msa_sc2901_scm2354-0330 ©Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

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

Vol. 17. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JULY 12, 1856. No. 11.

MIDDLETOWN ACADEMY,
DELAWARE.
JAMES B. MCDOWELL, PRINCIPAL,
Assisted by Able and Experienced Teachers.

THE Summer Season of this Academy will commence on the first Monday of May, and continue 21 weeks. The course of instruction is very thorough and comprehensive, including the branches of a complete English and Classical Education &c., &c. The Boarding-House for Students from a distance, is under the sole charge of the Principal, and is renovated and furnished in the most neat and comfortable manner. *Expenses*:—For Boarding, Tuition, &c., &c., for term $80, or $35, according to advancement of of which a part is required in advance. There are *no extra charges whatever* connected with the Institution.

Middletown Academy is situated in the healthy and pleasant village of Middletown, New Castle county, Delaware surrounded by a very beautiful and highly productive country, inhabited by a moral, enterprising, and intelligent population. The Delaware Railroad connecting with the neighboring cities, and different parts of the Peninsula, affords speedy and comfortable access.

The Principal has had ample and successful experience in the education of youth, and pledges his most earnest efforts to maintain a school equal to the best Academies in the country, and worthy of the confidence and patronage of those interested in the education of boys or young men.

For Circulars containing particulars address the Principal as above.

March 22, 1856.

Attention Farmers.

THE undersigned would invite the attention of Farmers to their stock of

Peruvian, Mexican and Colombian Guano—also the best quality of fine ground Bone, and Hildreth celebrated No. 1, Sup. Phos. of Lime,

which is pronounced by competent judges the best article of the kind ever sold in this market. Farmers in want of any of the above Fertilizers, would do well to give us a call. Sold at the lowest cash price and, in quantities to suit.

CORNELL & DORSEY,
Com. Merchants, No. 70, South Ss.
Baltimore, Md.

april 19, 1856—6m

JOSEPH S. ROBSON, WM. GODWIN, JR.

J. S. Robson, & Co.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NO. 6, BOWLY'S WHARF,
BALTIMORE, MD.

OFFER their services to the Farmers of Kent and adjoining counties, for the sale of grain and other produce. The strictest possible attention is at all times given to the best interest of our customers, while a long and practical acquaintance with every *peculiarity* of our grain trade, justifies us in guaranteeing the very highest market price for all consignments in that particular line. [June 14, 1856.tf.]

Unicorn Mills.
WOOLEN MANUFACTORY.

THE subscribers again respectfully inform their friends and the public that they are now manufacturing, on a larger scale than usual, every variety of their *well known CASSIMERES*, embracing beautiful fine Wave and other Cassimeres, equal to any manufactured in this country, together with all kinds heretofore manufactured by them. Possessing the advantages of a superior water power, the latest improvements in machinery, and the personal attention of those brought up in the best manufactories in England enables them to offer a better and cheaper article than can be obtained elsewhere. Also, Flannels in variety, Stocking Yarn, Roll Carding, &c., &c.

☞ Always wanted, in exchange for Goods, WOOL, for which the highest market price will be allowed.

MALLALIEU & BRO,
Unicorn Mills, Q. Ann's Co., near Millington.
June 7, 1856.

A LOT of white and colored Canton matting on hand which will be sold *at Cost for Cash*, but the cash must come in all cases as I cannot sell it to any one on credit.

Je.21,1856. W. N. E. WICKES.

Camp Meeting.

A CAMP MEETING of the Methodist Protestant Church, for Kent Circuit, will be held near Chesertown, commencing Thursday, August 7th. [June 21, 1856.]

GARDEN AND FLOUR SEED.

A LARGE and select assortment of the above warranted genuine, and embracing many hundred choice varieties, for sale wholesale and retail. Country dealers supplied at a liberal discount.

PASCHALL MORRIS & CO.,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
Cor. 7th and Market Sts. Phila.
March 8 1856.

DAIRY IMPLEMENTS.

SHAIN'S Patent atmospheric premium churns of various sizes, also horse power churns and fixtures, butter workers three varieties, butter Prints, &c.

PASCHALL MORRIS & Co.
Implement & Seed Store, 7th & Market Sts., Phila.
May 31, 1856.

NEW GOODS.

DANIEL COLLINS & SON, have opened at the OLD STAND formerly the firm of Collins & Hynson, an assortment of

GOODS,

all *new*—which they will sell low for cash or credit to punctual customers.—Their friends and the public are invited to call and examine for themselves.

May 31, '56.

☞ WHEAT CRADLES! ☜

NOW is the time to prepare for Harvest! All persons in want of good Cradles, or old ones repaired would do well to leave their orders with the undersigned as early as possible and thereby ensure a good cradle in due time.

May 24, 1856. JOHN L. RINGGOLD.

ATTENTION FARMERS!
Guano excelled by 'De Burg.'

The great advantage De Burgs Super Phosphate has over Guano, is attributed to the large amont of fertilizing matter, Phosphates and Ammonia, which it contains.

It is a settled point with all chemist and scientific farmers that Peruvian Guano only supplies about one half of the phosphates that is required to grow wheat, rye, oats, corn, vegetables, &c., and that is the reason that land becomes exhausted and impoverished by its continued application. Whereas De Burgs Super Phosphate supplies more than is required, by the crops, and is quite as effective in its action of inducing early maturity as guano, much more durable and fertilizing to the soil and less volatile.

It is adapted for all crops and all soils, as a proof, we have testimonials from Maland to Georgia, and from *every county in this State*, from every variety of soil, and from gentlemen well known as intelligent farmers—some of whom have tried it for two years on fall and spring crops with pleasing results, in every instance. We name Hon. J. A. Pearce, G. W. T. Perkins, L. M. Strong, J. Urie, W. W. Stephens, Wm. Emory, T. D. C. Ruth, Esqs., and many others.

Francis Cann, Esq. says: "I never had so fine a field of corn as I have at present. The corn and potatoes grown by "De Burg" were much superior in quality and quantity to those grown by No. 1, Peruvian Guano, at the same rate per acre. I think it the best fertilizer I ever tried and cheaper than guano."

Josiah Ringgold, Kent co. says: "I applied De Burg and Peruvian Guano separately, each at the rate of 200 lbs. per acre, on same quality of land in corn, oats and vegetables, and I think where DeBurg was used that my crops were much the best."

Wm. T. Skirven, Esq., Kent co., says: "There was a manifest difference in the growth of the corn where I applied "De Burg" over that which was guanoed.—My wheat sown with "De Burg" looks better than my guanoed wheat."

☞ Every lot we receive is inspected and analyzed by the Chemist to the Md Agricultural Society, who draws samples himself from entire cargo, and rejects all that does not come up to the fixed standard, thereby guaranteeing to the farmer a uniformity not to be found in any guanoor other manure.

The best proof of the value of this fertilizer as entertained by the agricultural community is the greatly increased demand for it, which is beyond precedent in any other manure. In consequence of which many imitations have been put upon the market. Farmers should be particular and buy none but "De Burgs Supher Phosphate" and to secure the genuine article, order it direct from us.

Price $43 per 2000 pounds, in 8 bbls.

J. J. & F. TURNER.
42 Pratt st. Balt.

☞ Send and get analysis and testimonials.

Feb. 23, 1856—tf

ESTATE OF DANIEL BELL.

Maryland, Kent County, Orphans' Court, May 27th, 1856.

ON the application of Samuel A. Smith, Administrator of Daniel Bell, late of Kent county, deceased,

ORDERED, That he give the 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 four successive weeks in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

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 hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 27th day of May, 1856.

(SEAL)

Test, JACOB FISHER,
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 Testamentary on the personal estate of Daniel Bell, 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 16th day of December 1856, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of May, 1856. SAMUEL A. SMITH,
Adm'r of Daniel Bell, dec'd.

May 31, 1856.—4w.

SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.

1,000 TONS Mape's nitrogenised super phosphate of Lime, an article which has been fully tested by farmer, and is believed to be the cheapest and and strongest fertilizer in the market. 1,000 barrels superior Pondrette, especially adapted for the corn crop, also Tafew, a new and powerful fertilizer; all of the above for sale wholesale and retail by

PASCHALL MORRIS & CO.,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
Cor. 7th and Market Sts. Philadelphia.
Mar. 8, 1856.

To the Ladies!

MRS. S. E. RINGGOLD,

WOELD inform the ladies generally that she is now prepared to make to order at short notice, Dresses on the most approved and fashionable styles, having just returned from the city where she has acquired a thorough knowledge of cutting, she has also selected an assortment of beautiful patrons for Ladies and childrens dresses of the latest styles, just out. Having taken considerable pains for the accommodation of the ladies she greatfully solicits a share of the public patronage. Ladies will please call at her residence in Millington, Kent county, Md.

May 17, 1856.

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 $9—10 copies for $16. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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.

SOUTHERN AGENCY
FOR
McCORMICK'S
Reaping & Mowing Machine.

HAVING now the entire control for this section, of this celebrated Machine, I take the opportunity of informing the agricultural community that the most *extensive arrangements* are making to give all an opportunity of procuring one of these long and *thoroughly tried Machines.*

We would caution purchasers to be careful how they are persuaded into taking hold of so important a matter as an *untried Reaping Machine*, while the reputation of McCormick's is so well established throughout the world.

The perfection of a Reaping Machine being obtained only by actual observation of its action in cutting grain, and that period of time being very brief, viz., the harvest it is obvious that it would require almost a life-time to obtain that object. This has happily been obtained by Mr. McCormick, and he now puts forth a Machine that may be termed perfect.

Notwithstanding the *gross* fabrication of piratical parties—who are indeed making my Machines under an assumed name, with injurious alterations, the following is the Official List of awards to Reaping and Mowing Machines at Paris:

No. 1. Grand Gold Medal of Honor. C. H. McCormick, Chicago, Ill.

No. 2 Medal of Honor, Gold. No Reaper in this list.

No 3 First Class Silver Medal. J. H Manny, Illinois.

No 4 Second Class Silver Medal, J. S Wright Chicago, for Atkin's Self-Raker.

See Scientific American of Dec. 15th, 1855 for correctness of above list of awards.

I quote from the Official Report as follows:—"In agriculture, the Sole Grand Medal of Honor was awarded to C. H. McCormick of Chicago, Illinois, United States of America, inventor of the reaping Machine that has operated the best at every trial, and is the type after which all the other Reapers have been made, with different modifications that have not changed the principle of the discovery."

The following article also appeared in the Scientific American of January 12th 1856:—"La Presse, the most extensively circulated newspaper in France, has devoted no less than four columns to a historical sketch and minute description of McCormick's Reaping Machine, with an account of the extraordinary results obtained in the recent trials before the international jury; and it bestows great praise on American inventions generally."

☞ Above I have given a fair and candid statement of the results of the grand French Exhibition of *all* Nations, and in addition to the Scientific American can refer to the leading papers generally of the Union, for the truth of these statements.

It was *Jerome*, (and *not Prince* Napoleon, the President of the French Exhibition) that bought Manny's Machine, while the *Emperor* bought mine, there being but one of mine to be had.

That the public may be on their guard at all times in giving credit to statements of various makers (in some shape or other) of these machines I respectfully ask a comparison of the *above facts* with the *gross misrepresentations* of the manufacturers of the Manny Machine, as contained in the publications that have appeared from them; the article which they pretend to quote from *Le Constitutionale*, being a counterfeit, and never having appeared in that paper. I would also call attention to the fact that the *comments* (!) only, of the editors or proprietor (but not the *awards of the French Exhibition,*) have appeared in the Prairie Farmer owned and conducted by J. S. Wright, maker of "Atkins' Self-Raker."

☞ A *full* supply of *all* the various parts *on hand* and can be supplied at *shortest notice.* To insure being supplied order early.

Price of combined Machine $155.

☞ I take occasion to say—observing numbers of trials advertised and talked of in different parts of the country, the result of which will not give the farmers an opportunity to decide *in season as to their merits*—would remark with view of settling the matter, any Farmer *wanting* a Machine can judge of McCormicks, to be tried on his *own place* and at *my risk.*

B. M. RHODES,
Sole Agent,
141 *West Pratt Street, Baltimore.*
June 7, 1856.

☞ Any orders left with Mr. Wm. P. Francis will be promptly attended to.

CHAMPAGNE WINES, old cognac, wild cherry, ginger, Lavendon, black berry, and Rasbury Brandies; Ushers old Julip, &c. Ice Cream days—every Tuesday and Thursday. A constant supply of the best Porter, Ale, Cider. Pop, &c, always on hand. Come and taste for yourselves.

J. F. POSTON, Proprietor.

May 24, 1856.

Carriages

NEATLY PAINTED and Varnished, and other repairs done, by

A. HOWARD.

P. S. All orders left with Messrs. Ringgold & Calder, in his absence, will be punctually attended to and thankfully received. A. HOWARD.

Ma 31, 1856.



POETRY.

OUR NATIONAL ENSIGN.

Flag of the planet gems!
Whose sapphire circled diadems
Stud ev'ry sea, and shore, and sky—
Oh! can thy children gaze
Upon thy silver blaze,
Nor kindle at thy rays,
Which led the brave of old to die?
Thou banner! beautiful and grand,
Float thou forever o'er our land!

Flag of the stripes of fire!
Long as the band his lofty lyre
Can strike, thou shalt inspire our song—
We'll sing thee 'round the hearth,
We'll sing thee on strange earth,
We'll sing thee when we forth
To battle go, with clarion tongue!
Flag of the free and brave in blood,
For aye be thou the blest of God!

Flag of the bird of Jove!
Who left his home, the clouds above,
To point the hero's lightning path—
Around thee will we stand,
With glitt'ring sword in hand,
And swear to guard the land
Which quell'd the British lion's wrath;
Flag of the West! be thou unfurled,
Till the last trump arouse the world!

Flag of two ocean shores!
Whose everlasting thunder roars
From deep to deep, in storm and foam—
Though with the suns red set
Thou sinkest to slumber, yet
With him in glory great
Thou risest and shall share his tomb!
Thou banner! beautiful and grand,
Float thou forever o'er our land!

LIFE.

The PAST! what is it but a gleam,
Which memory faintly throws?
The FUTURE! 'tis a fairy dream,
Which Hope and Fear compose!
The PRESENT! is the lightning's glance,
That comes and disappears.
Thus Life is but a moment's trance
Of memories, hopes and fears.

As the wild waves of ocean glide,
And life's deep waters flow,
Hope's foam-bells dance upon the tide,
And memory pearls below.

MISCELLANY.

Doesticks at a Festival.

Q. K. Philander Doesticks, who is now publishing in the "New Yorker" a history of "Country Chickens in a City Coop." in his last number gives the following account of the manner in which he spent the day at a festival of the German singing clubs. Mrs. G. determines to take the whole family with her, so that they might have a breath of country air once more. We omit that part which describes the setting out of the party, and let Doesticks tell what happened when they arrived on the ground:

We finally got to the festival place and squeezed our way in through a multitude of beer-wagons, children, brass bands, military companies and yelow dogs. We wandered about a short time and soon found ourselves up to our knees in a swamp, the mud of which had transformed us into blacklegs. We soon got out and sat down at a table to drink lager beer and watch the Turners going through their fantastic performances one some poles. Their tricks greatly excited the admiration of Potpie, who forthwith disappeared, and we saw him preasantly crawling up a ladder feet first, and then turning summersets on a bar fifteen feet from the ground—he soon grew more ambitious and in trying to stand on his head on the crooked limb of an oak tree, he lost his balance and fell into a pic-nic party underneath. He struck directly on the head of a plethoric German with ear-rings who was making fierce love to a lady larger than himself—and while with one foot Potpie upset the mustard on the white dress of a redfaced damsel, with the other he kicked a baldheaded baby about seven rods into a bucket of sandwiches. Before the party recovered from their surprise, the youth who had caused all the commotion, and who was himself unhurt, had emptied the contents of all their beer mugs down his throat, and pulled the spigot out of the cask, and let the balance run into the basket of sandwiches, where it nearly drowned the baby before it was discovered

The ladies had a great many invitations to dance German swains with pipes in their mouths, and beer horns strapped to their backs. Araminta refused them all with the greatest scorn; Desdemona resolved to try it—she did try it, and in about a minute she got dizzy and fell into a brass band, and was fished out of the drum by her partner and brought back in great dismay.

I tried it myself—got hold of a girl about the size and shape of a mackeral barrel; she seized me around the waist and we commenced spinning round and round with rapidly increasing velocity—I soon found that I couldn't stop—resigned myself to my fate. So we waltzed on among trees, wagons, military men, short boys, and all the other indescribables of the landscape—twenty times I caught my feet in the grass, fifteen times my heels slipped on roots, ten times I stepped on toads, and six times I got my legs tangled up with stray babies, but I could not fall my solid partner kept me up.

In two minutes I could not tell whether my head or my heels were uppermost—in three minutes I couldn't distinguish a man from a two horse wagon—in four minutes the trees were all dancing and the people standing still—and in five minute we both fell into a Dutch grocery which stopped us. Everything seemed to be spinning round, the vessels in the river seemed to be sailing over the meadows, and the trees to be performing a vegetable jig out in the stream beyond low water mark. As soon as I recovered possession of my senses sufficiently to look around and discover where I was, I found that I was sitting in the midst of a large mutton pie, with a Bologna sausage in each hand; my former partner was calmly reposing across an ice cream freezer with dishevelled locks full of peanuts and penny cigars—I made a hasty apology which none of them could understand, and started out to find my party again.

ETHAN ALLEN.

A good story is told of that rare old patriot, Col. Ethan Allen, whose services in the "times that tried men's souls" were only equalled by his daring assertions of the right of private opinion in theological matters. A well known divine, pastor of the village church, called one evening on the Colonel, and while enjoying his true New England hospitality at the supper table the conversation turned upon church matters.

Quoth the minister—"Colonel, how does it happen that a man of your extensive influence and information has never seen in his duty to join our society? You know we want laborers in the vineyard—especially such laborers as you are. Your example would tend greatly to strengthen our hands, and fortify our hearts against the dire assaults of the evil one."

"Well, Brother," replied Ethan, "I have often thought as you do about the business, and one day I had almost made up my mind to fall into the ranks, but that night I had a dream which caused me to give it up."

"Ah!" exclaimed the minister, "what did you dream."

"Well," I thought I was standing at the entrance of Paradise, and saw a man go up and knock.

"Who's that?" asked a voice from within.

"A friend wishing admittance," was the reply.

"The door was opened, and the keeper stepped out.

"Well, sir, to what denomination did you belong to down yonder?"

"I am an Episcopalian," replied the candidate for admission.

"Go in then, and take a seat near the door, on the east side."

"Just then another stepped up; he was a Presbyterian, and the guardian directed him to take a seat."

"A large number were admitted, and received directions where to seat themselves, I then stepped up to the entrance.

"Well, sir, who are you?" asked the guardian.

"I am neither High Churchman, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Calvinist, Catholic, or Jew; but I am that old Ethan Allen that you probably have heard of from below."

"What! the man that took Ticonderoga?"

"The same." I replied.

"All right, Ethan," said he, "just step in and sit down *wherever you please!*"

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The saddest story that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is reader, whom his mother one bright morning rigged out in a beautiful jacket all shining with gilt and buttons, and gay as a mothers love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss Cottage," when an enormous eagle scooped him from the earth and bore him to his nest, high up among the mountains and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being in a point which was literally inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the low lands, long after the eagle had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim!

TEN CENT JEMMY.—The friends of Mr. Buchanan may attempt to deny it as they will, but it is certain that he recommend the adaption of the metalic European currency the effect of which has been to reduce the price of labor in France, Germany, and elsewhere to *an average of less than ten cents a day.*

From the New York Express.

Talking out Loud.

When Mr. Fillmore first landed in the city—because of what he deemed the propriety due to the city Corporation receiving him—he avoided much freedom of expression, and hence the Abolition Press here began to abuse him for saying nothing of the country, and the exciting events of the country; or, to use their own words of being "mum."

But the moment Mr. Fillmore left the city, and breathed the country air, he began to talk, and to talk out loud, freely, fully. He "let out" at Newburgh, and he "let out" at Poughkeepsie, and he spoke at Albany "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"—and he "let out" all along from Albany to his home in Buffalo. Anybody and everybody, by following him, can see exactly what he thinks of almost everything now going on in the country.

Mr. Fillmore having exprrssed these opinions freely and frankly, on a route over 400 miles long, and in presence of a million of people, has had his say, and will now, doubtless say no more till after the Presidential election. The Abolition journals here affect not to be content with what he has said, because he has reiterated the sentiments of Washington's Farewell Address and forewarning against their sectional organization. But if Mr. Fillmore was wrong, Washington was wrong—Madison was wrong—every great man in the Republic has been wrong, and they alone are right. The people will judge, however, which is right, and which is wrong.

From the Lockport Courier.

The following reflections seemed to be involuntarily suggested by the events of this "Fillmore week:"

1st. That Mr. Fillmore has a stronger hold upon the popular heart than any other man in the nation.

2d. That reasonable men of all parties concede that he is just the man for the times.

3d. That the true Union men of the nation regard him as their true leader, and that they are only waiting till the 'sign' is right, to rally as one man around his standard.

4th. That the 'sign is made and that they are now rallying."

WHO IS JAMES BUCHANAN?

"No one," says the New York Sun, "will seriously ask, who is James Buchanan?" This is said with much unction and evident satisfaction. Well, it *is* pleasant, is it not, Mr. Sun, to have a candidate for the Presidency, of whom somebody has heard something before he was nominated? But if it should happen that any one *should* ask "Who is James Buchanan?" you can tell them at once, and without stopping to think about it. Why, he is the man who abused Madison and the war with England in a Fourth of July oration in 1815, at a round rate. He is the man who was such a rampant *Federalist* that he solemnly declated before God and man, that if he thought he had a single drop of Democratic blood in his veins he would open them and let them out. He is the man who was four times elected to Congress as a *Federalist*. He is the man who came to Mr. Clay in 1825 and tried to make a bargain with him, or at least held out a tempting offer to him namely, that he should be Secretary of State, to vote for General Jackson; and he is the man who led the General to believe that Mr. Clay and Mr. Madison had made a corrupt bargain. He is the man who heard this charge made, reiterated, and the changes upon it rung all over the country for fifteen or sixteen years, and yet knowing it to be false, never contradicted it

He is the man who said to Gen. Clinch in 1844, that he could make those Dutchmen in Pennsylvania believe that Mr. Polk was a better *protective*-tariff man than Mr. Clay; and he is the man who took the stump in Pennsylvania in the fall of 1844, and by pledging *the honor of a gentleman* to the people of that State, that Mr. Polk was a better *protective-tariff* men than Mr Clay, *did* make them believe it, and vote for Mr. Polk, whereby *they* lost the tariff of 1842, and *he* got the office of Secretary of State, all of which he knew beforehand would take place; and he is the same man who said in a speech in the Senate *that the best protection the manufacturers could have was* LOW WAGES—"bring wages down to TEN CENTS A DAY, and they would need no other protection."

Now, who does not know who James Buchanan is?—*Washington Organ.*

A FACT FOR THE OLD WHIGS.—It is a fact which can never pass out of the recollection of the admirers of Henry Clay, says the St. Louis Intelligencer, that James Buchahan was the author of the atrocious charge of "bargain and corruption" made against Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams, in 1825. Never was there uttered a baser, more malignant, or more unfounded slander, and it is safe to predict that the remnant of that glorious party who idolized the gallant Clay, will hesitate long, and reflect well before they bestow their votes on a man who attempted to assassinate his reputation.