Nov. 3, 1849.

Cloths & Cassimeres.

CASSINETS and Vestings, a large and well selected assortment, for sale at very low prices by T. W. ELIASON.

Over Coating,

HEAVY Gray, Blue, Bl'k and Brown Beaver Cloths, $1,50 to 300 yd. by

T. W. ELIASON.

FLANNELS, BLANKETS.

A large assortment of Flannels, 15 cts, to 62½ cts per yard, and Blankets $1, to 500 pair by

T. W. ELIASON.

DRESS GOODS.

EXHIBIT Cloths 37½ to $1, plain Changeable and Plaid Lustres, 31 to 50; Alpacas, 25 to 75 cts.; Delanes and Ginghams, at low prices, by

T. W. ELIASON.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!!

BASKET and Terori Shawls, for sale low by

T. W. ELIASON.

BED TICKING.

COMMON 6½ to 10 cts., Good 7-8 to 1 yard wide 12½, Sup. Quality 14 to 25 by

T. W. ELIASON.

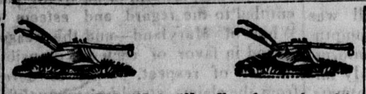
SHIRTING and SHIRTING MUSLINS of superior quality, for sale by

T. W. ELIASON.

THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD., DECEMBER 22, 1849. NO. 33.



E. WHITMAN will offer for sale this season, the largest Stock of *Agricultural Implements and Seed* ever found in an Agricultural Warehouse in the city of Baltimore; consisting in part of

100 Whitman's Premium Wrought Iron Rail-way Horse powers. Price of the Double Power, $100, single ditto $75.

100 various kinds of Sweep Horse-powers, viz: Fitz's Allen's, Kirkpatrick's and others, from $65 to $120.

200 Whitman's Improved Threshers.—cylinder of this machine will last 100 years in constant use. Price, $45 to $50. If the Straw Charrier is attached, $15 will be added; and if made to thresh and clean at one operation, price $100.

50 Common Threshers, as low as can be purchased in any part of the country.

6,000 *Ploughs,*

Consisting of every kind sold in Maryland, New York and Massachusetts. The first Premium on Ploughs in the Ploughing Match of the State Fair, holden at Baltimore, last November, was looked upon as a matter of great importance to every one engaged in agriculture; and this made the contest a spirited one and brought in ploughs from all parts of the country, among which was the Wiley, Moor & Chamberlain, "Maryland Self-sharpener" and a host of others. The Committee, *after trial*, had no hesitation in awarding the *first* premium to E. Whitman, Jr., for the work done with his Pouty & Mears' Centre draft Plough.

300 Cultivators, which also received the first premium at the State Fair and at various other Fairs. Price, $4 to $6.

50 Corn and Cob Crushers, which received the first Premium at the State Fair and also at the Fair of the Maryland Institute, at various other Fairs Price $50.

200 *Wheat Fans*, of various kinds and patterns, among which is I. T. Grant's, which is now used in this country, and in Europe with great success; and we consider it the best Fan in use. Price, from $26 to $40.

500 *Whitman's Premium Corn Shellers* Price, $10, $16, $30.

200 *Straw Cutters*, from $7 to $45.

500 Premium Churns, from $2.50 to $7.

50 Corn Planters. One boy and horse with this drill will plant 10 acres per day Price, $20.

50 *Cider Mills.* These mills grind the apple to a pulp, and are warrented to produce more cider, and of better quality, than any other mill. Price $20 and $25.

A large stock of Wheat Drills; Hay Presses, Gold Washers, and all kinds of Plough, Casting, Grain Gradles, Shovel's, Hoes, Spades, &c., &c.

E. WHITMAN, Jr.,
corner of Light & Pratt sts. Balt. Md.

☞Messrs. Wiley & Perkins, Chester Town, are the agents for E. Whitman, and will sell the above articles at Baltimore prices.

March 24, 1849.

ESTATE OF WM. EDWARDS.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, December 4, 1849.

On the application of Jos. G. Edwards, Admr. of William Edwards, late of Kent county, dec'd

Ordered, that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chester Town.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my (Seal) hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 4th day of December, 1849.

Test, E. WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Wm. Edwards, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 30th day of June 1850, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 4th day of December, 1849.

JOS. G. EDWARDS, Admr.
William Edwards, dec'd.

Dec. 8, 1849.—3w

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A second hand falling top Rockaway, capable of seating two persons, Baltimore make and of the best materials.

ALSO, a young mare 5½ years old, kind and gentle, and well broke to harness.

Apply at this office.

Oct. 27, 1849.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE

SHIRT ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE UNITED STATES IS AT
No. 179 Balto. st. near Light,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Where 500 persons are employed, and a stock of 1000 dozen shirts always on hand

MERCHANTS and others visiting Baltimore are invited to call and examine the largest and best stock of SHIRTS that has ever been offered, consisting of all sizes and qualities, for Men and Boys, which for style and workmanship cannot be surpassed. More than usual efforts have been made to render the assortment complete and desirable in every respect.

T. W. BETTON.

March 10, '49.—1y

A good supply of Caps for sale cheap by WILMER & FRANCIS.

GENTLEMEN and ladies silk Shirts, for sale by

WILMER & FRANCIS.



POETRY.

For the Kent News.

THE RUINED SON.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I saw him when
In manhood's prime. He was the idol of
A mother's heart; her only son in whose
Face she saw the image of her youthful
Love; the partner of her bosom whom death,
Long since from her fond embrace had torn, and
Left her widowed heart to sorrow with
Naught of earth to soothe her grief, save this her
Son—her first born the pledge of early love.
And when she placed him on her knee, and
Spoke in accents soft and mild, which seem'd
To thrill his young and tender heart, she felt
An inward joy that made the burden of
Her sorrows light. The alluring future
To her narrow vision seemed most fair
And bright; and her mind (oft times sad) warning
At the thought would fain indulge (as we are
Wont to do) the flattering dream. She thought
When to manhood's age arrived, he would
Be a comfort to her declining days.
'Twas a fond reflection that cheered her
Heart, though never realized. For our
Brightest earthly hopes (as often proved)
Are but delusions.

She watched his
Progress, and felt proud to see his form
In beauty grow, but prouder yet to see
His mind, on which moral truths to impress
She labored hard, expand and soar above
The grovelling things of earth. He was the
Pride and praise of all—his presence graced
The social circle, and happy smiles where
E'er he went would greet him. All pronounced
Him the favored one, and she who gave
Him birth a happy mother. Such then she
Was, but soon she was brought to feel sorrows
Deeper than those which pierced her heart when
From her fond embrace relentless death her
Husband tore. She lived to see her son
Become *a drunkard.*

The temptation came,
And in an unguarded hour he yielded.
Fatal moment! that crushed fond hopes long
Cherished, and brought disgrace and ruin. First,
By fair hands 'twas proffered in the "Wine
Cup's" ruly flow. O! shame, that woman, who
By heaven given to comfort man in
All his sorrows here, should use her gifts to
Lead him from virtue's pathe, and thus prove his
Curse and her own. But who such tempting beauty,
And winning smiles, and lips persuasive, could
Resist? Youth, beware, and those who bid you
Sip the "wine cup" shun. The second was a
Glass drank with young friends around the "social
Board," and whose company he had learned
To love. The *tavern* was his next resort,
And there his evenings spent in drink and
Riot, and late at night would return to find
Repose and calm his feverish brain. Great the
Change his mother saw and questioned. In
Vain evasive answers he returned,
For well she knew the demon had marked
Him for his victim. With all a mother's
Love she told him of his error, pointed
Out the danger, and bid him shun the snare.
She bid him of a fond mother think, and
How in silent grief, her heart e'er him
Often yearned. Then with feelings deep, the
Virtues of his sire would tell, and how he
Used to place his hand upon his flaxen
Head and call him son, until the burning
Tears down his manly cheeks would rool; while to
Such warm appeals attentive listening,
His heart would often melt, and then, by all
That's sacred, would promise no more to sip
The *damning bowl*, but his promises soon
Would break and quench the thirst which forever
Urged him on until a *confirmed*
Drunkard he became. Then reformation
Seemed a hopeless thing. Cut off by all
Who knew him by his old associates
Shunned, and by all neglected save his
Mother. *She* watched his erring course, for
Her's was a *mother's heart.* Could she forget
Her child, though by all the world neglected?
Thou knowest not the depth of a mother's
Love if thus thou judgest. Her heart in streams
Of warm affection flew—o'er the world's wide
Waste she would roam in search of her erring
Son, if but one faint hope remained to
Urge her on. Dangers great she would brave, nor
Could aught dissuade her from her purpose, did
She but think her pledge of love would find, and
In her arms his form encircles, on his
Lips imprint affections kiss, and hear him
Lisp once more, as in the days of childish
Innocence he was wont to do, mother,
Dear mother!

Often when late returning
His bed to seek he would find his mother
Waiting with anxious mind. So much she felt
For him she loved. She would gently chide
His long delay and reprove him for his
Sins. He answered not affection's voice
But by bitter curses which like arrows,
Pierced her heart, while down her care-worn cheeks
Roled bttter tears. Then to his bed would
Stagger and lay for days insensible.
Often she would bend o'er his moisting form
With a sorrowing heart while on his cheeks,
All bloated, the fever burned, and from
His eyes wildness glared. 'Oft on his
Brow she laid her hand to sooth his pains, but
Deeper the quiver pierced his heart. He
Felt remorse and guilt, for well he knew by
Him she would be brought in sorrow to the
Grave. In vain she tried his mind to calm—demons
All around he saw, and fancied he heard
The clanking of the heavy chains;
Saw the "Hydra-headed monster" and
Heard the hissing sound of his foul breath, not
As when he came and whispered in his
Ear the tempting flattery that led him
From virtue's paths. From his eyes the fire flashed
He raved, he cursed. On his own head
Heavy imprecations called! Cursed
The poisonous liquid! And *her*, who first
Proffered the enticing bowl he cursed!
The *rumseller* too, whose business—the
Thoughts of which is enough to make devils
Blush; if blush they can—'tis to deal out
By draughts the damning stuff, he cursed!
And called just Heaven to witness how much
Of the pain and sorrow of earth is by
His unlawful unhuman traffic caused.
Thus in his drunken fits would rave,
Until at last with a bitter curse upon his
Lips, he died—A DRUNKARD.

Not long survived
His mother. Her son's untimely, awful
End her heart with grief o'erflowed. She felt
A stranger here and longed to be at
Rest from all her troubles. Nor did she wish
In vain, for her release soon came—she died
Broken-hearted.

F. M. A. J.

Chester Town.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE FRIGATE'S TENDER
OR
The Nautical Ruse.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR,
FOUNDED ON FACT.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier,

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

CHAPTER I.

It was early on a summer morning during the progress of the last war with Great Britain, that a young naval officer, walking on the Battery at New York, had his attention drawn to a group of persons earnestly engaged in watching two vessels just visible far down the harbor.

'What is it, my friends?' he asked, in a frank, hearty tone, as he joined them.

'The tender, again, chasing in a schooner, sir,' answered an old tar, touching the point of his hat as he noticed the anchor button on the officer's coat.

'Here is a spy-glass, sir,' said a master's mate, who stood near, and at the same time respectfully handing it to him.

'Thank you, my man,' answered the lieutenant, with a smile, as he took the instrument and placed it to his eye.

By its aid he could clearly distinguish an armed schooner, of about ninety tons, crowding sail in chase of a trading fore and after,' that was making every exertion to escape, both by towing and throwing water upon the sails.

'The chase is about a half a mile ahead, sir,' said the master's mate: but the tender sails like a shark in chase of a dolphin. The fore and after don't stand a chance of getting in past the port.

'The tender can sail, and I am the one that ought to know it,' said a stout weather-beaten looking man. 'She was a pilot boat, and the fastest craft that ever danced over the waves. Three weeks ago I and my crew were out in her, when you English frigate suddenly made her appearance out of a fog-bank and brought us to. But I took to my yawl, and pulled for the land a league away; and escaped, for the fog was so thick the Englishman could not get a glimpse of me. It's my schooner they have turned into a tender, sir, and that's made so many captures the last three weeks of our small coasters.'

'She carries forty men, and a long thirty two, so I hear,' observed a seaman in the group.

'And is commanded by a luff and reefer,' added the master's mate.

'It would be a blessing,' observed a man of-war's man, who had not yet spoken, 'if that craft could be caught napping. 'It aint safe for a sloop to put her nose out of the harbor beyond the cape; but while the frigate was there alone, they could slip along the coast in light water, and show her their heels. But now, every thing that ventures out is brought to by that long gun of the tender's.'

'That's a fact, Ben,' responded another seaman. 'She has taken or driven back in to port no less than twenty-six craft in the last three weeks. I shall be glad, for one, when our frigate lying off there gets her armament aboard: for then I think we'll swallow the English frigate outside, and pick our teeth with the tender.'

All these remarks were heard by the young officers, who all the whole continued to look through the spy-glass at the tender and her chase.

'There goes a gun!' cried several of the spectators, as a flash and a jet of azure smoke came from the tender's bows.

'That's bold enough,' observed the young officer; as if speaking his thoughts aloud, 'the imprudent tender is almost up with the fort, and dares to fire at the chase in the very face of the batteries.'

'It is only to try and do her mischief, sir,' said the master's mate; 'for she finds the fore-and-after will escape her—so she fires a gun to cut away something.'

'You are right, my man,' responded the officer; 'for she has put about and stands seaward again.'

He continued to watch the retiring tender for some moments in silence.

'It's a pity we had'nt an armed cutter in port that would sail faster than she can, so that we might give her a chase out,' said a lad, approaching the group. His dress was that of a midshipman, and his air singularly free and fearless.

'Ah, Frank, are you there?' said the lieutenant. When did you come back from your father's?'

'Last night. I was in hopes to find the ship ready for sea, Mr. Percival; but I am told it will be three weeks before we can get away, I want to have a brush with John Bull's frigate, who hovers off and on the harbor with such bravadoing. When did you get in town, sir?'

'Yesterday morning. Have you been witnessing the pretty chase down the bay, Frank?'

'Yes. I would give a year's pay if I could have a hand in capturing that rogue.'

'Come aside with me,' said the officer, putting his arm in that of the midshipman. 'Your words but express my own wishes; I have conceived a plan for capturing that tender.'

'In what way, sir?' demanded the youth, with animation.'

'I will show you. The tender's game appears to be the casting vessels, from which she takes men to impress in the British navy, and also plunders the craft of such things as they contain which are of any value. My plan is to character an old sloop, the worst looking one that it is possible to find in port, yet a tolerable sailer, for she must work well and readily obey her helm. I will load deck with hen coops, filled with poultry, pens crammed with pigs, and a few sheep, and a calf or two, by way of variety. You laugh, Frank, but the commander of the tender will find it no laughing matter, if I succeed as I anticipate. I shall ship about 35 men, and conceal them in the hold, and taking command of my craft with one hand only visibie on deck I shall set sail out of the harbor.—When I get outside, I think I shall be able to show John Bull a Yankee trick he will not be likely to forget very soon. But all will depend on our good management of the affair. Now you see what I would be at, Frank? Will you join me?'

'With heart and hand sir,' responded Frank Talbot, with enthusiasm. 'Will you allow me to be the hand on deck to help work the sloop?'

'Yes, if you can talk Weatherfield Yankee?'

'Wall, I rayther guess I ken, tho' I aint been to Connaticut among'em sins last grass?'

This reply was pronounced in such an inimitable Yankee dialect that the lieutenant burst into a hearty laugh.

'You will do Frank! Now we want to proceed at once to action, I want you to go to the anchor rendezvous in Pearl street and drum up from five to thirty men. Take only those that are daring and ready for anything. Let none of them know your object, lest we should be betrayed by information being conveyed to the tender. You will find men enough these times that will ask no questions. Meet me at 12 o'clock at the Exchange Reading Rooms and report to me.'

The midshipman then took his leave and hastened up the battery. The lieutenant returned to the group and taking aside the master's mate, whom he knew, laid briefly before him his project. The old tar entered into it with all zeal. Together they went to the docks, where, on account of the blockade, lay idle a large number of vessels of every description. They were not long in discovering such a craft as suited them; a Hudson sloop of seventy tons. She was immediately put in trim for sailing by the master's mate, and three or four men whom he employed; while the officer proceeded to buy up and send on board his live stock.

CHAPTER II.

The morn following these events, the Tender of the British frigate was standing off and under easy sail, and close in with Sandy Hook. The wind was from the south-west and blowing about a five knot breeze. The sky was with out a cloud, and only a gentle undulation lifted the surface of the ocean. The Tender was a clipper built vessel, very long and narrow in the beam, and constructed wholly with an eye to her fast sailing qualities; and she gave proof of them by overhalling every thing. Her crew consisted of about 40 men in the uniform of the British Navy. They were now principally assembled in the bows and on the windlass, talking together or watching the shore. Aft, the officer of the deck, a bluff full-faced young English "middy,' was lounging over the quarter railing, smoking a segar. The man at the helm had a sinecure of his post for the vessel skipped along so easily that she seemed almost to steer herself.

'Sail ho!' cried the look-out, from the heel of the bowsprit.

'Where away?" quickly demanded the officer. 'In shore, two points forward the beam?' Ay, ay! I see! answered the middy, levelling his glass at a sloop just steeling out of the harbor, closly hugging the shore. 'It is another of the Yankee coasters. A sail in shore, Mr. Stanley!, said he speaking through the sky light.

The lieutenant, a stout, fleshy, portwine visaged John Bull, came on deck and took sight at the stranger, which was about a league distant.

'It is a lumber sloop; but we will bring her to, if she dares to venture out; for we may get some fresh provisions and vegetables from her, if nothing more.'

'Shall I put her on the other track sir?'

'Not yet. Keep on as we are, till the sloop gets at offing. If we run from her now she will take refuge in the harbour!"

The sloop stood out for half a mile, and then hauling her wind, beat down long the land. The tender delayed the chase until she had got too far from the entrance of the harbor to get back again, and then putting about, began to make the best of her ways towards the habor she had left Confident in the speed of his own vessel, the English lieutenant felt satisfied that he chase was already his, and laughed at the efforts of the sloop to get away.

At length they came near enough to see that her decks were covered with pigs and poultry.

'A rare haul we shall make this morning! said the middy. 'Enough chicken pie for the whole of the frigate's crew, to say nothing of roast turkies and roast pig for the cabin!'

'What a regular slab-sided Yankee skipper she has at her helm. Man and boy; she has a stout crew!' said the lieutenant, laughing. 'They look frightened out of their senses, as they begin to think they are gone ror it! Sloop ahoy!'

'What ye want?' came across the water, in the strongest nasal of Yankeedom.

"I want you to heave to, brother Jonathan!'

'I'd rayther not, if it's all the same to you! I'm in a mighty hurry! Frank!' added the disguised American officer, in an under tone, 'when I order you to let go the jib, you must draw it aft as hard as your strength will let you. I at the same time will put the hard up, so that the sloop will pay rapidly off, and fall aboard of the tender; for I am determined to fall aboard of her. I shall curse your blunders and you to let go but don't mind me; keep pulling the jib-sheet hard to windward. Leave the rest to me. Now, my men,' speaking through the companion-way, 'take a good grasp of your pistols and cutlasses. When I stamp my foot on the deck over your heads, throw off the hatches leap on deck and follow me.'

"Heave to, or I will sink you! What are you palavering about?" shouted the Englishman.

The two vessels were now side by side, steering on the same course, abeam of each other, the tender to leeward and about a hundred fathom off.

'Wall, don't be too free with your powder, and I will.' Aminidab, let go that 'ar jib sheet!'

'Yes, I will,' answered the young reefer; and with a hearty will he began to draw it to the winward. At the same moment the American officer put his helm hard up, and the sloop played rapidly off towards the tender.

'Let go that jib sheet!' shouted the English officer.

Yes, Ammidab, you 'tarnal fool you, let it go, I say! Let it go! Don't you see we are coming aboard the Capting's vessel?'

But 'Aminidab' pulled the harder, and fairly took a turn with the sheet about a belaying pin.

The English officer was about to pour out upon him a volley of oaths, when seeing that the sloop would certainly fall foul of him, he turned to give orders for the protection of his own vessel; but; ere he could mention them, the sloop's bows struck her near the fore rigging, snd swung round stern with stern. At the same instant, the American officer stamped upon the deck, and forty armed men made their appearance from the hatches, forecastle and cabin, and leaped after Percival upon the tender's deck.

The Englishman, taken by surprise surrendered without scarcely striking a blow, and getting both vessels under sail, in the very sight of the frigate, the gallant young captor sailed with his prize back into the harbor, and safely anchored her off the battery, after an absence of six hours and twenty seven minutes.

This exploit is doubtles one of the boldest and most spirited affairs that came off during the war. The account given above is a faithful narrative of the transaction, and the chief circumstances will be recognized both by the brave officer in question, as well as by his friends.

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK.

Hush!—why should speak against the character of a female It is all she has to depend upon in this world. Just give the impression wings, that she is not so good as she should be, and it will fly to every nook and corner of the town—The story you whisper will return in tones of thunder, to astonish even yourself, 'who was the first guilty wretch to repeat so base a story. A word was often proved the ruin of a virtuous soul—a word thoughtlessly spoken, it may be, but reported by an evil mind. Suppress any thought which if uttered might injure the character or feelings of another. A thought may be stifled at its birth, but a word spoken may never be lost. Weigh every thing you utter, so that none may misconstrue your language or receive a wrong impression. Above all never, even in jest, whisper words, which if true would throw a blight upon a spotless reputation.