msa_sc2901_scm2350-0092 ©Maryland State Archives

KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. MAY 22, 1847. NO. 4.

Cheap Watches and JEWELRY.

AT the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96, North Second street, corner of Quarry.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewl'd, 18 car. cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jew'd	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, 7 jewels,	18 00
SilverLepineWatches, jew'd, 1st qual.	14 00
Superior Quarter Watches,	10 00
Imitation quarter watches, not war.	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	8 00
Fine silver spectacles,	1 75
Gold bracelets, with topaz stones,	3 50
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 16 carats,	2 00

Gold finger rings, 37½ cts. to $8; Watch Glasses—plain 12½ cts, patent 18¾, lunet 25. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for

O. CONRAD.

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines and Quarters, lower than the above prices.

dec'r 19, 1846.

Steam Iron Railing Factory.

RIDGE ROAD,

ABOVE BUTTONWOOD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

AT THIS establishment may be found the greatest variety of Plans and beautiful Patterns for

IRON RAILING

in the United States, to which the attention of those in want of any description, and especially for Cemeteries, is particularly invited.

The principal part of all the handsome Railings at Laurel Hill, Monument, and other celebrated Cemeteries in the city and county of Philadelphia, which have been so highly extolled by the public press, were executed at this manufactory.

A large Ware-Room is connected with the establishment, where is kept constantly on hand a large stock of ready-made IRON RAILINGS, ORNAMENTAL IRON SETTEES, IRON CHAIRS, new style plain and ornamental IRON GATES, with an extensive assortment of IRON POSTS, PEDESTALS, IRON ARBORS, &c. Also, in great variety, Wrought and Cast Iron ORNAMENTS, suitable for Railings, and other purposes.

The subscriber would also state that in his Pattern and Designing Department he has employed some of the best talent in the country, whose whole attention is devoted to the business—forming altogether one of the most complete and systematic establishments of the kind in the Union.

ROBERT WOOD, Proprietor,
Ridge Road, above Buttonwood St.
Philadelphia, February 6. 1847. 5m.

Hover's First Premium Ink. No. 87

North Third street Philadelphia.

The celebrity of the Inks manufactured by the subscriber, and the extensive sales consequent upon the high reputation which they have attained, not only throughout the United States, but in the West Indies and China, has induced him to make every necessary arrangement to supply the vast demand upon his establishment. He is now prepared with every variety of Black, Blue and Red Inks, Copying Inks, Indelible Ink and Ink Powder, all prepared under his own personal superintendence, so that purchasers may depend upon its superior quality.

Hover's Adamantine Cement, a superior article for Mending Glass, China, Cabinet, &c., &c., useful to every Housekeeper, being a white liquid, easily applied, and unaffected by ordinary heat—warranted.

☞ Pamphlets, containing numerous testimonials of men of science, and others, will be furnished to purchasers.

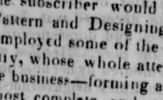
For sale at the Manufactory, Wholesale and Retail, No. 87 North Third Street, opposite Cherry Street, Philadelphia, by

JOSEPH E. HOVER,
Manufacturer.

January 6, '47. 1y

Chester Town and Centreville.

THE STEAMER



MARYLAND,

will leave Baltimore on WEDNESDAY, the 24th inst., for Chester and Centreville, from her usual place at the lower end of Dugan's wharf. Leave Centreville at 11 o'clock, and Chestertown at 1 o'clock for Baltimore.

Fare $1.

All baggage at the owner's risk.

L. G. TAYLOR.

April 20, 1847.

For sale by Wilmer and Nicols a good assortment of hats, of different kinds and prices. $4. 2½

Lumber.

SEASONED and for sale 40,000 feet Sawed Boards.

A. W. SPARKS.

Chestertown, March 27, 1847

Ladies' slippers from 12½ to $1.

WICKES & BRO.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first sixmonths

☞ For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.



POETRY.

ROUGH AND READY.

THE SOLDIER'S STORY.

'Twas in the trench at Vera Cruz,
A group of soldiers lay,
Weary and worn with working
At the guns the live long day.
Their faces were begrimmed with sand
And soot from shot and shell,
Exploding in the crumbling earth,
For fast the missiles fell.

Yet cheerily they chatted,
For their hearts with hope beat high,
And they knew the hour of victory
Was surely drawing nigh.
There came a war worn soldier,
To mingle with the rest—
They bade him welcome to their cheer
And gave him of the best.

He'd served with Gen. Taylor
And they asked him of the man
Who first and last had led the way
To victory in the van;
On the winding Rio Grande
On the 8th and 9th of May,
Through Buena Vista's carnage
And the storm of Monterey.

"I knew him first," the soldier said,
"Among the Everglades,
When we gave the savage red skins
Our bayonets and our blades,
I think I hear his cheerful voice:
"On! column! Steady! steady!"
So hardy and so prompt was he
We called him *Rough and Ready*.

"He rode upon an old white horse,
And wore a brown surtout—
But oftener, when the ground was deep,
He trudged with us, on foot.
The man from whose canteen he drank,
Was envied and thought lucky;
He had the brave and kind good heart
That honored old Kentucky.

"By wounds outworn, I left the field;
But when a new campaign
Against another foe commenced,
I joined the ranks again.
'Twas fun alive, boys, once again
To hear the sabre's clank,
To see old Rough and Ready ride
His white horse on our flank.

"At Palo Alto, comrades, there
He gave us work to do,
And o'er La Palma's sulph'ry smoke
His flag triumphant flew,
When from the fire his aid-de-camp
Would have the chief retire,
Old Rough and Ready merely said,
"We'll ride a little nigher."

"You should have seen the brave old boy
In the streets of Monterey—
When the cannon swept the plaza,
How he sternly stood at bay.
When shell, and grape, and cannon ball
On their deadly errand went:—
The General seemed a man of steel,
And fire his element.

"And if a wounded soldier
In the streets of Monterey,
Or friend or foe looked up to him
Imploring, whence he lay,
He stooped to wipe the drops of pain;
That dimmed the marble brow,
Or proffered from his own canteen
A drink—I see him now.

"At red Buena Vista
My part I could not bear—
But they tell me that the brown surtout
And old white horse was there.
And well do I believe it,
For the foe stood four to one,
And without old Rough and Ready
How had the fight been won!

"I've worn the sargeant's chevron
And I may wear it yet—
But old Rough and Ready tells me
I shall wear the epaulette—
But in the ranks or out of them,
To him I'll still prove steady,
And long as I've a tongue to talk
Speak ought for Rough and Ready!"

INVALUABLE REMEDIES.—An exchange says: We have no faith in quack remedies, but think it always the safest plan to apply to a regular physician, in all cases of indisposition. Here are some remedies, however, for very prevalent disorders that we have no hesitation in in commending as quite infallible. Try them.

For sea sickness—stay at home.
For drunkenness—drink cold water.
For health—rise early.
For accidents—keep out of danger.
To keep out of jail—be honest.
To be honest—pay your debts.
To please all—mind your business.
To make money—advertise.
To do right—subscribe for a newspaper.
To have a good conscience—pay the printer.

AN ADVENTURE IN HUNGARY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the third day after his departure from Vienna, a horse dealer alighted at an inn situated at the entrance of a little town, which, to all appearance, was respectable and quiet. He recommended his horse to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes at the fire, and as soon as supper was ready, sat down to the table with the host and his family, who appeared to be decent people.

During supper the traveller was asked where he came from, and on his answering from Vienna, they were all anxious to hear some news of the capital. The horse dealer told them all he knew. The landlord then asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which the latter replied that he had been there to sell some of the very finest horses that had ever appeared in the market there. At these words the landlord looked very significantly at a young man who sat opposite to him, and who appeared to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveller, who, however, took no notice of it; yet he very soon afterwards had cause to regret his want of caution.—Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord, as soon as the supper was finished, to show him to his room. The landlord took a lamp and conducted the traveller across a yard into a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second.

As soon as the landlord had retired, the traveller undressed himself, unbuckled a money belt containing a considerable sum in gold, and took out his pocket-book, which was full of Austrian bank notes.—Having convinced himself that his money was right, he placed both under his pillow, extinguished the light, and soon fell asleep, thanking God and all the saints for the success of his journey. He had slept about an hour or two, when he was suddenly awaked by the opening of the window, and immediately felt the night air blow in upon him.

Startled at this unforseen circumstance, the traveller raised himself up in bed, and perceived the head and shoulders of a man who was struggling to get into the room; at the same time he heard the voices of several persons, who were standing under the window. A dreadful terror seized our traveller, who gave himself up for lost; and scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible. A moment afterwards, a man sprang heavily into the room, and staggered heavily up to the bed, supporting himself against the wall. Confounded as the horse dealer was, he nevertheless perceived that the intruder was inebriated: this circumstance, however, gave him little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime; besides this, the traveller had heard the voices of persons outside, so that the murderer, in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of his comrades. But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat upon the floor, and stretch himself upon the bed he had just quitted! A few moments afterwards he heard the intruder snore, and his terror began gradually to give way to reflection, although the whole affair was quite incomprehensible to him. He was just preparing to quit his hiding place, in order to awake the inmates of the house, and ask for another bed in place of that from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occurred.

He heard the outer door carefully opened, and on listening, the sound of cautious footsteps reached his ear. In a few minutes the door of his room was opened, and two figures, those of the landlord and his son, stood on the threshold. "Keep the lamp back," muttered the father in a suppressed voice. "What have we to fear?" said the young man; "we are two against one: besides, he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly, hear how he snores." "Do what I tell you," said the father, angrily; "do you wish to awake him? would you have his cries alarm the whole neighborhood?" The horse dealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. The son shut the door after him, and the two wretches approached the bed on tiptoe.—An instant afterwards the bed was shook by a convulsive motion, and a stifled cry of pain confirmed the foreboding that the unhappy man in the bed had had his throat cut. After a short pause of awful silence, the landlord said, "it is over now: look for the money." "I have found it under the pillow," said the son; "it is in a leathern belt and a pocket book." The murderers disappeared. Everything being now quiet, the traveller crept from under the bed, jumped out of the window, and hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less than three quarters of an hour the inn was surrounded by soldiers who had been summoned to arrest the murderers. The whole house seemed buried in profound silence, but on approaching the stables they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen busily digging a pit. As soon as the murderers saw the horse-dealer, they uttered a cry of horror, covered their faces with their hands, and fell to the ground. This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the ghost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak. There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary. They were then bound, and led into the out house where the horrible deed had been committed, anxious to see how the enigma would be solved. The prisoners appeared tolerably collected, or at least calm and sullen; but when, on entering the room, they perceived the body which lay on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon it with loud lamentations, clasped the bloody corpse, and exclaimed despairingly, "My son! oh my son! I thy father, am thy murderer!"

The murdered man was, in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness was the only fault this young man had; and this night, instead of being, as his father and brother supposed, in his bed, he had gone out secretly, and been carousing with some of his companions at the ale-house. Soon becoming sufficiently inebriated, and fearing his father's anger if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached out-house, as he had often done before. His companions had accompanied him thither, and helped him to climb up to the window. The rest requires no further explanation. Nor do we need to add that the murderers expiated their crime with their lives, and that the horse dealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still shudders at the recollection of that dreadful night.

(By Request.)

THE BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES OF JONATHAN.

CHAPTER III.

Now it came to pass that the Mexicans fled before Zachariah and took refuge in a certain city which is called Monterey. But Zachariah pursued them and compassed the city about with horsemen, his spearmen and his chariots of war; and he battered down the outer walls thereof, and slew many. And when the chief captains and mighty men among the Mexicans saw this, they were sore afraid, and entreated Zachariah, saying—"Wherefore shouldst thou slay our little ones with us. Spare us, and we will deliver the city unto thee." And when Zachariah heard this, and saw that they trembled for fear of him, his heart was moved to pity, and he said unto them. "So surely as ye shall deliver the city unto me, so shall ye go out therefrom unharmed." So they opened the gates of the city and Zachariah and his men of war marched in and took possession thereof.

CHAPTER IV.

But when James, the King, and Marcy, the scribe, and Ritchie, surnamed the "Father," heard these things, they were exceeding wroth, and spake unto one another saying, "Wherefore hath Zachariah spared the Mexicans and their wives and their little ones? Now surely will we make him a reproach among all the people." Then they called unto them certain of the counsellers of the land of Jonathan,—Jacob, the son of Thomson; and Wick, the son of Wicked; and Brock, the son of Brocken; and David, the son of Levi, and Brincker, the son of Hoff; and Sawyer surnamed the "Sausage;" and certain others of the council, and said, "Behold Zachariah hath betrayed the land of Jonathan, and hath spared her enemies and refused to put them to the sword. Now, therefore, let us make his name a bye word and a hissing among all the people." And they took counsel together and caused a certain writing to be prepared for the counsellors of Jonathan to sign. And when the counsellors had assembled together, Wick, the son of Wicked, and Jacob, the son of Thompson, and Sawyer, surnamed the "Sausage," arose and spake unto them, saying, "Who is this that men call Rough and Ready?" Behold he hath betrayed the land and hath spared her enemies. He is no man of war, or surely he would have destroyed the city which is called Monterey, and have put the people thereof to death. Yea, a militia Colonel of the brethren of Wick, the son of Wicked, would have shamed Zachariah and wrought more valiantly than he. Moreover, is not Zachariah a Whig—and the enemy of my Lord, the King? Wherefore, then, should we spare him?" So they signed the writing; but certain of the elder counsellors refused to sign it saying "Why should we do this great wickedness unto Zachariah?" And when James, the King, and Marcy, the scribe, and Ritchie, surnamed the Father, heard thereof, their wrath was still more enkindled—but Zachariah held his peace.

CHAPTER V.

Now Zachariah took possession of the whole country which lyeth about the city which is called Monterey, and placed his captains of hundreds and captains of thousands round about, so that the enemy might not retake it. But Marcy, the scribe, moved with enmity, wrote unto the captains of hundreds and captains of thousands, saying, "Ye shall do this, and ye shall do that." Now when Zachariah heard thereof, he wrote unto Marcy, the scribe, saying, "What is this that thou art doing? Will ye give me and my men of war to be spoiled and slain by the enemy? Behold, am I not placed here as captain, but when I command my men of war, saying, "Ye shall do this," behold they say, "Marcy, the scribe, hath written unto us, 'Ye shall not do it.' Surely this thing must not be." And when Marcy, the scribe, read this letter of Zachariah, his soul was wholly given up to anger, and he went unto the King saying, "Art thou a dog, O King, and is thy servant a dog, that Zachariah should write thus? Now, therefore, let us despoil him of his authority, and take away his chosen men of war, his horsemen and his chariots." And the saying pleased the King, and they sent for Winfield, the chief captain of all the hosts, and gave commandment accordingly.

And Winfield wrote unto Zachariah, saying, "Behold thou hast smitten the Mexicans with a strong hand and hast gotten to thyself a great name among all the people; but now I have commandment to take away thy chosen men, and thy captains, thy horsemen, thy spearmen and thy chariots of war, and go into another part of the land of the Mexicans to possess it." Now, when Zachariah read thereof, he communed with himself, saying, 'Behold Santa Anna, the chief captain of the Mexicans cometh against me with a mighty host, and I shall be left with a handful. Nevertheless I will gird up my loins and strive with him."—But when the people of the land of Jonathan heard of it, they were in sore fear for Zachariah, for they loved him much.

CHAPTER VI.

And Zachariah sent unto Winfield, the chief captain, all his chosen and mighty captains, and the greater part of his horsemen and his spearmen, according to the commandment of the King and of Marcy, his scribe. And Winfield, the chief captain, spake unto Zachariah, saying, "Now, when ye shall see Santa Anna, the chief captain of the Mexicans coming against thee with his mighty hosts *flee ye before him, and take refuge in the city which is called Monterey, lest he slay thee.* But Zachariah answered not.

CHAPTER VII.

Now, when this came to the ears of Santa Anna, the chief captain of the Mexicans, he called together his captains and said unto them, "see ye not that Zachariah is delivered into our hands? Wherefore gather together our mighty host that we may fall upon and slay and make captive the remnant of the host which is left unto him." So they went against Zachariah; but Zachariah gathered his men at a place which is called Fair View, and there awaited the enemy. Now in the morning the clouds of dust rose higher than the tops of the mountains, and there was a mighty rumbling of the chariots of war and the neighing of horses and the noise of a great host approaching. And tidings were brought unto Zachariah, saying, "Lo, a multitude as the sands of the sea!" Now, when the men of Zachariah heard this, and knew that the hosts of Santa Anna approached, their hearts were troubled; for they, 'What are we against so many?" But Zachariah comforted them, saying, "Let us gird up our loins and smite them with a heavy hand." Now, when the hosts of Santa Anna had drawn nigh unto Zachariah and saw the littleness of his band, they sent a messenger unto Zachariah, saying, "Give thyself up to us, thy men, thy horses and thy goods, so will we spare the lives of thee and thine." But Zachariah answered, saying, "Come and take us." Then the wrath of Santa Anna was kindled and he fell upon Zachariah and his little band, and they fought from the rising until the going down of the sun. And Santa Anna and his hosts fled before the face of Zachariah, for he could not prevail against him. Nevertheless, the brethren of Wick, the son of Wicked, (concerning whom he had said they were greater men of war than Zachariah,) threw down their spears and fled through fear of the enemy, neither could they be persuaded to go into the battle any more.

The Hon. Daniel Webster.

The Charleston Courier of Monday contains a very interesting account of the entertainment given by the New England Society of that city to the Hon. Daniel Webster. A. S. Willington, Esq., Vice President, presided, and a number of distinguished guests were present. After the cloth had been removed, Benjamin Faneuil Hunt, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents, made a speech highly complimentary to Mr. Webster, and closed by offering the following sentiment:

Our Guest—He has a heart big enough to comprehend his whole country—a head wise enough to discern her best interests—we cheer him on his way to view her in all her various aspects, well assured that the more he sees of her, the better he will like her.

When the repeated cheering with which this toast was received by the company had died away, Mr. Webster rose and responded in a strain of rich and thrilling eloquence, and, before resuming his seat, offered the following:

The People of South Corolina: Distinguished for their hospitality and high social virtues, as much so, as for the great names, which in past times, and also in later times, they have given to the public service of the country.

Addresses were made in the course of the evening by Gen. Hamilton, Col. Elmore, Judge O'Nealle and others. Gen. H. proposed—

The Memory of Robert Y. Hayne: A champion worthy to have contended with Daniel Webster, and to have borne on high the glorious banner of our State.

This toast was quaffed standing and in silence. On the company being again seated, Mr. Webster rose and said—

The gentleman has anticipated me in the tribute he has paid to the memory of his friend, in what I intended to say in the course of the evening. I cordially concur, from the bottom of my heart, in every sentiment he has eloquently and feelingly uttered. If it was my fortune to be opposed to that gentleman in debate, on an important national question, it only gave me a better opportunity of recognising his very eminent ability, which was not even surpassed by his gentlemanly accomplishments. I am happy in this assembly to have an opportunity of bearing testimony to his elevated patriotism, his high honor and incorruptible integrity. No one out of the circle of his immediate relatives and friends more sincerely sympathized in the great public loss that his death occasioned. With this appreciation we can then well afford to offer another tribute to his distinguished worth, I will give you—

The Memory of Robert Y Hayne: A gentleman of courteous and polished manners, of irreproachable life, a lawyer of distinction and eminence, a statesman of ability and talent, and a highly favored son of his native State.

At a later hour in the evening Mr. Webster again rose, and, amidst roars of laughter, spoke playfully, in substance as follows:

"I come to the South to gratify a reasonable curiosity, to see the people, and the country, and to meet with those personal friends, whose acquaintance I have had the pleasure to make, in public life, or in private circles at the North. Of course, I think of no such thing as political discussion, or any allusion to subjects, in regard to which I am known to entertain opinions different from such as are embraced by those who so kindly receive and entertain me. It is no part of my purpose to attempt to make proselytes to my own opinions. Indeed, in the midst of the liberality, hospitality, and intelligence of the South, I shall do well, if I escape from being proselyted myself. In inviting me to meet them in public, my fellow citizens frequently remark, that they tender their civilities, notwithstanding the existence of known difference, on political questions. This is very proper and naturally heightens the personal respect, which they wish to extend to me. But I should be greatly mortified, if it were, any where, thought necessary to make such a suggestion, by way of caution, against the indiscreet introduction of political topics. The circles of social intercourse are, of course, closed against discussion and debate, and I should be ashamed to be thought capable of obtruding my own political opinions on those who surround me on such occasions.

Gentlemen, allow me to tell you of an incident. At Raleigh a gentleman purposing to call on me asked his son, a little lad, if he did not wish to go and see Mr. Webster. The boy answered, 'is it that Mr. Webster who made the spelling book—and sets me so many hard lessons?—if that is the man, I never want to see him, as long as I live.'

"Now, gentlemen, I am that Mr. Webster, who holds sentiments, on some subjects, not altogether acceptable, I am sorry to say, to some portions of the South. But I set no lessons. I make no spelling books. If I spell out some parts of the Constitution of the United States, in a manner different from that practiced by others, I readily concede, nevertheless, to all others, a right to disclaim my spelling, and adopt an orthography more suitable to their own opinions, leaving all to that general public judgment, to which we must, in the end, all submit."

Mr. Webster then feelingly and touchingly took leave of the company; and retired, in the midst of three times three, from the gratified—the delighted assemblage.

Gen. Hamilton, as soon as Mr. Webster concluded, and was retiring, rose and remarked that although their estimable guest had refused to publish any Spelling Books or Easy Readers for young beginners, yet, on that gentleman's departure, he could not refrain from offering the following toast:

Here is to the agreeable Schoolmaster—who sets no lessons.

☞ A boy in Jamaica was driving a mule—the animal was sullen, stopped, and turned his arched neck round upon the boy, as if in defiance and contempt.

"Won't go, will you? Feel grand, do you? I guess you forget your father was a jackass?"

☞ "What is the matter with you, Cæsar?"

"Dat nigger dat lib down de ally hit me on de mouf wip his fist."

"Well, didn't you strike him back again, Cæsar?"

"No, massa, but I strike *him head!*"

☞ A waggish friend of ours, says the Worcester Budget, attempted to count the sleepy heads in church. He counted as high as fifty, and then—fell asleep himself!

☞ "Pay me that six-and-eight pence you owe me, Mr. Muhooney," said a village attorney to his client.

"For what?"

"For the opinion you had of me."

"Faith, I never had *any opinion* of you, in all my life."

☞ The Buckeye Blacksmith is lecturing on temperance at Hagerstown in this State, besides "doing the agreeable" to the citizens in the way of Daguerreotypes.