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The Kent News.

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

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THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To CLUBS—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

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Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square. Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

POETRY.

Written for the Kent News.

I LOVE THE WORLD.

BY MINNA.

I love the world, and yet I know
'Tis like a passing stream;
And all its pleasures and its show,
Must vanish as a dream.

Ah! yes, the world is sweet to me,
Its wwoodland dells and bowers;
The dewey meads, the rolling sea,
The cascades, birds, and flowers.

Its silvan groves and grottoes deep,
Each gentle rippling rill;
The nodding trees, that pearl drops weep,
With every quivering thrill.

The valleys deck'd with flowers gay,
The rugged mountains high;
The sun and stars with burning ray,
The moon and deep blue sky.

The zephyrs soft that fan my brow,
The lightning's brilliant play;
The thunder loudly rolling now,
Then dying far away.

Yes, though I love ye each and all,
Beauties of earth and sky,
Yet should my blessed Savior call,
I willingly would die.

My soul would stretch her pinions wide
And soar to meet her doom,
More joyful than the happy bride,
Nor dread the gaping tomb.

For earht is but a fleeting show,
Like sceptres of the night;
That fade and into nothing grow,
With morning's coming light.

But heaven! eternal heaven of peace,
Its joys can ne'er decay;
Its happiness can never cease,
Nor glories fade away.

Who would not leave all things below,
To gain that blest abode—
That land that knows no pain nor wo—
And reign with Christ the Lord.

Baltimore, 1855.

MISCELLANY.

Love in a Printing Office.

BY A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.

I once heard an old jour remark that a Printing Office was no place for love making, and I have since experienced the truth of his observation; being now convinced that the flowers of love cannot now bloom in the midst of types, stands and printing ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn a few days in the village of ———. Directly opposite the office, was a pretty white cottage, with a rosebush clambering round the casement, and I was not long in making the discovery that the aforesaid white cottage with the rose shaded windows contained a fair inmate—a flower whose bloom far outshone the roses that clustered around the windows. She was a little, blue-eyed looking creature, of sixteen summers. Her name was Mary—sweet, poetic Mary.

"I have a poetic passion for the name of Mary."

It was a beautiful summer morning and I had raised the window to admit the cool breeze from the flower decked fields, and it was not long before I perceived that the cottage window was also hoisted, and that sweet little Mary was seated near it, busily engaged with her needle. My eyes constantly wandered towards the cottage window where little Mary sat, and all sorts of strange fantastic notions whirled through my fancy lighted brain, and I begin to think that I felt a slight touch of what the poets call LOVE, sliding in at the corner of my heart.

A few days passed away, and an opportune chance made me acquainted with Mary. She was a sweet creature; she had a form that would have shamed the famous Venus de Medici; a cheek that would have out-blushed the ripest peach; and a lip that would have tempted a bee from its hive on a frosty morning. I thought, as I gazed on her in mute admiration, that I had never gazed on one so exquisitely beautiful. She seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely and bewitching. Well, time passed on, and Mary expressed a desire to visit the Printing Office. O, thought I, what a fine chance! I'll make love there in the very midst of the instuments of mine art why shouldn't I? Love in a Printing Office—eh! There was something original in that, and I resolved to try it at all hazzards. Mary came to the office, and I explained to her all the implements of the black art—the ink and the stands, and the boxes of the A B C's. I took an opportunity to snatch her lilly white hand, and she drew it back, knocking a stick-full of matter into pi!

I must have a kiss for that, my pretty fair one!" said I, and at it I went. I managed to twist my arm around her waist, and in struggling to free herself she upset a galley of editorial—a long article on the Oregon. Nothing daunted, I made at her again. This time I was more successful, for I obtained a kiss. It was a sweet one; and the little witch bore it like a martyr; she only screamed once; but as I lifted my head from hers, she lifted her delicate little hand, and gave me a box on the ear that made me see more stars than were ever viewed by Herschell through his telescope.

Somewhat nettled, and with my cheek smarting with pain, I again seized her waist and said:

"Well; if you don't like that, just take back your kiss."

She make a desperate struggle, and as she jerked herself from my arms, her foot struck the lye pot, and over it went! Another galley of editorial was sprinkled on the floor, and in her efforts to sustains herself, her hand—her lilly white hand—the same that came in contact with my ear—oh, horrible! was stuck up to the elbow in the ink-keg! Shade of Franklin! what a change came over the beauty of that hand! She slowly drew it from the keg, dripping with ink, and asked what use I made of tar! I began to be seriously alarmed, and apologised in the best manner I could, and to my surprised she seemed rather pleased than angry—but there was a lurking smile in her eye that told me mischief was afloat. As I stood surveying the black covering of her hand, scarcely able to suppress a laugh at its strange metamorphosis, she quickly raised it on high, and brought it down "kerslap," upon my cheek! Before I could recover from my surprise, the same little hand again descended, and had left its free imprint upon my other cheek.

"Why, Mary," I exclaimed, "what are you about?"

"I think you told me you rolled ink on the face of your form," said, she laughing, and again her hand lit on my face, taking a broad slap in the middle of my countenance, and most wofully bedaubing my eyes. With a light step and a merry peal of laughter, she skipped beyond my reach, and with a roguish face peering in at the doorway, shouted, "I say Charley, what sort of a roller does my hand make?"

"Oh," says I, "you take too much ink."

"Ha, ha!" she laughed; "well, good bye, Charley—that's my impression—ha!"

I went to to the glass and surveyed myself for a moment, a verily do I believe I could have passed for a Guinea negro without the slightest difficulty. "And so," said I to myself, "this is love in a printing office. The deuce fly away with such love."

THE LOVE CURE.

BY OUR FAMILY PHYSCIAN.

I had already had some skill and notoriety in my treatment of pulmonary complaints, and travelling North one summer for health and rest, I stopped for a few weeks at a beautiful little village near the St. Lawrence, where I was somewhat known.

I had only been in the village two days when I was called in to see the young daughter of a wealthy farmer by the name of Summer.

Ida Summer had been the belle of the county, and though only seventeen, her marvellous beauty had already kindled a quenchless fire in the heart of many an unsuccessful suitor to her favor. Frank, confiding and at once playful and modest, arch, yet innocent, full of wild spirits, yet utterly devoid of coquetry—to see her was to love her.

I found the peerless girl, whom I had remembered from the summer before as buoyant and rosy with health, pale and wan as a summer cloud, and apparantly in the closing stages of a decline.

A careful investigation into the state of her lungs convinced me that hers was a mental rather than a physical consumption. I studied her case carefully, watched the various expressions of her speaking face, and at last came to the conclusion that her malady was purely of the heart.

Of unrequited affection? I could not think that—beautiful and good as she was. The case was a difficult one. Tenderly and gently I pushed every sounding but could arrive at no conclusion. This much I discovered—that she possessed no particular regard for any one of the youths far or near, whose name I could get hold of—and notwithstanding all my efforts she seemed rapidly declining.

I learned that she had spent a few weeks of the winter preceding with an intimate friend in an adjoining town, and from that time had begun to fade.

To that town I repaired: but by closest inquiry of one or two friends in that place could ascertain no clue to her illness. To all the swains alike she had been friendly but nothing more.

The clergymen of the church which she had attended—and she had been exceedingly regular and devout in her attendance—was a young man, but one much given to study and seclusion, and one who refused to mingle in any manner in social gatherings. She had consequently seen nothing of him, except while he was officiating in his pulpit.

I had made a pretext to call on him, and found him a man altogether made after the model of what might be the highest aspirations of a true woman's heart. In fact, all the unengaged young ladies of his parish were well nigh crazy about him. But to all alike he accorded nothing but friendly greeting; and leaving them all sought the privacy of his own quiet study.

He was eminently handsome, added to his tall, manly form and beantifully chiselled features, he possessed a benignity of expression that was nearly divine.

I had much conversation with him, and among other things, I casually mentioned Ida Summer and her evidently dying state, enlarging somewhat on her beauty and goodness.

His color deepened as he assented to my remarks, and expressed his regrets at her untimely fate; but otherwise he manifested no emotion.

I remarked before I left him, it was time for him to give his pretty parsonage a mistress.

"I may many years from now," replied he with a sudden and deepening sadness; "but I early learned to distrust the disinterested and abiding affection of our modern young women. If I marry I shall probably marry late in life.

"A fallacy, take my word for it, Mr. Stuart. Our modern women, some of them, are as fond and true as any of the dames of old. The thing is to find the right one." And thus saying, I bade him good morning.

On my return I found my patient rather lower than I left her.

I told her I had been in the village of ———. Suddenly and tumultuously the blood rushed up to her bosom and face, and she looked at me with her soft inquiring eyes.

I told her of her friends, and casually mentioned the name of the young clergyman, Robert Stuart.

To her dear, blue-veined temples the same truant blood sped with fearful force.

I had seen enough. I knew her disease, and most probably the remedy. I instantly wrote a note to Mr. Stuart, merely saying:

"If you would save a life, lose not a moment in hastening to —— (the name of the town.) I will await you at my lodgings."

I signed my name and despatched it by a private messenger.

Sooner than I expected, the young clergyman was at my hotel. I had Ida prepared for a conversation with a clergyman specifying, however, no one in particular. I led him to her chamber, saw her blush and start of joy and modesty.

What then and there transpired, no one but the great searcher of hearts and the two of his choicest handiwork thus brought together—a dying girl and a minister of heaven—can answer. I left them alone as long as I thought her weak state might bear, and when I opened the door I found him sitting beside her bed, her slender hand locked in his and his soul-beaming eyes pouring life and love upon her.

My eyes filled with tears as I caught a sight of her radiant face, so full of peace and serene bliss and life, but the tears I shed were the tears of joy.

My patient, with almost one bound, regained her health and strength, and the glorious representative of God's minister upon earth, changing his mind upon the subject of matrimony in favor of the 'right one;" is now one of the few truly happy men on earth, happy in a life marriage with one every way congenial with him, and every way worthy of him.

A TOAST BY A PRINTER.—At the Franklin Festival, recently held at Lowell, the following sentiments was proposed, and most heartily responded to by the company:

The Printer—the master of all Trades. He beats the farmer with his fast "Hoe," the carpenter with his *rule*, and the mason in *setting up tall columns;* he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending his *case*, and beats the pastor in the managemens of the devil.

Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he oughtn't to.

To the Editor of the Kent News.

Dear Sir:

In the dish of Dessert served up in your paper of the 11th inst., I find the following sentiment attributed to Gen. Lafayette, "if ever the liberty of this Republic is destroyed, it will be by the Roman Catholic Priests. I would thank you to inform me whether you can show good and reliable authority for this statement. I have consulted "one Beale H. Richardson" upon the subject, and in his plain language, he says it is a lie—This forgery was started last fall by Prof. Morse of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and was fully exposed by Bishop Spalding of Louisville, in one of the most able letters ever published in this country. This letter is in my possession, and I am sure, that, after reading it, you will remove the Lafayette dish from your table. Perhaps you may belong to the class of "nimble" reasoners described by the poet:

While others toil with philosophic force,
Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course,
Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
And gains remote conclusions at a jump."

This sentiment was dug out of a letter, in which Gen. Lafayette quoted it expressly to refute it. The letter was written to a friend in this country as follows: "I cannot but admire your noble sentiments of devotion and attachment to your country and its institutions. But I must be permitted to assure you, that the fears which, in your patriotic zeal, you seem to entertain, that "*if ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed, it will be by Romish Priests,*" are certainly without any shadow of foundation whatever. An intimate acquaintance of more than half a century with the prominent and influential Priests and members of that church, both in Europe and America, warrants me in assuring you, that you need entertain no apprehension of danger to your Republican institutions from that quarter." Soon after this forgery was exposed, the Editor of the "Cincinnati Times" ventured to question the authenticity of this letter. A writer in the "Cincinnati Enquirer" proposed to bet this Editor one thousand dollars to be paid by the loser to the Orphans of Cincinnati, that he would produce before an impartial committee the book containing this letter. The Editor, however, very prudently declined the contest, and with discreet valor backed out.

I would thank you for a reference to the book and page, containing Gen. Jackson's last Prayer, which, you say, was in these worlds: "Lord, preserve our country from all foreign influence." His death scene was certainly a sublime one, and it was beautifully described by two gentlemen who beheld it. I wish I could obtain a copy of that description. According to my recollection, Gen. Jackson's last prayer was substantially as follows: holding the Bible open in his emaciated hands, he exclaimed, the Bible is true, I believe every word in it. Lord, save my soul through the merits of a crucified Redeemer.

In your last paper you remark, that in compliance with my request, you "have published the letter of D. M. Barringer to Vespasian Ellis, which has been going the rounds of the newspapers for sometime." This letter had been published about ten days when it was sent to your Office, so that it had not gone round much. You assert that the letter "is merely a personal matter" between Mr. Barringer and Mr. Ellis. Mr. Rayner and his party would, doubtless, be pleased to have it so considered. But the truth of history must be vindicated.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

Mr. Rayner, whose most creditable performance was his eulogy of the principles of religious teleration in the North Carolina reform convention, in an evil hour sought to justify his ambition, by heading a crusade against this very sentiment. He made a charge against the President of the United States. This charge was, that Mr. Barringer, the American minister at the court of Madrid, in 1852, had declared to him (Rayner) that the Nuncio of the Catholic Pope had informed him (Barringer) before the Cabinet of President Pierce was formed, that a Catholic, Judge Campbell, was to be a member of that Cabinet. There was no end to the manner in which Mr. Rayner used this accusation. It was declaimed by him at Baltimore, at Washington, in North Carolina, that the President of the United States had a corrupt understanding with the Roman Catholics before his election for the purpose of obtaining their votes. This charge was printed in the papers of his party. It was thundered from the pulpits of some of those, who preached, "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and hurled from every hustings and rostrum during the political conflict in North Carolina. Addressed to an exaggerated public sentiment against the Catholic Church, and appealing to all the bigotry and prejudice that had been aroused by crafty leaders, and godless Priests, it became the favorite slander of an infuriated opposition.—It was in vain, that the Official Organ of the Administration denied it. It was only reiterated in language of greater vehemence, and dressed up with new details. Even the fourth of July was desecrated in Washington by Vespasian Ellis, who made it the choicest staple of an impassioned oration. At last, however, the witness of Mr. Rayner makes his appearance on the stand, and in emphatic language, denies the words put into his mouth, and corrects the calumny assumed to be circulated under his authority.—Mr. Barringer wrote to Mr. Rayner several weeks before the North Carolina election, and requested him to set this matter right before the country. Not even to do justice to his friend Barringer, would he publish this letter. What is the inference? There can be put one. The election in North Carolina was at hand, and it was essential to the success of Mr. Rayner's party, that nothing should be done, even in correction of a gross act of injustice that might jeopard the *pious* cause of proscription. The original imputation upon the President was bad enough, but that Mr. Rayner should hide or withold the contradiction till after the election, is neither calculated to help the fortunes of his party, nor to soothe his troubled spirit after his well deserved, and well-earned chastisement by the popular voice of North Carolina. Do you still think, that Mr. Barringer's letter "is merely a personal matter" between Mr. Ellis and himself, or between Mr. Rayner and himself? Why it is one of the most notable events in the decay and downfall of Know-nothingism, and it will be so regarded by the future historian.—Mr. Rayner's fabrication will stick to him like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, and it will "stick to the death." As soon will the fact of Benedict Arnold's treason be expunged from the Archives of American history, as will Kenneth Rayner's injustice to Gen. Pierce, be buried in oblivion. You pronounced my attack upon Mr. Rayner in your last paper, a "petty attack." It is true. It was a petty attack. I wrote it in a few minutes on the day I left home for Baltimore. The outskirts only of his armor, were assailed. I hope you will now think, that more justice is done the subject, and that the boss of his buckler has been penetrated. Mr. Rayner is a remarkable instance of the prostitution of more than ordinary mental endowments. In an unfortunate hour, he sacrificed his principles upon the altar of political ambition. The "auri sacra fames" of the Latin poet, compelled him to leave the road of truth, of virtue, of patriotism, and of fame. Truth is one of the cardinal virtues. Indeed, it is the basis of all the virtues, for without it there is no real virtue. No politician, during the present year, has fallen lower in public estimation, than Kenneth Rayner—He lies festering in his corrupting wounds, while there are "none so poor as to do him reverence."

You have misrepresented Mr. Barringer's testimony, contained in his letter which I sent to you for publication. You remark, "Mr. Barringer does not know whether the Pope's Nuncio was aware that Mr. Campbell would be appointed or not." But he infers, "that being a cause of much interest and satisfaction to the church, especial pains had been taken to communicate the fact to the Catholic Priesthood." Now, Mr. Barringer infers no such thing, and he testifies to no such thing. His language is, "the inference I made was, that *the appointment of a Catholic to this high office* being *naturally* a cause of much interest and satisfaction to the church *of that faith*, especial pains had been taken *in some quarter* to communicate the *earliest intelligence of that fact* to the *leading members of the* Catholic Priesthood."—You make Mr. Barringer infer, that the *intention* to appoint Mr. Campbell, was the fact communicated to the Catholic Priesthood, when he states expressly, that the *appointment* itself was the facts communicated. Mr. Barringer remarks, "I did not at all suppose that he (the Pope's Nuncio) had any previous knowledge of an intention to appoint this gentleman (Mr. Campbell) to office, or that he knew or had any reason to believe, it was done in pursuance of any bargain, or intrigue to this effect on the part of any persons whatever." You have certainly learned the art of *garbling*, as is evident from the "Dessert" which you furnished in your last paper. But that you should garble an extract from an article published in your own paper, about which you were holding a controversy, and thereby run the risk of exposure, and consequently of weakening your cause, is astonishing, and is another evidence of the deceitfulness of the human heart, as well as the pitiable shifts of a party, which has no ground to stand on, nor even a *tussock* to cling to in the present deluge of popular indignation against its intolerance. You, the Editor of the Kent News, then "think it not at all improbable from the circumstances, and Mr. Barringer's inference itself, that he (the Nuncio) had such previous information." What must your readers think of your intelligence? I hope they will not suspect you of wilful misrepresentation. In your paper of the 11th instant, you generously volunteered to assist my "torpid faculties" and as gratitude is one of the cardinal virtues, I have endeavored to make you full remuneration for your unexpected services.

In your last paper, you remark, "Mr. Ringgold thanks us for our concession; truly this is an ingenious method of handling hot iron. But if in the exuberance of the gentleman's imagination, he, of a truth, supposes we have changed position, we respectfully submit—he lies in error."

This *fanfaronade* calls to mind the following fable, which was written in the days of Æsop. A certain *Gnat*, having settled himself upon the top of a *Bull's* horn, said, that he would depart, if his weight caused any uneasiness. The Bull politely invited the little insect to keep his seat, and told him that his presence was not noticed till he announced it. So with respect to your "iron," its temperature was not noticed, till you proclaimed it. You deny then, that you have changed position concerning the "orator's" introduction to the political meeting on the 17th ult. Let us go over the ground again—In one paper, you state, that "the orator for the day was then introduced, or as it appeared introduced himself." In another paper, you state that, "so far as we saw or heard, he was not introduced," and in another paper, you formed a syllogysm, in compliance with the rules laid down by the Arch-Bishop to whom I referred you, and proved conclusively by logical deduction that the orator for the day "must have introduced himself." This was the exact position occupied by the "orator," and he has wondered, that you were so long in perceiving it, since you were present and saw, and heard him introduce himself.—For this concession, he returned you his thanks, as he will ever do for any act of justice or favor te himself. It seems, however, that he "lies in error." As you hoped, that your syllogysm was "sufficiently plain to the logical perception" of the "orator," and, if not, you would turn the Arch-Bishop over again, and try once more, by way of improvement in the syllogysm," you must comply with your promise, for the "orator" is anxious to see how you can show that he did not introduce himself.

You wonder if the object of my jant last week was "to consult the *Sibylline* Books in the possession of one Beale H. Richardson." Permit me to wonder if, in preparing your replies to my communications, you do not consult the oracles of a certain young Barrister. Permit me also to wonder, if you did not omit last week, to publish the result of the late elections in the South, because you did not consider them very flattering to the future success of Know-Nothingism. In your paper of the 11th instant, it is remarked, "among the host of able and distinguished *Southern Democrats* who have united themselves with the American Order since the adoption of the National Platform, there is no one who will carry with him greater personal influence than the Hon. Jere Clemens, the late able *Democratic* Senator from the State of Alabama." I will inform you, that in the late election, this same Jere Clemens was refused a seat in his State Legisture by the people of his own county, if the returns, which I have seen, are correctly reported. So that neither his personal nor political influence is worth much in his own State. You, I am sure do not yet believe it, but I will venture to express the opinion that the days of Know-nothingism are nearly numbered. It will soon be counted among the *things* that were. "Ilium fuit" will be its short, but significant elegy. It is impossible that any secret political combination can rule the destinies of this free and enlightened nation. Many of the most eminent, and talented Whigs of the country have avowed their opposition not only to its principle of secret action, but also to its civil and religious intolerance. This religious element is certainly the most dangerous to our liberties, for the worst of all bad things is a religious bigot, a *creature*, who, if he had lived in the days of Pontius Pilate, would have cried out with the Jewish rabble, "Crucify him, Crucify him!"

I know that your party has counted on the support of the old Clay Whigs, generally, but it has counted without its host. The Whigs, who join the midnight Councils, will of course support their own Know nothing cause. But can the Whigs, will the Whigs, who are not initiated into the mysteries of this Order and who are opposed to its principles and machinery vote for its candidates when they are not standing upon common ground, when they cannot receive a post of trust and honor in the State because they are not sworn members of this oath-bound party? The Know Nothings might as well give up the contest. The hand-writing has already appeared upon the wall. The midnight councils are "weighed in the balances" and they are "found wanting." The knees of their Marshals are smiting "one against another." The course of the Euphrates has been turned to make way for the *Champions* of Constitutional liberty to scale the ramparts of this political *Babylon*, and plant the *Flag of the Union* upon its towering battlements. Respectfully,

R. W. RINGGOLD.

☞ An editor out west gives the following notice: "Our purse is lost! The finder is respectfully requested to return it, being careful not to disturb its contents which were a brass rule, a piece of leaf tobacco, nice twisted, the stump of a cigar, and a very good leather string."

☞ "Well, Alick, how is your brother getting along these times?"

"Oh, first rate, got a good start in the world; married a widow who has twenty-seven children."

Honors come by diligence; and riches spring from economy.