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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

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POETRY.

RELIGION--WHAT IS IT?

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Is it to go to church to-day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down
Be dealing slander through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face
Denote the certain reign of grace?
Does not a phiz who scowls at sin
Oft veil hypocracy within?

Is it to make our daily walk,
And of our own good deeds to talk,
Yet often practice secret crime,
And thus mis-spend our precious time?

Is it for sect and creed to fight,
To call our zeal the rule of right,
When what we wish is, at the best,
To see our church excel the rest?

Is it to wear the Christian dress,
And love to all mankind profess,
To treat with scorn the humble poor,
And bar against them every door?

Oh, no! religion means not this:
Its fruit more sweet and fairer is—
Its precept this: to others do
As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear an ill report,
And scorns with human woes to sport—
Of others' deeds it speaks no ill,
But tells of good or else keeps still.

And does religion this impart?
Then may its influence fill my heart;
Oh! haste the blissful, joyful day,
When all the earth may own its sway.

A NEW SONG.

BY GEORGE LEAR.

TUNE—*Old Dan Tucker.*

We gained the day four years ago,
For all the ladies help'd, you know,
And now they all enlist again,
And go for Clay with might and main.
So clear the way with your foul play,
Clear the way with your hard party,
Clear the way with your foul play,
For we're going for eighteen forty.

You're walking out the other day,
I heard a lovely lady say,
That if she had a Loco beau,
She soon would tell him he might go.
So clear the way, &c.

This is the case where'er I've been,
With all the girls that I have seen;
No other man will do, they say,
For President, but Harry Clay.
So clear the way, &c.

In eighteen forty they did go
Their best for "Tip and Tyler too,"
Throughout our land each female tongue
Was heard in praise of Harrison.
So clear the way, &c.

The Locos want them in the field;
And try all arts to make them yield,
And go for Polk instead of Clay,
But prompt and firm, we heard them say,
Clear the way, &c.

The Locos met at Baltimore,
But the girls had seen the Whigs before;
And when they view'd that Loco crowd,
They cried, with voices sweet as loud,
Clear the way, &c.

And when they heard the name of Polk
For President, again they spoke;
They turned their voices up again,
And all united in this strain.
Clear the way, &c.

Then let no Loco ask the hand
Of any lady in our land;
For ten to one, she'll be for Clay,
And then, in thunder tones, she'll say,
Clear the way, &c.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

MRS. CARLTON'S LAST PARTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MARTYR WIFE," &c. &c.

[CONCLUDED.]

A visiter called in while this exciting subject was under consideration.

"You go to Mrs. Carlton's next week?" Mrs. Gleason said, during the conversation that ensued.

"Oh, yes! It's to be a grand affair, I presume The Carlton's are never behind any one."

"But they are sending out their invitations very strangely."

"How so?"

"They are written on paper to correspond with their notions of each family's standing."

"You must be mistaken," the lady said.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Gleason. "I have seen two of their notes, our own and that sent to another family. They are as different as fancy French note paper and plain letter paper can make them."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. On what was yours written?"

"You can see," returned the lady. "I have it here," drawing forth a note of the third class.

"Different from both, as I live! Better an one, and inferior to the other."

"You cannot be in earnest?"

"I never was more so in my life. Look! and see for yourself."

The two notes in the possession of Mrs Gleason were then shown. The consequence was that the visiter saw that her family had been considered of less consequence than the Egberts. This incensed her deeply, and she went away resolved in her own mind not to attend the Carltons' party. Like Mrs. Gleason, this lady had a high sense of her own consequence Of course her pride was touched. Wounded pride is very apt to prompt to retaliation of some sort. It did so in the case of both these ladies. From that time untill the evening of the party, they busied themselves in ascertaining as far as possible who had been put upon the distinguished list, and who not; and how all had been arranged in relation to each other. All who could be approached on the subject, prudently, were let into the secret Some were amused but more made angry at the outrageous insult, as it was termed.

The evening of the party at length came round The preparations had been of the most extensive and costly kind, and the whole arrangements such as to show off the taste and munificence of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton with the best possible effect. Thus far, not a single drawback had made its unwelcome appearance, a thing almost unprecedented in the history of social entertainments, especially where the entertainers are more intent on doing something that shall strike with feelings of admiration than upon making their guests happy.

Towards nine o'clock, some of the company came dropping in, and scattered themselves thinly around the brilliantly lighted saloon. Among the first of these were the Gleasons. Ten o'clock came, and only one or two carriages had stopped at the door; these did not bring any of the first quality of people, so classed by Mrs. Carlton. In fact, only two or three of the twenty gilt-edged, perfumed, ornamented French billets, had yet appeared, and only a few of the second class. Nearly all who had come were of the third and fourth class.

"Your company assembles quite slowly," remarked Mrs. Gleason to Mrs. Carlton, who was, she saw, beginning to feel annoyed at the, to her, unaccountable tardiness of her guests—especially those who were to give character to the entertainment.

"Fashionable people rarely appear very early," was the pointed reply to this.

The remark, made significantly, cut its way into the feelings of Mrs. Gleason, not [illegible] held the vantage ground over her discriminating hostess. Good breeding prevented her letting this be seen, and making an irritating retort.

Half past ten nearly completed the arrivals. About one half of those invited had come up. Where were the rest? What could have kept them away?

"I don't understand this," whispered Mrs. Carlton to her husband, with a troubled look. "What can be the matter?"

"I am sure I do not know. But there must be something wrong. Those that are here, do not seem to enjoy themselves."

These few words were spoken hurriedly, in a brief pause which the husband and wife made on passing each other near the door of the room that contained their company.

Mr. Carlton entered the saloon. Mrs. Gleason sat near the door, and did not observe him. He overheard her saying to her sister Mildred,

"It serves 'em perfectly right, that's all I can say."

This remark Mr. Carlton felt alluded to them, and to the fact of their evident disappointment in their company. It depressed his feelings at once, because it intimated a cause why a number of persons in high standing had declined coming to his house—a cause of which he was entirely ignorant. From that time he failed in every effort to appear cheerful, and to make his guests feel at home. Such a spirit is always contagious. If we do not forget self, we can never make those we are endeavoring to entertain happy. Self bends all the thoughts inward; and this is perceived in words, tones, expressions of the countenance, and acts. It cannot be concealed. Every one who came near him was chilled rather than warmed.

As for Mrs. Carlton, the absence of Mrs. Egbert and a number of others, whose presence she most valued, annoyed her beyond her power of concealment There were few in attendance for whom she cared much. Even the external politeness which she assumed towards these, and the words of welcome she uttered, had in them so little of real feeling, that they deceived no one.

At the table, which was set out with great elegance, three or four gay hearted young men dispelled the icy atmosphere that had thus far enveloped the company. All felt their genial influence—even to the troubled and mortified Mr. and Mrs. Carlton.

After supper a few cotillions were danced, and then the company dispersed, leaving their host and hostess in a state of mortification and chagrin that was almost inconceivable.

"What can be the matter?" Mrs. Carlton said, the pain she felt causing her eyes to fill with tears.

"I do not know. But somebody is wrong. There is some mystery about this business. I heard Mrs. Gleason say—"It served 'em perfectly right," and I am sure, by her tone of voice, that she was alluding to us."

"But what can it be? We have done nothing."

"What is this? Somebody has dropped a small package," Mr. Carlton said, stooping down and picking up from behind the chair a folded paper.

As he opened it, two notes fell to the floor Mrs. Carlton picked them up, and found them to be invitations to the party which she had sent out, but from which the names had been obliterated. Upon one paper, was written—"Look on this picture!" Upon the other, which was of plain letter paper, were the words—"And then on this!"

"What is all that?" asked Mr. Carlton, taking the condemning witnesses from the hands of his wife, and musing over them for some time before he comprehended their meaning. When he did, he looked her long and fixedly in the face.

"And you made these distinctions?" he said, at last.

"I only tried to save a little in the price of paper"

"Foolish woman!" murmured Mr. Carlton, half audibly. He said no more It would have availed nothing. It was plainly apparent that a mortal offence had been given to a number of persons, and that a great many others, who had been considered of importance, were little pleased with the preference that had been shown them.

Several other parties came off during the winter. For two of these no invitations were sent to the Carltons. They understood the reason. Since that time they have never attempted to give a party.

To the People of Maryland.

NO. IX.

MORE ABOUT THE CUMBERLAND COAL.

In my last number I spoke of the rise and extraordinary growth of the Pennsylvania coal trade—a trade which from a beginning of 365 tons, has in a little more than twenty years, grown into the enormous annual consumption of 1,100,000 tons, which is steadily increasing at the rate of about 100,000 tons per year; the increase of the present year, going it is said beyond that ratio. I stated the reasons which produced in my mind the conviction that the Cumberland coal when placed equally within the reach of consumers, will take from the anthracite a portion of the ground it exclusively occupies. To what extent the coal of this region will displace the rival article, it is at this time hard to say. Persons not prone to be [illegible] calculated, that the anthracite will be compelled to yield at the very least, one half of its consumers to the bituminous coal. If we are to take the degree of favor in which the two are respectively held in England, as any guide for our opinions here, the extent of our encroachment upon the consumption of anthracite, must be in a far greater ratio. For the purpose, however, of making an estimate, let us suppose, that of those who now use the anthracite, one out of three, may be safely reckoned upon, as disposed to prefer the Cumberland coal, and the present market would then be divided between the two articles, in the proportion of 740,000 tons for the anthracite and 360,000 tons for the bituminous.

But the consumption of Pennsylvania coal has not as yet, by any means, spread over the entire extent of the Atlantic States. There is an immense territory in New England, and between the great Appalachian chain and the Atlantic on the South, into which it has not entered and where consumers hereafter will be free and unforestalled in their choice between the two. In this great market, the two staples will hold positions the reverse of those already stated, if indeed the advantage is not in a much greater degree, with the Cumberland coal.

In addition however to the general market of which I have been speaking, there are certain special demands for the Cumberland coal the supply of which will not be interfered with by any other fuel. I speak of customers on a large scale, who must purchase the coal of this region; because it is better suited than any other to their wants, and who are waiting to lay in their supplies, the moment a cheap and reliable avenue can be opened to the mines of Allegany. Before I name these, however, I have a word or two to say upon matters purely incidental.

So far, I have said nothing about prices, either of the coal of this region, or of any other coals which may be supposed likely to come in competition with it. Close and accurate calculations have been made, which need not be repeated here, showing that the Cumberland coal can be delivered in Georgetown at $3,17 per ton, and in New York at $4.67 per ton, and at any point on the Atlantic border, as low as at New York.

The only bituminous coal which could, even if price and supply were equal, maintain any sort of competition with the Cumberland, is the Liverpool coal. But the lowest rate at which the latter article can be furnished in the American market, is still so much above the cost of the domestic article, as to remove all apprehension of rivalry from this quarter. My friend Thomas Perry, Esq. has placed in my hands a communication made to him by Messrs. Wm. Fowle & Sons, of Alexandria, upon whose representations entire reliance may be placed, and who state an account of 100 tons of best Orrel coal, yielding in measurement 3,000 bushels, which they purchased in Liverpool under the most favorable circumstances, and sold at 35 cents per bushel, of $10,50 per ton, and the net profit on the 3,000 bushels was but $102,10.

These gentlemen say, in the communication alluded to, "we have been for a great number of years, importers of coal, generally however, taking on board our ships, which she had sent out, but from which sufficient only to protect their cargoes of salt, as it will seldom sell at a price to make it an object of importation. We can say with much certainty, that coal brought to this country now, at a freight of 15 shillings per ton, will not sell for cost, and if taken for ballast only without any specific freight, it would leave to the ship owner, but a few cents for the trouble and cost of transportation."

The Liverpool coal sold last winter in the city of New York at $12 per chaldron of 36 bushels, while anthracite was delivered there to consumers at $4.50 per ton. I see a recent quotation of the Liverpool coal at $9 per ton in the New York market

It may therefore be fairly assumed that the Cumberland coal, delivered at New York and at other points on the Atlantic seaboard, at an average rate of even $5 per ton, will effectually exclude the English coals from the American market.

The only other article necessary to be mentioned in this connexion, is the Richmond coal, which is soon disposed of, various and repeated experiments having demonstrated that its inferior quality alone would forbid its interference with the Cumberland coal.

I am now prepared to enumerate the special customers before alluded to, and at the head of the list, I place the United States Government. Congress have authorized the construction of steamers of war, which they could no longer avoid doing, for without his species of maratime armamet, we should be behind the improvements of the age, and unable to maintain a contest with any one of the leading powers of the world. It is a fact however not generally known, though nevertheless true, that in the absence of a competent supply of the Cumberland coal, we should be unable to procure for our war steamers the fuel best adapted to their navigation, unless from places which in time of war, would in all likelihood be situated in an enemy's country.

It is proper to state, that the mode of supplying our steam marine with its complement of fuel, must be by establishing depots of coal at convenient points for use; as for example at Boston, New York, Norfolk, Charleston, Pensacola, the West Indies, the Mediterranean and elsewhere. The supply of a vessel on a voyage being no more at any one place, than a quantity sufficient to serve her from one depot to another.

The quantity which the General Government [illegible] for the Navy the Navy Yards, and public departments and offices, has been variously estimated. I shall set down the lowest estimate I have seen, which is 300,000 tons per annum.

Again, the steamships of France numbering now about seventy, would when cruising in this hemisphere, use the Cumberland coal in preference to any other fuel. France it is true possesses coal fields of her own, which as far back as 1836 employed 32,000 workmen, yet in 1841 she imported 1,500,000 tons of coal from England. Is is a calculation therefore, subject to no condition or contingency, that her depots in the West Indies, on the Spanish main and on the coats of the United States, would be formed of the Cumberland coal. Even England may be counted upon as a customer to the extent of her depots in this country.

The quantity required by both France and England, I set down at 100,000 tons per annum, which is about half of what I suppose it will be.

The next customer on the list is the city of New York, which from all the information I have been able to obtain after much enquiry, may be safely put down, I think, at 250,000 tons.

Again, the Hudson steamboat companies have offered, as I learn upon good authority, to contract for 100,000 tons. The Atlantic steam navigation companies must also have their yearly supplies. There are besides in all the Atlantic cities, numerous factories, and thousands of individuals, by whom anthracite never has been and never will be used, who would at once become consumers of Cumberland coal.

I have a word to say about Baltimore, in this place. She is a large consumer of anthracite coal, and every dollar she sends to Pennsylvania to lay in her supplies, returns to her through the banks of Philadelphia, in which city it is first laid out in the purchase of merchandize. But when the contemplated access is opened to the mines of Allegany county, and Baltimore finds that the money she sends here for coal, is in a short time brought back to her, to be laid out in the purchase of goods; will she not obey the promptings of her own interest, and substitute the Cumberland coal for the anthracite, which she now uses?

The items already enumerated, when fairly summed up will make an aggregate of some 1,500,000 tons, and yet I have said nothing of the ascending trade on the canal, which in any event must be of great magnitude.

I do not say that this vast coal trade will spring into existence at once. It will require time, either greater or less, according to the means and the enterprize of those who shall be concerned in pushing the staple into market What I mean to say is, that the consumers are awaiting to receive the article the moment it is placed within their reach, and a very few years, I believe, will be sufficient to effect this object.

WM. PRICE.

Cumberland, July 29, 1844.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

MR. CLAY'S PRIVATE CHARACTER.

It is in the last degree humiliating to be constrained to believe that there can exist any where, in a country that has been for near half a century so adorned and blessed with his services, a necessity for recognizing the vile calumnies on such a man as Henry Clay, which so continually defile the columns of a degenerate press. But there are those, it would seem, who reflect so little as not to feel that such base abuse of one who has been so trusted, honored and admired by a long succession of the first and best men in the Republic, who has become so illustrious by his unequalled services in the most conspicuous stations in the world, for near forty years the observed of all observers—must be the mere slave of personal or party malice.

To satisfy some such a gentleman of this city, our friend Dr. J. G. Goble, being the Corresponding Secretary of a Clay Club, thought proper to write to the Rev. Dr. Bascom, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who resides near Mr. Clay, and who is the distinguished President of the Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. The letter was not written with any view to publication, but Dr. B's prompt reply was so direct, full and satisfactory that Dr. Goble was constrained by the advice of a number of political friends to ask permission if it might be given to the public.

NEWARK, July 9th, 1844.

REV. DR. BASCOM.
President of Transylvania University:

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—You will I trust pardon the liberty I take in writing to you when I state that my object is to ascertain from you some testimony concerning the private character of Hon. Henry Clay. I do this at the solicitation of many conscientious, upright men, who appear to have been led to regard Mr. C. as any thing but an honest and upright citizen—a Sabbath breaker—gambler—profane swearer, &c. I would respectfully ask if these things be so. It is not my wish to draw from you a letter for publication, and no public use will be made of your answer, my object being to ascertain how far these representations, which are constantly repeated by the democratic papers of the North, are warranted by truth.

Your answer to the interrogatories will much oblige.

Yours, very respectfully,
J. G. GOBLE,
Corres. Sec'y Clay Club.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY,
LEXINGTON, Ky. July 9th, 1844.

My Dear Sir—In reply to your letter of the 9th instant, I owe it to truth, virtue and the claims of society, without reference to the political strifes of the day, to say, I have been in intimate and confidential intercourse with the Hon. H. Clay both in public and private life, for more than twenty years, and know the charges enumerated in your letter against the private character of Mr. Clay, to be utterly and basely false. Mr. Clay, as is known to the whole nation, offers no claim to Christian piety, in the parlance of our churches, but in view of the ordinary accredited principles of good moral character, no charge can be brought against him, without violating the obligations of truth and sound justice. To each interrogative charge, therefore, contained in your letter, and reaching me in the shape of a question, I return for answer that I regard one and all of them as shamefully unjust, because not true, in whole or in part.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
H. B. BASCOM.

Dr. J. G. GOBLE.

Dr. Goble subsequently wrote again to Mr. Bascom, asking permission to publish this reply, which permission was freely given, in the following note:—

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY,
LEXINGTON, Ky. August 7th, 1844.

My Dear Sir—In your letter of the 9th July, you called upon me for information respecting the "*private character*" of my neighbor Mr. Clay, assuring me, that "many conscientious, upright men" in your section had been induced by the representations of his enemies, to regard Mr. Clay as "*any other but an honest and upright citizen—a Sabbath breaker—profane—gambler, &c.*" Your letter added, at the same time that "no public use" would be made of my reply, should one be received from me.

Thus appealed to, I expressed to you freely, in relation to the private character of Mr. Clay, what I regarded as due to him, to myself, and the community in which we live. I need scarcely add, that called upon, under similar circumstances, I should most cheerfully attest the good character of any of my neighbors, without reference to political relations or distinctions, nor do I believe any of them would hesitate calling on me, to this effect, should it be found necessary.

In a second letter, just received from you, you ask permission to use my first at discretion, and as no injustice can be done to any one by allowing you to do so, although my letter was written as private, I know of no good reason why I should withhold the permission you ask, and I therefore accord it.

Very respectfully,
H. B. BASCOM.

Dr. J. G. GOBLE.

Two acres of Whigs were assembled at Chilicothe, Ohio, on the 6th, in high enthusiasm—with which the whole State fairly glows.

A DAMPER.

A correspondent of the New Haven Courier writing from Sachem's Head, where he has been rusticating, gives the following amusing account of an adventure which occurred within his *hearing* while there:

"Upon my arrival at this place, I noticed a pretty girl who, from her youthful appearance and manners, I supposed to be a candidate for matrimony. She was accompanied by a young brother and a sister rather older than herself. In the course of the afternoon a handsome and well dressed man of about thirty, alighted from a carriage an entered the house. Between the two strangers an instant and friendly recognition took place, mutual inquiries were made and answered concerning each other's health, family, &c. I left the long separated lovers together, for such I at once surmised them to be, and strolled along the shore to my favorite seat. I had not remained there many minutes, when I discovered the pair approaching and concealed by a projecting fragment of rock, surveyed them unobserved. They advanced directly to the spot where I was, and stood so near me that their conversation was audible.

"I am rejoiced to hear," said the girl, "that you have succeed so well in business, and I suppose (she added, with a laugh) that you intend taking a wife back with you. Well let me choose one for you; there are plenty of pretty girls now in———"

"I shall not return Hetty," said the other with a smile, "I intend building a neat house near your mother's, on the B —— lot, and making your town my place of residence."

"Oh!" replied his fair companion "that will be very agreeable—it will make the neighborhood so lively."

"I hope it will prove so to you, Hetty, for I have indulged the hope," responded the gentleman, with a warmth which brought the blushes to the cheeks of his beautiful colloquist, and made her retreat a step or two from him, "as we have been associates from childhood, and our families always upon terms of intimacy, that we should be mutually conducive to each other's happiness."

Certainly!" returned the lady, almost breathless with surprise, "I trust that we shall never cease to be friends"

"More than friends Hetty," ejaculated the lover.

"Mercy on me! Henry, Mr. ——— I mean —Julia, John, come here!" said she beckoning to her brother and sister, who were a few rods distant. "I do not understand you sir."

"When you are already engaged!"

"No—yes—why sir——"

"Jesting are you not aware——?"

"Speak—for heaven's sake—of what?"

"Why, said the lady, recovering her composure and ultimately breaking into a merry laugh, "*that I have been a married woman these six weeks!*"

"O——!!——"

But I have no room for more, and if I had, it is very doubtful whether I ought to write it.

From the National Intelligencer.

TO THE EDITORS.

WASHINGTON, August 14, 1844.

GENTLEMEN: I have understood that some of the friends of Mr. James K. Polk in this quarter express great confidence in his success at the ensuing Presidential election. Now, for the purpose of testing their sincerity, I propose to the betting portion of Mr. Polk's friends the following bets, to wit:

Two hundred and fifty dollars that Henry Clay will receive the electoral vote of Louisiana.

Two hundred and fifty dollars that he will receive the electoral vote of Tennessee.

Five hundred dollars that he will receive the electoral vote of New York. The three foregoing bets to be taken together.

Five hundred dollars that I can NAME States which give one hundred and forty-five electoral votes that will vote for Henry Clay, and *five hundred dollars* that Mr. Clay will be elected President of the United States. These two bets to be taken together.

Five hundred dollars that James K. Polk will not receive more than sixty-one electoral votes, and *five hundred dollars* that he will not be elected President.—These two bets to be taken together.

Two thousand five hundred dollars that Henry Clay will be elected; and I will give a premium, in cash, of $250 to any one who will make me the last bet.

I will also give a premium, in cash, of $500 to any one who will take all the foregoing bets.

Any one wishing to take any or all of the bets here proposed, can have an interview with me for the purpose of drawing the necessary writings and depositing the funds by application to the Editors of the Intelligencer.

A WHIG.

[An esteemed friend having, for the reasons which he has stated, thought fit to make the above offers through our columns, we deem it proper to say, while we dissent from the practice introduced by our adversaries of betting on elections, that the gentleman who makes these offers is well known to us, that he is of undoubted responsibility, and that he is both able and willing to redeem his pledges.—*Editors Nat. Intel.*]

The Frankfort Commonwealth says, that the Texas question has gained the Locos Tom Marshall, of Woodford; it has gained the Whigs a firmer and truer man, Bob McKee, of Franklin. The balance is in favor of the Whigs.