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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. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. JUNE 12, 1847. NO. 7.

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
Silver Lepine Watches, jew'd, 1st qual. 14 00
Superior Quarter Watches, 10 00
Common quarter watches, not war. 5 00
Gold Spectacles, 8 00
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, a great variety, Wrought and Cast Iron ORNAMENTS, suitable for Railings, and other purposes.

The subscriber would also state that in the 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 resulting upon the high reputation which they have attained, not only throughout the United States, but in the West Indies and elsewhere, 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, Red Inks, Copying Inks, Indelible Ink Powder, all prepared under his own personal superintendence, so that the buyers may depend upon its superior quality.

Hover's Adamantine Cement, a superior article for Mending Glass, China, Cabinets, &c., useful to every Housekeeper, is a white liquid, easily applied, and not affected by ordinary heat—warranted. Pamphlets, containing numerous testimonials of men of science, and others, will be furnished to purchasers.

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, leaving lower end of Dugan's wharf. Will leave Centreville at 11 o'clock, and Chester Town at 1 o'clock for Baltimore. Fare $1.

All baggage at the owner's risk.

L. G. TAYLOR.

April 20, 1847.

Lumber.

RECEIVED and for sale 40,000 feet assorted Boards.

A. W. SPARKS.

Chester Town, March 27, 1847.

LADIES slippers from 12½ to $1.

ICKES & BRO.

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

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

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months

☞For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.

POETRY.

ON BUENA VISTA'S BLOODY FIELDS.

Written for the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.

COL. HENRY PETRIKEN.

On Buena Vista's bloody field,
A soldier, dying, lay,
His thoughts were of his mountain home,
Some thousand miles away;—
He called his comrade to his side,
For much had he to say,
In briefest time, to those who were
Some thousand miles away.

My father, comrade, you will tell,
About this bloody fray—
My country's standard, say to him,
Was safe with me to-day.
I've made a pillow of it now,
On which to lay my head,
A winding sheet you'll make of it,
When I am with the dead.

I know 'twill grieve his inmost soul,
To think that never more,
I'll sit with him beneath the oak,
That shades his cottage door;
But tell the time-worn patriot,
That, mindful of his fame,
Upon this bloody battle field,
I sullied not his name.

My mother's form is with me now,
Her wail is in mine ear,
And drop by drops, as flows my blood,
So drops from her the tear;
Then, oh! when you shall tell to her,
The tidings of this day,
Speak softly, comrade—softly speak
What you may have to say.

Speak not to her in hurried words,
The blighting news you hear,
The cords of life might snap too soon,
So comrade, have a care;
I am her only, cherished child,
But, tell her that I died,
Rejoicing that she taught me young,
To take my country's side.

But, comrade, there is one, I fain,
Once more would look upon,
She lives upon the sloping hill
That overlooks the lawn;
The lawn, where I shall never more,
In spring-times pleasant hours,
Go forth with her, in merry mood,
To gather woodland flowers.

Tell her when death was on my brow,
And life receding fast,
Her voice, her form, her parting words,
Were with me to the last;
On Buena Vista's bloody field,
Tell her, I dying, lay,
And that I knew she thought of me,
Some thousand miles away.

THE CARNIVAL, OR THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY JULES JANIN.

WE will now go back to a period still prior to the night of the Carnival. The cruel imprisonment of young Napoleon by the Austrian government is well known to the world, and has, perhaps, more deeply moved the sympathies of the young of all nations, than the fate of any other living personage. During this imprisonment, when at the age of seventeen, he was detained for some weeks at a monastery, the garden of which adjoined that of the castle of General Count ——, who had an only daughter of fourteen, who often came to the barrier and by the indulgence of his keepers talked with the prince; for she knew his story and felt for his sad fate.—They thus became acquainted, and the prince, from being grateful, became enamored with the beautiful, generous hearted girl, who, in many ways tried to soften the rigors of his imprisonment. After the prince was removed, to closer quarters in the city, this young maiden deeply interested her confessor in his fate. Three years passed on, during which interval, by accident, she had twice met the young Napoleon, and they had interchanged glances. It was enough. Each felt that they were beloved. At length the maiden resolved to make a bold effort to effect his escape. Father —— she knew was her firm friend, and a friend also of the unfortunate prince, for he had been in Bonaparte's army. To him she committed her plans. True to the confidence in him, he seconded her wishes. He succeeded in corrupting the prince's confessor so far as to make him the medium of a correspondence between the two lovers. This correspondence continued for some time, when the prince declared his passion and his desire to be united with her. He was now twenty one, she seventeen, and both were beautiful; he, tall and manly, she lovely as womanhood in its first spring-time.

But how should he escape? how should they meet—how should they be united—how should they afterwards fly?

These were obstacles indeed, but Love is powerful, and will prevail. At length circumstances favored them. A masquerade was to take place the third night of the Carnival; and this suggested an idea to her mind. She sought her confessor, and through him her plan was made known to the Prince, who had, the day before, in a note written, "whenever you can find a shelter for me without, I feel confident of being able to elude my sentinels. It is not so difficult to escape from the garden, as to elude observation in the street, for my person is known to every soldier in the city; for once a month my good relative, the Emperor, passes them in review, or rather me in review before them at my balcony. I have discovered a tree which I can easily ascend, (having been practising it, seemingly, for exercise) from which extends a lateral limb which touches another growing from another tree. Along this I can reach the branch of a third tree, and so a fourth and fifth, till the last limb brings me within reach of the wall, which is a hundred feet distant from the first tree. I can pass along these limbs, if I can leap unobserved into the tree, entirely concealed by the foliage. This way, if any, affords me the means of escape."

It has been seen that he availed himself of it with sidgular success. This is the note in reply to his, which led him to make the attempt.

"My noble friend will avail himself of the means he has explained, when he next walks in the garden, at 4 P. M. A Capuchin will receive him, and conduct him to his monastery, which is close at hand.—There he will ascertain what further touches his safety."

The prince, on letting himself down from the wall, was hurried by the monk into the court of the monastery, and conducted to his cell. There, to his surprise, the prince beheld the disguise of a Venetian cavalier, which a note from the daughter of Count —— desired him to assume. He obeyed, and then looked to the monk for further instructions.

"Is it your highness's desire to be wedded to the maiden who has facilitated your escape?" asked the monk.

"This would only complete the happiness of this hour of freedom," he answered warmly. "Our hearts are one, father; why may not our hands be?"

"Then hear the plans arranged for this consummation. To-night is the great masquerade at the Hotel de l'Empereur! It is planned that you accompany the Countess —— hither—she in the costume of a noble Venetian lady. There, I shall also be present, and during the various scenes that take place there for the amusement of the guests, you shall come up to me, and gayly propose to be united to the lady for the entertainment of the company. I will then proceed and go through with the marriage ceremony, which shall solemnly unite you."

"This is well conceived, and may succeed," said the Prince. "But how shall I meet with the fair Countess Nitenne?"

"Come with me" answered the Capuchin, leading the way along the shadow of the corridor to a postern, which he opened and passed through.

A few minutes' walk through the streets, which were filled with maskers, among whom they attracted no particular attention, brought them into a lane in the rear of the gardens of the General Count ——.

"Wait here a few moments, your highness," said the Capuchin, unlocking a private gate and disappearing in the garden.

Before the prince had time to grow impatient, the monk reappeared, leading the Countess Nitenne, whom young Napoleon ardently clasped to his heart. In a minute afterwards, a carriage, which the monk had provided came up, and getting into it, they drove to the Hotel de l'Empereur, leaving the monk, who said he would soon follow.

"Your highness will not remove your mask during the evening," he added to the prince, as he took his leave.

"No," answered the prince, firmly.

"There is to be a mock marriage in the other part of the saloon," said several of the maskers; and a general movement of the crowd was made toward that quarter, to witness it. In the midst stood the Venetian cavalier and the lady, both masked, but both striking, from the grace and dignity of their persons and carriage. Near them stood the Capuchin. A marble pedestal was converted into an altar, by placing upon it a crucifix and candles snatched from the candelabra.

"Kneel, children!" said the Capuchin, solemnly. They knelt, and the monk proceeded to go through the service, while all the crowd stood around, observing it as they would a scene in play.

The Emperor and his Minister, Metternich, and General the Count ——, were still together, when a messenger entered and announced an officer of the guard. He was admitted.

"Pardon, your majesty—but if the Prince Napoleon has not escaped, there is in Vienna a person whose voice and carriage are his own."

"What mean you? Of whom do you speak?"

"A mask, attired as a Venetian cavalier, who entered the hall a few minutes since, as I was loitering near. He refused to lift his vizor, and forced his way in with a lady on his arm, also masked, and habited as a Venetian. His resemblance in voice and air to the prince, induced me to hasten hither to inform your majesty."

"You have done well Col. Necker. I give you my commands to take with you sufficient means, and arrest, and bring before me this cavalier. Haste, and return soon, with him and the lady in custody. Metternick, you will also accompany him. It must be our flown bird."

"And he is as silly as a bird, to appear thus publicly. I will soon ascertain who this cavalier is, your highness."

The ceremony of marriage was ended, and the priest was pronouncing his benediction, when a commotion was apparent in the further part of the hall near the door and the throng gave way in terror before the stride of Metternich and the officers of the Imperial Police.

"What means all this?" demanded Metternich of a general officer, as he came near.

"A mock marriage, prince—but, by the mass! the priest hath done it with a grace and action as if he were in rich earnest.—There stands the happy couple, who, were the Capuchin not a priest in masquerade, are as safely tied as ever were man and wife!"

"They are the two," said Col. Necker.

"It is *he!* arrest them. Also the Capuchin!"

The prince resisted and drew his sword. In the melee, his mask fell off and betrayed to all eyes, the well known features of the captive prince. There was a general utterance of surprise, and a feeling of deep interest! Simultaneously, several of the maskers made a movement so as to obstruct the police, and favor his escape. He was soon separated from Prince Metternich and Colonel Necker, and before the mass could be penetrated, the bridegroom and bride had been assisted by some French officers out of the hall into a carriage. Several of the gentlemen sprang upon the box and the foot-board, and it drove with rapidity to a cisiant part of the city, where the prince and his bride were soon in safety in a retired mansion near the wall, occupied by a French officer.—Here they remained many a month secreted, while every means were set on foot by the Emperor for their discovery, and at the same time plans were constantly forming by their friends for getting them out of the city.

At length their retreat was discovered. The prince was arrested, but his wife escaped in disguise, and reached Paris. His confinement was now more rigorous than before, the severity of which, added to his grief at the separation from his lovely and devoted wife, soon wore upon his spirits and health; and in a few months afterwards he died a captive. The Princess Nittenne, who had implored to share his captivity, and had been forcibly borne from danger by the faithful French officer, on hearing of his death, gave birth to a son, and surrendered up her life. This child, the *grandson* of Napoleon, still lives not far from Paris, a treasure dearly guarded and cherished by those who, disappointed in their hopes of his father, vainly look forward to the day when France shall once more rule the nation under the destiny of a Napoleon.

The Great Crater in the Moon.

Modern improvements in the Telescope seem to have given a new impulse and interest every where to astronomical research. We have a remarkably description of one of those vast caverns or *craters* in the Moon, from fifty to sixty miles in diameter, to which the telescope of Lord Rossee has introduced the inhabitants of our earth. To this crater the name of Tycho has been given, and the following high graphic, though somewhat indistinct, account of it is taken from Dr. Nicol's "Contemplations on the Solar System:"

"Wandering through a district perhaps the most chaotic in the moon, where ranges, peaks, round the mountains with flat tops, are intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion; where there is no plain larger than a common field, and that rent by fissures and strewn with blocks that have fallen from the overhanging precipices, we descry in the horizon what seems an immense ride stretching further than the eye can carry us, and reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. On approaching this wall, through a country still as toilsome, it appears not so steep, but to have an outward sloping, which, however rough, is yet practicable to the strong of head and firm in knee. Ascend, then, oh traveller! Averting your eyes from the burning sun, and having gained the summit, examine the landscape beyond. Land scape? It is a type for the most horrible dream—a thing to be thought of only with a shudder.

"We are on the top of a circular precipice, which seems to have enclosed a space fifty five miles in diameter, from all the living world for ever and ever. Below, where the wall casts its shadow, it is black as Orcus; no eye can penetrate its utter gloom; but where daylight has touched the base chasm its character is disclosed. Giddy it must be stand on the summit of Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau, or Teneriffe; but suppose Jacques Balmat, when he set the first foot on that loftiest Alpine peak, had found on the other side, not the natural mountain he had ascended, but one unbroken precipice thirteen thousand feet deep, below which a few terraces disturbed the uniformity, and at some ten miles distance from its base, a chasm deeper, from where he looked, by two thousand feet than Mont Blanc is elevated above the level of the sea—would even the stout Swiss have brought home his senses? or rather would he have returned at all, and not lain there to this hour fascinated as by ten thousand rattle snakes?

"But onwards, and to the bottom of this mysterious place! No foot of man can take us there, so that we must borrow a wing from the condor. Off, then—down, down, and arrive! It is, indeed, a terrible place! There are mountains in it, especially a centrall one, four thousand feet high, and five or six concentric ridges of nearly the same height, encircling the chasm; but the eye can rest on nothing except that impassable wall, without breach, only with a few pinnacles on its top, towering seventeen thousand feet aloft on every side, at the short distance of twenty-seven miles, and baffling our escape into the larger world. Nothing here but the scorching sun and burning sky; no rain ever refreshes it, no cloud ever shelters it; only benign Night, with its stars, and the mild face of the Earth. But we tarry no longer; so off again, and rest for a moment on the top of the highest pinnacle. Look around now, and away from Tycho. What a scene! Those round hills with flat tops are craters, and the whole visible surface is studded with them; all of less diameter than Tycho, but probably as deep.

"Look yet further. What are those dazzling beams, like liquid silver, passing in countless multitudes away from us along the whole surface of the moon? Favorites they are of the sun; for he illumixes them more than all else besides, and assimilates them to his own burning glory. And see! they go on every side from Tycho. In his very centre, overspreading the very chasm we have left, there is, now that the sun has further ascended, a plain of brilliant light; and outside the wall, at this place at least, a large space of similar splendor, from which these rays depart. What they are we know not, but they spread over at least one third of the moon's whole surface. And so this chasm which, in first rashness, we termed a hideous dream, is bound indissolubly to that orb, on which, when the heart is pained, one longs to look and be consoled, and through her to the beneficent universe, even by those silver though mystic cords."

The War.

The following striking and melancholy contrast between the beginning and the end of a twelve months' campaign is presented in the New Orleans Delta:

THE HEROES OF MONTEREY.—Just one year ago there marched through our streets as noble and splendid a body of men as ever went forth to battle. They were about nine hundred strong. The men were in the vigor of youthful manhood, and as, in perfect order and with military precision, they paraded through our city, the admiration of our people broke forth in loud applause of the gallant array. This was the first Tennessee regiment, under the heroic veteran Col. Campbell. They left our city, fresh from their own happy homes in the mountains and by the river sides in healthful Tennessee, full of hope, ambition and patriotism; they departed in cheerful spirits, and with impatient ardor for the scene of war.

Arrived in the hostile country, they were soon involved in all the sufferings, deprivations, ennui and sickness incident to camp life. Disease made tearful havoc in their ranks. Scores returned to their homes, broken down in health and spirits, ere they had seen a hostile face. When the dullness and miseries of camp life were changed into the stir and excitement of the march and the battle field, this regiment was the foremost in the storm, and the first in the havoc and destruction which the enemy poured into our ranks in the bloody charge at Monterey. One third of them lay gasping in death, or under severe wounds, on the plains. But those who were left were undismayed, and nobly sustained their ground amid the iron tempest hurled upon them from the enemy's covered works.

Monterey yielded to the irresistible valor of such men. Then ensued a long camp life, more dreadful to the soldier than the bloodiest battles. Then came long toil some marches, terminating in no glorious or animating results. Then they embarked in Scott's proud army for the grand affair at Vera Cruz. Next we find them in the charge on the formidable batteries of the enemy at Cerro Gordo. Again they join their hurrahs with those of our whole army over the triumph of our arms. But their service approaches a close. Having faithfully served their country, they desire to give way to others, and return to the bosoms of their families, where anxious hearts have so long pined their perilous absence.

On Friday last the whole of this gallant regiment, whose history we have thus briefly sketched, arrived in our city. It numbers *just three hundred and fifty*; about one third the force with which it left. And this loss it has sustained in a twelve months' campaign. It has averaged a loss of fifty men a month.

☞Two hundred years ago last Saturday, 29th ult, the first General Assembly met in the Colony of Rhode Island, and the first government was organized under the original charter, granted by the Parliment of England to the towns of Providence, Portsmouth and Newport, constituting them a political corporation, under the name of the Province of Providence Plantations in New England. The charter bears date in March, 1644. It was brought to this country in the autumn of the same year by Roger Williams, through whose agency it had been obtained.

Long Speeches.

Bradbury of the Cincinnatti News, tells a capital story about a man, who, some years ago, was indicted in the Grand Circuit Court, State of Kentucky, for the crime of petit larceny. Determined not to surrender at discretion, the prisoner appeared on the day of trial, "by himself and counsel," as the law of that State permits. The evidence was heard, upon which it clearly appeared that the defendant had been guilty of stealing "one bag of corn worth two dollars and twenty cents." Nothing daunted but the array of facts against his client, the lawyer rose, and poured out an argument *two hours in length*. When he concluded, the jury retired, and after a brief consultatation, returned a verdict of "petit larceny." The attorney moved for a new trial, which was granted by the Court, and the case again brought before the jury.—This time the lawyer spoke *three hours and a half*, the result of which was a verdict by the jury of "guilty of *grand* larceny." Again the attorney rose to move a new trial. He squared himself, and commenced in a style of grandiloquence worthy of an itinerant tragedian. He had spoken but a few words when the prisoner rushed forward, seized him violently by the arm and exclaimed: "*Hush, hush, for Heaven's sake hush! Another speech will hang me as sure as I'm a living man!*"

ANECDOTE OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.—I was told a little anecdote on the spot, which, I presume, is true, though I cannot vouch for it. It seems that, among other things, Mr. Smithson's wardrobe was sent to this country and through some mistake, found its way to the Orphan Asylum in this city. In a utilitarian point of view, it certainly could not have been better disposed of, but when it came to the knowledge of Mr. Owen, it struck him, that that was not the destiny, exactly, for which it was intended; and he accordingly proceeded, with some ladies, to look into the matter. They found most of the articles cut into garments for the use of little orphans, and the overcoat of the great man—("To what base uses may we come at last") —employed to cover a potato barrel! However, after brushing and shaking it, they decided that it would do well for a relic. They also secured a couple of vests, and they are all that remain, to show what once he wore.—*Home Jour.*

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far west clasps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange buds are the bridal crowns with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. The should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—*Mrs. Child.*

WHAT SHALL I TAKE.—A lady of our acquaintance, says an exchange paper, young, lovely, and intelligent, called on a celebrated physician to do "something" for a rush of blood to her head. "I have been doctoring myself," said the languid fair one, with a smile to the bluff, though kind M. D., while he was feeling her pulse. "Ah! how?" "Why, I have taken Brandreth's Pills, Farr's Pills, Strandberg's Pill's, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Jayne's Expectorant, used Dr. Sherman's Lozenges and Plaster, and—" "My heavens, madam," interrupted the astonished doctor, "all these do your complaint no good?" "No! then what shall I take?" pettishly inquired the patient. "Take?" exclaimed the doctor, eyeing her from head to foot. "Take?" exclaimee he, after a moment's reflection—"take? why take off your corsets!"

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—Two negro men in the West, went out possum hunting, and by an accident fonnd a large cave with a small entrance. Peeping in, they discovered three young bear whelps in the interior. "Look heah, Sam," said one, "while I goes dar, and gets de young bar, you jest watch heah for de old bar." Sam got asleep in the sun, when, opening his eyes, he suddenly espied the old she bear scrouging her way into the cage. Quick as wink, he caught her by the tail and held on like blazes. "Hello, dar!" said Jumbo, in the cave; "hello, dar, Sam, what darke de hole dar?" "Lord bless you, Jumbo, save yourself, honey, for if dis tail cum out, you'll soon find out what darke de hole!"

REQUISITES FOR GOING TO LAW.—To him that goes to law nine things are requisite:

1. A good deal of Money
2. A good deal of Patience.
3. A good Cause.
4. A good Attorney.
5. A good Counsel.
6. A good Evidence.
7. A good Jury.
8. A good Judge, and
9. Good Luck.

THE politest man in the world, is the editor of the N. O. Jeffersonian. Accused of kissing an old maid, he declares upon his honor that he never saw one.