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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, an 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 shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

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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.

The American Platform,

Adopted at the Session of the National Council, February 21, 1856.

1st. An humble acknowldgement to the Supreme Being for His protecting care vouchsafed to our fathers in their successful Revolutionary struggle, and hitherto manifested to us, their descendants, in the preservation of the liberties, the independence, and the union.

2d. The perpetuation of the Federal Union, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, and the only sure bulkwark of American independence.

3d. *Americans shall rule America*, and to this end, *native* born citizen should be selected for all state, Federal and Municipal offices or government employment, in preference to all others; nevertheless,

4th. Persons born of American parents residing temporarily abroad, should be entitled to the rights of native born citizens; but

5th. No person should be selected for political station, (whether of native or foreign birth) who recognises any allegiance or obligation of any description, to any foreign prince, potentate or power, or who refuses to recognise the Federal and State constitutions, (each within its sphere) as paramount to all other laws, as rules of political action.

6th. The unqualified recognition and maintenance of the reserved rights of the several states, and to this end, non-interference by Congress with questions appertaining solely to individual States, and non intervention by one State with the affairs of any other State.

7th. The recognition of the right of the native born and natualized citizens of the United States, permanently residing in any Territory thereof, to frame their constitution and laws, and regulate their domestic and social affairs in their own mode, subject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution, with the privilege of admission into the Union whenever they have the requisite population for one Representative in Congress. *Provided always*, that none but those who are citizens of the United State, under the constitution and laws thereof, and who have a fixed residence in any such Territory, have a right to participate in the formation of the constitution, or in the enactment of laws for said Territory or State.

8th. An enforcement of the principle that no new State or Territory ought to admit others than citizens of the United States to the right of suffrage or of holding political office.

9th. A change in the laws of natualization, making a continued residence of twenty-one years of all not hereinbefore provided for, an indispensible requisite for citizenship hereafter, including all paupers and persons convicted of crime from landing on our shores; but no interference with the vested rights of foreigners.

10th. Opposition to any union between Church and State; no interference with religious faith, church, or religious tenets; and no test oaths for office.

11th. Free and thorough investigation into the cause of all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and a strict economy in public expenditures.

12th. The maintainance and enforcement of all constitutionally enacted, until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by competent judicial authority.

13th. Opposition to the reckless and unwise course of the present administration in the management of our national affairs, and more especially as shown in removing "Americans" (by adoption) and conservatives in principle, from place, and placing foreigners and ultraists in their places; as shown in a truckling subserviency to the stranger, and an insolent and cowardly bravado towards the weaker powers; as shown in reopening sectional agitation, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; as shown in giving to unnatualized foreigners the right of suffrage in Kansas and Nebraska; as shown in the vacillating course on the Kansas and Nebraska question; as shown in the corruptness which marks some of the departments of the government, as shown in disgracing meritorious naval officers through prejudice or caprice; and as shown in the blundering mismanagement of our foreign relations.

14th. Wherefore to remedy, and prevent the recurrence of the consequences otherwise resulting therefrom, we would build up the "American Platform" on the principles hereinbefore stated, and declare that each State Council shall have authority to amend their several constitutions, so as to establish the several degrees, and institute the work of honor, instead of other obligations than those of friendship and admission into the party.

15th. Free and open discussion of all political principles embraced in our platform.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME,

PREPARED FROM FORMULA,

DR. JAMES HIGGINS,

Agricultural Chemist of Maryland,

for sale by B. M. RHODES,

141 *West Pratt street, Baltimore.*

In bags, 150 lbs. each, $42,50 per ton.

1856.

NOTICE.

The new gates at my Grist Mill—it is done without money. All persons please call and settle.

WM. BACCHUS.

A choice lot of Cigars and Tobacco by C. H. KENTON

POETRY.

For the Kent News.

STAND BY THE UNION.

Stand, stand by the Union, forever, forever,
Be true to your country each son of the free.
Forsake not the eagle and tri-colored banner
For they float with our stars from the lakes to the sea.

Let it waive where it stands, by our forefathers planted,
Baptised in their blood, by their ashes renown'd,
Not one word they have left us, can e'er be recanted,
Oh! let not a stain on its broad felds be found.

Then close round the Union, forever, forever,
Let our dear Constitution safely sail o'er the sea.
Our eagle and stars with our stripes bind together,
And raise on the topmast, with sweet liberty.

As one man let us a rouse, the ship is in danger,
The old Constitution is out in a storm,
Put strength at the helm, in the right channel range her
And let not one star from her proud flag be torn.

The North and the South as two brothers united
Shall flock round the treasure, it must not be crush'd;
As a pearl is dissolved in an acid—or blighted
So the touch of a traitor, our jewel will rust.

Hold fast to the Union, our national token;
Must not by fanatics be broken in twain:
Remember my brothers the gem when once broken
Cannot by our fathers blood, cement again.

The contest is gathering more onward unbroken,
Our watch-word "the Union" vote sons of the free,
For the one who can strongest protect our bright token
As Washington wore it, for you and for me.

S. M. C.

Harmony, Kent co. Md.

Jackson Men! Read!

We call the especial attention of our readers to the following from an editorial article in yesterday's Louisville Courier, one of the most violent of the Sag Nicht papers of this city:

"A *private* letter written by Jackson in 1845, just before his death, MEANLY VILLIFYING BUCHANAN, charging him with cowardice and falschood, is shamelessly dragged forth to degrade Buchanan. THE INFAMY OF THE AFFAIR RESTS UPON JACKSON for writing his letter, and next upon those who have BROUGHT IT TO LIGHT for political effect now for the first time. They who "heap opprobium mountain high upon the grave of Jackson," are they who have dishonored him and degraded themselves by publishing the unfortunate *private* letter of THE INSANELY VINDICTIVE OLD TYANT, who, in this very letter, proved that, to the last, NO TOUCH OF JUSTICE OR MAGNANIMITY TOWARDS AN OPPONENT OR RIVAL NEVER ENTERED HIS BREAST, AND THAT HIS ONLY USE FOR FRIENDS WAS TO MAKE TOOLS OF THEM. If Buchanan had in 1827, instead of faithfully giving truthful testimony, as he did, corroborated Jackson's charges against Clay, Jackson never would have written HIS INFAMOUS *secret* letters of 1845! * * * We believe that HISTORY CONVICTS JACKSON OF SLANDERING CLAY, AND THEN CONVICTS HIM OF SLANDERING BUCHANAN BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT PERJURE HIMSELF by supporting the slander against Clay. * * * If any Democrats should be displeased at our opinion of Jackson; if they think we should admit the truth of a COWARDLY, secret, and SLANDEROUS letter which assails the truth and moral courage of Buchanan only because it purports to have been written by Jackson; all we have to say is, that they have mistaken our character for independence and love of truth and justice, and their convictions and conduct. *But we do not believe there is a candid Democrat in America who does not entertain precisely our own opinion of Jackson's secret letter slandering Buchanan*, which ONLY DISGRACED THE WRITER."

We suppose that the rest of the Sag-Nicht papers, though they may have too much sense to endorse openly such shocking calumnies of the mighty dead by one of the most earnest of their brethren, will for policy's sake, avoid administering to these calumnies the terrible rebuke they deserve. Undoubtedly the great mass of the Sag-Nicht editors will at heart accord with the one who has thus attempted to rescue their candidate from shame and infamy by the direct charge of shame and infamy upon the remarkable man who made their party, and was wildly worshipped by them throughout his life, and has been almost canonized as their patron saint since his death. They would unquestionably see the shining names of all their great departed blackened forever with the foulest and most infernal vituperation, ay, see the mouldering bones of them all torn from the earth and burned by the hands of a common hangman, rather than let a suspicion of the perpetration of wrong rest a moment upon the conduct of their present candidate for the Presidency.

The zealous Sag-Nicht paper, from which we have quoted, charges that Gen. Jackson was a mean vilifier, charges that he was an insanely vindictive old tyrant who never knew a touch of justice or magnanimity, charges that his only use for friends was to make tools of them, and charges that, even upon his deathbed, he made himself infamous by writing a cowardly and slanderous letter which disgraced only the writer. And this same Sag-Nicht editor closes by saying that he does not believe there is a candid Democrat in America who does not entertain precisely the opinion of the letter he himself expresses. We concur with him so far as to admit, that, even if the rest of the Sag-Nicht editors do not agree with him in his horrible calumnies upon the dead hero who, after life's fitful fever, sleeps well beneath the shades of the Hermitage, they are acting as if they did. He is but saying in venomous words what they are saying in sacriligious deeds. In upholding or trying to uphold James Buchanan for his infamous conduct in 1825 and afterwards toward both Mr. Clay and Gen. Jackson, they dishonor and degrade and defile the memory of Jackson, who has recorded with his own hand that Mr. Buchanan was guilty of cowardice and falsehood, and that Mr. Buchanan proposed that he should sell himself for office—a proposition involving such deep corruption that he spurned it with indignation.

The Sag-Nicht maligner of the glorious dead is certainly right in the view he has taken that either the character of Mr. Buchanan or the fame of General Jackson must fall, and so he kicks the dead lion for the sake of the living—but we will not say dog. Let the whole people of the country make up their minds how they will decide between James Buchanan and Andrew Jackson. Let all, who in their own minds decide as the Sag-Nicht editor we quote has done, have the boldness like him, to proclaim their decision to the world. As they can no longer take refuge under the miserable pretext that Jackson's deathbed letter was a *forgery*, they should either abandon James Buchanan to rot and fester in his shame or take the responsibility, like their brother here, of vindicating their candidate by denouncing Jackson as a mean, cowardly, and infamous slanderer, an insanely vindictive old tyrant without one touch of justice or magnanimity in his soul.

Whatever General Jackson's political enemies, of whom we were one, may have said of him in the long and fierce strife's that raged in his lifetime, a nation's verdict, consecrating his memory, has been pronounced, and that verdict will not be reversed. It is resounding forever through the atmosphere of our country, and its echoes are the death-knell of the political hopes of James Buchanan.—*Lou. Jonr.*

Hon. Jere Clemens.

The following is the conclusion of the Hon. Jere Clemens', of Ala., speech, delivered at Blue Lick Springs, in that State. It is an able one, and will meet with a hearty response in the bosom of every true American:

In 1834 Buchanan made a speech upon the annexation of Texas, in which he declared that he had only been brought to favor the measure from the conviction that it would be the means of *limiting* instead of enlarging the area of slavery. He presented petitions again and again for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and on Mr. Calhoun's resolutions recorded his name in favor of the *religious* agitation of the slavery question, and in favor of the constitutional power of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. In his letter to Mr. Sanford he deliberately asserted the *exclusive* power of Congress over the subject of slavery in the Territories, or in other words that Congress had the power to establish, prohibit, or abolish it. And now he has placed himself upon the Cincinnati platform—says that he is *mum* from this day forth—that he is no longer *James Buchanan*, and has no opinion to express upon the great questions which divide the country other than they have seen fit to express for him.

Contrast with him the candidate of the American party, MILLARD FILLMORE.—Look at his record! Look at the man! There he stands, a light and landmark for future generations. Commencing his career a poor boy, friendless and penniless, he worked his way up slowly and laboriously to the highest offices, and highest honors. He is no mushroon greatness—no accidental elevation. Called to the Chief Magistracy at a time when the wild storm of faction was raging through the land, he discarded the prejudices of a lifetime—forgot party—fought sections and gave himself up wholly to his country.—Driving from him with a lofty scorn the narrow minded counsellors who sought to sway his action to their own selfish ends, he took to his bosom Clay and Cass and Webster, and the Angel of Peace once more spread its wings over a distracted land. And when his work was done, without a murmur, without a repining thought he left the splendid mansion of the Executive for the humble home of the citizen.

Time rolled on, and another cloud gathered on the horizon. Like the old Romans, when a great calamity had come upon them, the American party turned from the politicians to the walks of private life for a man fit to be their leader. They found him, not indeed like Cincinnatus, at the plough, but far away from the din and strife, and trickeries of parties, adding to the intellectual lore he had already gathered, and learning in the shadow of thorns to love still more deeply the free soil on which his infancy was rocked. Asking no questions but whether his country needed his services, he came to assume a leadership which looked gloomy enough at the time, but which, thank God! has been brightening every hour, and now promises to end in a glorious triumph.

"Not his the heart the Phrygian victor bore,
Not his the brand that gleamed on Granics shore,
Not his the race all conquering Julius ran;
Not his the star that led to Corsican;
His country called him—called him in wild despair,
The patriot came, and all his soul was there."

From the first moment he landed on our shores, his heart has been in his hand. He has sought no votes by slippery evasions or unworthy concealments. Firmly as a man and honestly as a patriot, he has given utterance to his sentiments.—Seeking no shelter behind the resolutions of an irresponsible convention, he tells you he would despise himself if he could conceal his opinions. Listen to what he says at Albany. After denouncing Northern agitation in terms no other candidate has dared to use, he says:

"I tell you, my friends, that I speak warmly on this subject, for I feel that we are in danger. I am determined to make a clean breast of it. I will wash my hands of the consequences, whatever they may be; and I tell you that we are treading on a volcano, that is liable at any moment to burst forth and overwhelm the nation. I might by soft words hold out delusive hopes, and thereby win votes; but I can never consent to be one thing to the North and another to the South.—I should despise myself if I could be guilty of such evasion. For my conscience would still ask with the dramatic poet—

"Is there not some secret curse—
Some hidden thunder red with immortal wrath,
To blast the wretch who owes his greatness
To his country's ruin."

"In the language of the lamented, immortal Clay—"*I had rather be right than be President.*"

And this is the man you are asked to abandon because his enemies say that he has no chance to be elected! If it were true, as it is false, it would be more than base to desert such a man in such a crisis. It is the coward's plea at best. What would you think of the soldier who, on the eve of battle, told you that he had no doubt that his own regiment would discharge its duty manfully and well, but another regiment on the left would run away, or be overwhelmed by the enemy, and therefore he would take time by the forelock, and run away! Yet the conduct of that soldier would be no more indefensible than that of the citizen who shrinks from the manful assertion of his political principles because he is afraid he may be defeated. It was not so our fathers answered in the days of the old revolution. If they had, the chains of British tyranny would even now be rusting around our limbs. It was not so the immortal Travis answered when urged to surrender the Alamo. When told that if he remained he should be cut off, and every man of his little band sacrificed, he answered, "I know it, but I want to teach these barbarians what Americans can do." He did give them a lesson which more than any other one thing led to the liberation of Texas. Let us imitate the example of those who have gone before us. Discarding all weak and unmanly doubts let each one do his duty with his whole soul, and, I answer for it a crowning glory awaits you in November next.

A WALKER.—An extraordinary pedestrian feat has been performed in Derbyshire, England. A man named Alfred Helson, undertook to walk on six successive days, the distance of 70 miles a day. He commenced his performance on Monday, July 20th, and completed it with ease on Saturday, the 26th July, doing it within the specified time. The 70 miles were usually walked in about 14 hours, but one of the days they were completed in 12 hours. While on travel he took very little food, except beef, tea, or a small bit of mutton, half cooked, and a very little stimulant occasionally. His usual pace was from four to five miles an hour.

☞ The Parisians call hoope skirts zephyrs. This is highly appropriate, for while walking with a lady we are reminded at every step of the zephyr's sighs.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

My Reasons for Deserting the Whigs.

Messrs. Editors and Fellow-Citizens of the United States of North America, Western Continent:

I much regret the necessity which impels the dreadful announcement I am about to make. I hesitate in view of the commotion it will produce throughout the civilized world, and the mournful sensation it will, of course, excite among my ancient confederates. I realize for the first time in the course of my magnificent career the oppressiveness of that vast responsibility which is ever incident to great and popular men, and sincerely deplore the hour when fate's unerring hand snatched me from the solitude of private life, to attend to the great interests of my country. But, sympathizing with my country's weal, it behooves me, on this solemn occasion, to grace her sacred altar with the sacrifice of all my ancient ties and tender recollections, and proclaim in tones that quake the deep walls of the nation, that *I have kicked over the traces* and withdrawn *forever* from the "OLD LINE WHIG PARTY!" yet my hand trembles and my tongue falters as I pronounce the dolorous valediction:

"The last link is broken that bound me to thee!"

For many, *many years* have I borne laborious complicity with that venerable clan, and in bar-rooms, under lamp posts and in the market-place, maintained its pretensions and defended its dogmas.—Thousands of bunged eyes and mashed noses have I worn for its sake, and many a "grievous and dishonorable" visitation of shoe leather suffered in its cause.—Twice have I been belabored with obnoxious eggs beneath its banners, twice ridden on a rail for carroling the music of its creed; thrice "jugged," and that unjustly, for battling the foe—and all for what? To realize at last neglect and insult.

The intelligent world is assuredly aware that I entered the arena with high hopes and brilliant energies, and with an eye directly upon the Presidency, was undergoing the usual probation in minor offices, when the sudden dilapidation of the Whig party quietly deposited me on the shelf. This recluseness I cordially embraced and resolved upon a quiet repose, until our recuperated energies again summoned me to action.

But alas! how vain are human calculations. Turning in my quarters to take a view of things one beautiful morning, I beheld with stupid amazement the *endorsement* of Mr. Fillmore by the "*Old Line Whig party!*" I preferred doubting my senses, regarding it as wholy impossible that any decided action could be had without, at least, consulting ME.—Aware of the services rendered it, and cognizant of my expectations in consequence, I regarded the old Whig party incapable of any movement so oblivious of my interests. "This frail hope I fondly cherished" until the action of the Convention in this city opened my eyes to the appalling fact that the "Old Line Whigs" with Mr. Fillmore "in company," were gliding swimmingly on, leaving me in contemptuous isolation to trundle at leisure down the gutter of time.

It is unnecessary, to assure you that I felt such neglect keenly, and allude to it now with virtuous indignation.

We may regard as an obvious proposition the universally received idea, that the *aim* of all great men is the "*good of their country.*" It is perhaps equally apparent that comparatively little, if any, good is effected by any man, however great, who happens to be identified with the weaker party. Therefore, as the Whig party is evidently doomed to defeat, it becomes me, in deference to my beloved country, its *glorious institutions*, and *dearly beloved people*, to suffocate my predelections, and wheel into the ranks of the great, conservative, *holy* Democratic party. And I now desire it particularly understood, that all my *lies, libels, scandal* and *abuse* of the sainted Jackson and the Democratic party at large, are hereby *recoked*, and of *non-effect*, and the same are hereby *impliedly* brought to *bear upon*, DISSEVER, and ANNIHILATE Millard Fillmore and his caitiff crew, known as the OLD LINE WHIG PARTY.

I repeat the deep regret with which I level this thunder bolt. I know the terrible destruction it must inevitably minister to my ancient partisans. But,—"tell it not in Gath"—they have closed their ears to my counsels, their eyes to my superior stature; and with miraculous perverseness,—"proclaim it not in the streets of Askalon"—are "*stone dead*" to *my own political interests*. Patriotism, gentlemen, leaves me no alternative.

But I could have paused here, and with tender forgiveness gathered them again under my protective wings. In sober truth, the sweeping pinions of my magnanimous soul were already spread, when journals of this detestable party, with diabolical malice, associate my irreproachable name with that odious term of utter obsolution—*Old Fogy*, and with incomparable gravity, assumed the arrangement of my political obsequies. Sirs, such effrontery was climatic. I could never brook it. It struck to the bottom of my volcanic soul, and stirred up its very dregs like a toddy-stick. My indignation culminated—my defection was complete. And now let the Whig firmament be hung with crape—bring out their big gun and load it with saw dust to the muzzle; for in the future, shall this great country be taken care on Democratic principles, by your invincible foe

DOUGHFACE.

P. S.—"London Times" and "Independence Belge" please copy!

P. P. S.—Be kind enough to forward a copy to Louis Napoleon, Count Nesselrode and Lord Palmerston!

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

In Captain Marcy's Exploration of the Red River of Louisiana are given some interesting facts about that singular animal, the prairie dog. He says: "Passing through these dog villages, the little animals are seen in countless numbers, sitting at the entrance of their subterranean dwellings, presenting so much the appearance of stumps of small trees, and so incessant is the clatter of their barking, that it requires but little effort of the imagination to fancy one's self surrounded with the busy hum of a city."—The immense number of animals in some of these towns, may be conjectured from the large space they sometimes cover.—Captain Marcy passed one of these towns, twenty-five miles in length, and supposing it to be as large in other directions, it would embrace an area of six hundred and twenty-five square miles, or eight hundred and ninety six thousand acres. Estimating the holes at twenty yards apart, the usual distance, and each dwelling occupied by four or five dogs, the whole population of this tract would be in round numbers, *forty million dogs*. The food of these animals consists principally of a coarse, wiry grass, which grows in abundance on elevated plains often many miles from any water, which does not seem necessary to their existence. About the last of October, the prairie dog carefully closes all the passages to his habitation, and turns in for a long nap. He keeps housed until the warm days of spring, when he removes the obstruction in front of his door, and emerges full of life fun and frolic. The rattlesnake is often an inmate of their dwellings and sometime preys on them when hungry.

FOR THE HICCUPS.

Travelling some time since by railroad from Columbus to Baltimore, I took my seat immediately in front of a gentleman who was suffering under a paroxysm of hiccups, to a degree that I had never before witnessed. In a few minutes a person appeared from the end of the car and took a seat beside him, when he said:—"Sir, can you tell me what is good for the hiccups? I have been afflicted in the way you see me since yesterday noon, and I have no rest or relief from any physician to whom I applied for assistance; I am worn out with suffering." To whom the person replied: "Sir, I will cure you in less than two minutes by the watch.—Have confidence, for I am sure I can do it. Hold up high above your head two fingers of your hand; lean back in your seat, open your mouth and throat so as to give a free passage to your lungs; breathe very long and softly, and look very steadily at your fingers." In less than the time specified the cure was performed, one hiccup occurred during the trial. The patient could not express his gratitude, while the practitioner only extracting from him as a fee the promise that he would extend the knowledge which he had imparted as freely as he had received it, assuring him that he would never be disappointed in the result. We were all struck with the fact. Since then I have often had occasion to practice upon patients in the same disorder, and never without the most signal success.—*Water Cure Journal.*

MILKING COWS BY MACHINERY.—The Scientific American gives an account and engraving of a new invention for the Dairy, which is applied to the milking of cows. The milking is done by means of a crank attached to a shaft, on which there are four elastic arms of steel, the ends of which are furnished with rollers. On one side of the ring in which the rollers move there is an elastic pocket into which the animal's teat is placed. The back of this pocket is stiff, so that when the rolers revolve they will come in contact with the front part of the pocket, and press it, with the teat, against the back part. The teat thus pressed is relieved of its milk, which flows down through the pocket, and through a hollow case of the instrument, into a tube, and thence into the milk pail. The American says that nothing can exceed the simplicity of this device. Its size is convenient, and its cost not great. If desirable, the instrument may be made with two pockets, so as to milk two teats at a time. The inventor of this improvement is Mr H. A. Reeve, of Williamson, Wayne county, New York.

A WITTY TOAST.—At a late firemen's supper at Burlington, the following toast was drank:—"Ladies of '56—like the fireman's bucket, *well hooped*, and like firemen, delighting in the exhibition of their *hose*."