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THE KENT NEWS.

FRUSTRA, LABAROT, QUI OMNIUS, PLACERE STUDET—"HE LABORS VAINLY, WHO ENDEAVORS TO PLEASE EVERY ONE."

VOL. II. CHESTER TOWN, MD., APRIL 12, 1851. NO. 50

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

Terms:
$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.
Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion thereafter. Larger ones in proportion—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.
All communications must be postpaid.

THE SLOOP

GEN'L WASHINGTON,
CAPT. BROWNE,
WILL resume her regular trips, between this place and Baltimore, on TUESDAY the 25th of February, (instant,)—leaving Chestertown every *TUESDAY* at 9 o'clock, A. M., and returning, will leave Baltimore every *FRIDAY* at the same hour.
Feb. 22, 1851.

PENNINGTON FEMALE INSTITUTE.
MRS MALCNA STEVENS, PRINCIPAL,
MISS M. STEVENS, (its former Principal,) will take charge of the Primary Department of the Institution, assisted by a competent Board of Teachers. The year will be divided into two terms, of twenty-two weeks each, commencing on Thursday, the first day of May next.

EXPENSES:

For Common English, per annum,	$130 00
Higher English and Mathematics,	135 00
Languages, Ancient and Modern,	140 00
Drawing and Painting, in Water Colors and Monochromatic,	150 00
Painting in Oil,	160 00
Music, on the Piano or Guitar, [or ...]	175 00

The above charges will be understood to cover all expenses, (for board, tuition, and bedding, washing fuel, light, &c.) There are no extra charges whatever.—The only additional necessary expense is Books and Stationary, a supply of which for convenience, will be kept at the Institute, and furnished at the usual retail prices.
NOTE.—The charge is made for the first branches pursued, with the privilege of taking all that precede it; viz: Any taking Music, may take any or all the other branches as may be desired, without additional expense. A liberal discount to Ministers of the Gospel.
PAYMENT QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.
REFERENCE MAY BE HAD TO THE FOLLOWING GENTLEMEN.
R W Fetherbridge, Pennington,
J K Shaw, "
C Talley, "
E Sanders, "
J T Clane, Principal of the Male Seminary, "
J T Peck, D. D., President of Dickinson College, "
J C Pellerjeau, "
J H Phillips, "
Asbrook, Flemington.
W Buckerson, Bordentown.
C S Downes, Jacobstown.
Benjamin T Briggs, Summit Bridge Del.
V Moore, Esq Cantwells Bridge "
A Morrell, Minans } Trenton.
Henry Cole, Richmond Valley, S. Island.
S Swaim, Nyack N. Y.
O Winner, Piermont, N. Y.
Hanly, Esq., Carrigan, Esq, } Philadelphia
F Lasher, Bridgeton.
R. E Morrison, Heightstown.
J M Turtle, Jersey City.
Leton, Cantwells Bridge, Del.
Veil, Professor of Greek and Hebrew Bible Institute, Concord, N. H.
to the Preachers of the Jersey Conference generally,
JOSEPH BUNN, *Proprietor.*
Pennington, March 29, 1851.

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
—SUCH AS—
Bills, Circulars, Blanks, Cards, Labels, &c.,
and expeditiously executed, on the most reasonable and accommodating terms, at the Office of the
"KENT NEWS,"
CHESTER TOWN,
MARYLAND.

NOTICE.

Agency of Mr. A. W. Sparks having ceased some time since, and much business appertaining to the estate of the late W. Walker remaining yet unsettled, hereby give notice that I shall be in Town on every Orphans' Court day for the purpose of settling all accounts due the late firm, and request all persons owing the late firm to come forward and settle, promptly, with the undersigned.
THOMAS WALKER.
March 15, 1851. 4t.

CLOCK REPAIRING.
THE undersigned offers his services to all those that want his work, and will attend to all orders left at Mr. McDaniel's Hotel, Chester Town, or at any of the public houses in the upper part of Kent county.
JAMES WOODFORD.
January 25, 1851.

HOUSE
CARPENTERING.
THE subscribers take this method to inform the public, that they have commenced the above business in the Shop, up town, opposite the late residence of George B Usilton, deceased. Having experience in the business, they guarantee to do work in the best manner. By strict attention to business they hope to receive a share of public patronage.
WM. O. SMITH,
W. H. LAMBERT.
Chester Town, Feb. 15, 1851.

QUICK LIME
FOR SALE.
MESSRS. Baker and Hunt of Wrightsville, Pennsylvania, are prepared to furnish LIME to the Farmers of Kent county on the most reasonable terms—fourteen cents on the waters of the Sassafras, and sixteen cents on the waters of the Chester River, per bushel. A reasonable deduction will be made for CASH, if paid on delivery, and if on a credit, four and six months with good security will be required.
All orders addressed to their agent at Harmony Post Office, will be promptly attended to.
JOSEPH WEBB,
Agent for Kent county.
Feb'y 22, '51—3m

SIMON WICKES,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,
HAS just received, and has on hand a larger stock than has ever been kept in this place, which he will sell very low for cash or to punctual 12 month customers.
March 8, 1851.
DOCT. JAYNES' justly celebrated Medicines for sale by S. WICKES.
Mch 8, '51.
ETHERIAL and Camphine Oils from 60 to 70 cts. per gal. (warranted pure) for sale by S. WICKES.
Mch. 8, '51.
WHITE LEAD, from 8 to 10 cts. Linseed Oil, Turpentine and Varnish for sale by S. WICKES.
Mch. 8, '51.
PAIN KILLER just received from Providence, R. I., and for sale by S. WICKES.
Mch. 8, '51.
Superior Chewing Tobacco, Segars, &c. just received and for sale by S. WICKES.
Mch. 8, '51.
CHASE'S Patent Trusses on hand and for sale by S. WICKES.
Mch. 8, '51.
DR. FITCHES unequalled Patent Silver Plated Abdominal Supporters just received and for sale by S. WICKES.
March 29, '50.
DOCT. FITCHES Patent improved steel spring shoulder braces just received and for sale by S. WICKES.
March 29, '51.
ANDREW'S Worm Syrup—just received and for sale by SIMON WICKES.
Mch 15, '51.

NOTICE.
THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends, and the public generally, that he still continues the Commission business, and as he is determined to merit, earnestly solicits their patronage
F. E. FORMAN.
N. B. Guano, Lime, Plaster and Cloverseed furnished on the best of terms to punctual customers.
Feb 22, 1851. 3t

$300 WANTED.
A GENTLEMAN is anxious to negotiate a loan of $300 on 12 and 18 months, for the payment of which I am prepared to give undoubted security. For further particulars apply to
R. HYNSON, Esq.
Mch. 8, '51.

AGENTS:
V. B Palmer, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut st.; E. W. Carr, No 440 N Fourth sts. Philadelphia, and Wm. Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South streets, Baltimore, are our authorised agents, to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for the Kent News, and collect and receipt for the same.

POETRY.

[From the Republic.]

"WHAT FLAG SHALL WAVE?"

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

What flag shall wave when from on high
Disunion drags our ensign down,
And where it stars now deck our sky,
The clouds of hate shall darkly frown?

What hand to rend the flag shall dare,
When all may claim the nations sign?
And not a gleam of glory there,
But each proud State may say, "'Tis mine!"

'Tis mine! 'tis thine, 'tis theirs, 'tis ours,
We all have trusted in its might;
And in the nations darkest hours
Our fathers bore it to the fight.

The memories of the past are there
Fast clinging to each silken fold;
The pious hope, the vow the prayer,
From the hearts and lips now still and cold.

Our sires' strong faith, their war-worn years;
Their dying groans; their conquering cry;
Their orphans' wail; their widows' tears;
Their martyr-truth, that never shall die.

Their sacred blood, in wild alarm,
Would call that traitor hand to stop,
As once God's angel stayed the arm
Of Abraham, on the mountain top.

And vale to vale, and crag to crag,
The deep-toned curse would echo far,
On him who rends the Union's flag,
On from its azure tears one star.

Then, patriots, since our flag alone
Belongs to all our fathers' land,
Still let that one which o'er them shone,
Shirts on their sons—a brother band.

Yes! let it shine! Its hues shall be
A bow of promise to our eyes;
O'ercreaching wide, from sea to sea,
The noblest land beneath the skies.

CHOICE TALES

DEACON SMITH'S BULL,
OR,
MIKE FINK IN A TIGHT PLACE.

BY SCROGGINS.

Mike Fink, a notorious Buckeye hunter, was contemporary with the celebrated Davy Crockett, and his equal in all things appertaining to human poweress. It was even said that the animals of his neighborhood knew the crack of his rifle, and would take to their secret hiding places on the first intimation that Mike was about. Yet strange, though true, he was but little known beyond his immediate settlement."

We *we* knew him he was an old man—the l'last of seventy winters had silvered o'er his head and taken the elasticity from his limbs; yet in the whole of his life was Mike never worsted, except upon one occasion. To use his own language, he never gin in, used up, to anything that travelled on two legs or four, but once.

T'that *once*, we want,' said Bill Slasher, as some dozen of us sat in the bar-room of the only tavern in the 'settlement.'

'Gin it to us now, Mike—you've promised long enough, and you're old now, and needn't care,' continued Bill.

'Right, right! Bill,' said Mike, 'but we'll open with a *licker* all round fust, it'll kind o'save my feelin's, I reckon—'

'Thar, that's good. Better than t'other barrel, if anything!'

'Well, boys, continued Mike, 'you may talk o' your scrimages, tight places and sich like, and subtract 'em altogether in one almighty big 'up, and they hain't no more to be compared to the one I war in, than a dead kitten to an old she bar! I've fout all kinds o' varmints, from an Ingin down to a rattle snake! and never was wil'n to quit fust, but this once—and 'twas with a bull!

'You see, boys, it was an awful hot day in August, and I war nigh runnin' off into pure *ile* when I wer thinkin' that a *dip* in the creek mout save me. Well, thar was a mighty nice place in old deacon Smith's medder for that partic'lar bizziness. So I went down amongst the bushes to unbariness. I jist hauled the old red shirt over my head, and warn thinkin' how scrumptious a feller of my size would feel a wallerin' round in that ar water, and was jest 'bout goin' in, when I seed the Deacon's Bull a makin' a B-line to whar I stood.

'I knew'd the old cuss, for he'd skar'd more people than all the parsons o' the 'settlements,' and cum mighty near kill'n a few. Thinks I, Mike you're in rather a tight place—get your fixin's on, for he'll be a drivin' them big horns o' his in' yer bowels afore that time! Well, you'll hev to try the old varmint naked, I reck'n.

'The Bull war on one side o' the creek and I on t'other, and the way he made the 'sile' fly for a while, as if he war a diggin my grave, war distressin!

'Come on ye bellerin, old heathen, said I, and don't be standin' that; for, as the old Deacon says o' the devil, "yer not comely to look on."

'This kind o' reach' his understandin' and made him more wicious; for he hoofed a little like, and made a drive. And as I don't like to stand in anybody's way, I gin him plenty sea-room! So he kind o' passed by me and came out on t'other side; and, as the Captain o' the Mud-swamp Rangers wonle say, "'bout face for 'nother charge."

'Though I war ready for 'im this time, he come mighty nigh runnin' foul o' me! So I made up my mind the next time he went out he would'nt be alone. So when he passed, I grappled his tail, and he pull'd me out on the 'sile," and as soon as we war both a' top of the bank old brindle stopp'd and war about comin' round agin when I began pell'n t'other way.

'Well, I reck'n, this kind o' *rilled* him, for he fust stood stock still and look'd at me for a spell, and then commence'd pawin and bellerin, and the way he made his hind quarters play in the air, war beautiful!

'But it warn't no use, he could'nt *teck* me, so he kind o' stopped to get wind for sothin devilish, as I *judged* by the way he started! By this time I had made up my mind to stick to his tail as long as it stuck to his back-bone! I didn't like to holler for help, nuther, kase it war agin my principles, and then the deacon had preached at his house, and it wasn't far off nuther.

'I knowed if he *hern* the noise, the hull congregation would come down; and as I warn't a married man, and had a kind o' hankerin arter a gal that I didn't feel as if I would like to be seed in that ar predicament.

'So, says I, you old satpant, do yer cursedest! And so he did; for he drag me over every briar and stump in the field, until I war sweatin and bleedin like a fat bear with a pack o' hounds at his heels.—And my name ain't Mike Fink, if the old critter's tail and I didn't blow out sometimes at a dead level with the varmint's back!

'So you may kalkelate we made good time. Bimeby he slackened a little and then I had 'im for a spell, for I jist drapped behind a stump and thar snubbed the critter! Now, says I, you'll pull up this ere white oak—brook yer tail! or jist hold on a bit till I blow!

'Well, while I war settin thar, an idea struck me that I had better be a geetin out o' this in some way. But *how*, adzackly, was the *pint!* If I let go and run he'd be a foul o' me sure!

'So lookin at the matter in all its bearins, I cum to the conclusion that I'd better let somebody *know* whar I was! So I gin a *yell* louder than a locomotive whistle, and it warn't long afore I seed the Deacon's two dogs a comin down as if they war seein which could get that fust.

'I know'd who they war arter—they'd jine the Bull agin me, I war sertain, for they war orful venemous and had a spite agin me.

'So, says I, old brindle, as ridin is as cheap as walkin, on this rout, if you've no objections, I'll jist take a deck passsage on that or back o' yourn! So I wasn't long geetin astride of him, and then if yond bin thar; you'd 'ave sworn thar war'nt sothin human in that ar *mix!* the sile flew so orfully as the critter and I rolled round the field—one dog on one side and one on t'other, tryin to clinch my feet!

'I pray'd and cuss'd and cuss'd and prayed until I could'nt tell which I did last—and neither warnt of any use, they war so orfully mixed up.

'Well, I reckon I rid about an hour this way, when old brindle thought it war time to stop to take in a supply o' wind and cool off a little! So when we got around to a tree that stood thar, he nat'rally halted.

'Now, says I, old boy, you'll lose *one* passenger sertain! So I jist clum upon a branch kalkelatin to roost thar till I *starved*, afore I'd be rid round in that ar way any longer.

'I war a makin track for the top o' the tree, when I heard suthin a makin an orful buzzin over head. I kinder look'd up and if thar war'nt—well ther's no use a swearin now' but it war the biggest *hornet's nest* ever built!

'You'll "gin in" now, I reckon, Mike, case thar no help for you! But an idea struck me, then, that I'd stand a heap better chance a ridin the old Bull than where I w s. Says I, "old feller if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the next *station!* any how, let that be whare it will!"

'So I jist drapped aboard him, agin, and looked aloft to see what I'd gained in changin quarters; and, gentlemen, I'm a liar if thar war'nt nigh a half a bushel of the stingin varmints ready to pitch into me when the word "go" was gin!

'Well, I reckon they got it, for "all hands" started for our *company*. Some on 'em hit the dogs—about a *quart* struck me, and the rest charged on old brindle.

'This time, the dogs led off fust "dead" bent for the decon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get under way' we followed! And as I war only a deck passinger, and had nothin' to do with steerin the craft, I swore if I had we should'nt have run that channel, any how!

'But as I said afore, the dogs took the lead—brindle and I next, and the hornets drec'kly arter. The dogs yellin—brindle bellerin, and the hornets buzzin and stingin! I didn't say nothin, for war'nt no use.

'Well, we got about two hundred yards from the house, and the deacon hern us and cum out. I seed him hold up his hand and turn *white!* I reckon he was praying, then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon, and it wan't long, neither, afore the hull congregation, men, woman and children, cum out, and then all hands went to yellen!

'None of 'em had the fust notion that brindle and I belong to this world. I jest turned my head and passed the *hull* congregation! I seed the *run* would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turned an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead!

'Well, we reached that fence, and I went *ashore*, over the old critter's head, landing on 'nother side, and lay thar stunned. I war'nt long afore some of 'em as war not so scared, come round to see what I war! For all hands kalkelated that the Bull and I belonged *together*! But when brindle walked off by himself, they seed how it war, and one of 'em said "Mike Fink has got the *wust of the scrimmage once in his life*!

'Gentlemen, from that day I drapped the courtin bizziness, and never spoke to a gal since! And when my hunts is up on this yearesh, thar won't be any FINKS! and it's all owin to Deacon Smith's *Brindle Ball!*'

THE BIRD THAT ALWAYS WINS.

Under the caption of "Latest from Cuba," the St. Louis Reveille gives the following from the "Travelling Memoranda" of J. M. Weston, Esq. It is worth reading in a double sense:

It is well known that the Spaniards are greatly addicted to cock-fighting—in short deprive them of their cock-pit, and their "*Plaza del Torres*," (bull ring,) and they would be much more likely to revolt than at any oppression of the government.—While I was in Trinidad de Cuba, in April last, I was told of a very ludicrous scene that occured in the cock pit in that city; It should be understood that cock-fighting is a very popular and fashionable amusement, sad that gambling on the result of a fight is carried to an extraordinary height. Their birds are very small, and being deprived of all their feathers, except those on the wings, and two or three straight ones in the tail, they present a very diminutive and naked appearance. They are never allowed to fight with "gaffs," but use their natural spurs, which are sharpened to a nicety, and they fight with a coolness and care that indicate how carefully they have been trained.

An American captain of a vessel, who had been looking a fight that had been prolonged, at length burst out with—

"Get out with such birds as them; they ain't bigger than a tom-tit, and ain't worth a curse, any how! Them are some miserable *Cuba* cocks, I reckon! I've got on board of my ship a genuine *Yankee bird*, that'll lick any three or four of your miserable cocks before you could say *brass*—and I'll bet high on it, too!"

A bet of fifty "ounces" ($850) was instantly offered on the captain's position, who, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, put up on money, and said he would be *thar* sure, and give all such small-fry cocks at hand particular thunder!"

"Now, be it understood, the captain had an old "*grey eagle*" on board his ship, and his first order was not to give it anything to eat for the next twenty four hours.—He also stripped the eagle of all its plumage save the wings and two or three tail feathers, causing the old fellow to feel decidedly ashamed of himself. The day of trial arrived; the cock pit was crowded to sea the great trial of *one bird* against *three*. The captain arrived in time, with his bird under his arm.

"Who pits your cock, captain?" was asked.

"Who? well, I rather think I'll attend to that business," said he, and stepped over into the ring. The old fellow seemed ashame of the company he was in, and did not look courageous: and as they examined the "Yankee cock," many were the winks side glances and nods exchanged among the Spaniards, for, excepting only his size, there was not any thing very encouraging in the old eagle's appearance.—He was wretchedly poor, and they also discovered that he had no spurs!

"Not the first *spur*," said he; but he's worse than a wild cat, when he scratches or bites; so go ahead!"

Three noble looking game chickens were now brought in, and the betting commenced. Every thing offered by the captain or his friends were eagerly taken up by the Dons. The captain, it was observed, took all the bets he could, and when quiet was restored, he gently patted the old eagle; and as he put him into the ring, where the game cock were strutting and crowing, he said—

"Now go it, old fellow, for the honor of your country! Give 'em blazes!" The eagle stood still in the centre of the ring, cocked his head on one side, and seemed to be eyeing the little game fellow that was advancing towards him; but he stired not. At length the chickens made a dash at him, and doubtles gave him a sharp blow; for, with a wild scream, the old bird started, took one glance at the chicken pounce upon it, and with as clews fo bill, *tore it all to pieces*, said to have ror and astonisment of the Spaniards, *gun to eat it!* The s[illegible] the same fate of the [illegible] the third, had it not be[illegible] withdrawn the enraged Spaniard, who half also lost two valuable birds in a very [illegible] process. As soon as the captain was declared the winner, he snatched up his bird, collected his bets, and strode toward the door, where he turned, and addressed the bewildered crowd:

"Look here, Dons," said he with [illegible] opinion that the next time you fight a "Yankee cock," you'll know that he w a *bird that always licks!*" and sauntered off well filled pockets, the captain and his friends withdrew, leaving the Cuba cock fighters in a pleasing state of wonderment.

Potts' Breeches.

"You remember Dr. Potts, don't you?" said Jones to me yesterday, over our toddy.

"To be sure I do; he used me for a tailor's bill. Do you think I can ever forget that?"

"No, certainly not," said Jones.

"Well, did you ever hear why he was seperated from his wife?"

"Yes; he beat her on [illegible]"

"But do you know what for?"

"No; I suppose he was jealous."

"Not a bit of it. It was all about breeches!"

"What, she wore them?" said I.

"No; she sent them to him one day as a lecture. It happened thus: You see old Potts was dismally economic, the most absent man in all New York, especially when he was called upon for any thing. Well, he thought nothing of going without his dinner, or his gloves.—He was a very stingy man, and never had but one suit of clothes at a time. However, meeting his tailor one day, he gave him an order for a new pair of breeches' which were sent home unknown to the doctor's wife. Having to lecture the morning, he put his new breeches on, and left the old ones on his chair. Soon after he had gone out, Mrs. Potts entered the library; she saw the breeches, and at once concluded the Doctor had sent to have "*cans culottes*." Putting in a parcel, she to prevent the possibility of a mistake, took it herself to the tailor's room. Giving the parcel to the boy, she told the man to give it to the Doctor immediately. She herself then went home. The Doctor was lecturing to a fashionable assemble on the wonders of chemistry, when the parcel was put into his hands. As his wife was often in the habit of sending him diagrams &c.' which he had left behind him, the Doctor concluded this was something connected with his profession. The therefore opened it before the audience, and to his astonishment and indignation, displayed to the startled chemists. The [illegible] them all his cast off breeches. The roar of laughter which followed, compelled him to conclude his lecture immediately. Rushing out, he went home and beat his wife. Never interfere with your husband's breeches."

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—The following is said to have occurred at New Orleans during the invasion of that quarter by the British. After the battle of the 23d Dec. 1814, in which both armies received nearly the same injury, a subaltern officer was sent to the American lines with a flag of truce. Being detained a little, he began to converse with a corporal in our service, respecting the probable issue of events there. He stated it was folly for the Americans to resist any longer, as they must eventually be beaten—that the troops opposed to them are the conquerors of the British army, who had repeatedly vanquished the best veterans on the continent of Europe, and were commanded by Packenham, Lord Pickton, Lord Cheavers, Lord Kean, and many others of the ablest generals in Europe. To this the corporal replied indignantly: "On our side we have the Lord God Almighty, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the *Hero* Andrew Jackson, and I'll be hanged if we don't whip you."

Col. Potter.

We are highly gratified to learn from an entirely authentic source that Col. Z. W. POTTER the manly and accomplished Consul at Valparaiso HAS NOT BEEN RECALLED, but still enjoys, as he is likely to do for the time he was appointed, the honors and profits of his lucrative position.—The newspaper reports in regard to the matter are incorrect, and it is but due to the Colonel that those papers publishing the rumored recall, should now publish the contradiction. We should have deeply regretted a step of the kind on the part of our Government, not merely because of our partiality for Col. P. but because of the National reputation he won for himself in his way out, in chastising a vain-glorying spring of English Nobility. Though this has been said to be no proper subject for newspaper or legislative applause, it is much so as any other American would have been in the same manner resented an insult to his wife, yet it is the first instance of the kind on record, and the dignified and manly bearing of Col. P. throughout the whole affair, strongly commended itself to all, and elicited among his countrymen everywhere unbounded admiration and regard.—*Worcester Shield.*

COPPER FACE TYPE.—The N. Y. Courier and Enquirer made its appearance on Monday in a new and beautiful dress, and it makes the following remarks: This new type has been submitted to process recently invented, by which it receives a coper face. The attempts which have been made to substitute a harder metal, have been failures. But the method by which this type has been hardened has been so far tested as to induce us to venture on an experiment with our present fount, probably the largest ever cast in this city, and we have reason to believe that [illegible]