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G. W. P. Smith

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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

VOL. 3. CHESTER TOWN, MD. JANUARY 21, 1843. NO. 39.

THE KENT NEWS.

A weekly newspaper, devoted to

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS & GENERAL NEWS

George Vickers,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

T. C. Pinkind, PRINTER.

Terms.

THE KENT NEWS is published every Saturday, at TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS per year, payable at the expiration of the first six months. Single copies, 6¼ cents.

No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Advertisements not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger ones in proportion.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements must have the number of times marked on them for which they are intended to be inserted, otherwise they will be continued until forbid out, and charged accordingly.

All advertisements will be handed to Thos. C. Pinkind, who has charge of the mechanical arrangements of the paper.

All communications must be post paid.

WEEP NOT FOR HIM, THAT DIETH.

Tears for the weary days when
Long watch beneath the sick
But sorrow not for those
Their heritage is soon
Gone from earth's song and garland
Lay down each pain as he
Though dark the shadows lie
Us and our fearless dead.

Say, hast thou seen the beam
The flowers of earth depart
Alas! for death has taken such
The treasure of the heart
Let peace to cherished buds
In their young promise shed,
For they on the land of withered
Weep not the early dead.

Are the world's comforters at rest?
Why have our good trees gone,
With all their freshness from the waste
While fruitless thorns live on?
Fair bright of forms shines the path
Where we shall onward speed
For they were strangers on the earth
Weep not our blessed dead!

Or mourns our land the brave and just,
Her sword and shield lay low—
For hearts in whom the nation trust?
The true, the faithful, go.
But glory to the hero's home,
Though clouds around it spread,
For tempests never reach the tomb;
Weep not the fearless dead.

Or science lost her wise and bright,
Poetry's joy and crown;
The stars that gave the nation's light
Perchance gone early down.
Who left their glory in our sky,
Like sunset o'er us shed?—
But they have reached eternity
Weep not our glorious dead.

Thus freely let us give the best
Of all earth's brightest gifts,
(With changeless love around their rest,)
To the victorious given;
For it hath hushed the storms of strife,
And healed the hearts that bleed:
Death only dries the tears of life—
Then weep not for the early dead!

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

YOUTH, LOVE, AND POESY.

In sunny youth the minstrel's lyre
To notes of joy was rung;
And gaily o'er each answering wire,
The boy enchanted hung.
He deeply blushed—his heart beat high,
'Twas she—his lady love—was nigh,
And tenderly her melting eye
Bent on him as he sung.

In sunny youth to pleasure bright
We set our silken sail,
And lightly borne in summer's light,
Her fairy islets hail.
The skies are always cloudless there,
And Love's own bowers bright and fair,
And music in the balmy air
Is heard o'er hill and dale.

Ah, sunny youth! in sultry clime
A light spot on the sea;
When age's distant goal we find,
We still look back to thee.
Wisdom points to seas sublime,
But as her glacier snows we climb,
How bless'd appears youth's sunny time
Of love and poesy!

J. G. W.

Bell-Ringing Adventures.

In my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of ———, than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the Cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which [illegible] attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favorite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopt my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and had it been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat or of cloth (the former was preferred) to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart, I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was [illegible] out, when I felt the bell [illegible] the reason at once—it was a moment of terror, but by a hasty and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little [illegible] sufficient to contain it, the bottom [illegible] coming within a couple of feet of my face. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as it was within an inch of my [illegible] I dared not lay myself down a second when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths and as they were wavering was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would in all probability, have sunk under the weight of my fall, and sent me crashing to the floor upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clockwright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came upon me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. There was not a fibre in my body it did not thrill through; it entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonising terror.—Every moment I saw the bell sweep with [illegible] could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended I endeavored to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass, and then reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were matter of fact. I was afraid the pullies above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread, also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me, but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamor, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all thee fancies that possesed my mind. Every object that was hideous and terrifying presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last, the arch-fiend himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangor of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santen Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him begone. Reason, then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that this vessal is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with fenfold agony. I feared lest, when a-rl deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this, I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionly echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fanc . To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him—and an awful punishment it would be.—But if to this you add a clamor as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without peared an age. When it ceased, I became naturally more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without tinging, but, at the end of that short time, the bell would be rung a second time for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed before I could escape, against the walls or framework of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow.—This was of itself a considerable relief.—The cessation of the noise had in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to [illegible] All that now distressed me, was the constant expectation of the second ringing for which however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell exterted a groan from me as they say the most resolute victim scream at the sight of the rack to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without thought. Wrapt in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it was still tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have laid then already too long, and that the bell for evening service might catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning and arrived in the bell ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupified eyes were fixed with a black-lustre gaze in my eye-lids. My hands were torn and bleeding; and my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered.—They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed and hastened to remove me. He who had gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the church-yard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirous, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship, to save me from the apprehensions of the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me a blessing.—Here I recovered, but even long after recovery, if the gale wafted the notes of a peal toward me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell-tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

From the United States Gazette.

Sowing and Reaping.

"Reaping where you have not Sown."

We took occasion, one of the fine mornings last week, to make an excursion beyond the city limits, attracted by the freshness of the air, the cool crispyness of which seemed to give new play to the lungs, and a new gush to the blood. The blue sky above had not yet put on the hazy dimness of Indian summer, though the gossamer was flittering away in the breezes, twisted and distorted by its rapid motion, and the lovely hues which the forest had lately worn, its variegated garments of autumnal beauty, were fading into sober brown, and the leaves were pouring down from the trees, shaken by the wind, and crisped and longer from mere [illegible] the stem could no [illegible]

It was a day for a poet—we are none—and so we thought of poor Clark, and his rich fancy, that seized on all these attractive beauties of nature, combined them in song, and gave them to the world—to that world which learned to love nature from the loveliness of his verse. Clark is low: his foliage was shaken from the branches before the autumn storm had dimmed its beauty. It fell while it was receiving and giving charms, and we now, in the dryness of age, remember the richness and lustre of his blossoms, that shall bring forth fruit, where no frosts deform the skies, and no autumn [illegible] nosts wither the herbage.

Pursuing this idea, we leaned against a fence, and contemplated the brilliant, but fading, scene around us, and startled as a footstep denoted the approach of a man.—It was an old man, too; he had come across the ploughed field, and seemed intent upon the tender grain just shooting up from the mellow earth. We saluted him respectfully—age and usefulness should command respect. He returned our salutation with a quiet courtesy, that induced conversation.

With the farmer the talk about weather is not a mere gossip. He looks to the wind and clouds, not to avoid labor, but to insure success, and the former and the latter rains are to him blessings, like the dew upon Hermon, and the dew upon the mountains. So we [illegible] that the weather had been remarkably fine during the present month.

"Delightful, delightful," said he, "delightful. The sun has shown out almost continually, and the air has been healthful and bracing. Now and then a cloud has gathered in the heavens, but it seemed scarcely large enough to cover the deep blue above, that hung upon its white skirts, in lovely contrast, like the eye of infancy. And when it has rained, it seemed so sparing and so gentle, that the sun looked out upon the water drops before they had been [illegible] in the midst of tears."

"You have needed rain, then—more, perhaps, than you have had."

"The earth has required much rain—it is dry and parched—the grass has been burnt out of the upland. But one of the worst effects of the exceeding dry weather in September and October, is the difficulty of sowing our winter grain, and the still greater difficulty of its taking root, and springing up."

"That requires rain, then," said we

"Frequent showers; indeed, we ought almost to scatter the seed in a shower, if we hope to have much pleasure in reaping."

"Que simenant in lachrymis, in exultationes metent," thought we, rather aloud.

The man, when we looked up, was gazing in our face.

"Sow in tears, and reap in joy," said we, pointing to the field.

A slight smile upon the face of the farmer, faded away slowly into a thoughtful, melancholy look.

"I have, indeed," said he, "in this field, sown in an abundance of tears. Whether I shall reap in joy—whether I shall share in the glorious harvest, I know not."

"I trust you will, for many harvests," said we. "But has that come up which you sowed in the field?"

We both looked across the broad lot, till our eyes rested upon a stone wall at a distance, in the lower part of the field; and after a moments pause our friend said—

"All has not come up that I have sowed here—sowed in tears, too, and sowed in hope."

"The earth clods," said we, "seem to be strong and heavy: they probably present the fulfillment of your hopes."

"Yes, yes," said our friend, looking away again into the vale, and evidently speaking to himself rather than us; "the clods of the valley do rest upon them. Will you walk across the fields?"

There was something so attractive in the melancholy of the stranger, that we accepted his invitation.

Entering the lower part of the field by another avenue, we found ourselves close to the stone wall that we had noticed at a distance, and we entered a narrow enclosure. It was a family burying ground. A few trees had grown up among the long grass, and they were pouring down their sered leaves upon the graves below.

My companion leaned over the headstone of a principal grave, and pointed to a smaller one at its side.

"The frost and wind," said he, "that are stripping the trees above us, can scarcely make them barer than I have been left.—One after another they have dropped from me, and the last, the hardest, because the last."

A little hillock was swelling up, whose newly laid sod told of the recency of the poor man's affliction—wife, child, and grand child.

"And these," said he, "I have planted in tears. Beyond the wall, the grain which my hand scattered abroad, comes forward to repay my toil, and I may reap in joy; but from this narrow field nothing springs up, and I can never reap with joy what I have planted with many tears."

The dryness of the season, and the melancholy fall of the leaf, had evidently con- philosophy of my companion, and I sought to cheer him, but scarcely with effect; he seemed to cling to the comparison of the wheat.

"The grain," said we, "which you reap, is not that which you sow; the earth receives the decay [illegible] gives back a perfect harvest. And that which you have deposited *here* must be garnered in incorruption, and you can reap in joy only where tears are unknown."

"I have, then," said the stricken man, "set up my expectations of happiness on earth! It was wrong, but unintentionally wrong. My declining years should have taught me other things. And I will, hereafter, make my faith superior to my earthly grief; and mark the signal," said he, pointing backward to the slender shaft just raised at St. Peter's Church, "mark the beautiful signal. The beams of the declining sun are reflected with lustre from yonder emblem, where the gilded cross stands brilliant above the globe, to show us how superior to earth is that faith which can sustain our infirmities."

"There is then, a hope," said we, "that there will be a harvest in which you can share with joy."

He looked down upon the hillocks below, for a time, and then, raising his eyes till they rested again upon the emblem, said, "I shall go to them—they shall not return unto me."

SHOEING THE HORSE.

Mr. Editor:—The remark of your correspondent at page 318 of your number for May, "That many of us transpose the order of our labors," reminds me of the mode adopted in the shoeing of the horse, which I once witnessed, and which is I believe of importance sufficient to deserve notice in the pages of your valuable and very interesting work. It occurred at the town of Croydon, near London, which is well known as the centre of the stag hunt, so well attended by the whole country round, and especially by the high-bred bloods of London; and where may be seen a field of the best horses in the whole world—many of them worth five or seven thousand dollars.

As I once passed through this town, one of my horse's shoes became loose, and I went to the shop of a smith named Lovelace, to get it fastened: the shoe was nearly new, and had become loose in consequence of the nails having drawn out of the hoof, although they had been clinched in the manner universally practiced. The smith remarked that all the other shoes were loose, and would soon drop off, when I requested him to take them off and replace them; and then did I perceive the different mode which he adopted for fixing them, which I will here detail.

As fast as he drove the nails, he merely bent the points down to the hoof, without, as is customary, twisting them off with the pincers: these he then *drove home*, clinching them against a heavy pair of pincers, which were not made very sharp; after this had been very carefully done, he twisted off each nail as close as possible to the hoof; the pincers being dull, the nail would hold, so as to get a perfect *twist round* before it separated. These twists were then beaten close into the hoof and filed smooth, but not deep, or with a view to rasp off the twist of the nail. "Oh ho!" said I, "I have learnt a lesson in horse-shoeing." "Yes," said he, "and a valuable one; if I were ever to loose a single shoe in a long day's hunt, I should have to shut up my shop; my business is to shoe the horses belonging to the hunt, and the loss of a shoe would be the probable ruin of a horse worth, perhaps a thousand pounds; but I never am fearful of such an accident."—"Simply because you drive home and clinch the nails before you twist them off," said I. "Yes," replied he, "by which I secure a *rivet* as well as a *clinch*."

The thing was as clear as the light of day, and I have several times endeavoured to make our shoeing-smiths understand it, but they *see* the advantage it would be to *themselves* and guess, therefore, *it would never do in these parts;* but if my brother farmers cannot see how it works with half an eye, and have not the resolution to get it put into practice, they ought to see the shoes drop from the feet of their horses daily, as I was once accustomed to do.—Now let any one take up an old horse-shoe at any one of the smiths' shops on the road, and examine the clinch of the nails which have drawn out of the hoof, and he will soon perceive how the thing operates. In short, if the nails are driven home before twisting off, and the *rivet* formed by the *twist* be not afterwards removed by the rasp, I should be glad to be told how the shoe is to come off at all, unless by first cutting out the twist. I am, sir, a constant reader of the Cabinet, and one who has been benefitted many dollars by the various hints which have been given in its pages.—*Farmer's Cabinet.*

FIENDISH DESIGN.

Attempt to blow up the New World office.

Five hundred dollars reward.

We understand that a large quantity of powder, in several packages, has just been discovered in various parts of the office of the powder, it is rendered certain that those who placed it there designed to fire it and blow up the building. A reward of five hundred dollars is offered for the discovery of the villians.—*N. Y. Eve. Tattler.*

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.

Building No. 486, Pearl street, New York, occupied as a German tavern, was destroyed by fire on Friday night, and two persons lost their lives. One was a young woman named Caroline Goerlitz, who was smothered in the smoke—the other was Wm. Brown, a Watchman, who was also smothered in the attempt to save the poor girl.

A man named Preble, has been lecturing on the destruction of the World, in New Hampshire. He fixed it for the 15th day of February next.

SIMPLE AFFINITY.

Some water and oil
One day had a broil,
As down in a glass they were dropping,
And would not unite,
But continued to fight,
Without any prospect of stopping.
Some peerlish o'erheard,
And as quick as a word,
He jumped in the midst of the clashing,
When all three agreed,
And united with speed,
And soap was created for washing.