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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 19, 1847. NO. 8.

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 in 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.

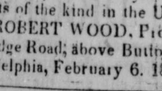
Hover's Adamantine Cement, a superior article for Mending Glass, China, Cabinet Ware, &c., useful to every Housekeeper, being a white liquid, easily applied, and not affected by ordinary heat—warranted.

☞ Pamphlets, containing numerous testimoniale 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.

February 6, '47. 1y

For Chester Town and Centreville. THE STEAMER



MARYLAND,

WILL leave Baltimore on WEDNESDAY, the 24th inst., for Chester town and Centreville, from her usual place starting lower end of Dugan's wharf. Will leave Centreville at 11 o'clock, and Chester Town at 1 o'clock for Baltimore. Passage $1.

N. B. All baggage at the owner's risk.

L. G. TAYLOR.

March 20, 1847.

Lumber.

RECEIVED and for sale 40,000 feet seasoned Bords.

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 from 1to $4. 2½

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.

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

Written for the Blue Hen's Chicken,

BY THE MILFORD BARD.

To arms! to arms! the the battle's blast,
Hath rung thro' Monterey;
And Montezuma's halls at last,
Our bugle shall obey.

To arms! to arms! the tide of war
Rolls on—the foe is high;
Let shrieking cities from afar,
With terror hear the cry.

To arms! to arms! your brothers bled
On Cerro Gordo's height;
Remember Ringgold and the dead,
At Palo Alto's fight.

To arms! to arms! ye heroes brave,
For now your country calls;
Plant freedom's flag or gnd a grave,
On Mexico's proud walls.

To arms!—let glory's banner blaze,
High o'er a hundred hills;
While terror, as the Gotnics gaze.
Each blood-stain'd bosom fills.

To arms!—the knell of vengeance dread,
Sounds in your ears ye brave;
Avenge the memory of our dead,
Win glory or a grave.

GRAND SCHEME OF EMIGRATION FOR 1847.

Written for the Dublin Mail.

The Brewers should to Malta go,
The Loggerheads to Scilly,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The Furiers all to Chili.

The little squalling, bawling brats,
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed oo to Babylon,—
To Lapland or to Brest.

From Spithead, Cooks go o'er to Greece;
And while the miser waits
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spendthrifts are in the Straits.

Spinsters should to the Needles go,
Wine-bibbers to Burgundy;
Gourmands should lunch at Sanwich Isles,
Wags in the Bay of Fundy.

Musicians! hasten to the Sound—
The surpliced Priest to Rome;
While still the race of Hypocrites
At Canton are at Home.

Lovers should hasten to Good Hope—
To some Dape Horn is pain,
Debtors should go to Oh-io,
And Sailors to the Maine.

Hie, Bachelors to the United States!
Maids to the Isle of Man.
Let Gard'ners all to Botany go,
And S hoeblacks to Japan.

Thus Emigrants, and misplaced men,
Will then no longer vex us;
And all that aint provided for
Had better go to Texas.

DAN MARBLE'S LAST.

When our friend was in town a few weeks since, says the editor of the N. Y. Spirit, he related to us the following story, which excited our risables not a little:—

John Smith is known to be a very fast talker, and sometimes will exaggerate a little. In describing the blowing up of a Steamboat on the Mississippi, he stated that he was travelling by ohe, ann landed at Helena (Arkansas), to drop some letters in the Post Office; hearing a loud explosion, and turning, he saw the air filled with arms, legs, heads, &c. "The Captain," he said, "as fine a fellow as ever lived, a short, thick-set man, weighing about two hundred, was blown one hundred and nine feet in the air! Coming down, he struck in the sand with such force, hat he went entirely out of sight—was completely buried! The Pilot, a very tall man, seven feet two, was blown about ten feet higher than the Captain, with the wheel in his hand, and struck within a few feet of the Captain, up to his armpits! Still holding on the wheel he cried—"I have done my duty, and can do no more!" The Second Clerk, after taking a flight of one hundred and fifty feet, (I knew him well, as I saw him sailing in the air, for I had drank with him not ten minutes before) came down through the roof of a Shoemaker's shop, and landed on the floor close by the shoemaker, who was at work. He jumped up to go to the assistance of the other sufferers, when the 'man of wax' demanded $5 for the damage done to his roof 'Too high,' replied the Clerk, 'never paid more than $2,50 in my life, *and I've done the same thing often!*'"

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

"But the most brilliant action of Wayne's life, and one of the most illustrative of his character, was the storming of Stony Point. Washington, at Wayne's request, had organized a corps of light infantry, and put him over it, with directions to take this stronghold. This fortress was apparently impregnable to any storming party; for, situated on a hill, it was washed by the Hudson on two sides, while on the other lay a marsh which every tide overflowed. Beside these natural defences, a double row of *abattis* surrounded the entire hill, and on the top were high ramparts bristling with cannon. Six hundred veteran troops garrisoned this rock; sufficient, one would think, to defend it against five times the number. But it was no common obstacle that could deter Wayne when his mind was once made up, and he determined, formidable as it was, to execute the task assigned him or perish in the attempt. It is said that while conversing with Washington on the proposed expedition, he remarked:—"General, if *you* will only plan it, I will storm *H—l*"

"He carefully reconnoitered the ground, and having ascertained the exact position of things, formed his plan of attack. On the 15th of July, 1779, he started from Sandy Beach, fovrteen miles distant, and at eight in the evening arrived within a mile and a half of the fortress. It was now twilight; and the mild summer evening with its cooling breeze stole over the water—the stars came out one by one on the sky, and the tranquil river flowed by in majestic silence, and all was sweet and peaceful. While nature was thus reposing in beauty around him, Wayne, with his strong soul wrought up to the task before him, stood in the gathering shades of the evening, and gazed long and anxiously in the direction of the fort.

"Over hills, across morasses, and along the broken shores of the Hudson, he had led his little army noiselessly, in Indian file, and now waited for the deepening night to lock his enemies in slumber. Still undiscovered by the garrison, he began to reconnoitre the works more closely, and at half past eleven put his columns in motion. He divided his army into two portions, one of which was to enter the fortress on the right, and the other on the left. In advance of each went a forlorn hope of twenty men, to remove the piles of rubbish that were stretched in double rows around the rock, and placed just where the batteries could mow down the assailants fastest Behind these forlorn hopes marched two companies of a hundred and fifty men each. Wayne knew that everything must rest on the bayonet, and so he ordered the load of every musket of those two companies to be drawn, while the first man who should take his from his shoulder or utter a word without orders, or attempt to retreat, was to be put to death by the officer nearest him. Silently these devoted bands submitted to the desperate measures, and fixing a piece of white paper in their caps to distinguish them from the enemy, gallantly moved forward at the low word of command. At midnight the two columns, headed by their forlorn hopes, came in sight of the fortress, along whose dark ramparts the sentinel was lazily treading his accustomed round, while the deep 'All's! well' fell faintly on the listening ear. Grim and still the huge black rock loomed up against the sky, soon to shake with its own thunder. and stand a blazing volcano in the midnight heavens. Noiseless and swift the fearless patriots kept on their way, when lo! as they came to the marsh, they saw only a smooth sheet of water—the tide was up flooding the whole ground; the brave fellows paused a moment, as this new and unexpected obstacle crossed their path, but at the stern 'forward' of their leaders, they boldly plunged in, and without a drum or bugle note to cheer their steady courage, moved in dead silence straight on the palisades. The noise had now alarmed the sentinels, and the rapid discharge of their muskets thro' the gloom, was followed by lights, moving swiftly about upon the ramparts, and hurried shouts of '*To arms! to arms!*' and the fierce roll of drums, rousing up the garrison from its dream of security. The next moment that dark rock was one mass of flame, as the artillery and musketry opened along its sides, shedding a lurid light on the countenances of the men below, and '*Advance! advance!*' rung in startling accents along the ranks.

"The ramparts were alive with soldiers, and amid shouts and hurried words of command, the fiery torrent from the summit kept rolling on those devoted men.—The water around them was driven into spray by the grape shot and balls that fell in an incessant shower, while the hissing, bursting shells, traversing the air in every direction, added inconceivable terror to the scene. Yet those forlorn hopes toiled vigorously on, and heaved away at the *abattis* to open a gap for the column, that, without returning a shot, stood and crumbled under the fire, waiting with fixed bayonets to rush to the assault. At the head of one of these was Wayne, chafing like a lion in the toils, at the obstacles that arrested his progress. The forlorn hope in front of him worked steadily on in the very blaze of the batteries, and the rapid blows of their axes were heard in the intervals of the thunder of artillery that shook the midnight air, while one after another dropped dead in his footsteps, till out of the twenty that started, only three stood up unharmed. Yet still their axes fell steady and strong until an opening was made, through which the columns could pass, and then the shout of Wayne was heard above the din and tumult, summoning his followers on. With fixed bayonets they marched sternly through the portals made at such a noble sacrifice, and pressed furiously forward—through the morass—over every obstacle—up to the very mouths of the cannon, and up the rocky acclivity, they stormed on, crushing everything in their passage. Towering at the head of his shattered column, pointing still onward and upward with his glittering blade, and sending his thrilling shout back over his followers, Wayne strode steadily up the height, till at length, struck in the head by a musket-ball, he fell backward amid the ranks. Instantly rising on one knee, he cried out—"March on! Carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column!" And those heroes put their brave arms around him and bore him onward. Not a shot was fired, but taking the rapid volleys on their unshrinking breasts, their bayonets glittering in the flash of the enemy's guns, they kept on over the living and dead, smiting down the veteran ranks that threw themselves in vain valor before them, till they reached the centre of the fort, where they met the other column, which, over the same obstacles, had achieved the same triumph. At the sight of each other, one loud shout shook the heights and rolled down the bleeding line—was again sent back till the Heavens rung with the wild huzzas, and then the flag of freedom went up and flaunted proudly away on the midnight air. The thick volumes of smoke that lay around that rock, slowly lifted and rolled up the Hudson, the stars appeared once more in the sky, and all was over. The lordly river went sweeping by as it had done during the deadly strife that cast such a baleful light on its bosom, and darkness and deathlike silence shrouded the shores. Mournfully and slow those forlorn hopes and their brave companions who had fallen in the assault, were brought up from their gory beds and conveyed to the grave.

"Wayne's wound proved not to be severe—the ball having only grazed the skull for two inches, and he lived to wear the laurels a grateful nation placed on his brow. The country rung with his name, and Congress presented him with a gold medal. The whole plan of the assault was most skillfully laid, and the bearing of Wayne throughout was gallant in the extreme. He chose the post of dauger at the head of his column, and led his men where even the bravest might shrink to follow, and when struck and apparently dying, heroically demanded to be carried forward, that he might die in the arms of victory, or be left where the last stand was made. His troops were worthy of such a leader, and more gallant officers never led men into battle."

An Irish Letter.

Copy of a letter written during the Rebellion by Sir Patrick ——, an Irish member of Parliament, to his friend in London.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are (thank God!) killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty muss—can get nothing to eat, nor wine to drink, except whiskey—and when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this, I hold a sword in each hand, and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it; and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it till this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town—the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing under the French standard; but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately, every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force quite too little; and we were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face—but at it they went, and by the time that half of our little party were killed, we began to be alive again. Fortunately the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses and pikes; and as we had plenty of guns and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some who were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were of different colors, but all green. After the action we went to rumaging a sort of camp which they left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all around the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste.

Yours, truly,

PATRICK ——.

P. S—If you do not receive this, of course it miscarried; therefore I beg you will let me know."

The School Master Abroad.

The Baltimore Clipper tells a good story, of which the following is the substance:

A board of "School Commissioners," who encumbered a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspapers for "a well disposed, moral man, who was capable of teaching the dead languages, and did not chew tobacco or drink whiskey." After a fortnight of this advertising had been elaborated, a raw boned Yankee made his appearance, with a knife in one hand, and a Cape Cod Protection, alias a cake of gingerbread, in the other; and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:

"Well, sir," said the chairman eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school teacher?"

"I guess I do," answered Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin?" asked one of the committee men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick again rounding the end of the stick with his knife.

"Well, lets hear some of your Latin," said the Chairman.

"Quambo hic squashicum, et punkinton lingum," said Slick drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "ish dat Latin? Who's te autor?"

"Josephus," replied Slick, "he says in his life of Governor Hancock, 'Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hancocibus quaderat demonstraudum'"

"Dat's goot!" exclaimed the Dutchman rubbing his hands, "tere never was petter Latins!"

"Now, sir," said the chairman, "I suppose you understand geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the District of Columby."

"What State is it in?"

"A State of desperation."

"What latitude are we in?"

"According to the thermometer, we are ten degrees below zero."

"What is the most western point of N. America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir let us know how far you have studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends upon the quality," replied Slick, snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well, suppose it be corn land."

"Why, it depends upon the number of hills."

"Say five hundred."

"Guess you might as well tell a feller how many grains to the hill."

"Five."

"Then, accordin' to Euclid, it would be 760 feet horizontally perpendicular"

"Excellent! Pray, where are you from."

"Stanton, down in the Bay State—and I can do most anything."

"No doubt; but there is one thing you cannot do; you cannot humbug us. You can go."

A SENTINEL'S SOLIQUY.

The Zenia Torch Light published a letter from a returned volunteer who belonged to the St. Louis Legion, from which we extract the following anecdote:

The locos claim that their defeat in Ohio arose in part from the fact tuat the volunteers were mostly democrats. We are greatly mistaken, if they had not more to fear from their return, than from their absence. The sovereign cure for locofocoism now known is a peep at the Mexican war—the *elephant*, as the volunteers call it.

"One night during the four day's rain, I was standing sentinel half leg deep in the water It was a night not easily forgotton—such sheets of vivid lightning, such sheets of vivid lightning, such bursts of loud thundea, such roaring groans of wind and rain, I never before experienced. It was as dark as a recess in Green river cave. About 2 o'clock in the morning I heard a splashing along in the water and hailed. It proved to be Capt. Salisbury, officer of the day, and Lieut. West, office. of the guard, on the grand round. After passing me, they found the next sentinel but one engaged in earnest conversation with himself, in which he appeared so much interested that he did not hear them approach. They had the curiosity to listen to the soliquy. "Yes," said he, "when I voted for James K. Polk, had I known it would have led to this, I'd have seen him to the d——l and Texas sunk first.—But after the war was brought on I was ashamed to let the Whigs do the fighting, and stay at home and be taunted by them. I was obliged to come for consistency's sake; but if I had you here, Jamee K. Polk'—he uttered an awful imprecation on him 'I'd blow you through,' and he brought up his musket to take aim, as if he would shoot sure enough. At this moment the grand rounds made a noise and were hailed sternly with—

"Who comes there?"

"James K. Polk," was the reply.

"Advance, you cuss, and give the countersign, or I'll blow your brains out!"

The officers told the anecdote the next day to the company"

THE following is a specimen of the language of two young lovers of our acquaintance. They were speaking of various vegetables, when the gentleman said—

"Do you love *carrots*, honey?"

"I love *you*," was the affectionate reply

When the gentleman returned "I ain't no *carrot*, honey."

Fanny Kemble Butler's Repentance.

In her recent diary of a year's residence in Rome ("A Year of Consolation,") just republished by Wiley and Putnam, this remarkable lacy (in passing through the uncomfortable journey in France) makes this wholesome confession:

"If I had traveled more on the Continent before I went to America, I should have been infinitely less surprised and amazed than I was at the unpleasant peculiarities of its inhabitants.

'Oh, my poor dear American fellow citizens! how humbly on my knees, I do beg your pardon for all the reproaches I have levelled against your national diversion of spitting, and the consequent filth which you create around you. Here I sat in the cabin of this boat, surrounded with men hawking and spitting, and, whereas spittoons have been hitherto the bane of my life in the United States, a spittoon here to-day would have been the joy of my heart and the delight of my eyes.

"How I thought, too, of the honor and security in which a woman might traverse alone from Georgia to Maine, that vast country, certain of assistance, attention, the most respectful civility, the most humane protection from every man she meets, without fear of injury or insult, screened by the most sacred and universal care from even the appearance of neglect or impertinence—travelling alone with as much safety and comfort as though she were the sister or the daughter of every man she meets."

Stick a pin there, Messieurs travelling libellers of American manners! Mrs. Butler set out from England in December for Havre, and thence for Rome. The reader of her entertaining diary is left to conjecture the meaning of its title.

SINGULAR & DISTRESSING AFFAIR.

A highly respectable gentleman of Baltimore city, who transacted a mercantile business on the wharf, was taken sick and died, as was supposed, a short time since. Being a native of an adjoining city, his wife and friends desired to inter his remains there, and his body was accordingly placed in a coffin and conveyed to that city.—When the coffin arrived it was opened in order to transfer the remains to a more suitable one, which had been prepared for interment When the lid was removed the body was found lying upon the face, which upon examination was bruised. A moisture was observed upon the skin, and on a close examination it was found that the vital spark had not as yet fled. All the restoratives that the best medical skill could devise were used, and the man was actually revived and lived for two days afterwards before the "spirit departed unto Him that gave it." No doubt was entertained of the decease, and the feelings of relatives and friends at such a discovery cannot be for one moment imagined.—*Phil. Ledger*

GEN. TAYLOR.

A correspondent of the New York *Spirit of the Times* says:

"I saw a long letter of the old General's, a few days since, eleven pages long, devoted to humanity and to every day affairs of life. It was a window to the old hero's soul, into which you could look and read that his inmost thoughts were pure, brave, and disinterested. It was dated the 20th of February, and was evidently about concluded when the news reached him that Santa Anna was approaching. The letter had been placed in a portfolio—the battle of Buena Vista was fought, and then, in a postscript, dated the 25th, there written: 'Santa Anna, with twenty thousand men, has given us battle, and we have maintained our position.' Is there in history a more sublime record of an unparalled battle—a more modest allusion to one of the greatest events that will appear in future history?"

☞ A blind man was recently walking upon the boulevard of Grand at Paris, with his dog attached by a cord, when a thief passing cut the cord and snatched up the dog; but the *blind* man, rubbing his eyes, gave chase to the scamp, and belaboring him with his cudgel, forced him to drop the dog; after which he returned to the promenade to resume his character for a moment interrupted

"MR. Green," said a tolerably dressed female the other day, entering a grocery in which were several customers, "have you any fresh corned pork."

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much is this sugar a pound?"

"One shilling, ma'am."

"Let me have," she continued, lowering her voice, "half a pint of gin, and charge it as sugar on the book!"

Priest. Do you A B take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?

A. B. I don't do nothin' else!

Priest. Do yon C D take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?

C. D. Yes—sir-ee!!

An exact transcript of a scene, this, at a Bowery wedding in New York.

The N. O. Delta speaks of a juvenile German, with a head that looked like a burr in autumn, and a name that sounded like the noise made when a bucket of slop is dashed against a stone wall.

☞ It is common with some men to swear only to fill up the vacancies of their empty discourse.