msa_sc2901_scm2350-0367 ©Maryland State Archives

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., AUGUST 12, 1848. NO. 16.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ All communications must be postpaid.

POETRY.

MOONLIGHT ON THE GRAVE.

It shineth on the quiet grave
Where weary ones have gone;
It watcheth with angelic gaze
Where the dead are left alone;
And not a sound of busy life
To the still grave-yard comes,
But peacefully the sleepers lie
Down in their silent homes.

All silently and solemnly
It throweth shadows round,
And every grave-stone hath a trace
In darkness on the ground.
It looketh on the tiny mound
Where a little child is laid,
And lighteth up the noble pile
Which human pride hath made.

It falleth with unaltered ray,
On the simple and the stern,
And showeth with a solemn light
The sorrows we must learn.
It telleth of divided ties
On which its beams have shone;
It whispereth of heavy hearts,
Which "brokenly live on."

It gleameth where devoted ones
Are sleeping side by side;
It falleth where the maiden rests,
Who in her beauty died.
There is no grave in all the earth,
That moonlight has not seen;
It gazeth cold and passionless
Where agony hath been.

Yet it is well! that changeless ray
A deeper thought should throw,
When mortal love pours forth the tide
Of unavailing woe.
It teaches us no shade of grief
Can touch the starry sky;
That all our sorrow lieth here—
The glory is on high.

POPULAR TALES

MARRIAGE OF MY DAUGHTER.

A DUTCH STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"Well! my good Jenkin, what is the matter? I see you have planted before me, twirling your cap in your hands, and balancing now on one foot, now on the other, like the stork which lodges in the chimney of neighbor Markus."

"It is because, you see, Master Rhenoster, that what I have to say to you is very embarrassing."

"Let us here it; and first, sit down upon this stool, if you do not wish to resemble a crane, and speak if you would not resemble a simpleton."

"She is very pretty, Mademoiselle Minne-Guite, I mean."

"It seems to me your taste is not bad; but what of it?"

"Faith, since you ask me, I will take courage and tell you; it is, Father Rhenoster, that I—that I—"

"That I—I what?"

"That I love your daughter! does this make you angry?"

"That does not make me angry, since I love her also, and every body does the same; is it not so?"

"O yes! that is true. But Papa Rhenoster, I love her, not like the rest; do you understand?"

"What! what say you?"

"Faith," cried Jenkin with extraordinary determination, hastily putting his woolen cap on his head, "I threw my hat upon the bust and I will tell you briefly, master; I demand Minne-Guite in marriage—there it is."

Master Rhenoster took his spectacles from his nose, placed them on his bench by the side of his awl; then, after having shaken his leather apron he turned and threw an inquisitive glance towards the back shop. There was modestly seated a young girl between sixteen and eighteen years of age beautiful as one Raphael's virgins, light and curly hair, azure and downcast eyes, very much downcast, over a little piece of embroidery. I know not how it happened that her cheeks, sometimes a a little pale, and then as vermillion as the petals of a Bengal rose.

Her father, after having looked at her in silence for one or two minutes, resumed his knife, his bench and his leather, and returned tranquilly to his labor without saying a single word.

After a silence of ten minutes, very embarrassing on both sides, Jenkin took courage and said:

"Have I displeased you, master? you do not reply."

"What would you have me reply, my poor boy? Do you see, there are some things which I cannot say without their producing the same effect upon my mouth as though I had bitten a green medlar."—Then turning to his daughter, he added, Minne-Guite, have you watered my garden to day?"

"Not yet, papa."

And before she had finished this short reply and again cast down upon her work her large blue eyes, Rhenoster had risen from the three-legged stool, seized an old decanter in the form of a *buvette*, and with only the trouble of reaching his arm across his narrow bench, watered his garden.—Now this garden placed on the window sill, consisted of a wooden box, one foot in breadth and three in length, full of earth, in which were growing a dozen tulips then in full bloom. Father Rhenoster had never had any other garden than this box.

Before continuing, it is necessary that you should know that the drama I am about to relate to you took place about twenty years since, at Harlæm, a city of Holland, celebrated for all sort of things which I do know, but, above all, for its culture of tulips and its society of tulip-fanciers, of which I, a poor woman, with but fifty or sixty varieties in all my little garden, have the honor of being an unworthy member.

Poor Jenkin was completely disconcerted, a neighbor, who was listening at the door, has since said that she distinctly heard a sort of sigh escape the pretty lips of Minne Guite. But Rhenoster had the talent of making the watering of a dozen tulips last a quarter of an hour. Jenkin was beside himself; he lost his head—his head, no, the good boy could lose nothing which resembled that, but he lost his patience.

"Father Rhenoster," said he, giving his voice, usually flute-like, a deep tenor entirely foreign to it, "I have told you what I desire more than life, I pray you to reply yes or no."

"No," said Rhenoster, letting fall on the foliage of his tulips the last drop in the decanter. Then he resumed his place on the bench, and after having cast a glance upon the two young people, whose faces had changed from crimson red to lily white, he added:

"Jenkin, you are a worthy youth, steady, a good workman, a little credulous, but that is of little consequence in a family.—Minne-Guite is in every sense of the word a beautiful and good girl, you would make a suitable couple! but—"

"But what? Father Rhenoster," said Jenkin tremblingly, having lost his factitious courage.

"Since you must know it, my good children, it is that you have not, neither of you, a rixdollar, and that, in the present age, one cannot live on love."

"I will work."

"And if work does not come and sickness does? And then my boy, I ought to tell you the truth. If misfortune, with empty stomach and long teeth comes to knock at your door, what will you do? I do not say that you are wanting in intelligence, but, my dear child, I am obliged to confess, and you force me to it, that you are deficient in that talent which makes a man gain a living at all events, and know when to water his tulips."

And what import tulips, provided that—"

"How, how, sir? you take a singular tone. Learn, sir, that he who loves not flowers loves not virtue; a French poet has said so. Learn that the first flower is the tulip, tulipa gesneriana, as the learned Perteau, editor of the *Gardner's Almanac*, calls it.—Learn—but I will teach you the rest another time, petals, calices, ovaries, stems, lanceolate leaves, &c. &c."

"A fig for your tulips."

"What, unhappy being! but look, there, in the middle of that box, for seven years I have tended, I have watched this child which I planted there, this child which partakes all my affections with Minne-Guite; my beautiful white rose, red and yellow tulip, the object of my daily cares, my consolation, my thought; my treasure, my fortune my—"

"May the devil fly away with your tulips!"

"Begone, wretch!" said Rhenoster in the highest paroxysm of fury! "out of here this instant, and never set foot in my house again."

The neighbor, who had by chance placed her eye to the key hole, relates that Minne-Guite did not make the least movement only her embroidery escaped from her hands, fell upon her lap, and from her downcast eye descended a tear which glistened on her face, like the drops of dew which we see in the morning resting on the petals of a snow-white lily.

A week had passed since this unfortunate scene and poor Jenkin had not dared to present himself before the irascible Rhenoster; he might have been seen wandering from morning till noon, and from noon till night, in the street where the old shoemaker had his shop, and the neighbor remarked that from morning till noon, and from noon till night, Minne-Guite did not quit the old arm-chair placed behind her father's tools, and from whence she could perceive the passers-by. In order to amuse herself, the poor child examined them all, except one, because her eyes were troubled as soon as she perceived him.

Jenkin, at nearly the same time, had remarked a stranger, who, as well as himself, passed and repassed ten times a day the shoemaker's shop. This man, to judge by his stout frame, his rich and absurb costume, his diamoned rings, and especially the rotundity of his form, must be, according to the conjectures of our severed lovers, a man of importance; and in fact he was a noble peer of England, Lord Harewood, or something else, for the neighbor who related the story to me is very old and cannot positively recollect his name. The jealousy of Jenkin was aroused; for, every time the beautiful Minne-Guite was in the back shop, he saw my lord stop as if seized with admiration, raise his glass to the half opened window, and utter some exclamation which was very displeasing to our poor mechanic.

One day, a day ever memorable in the annals of the city of Harlæm, Jenkin was in the seventh heaven, for Father Rhenoster was not on his bench and Monne-Guite, having probably clearer eyesight then usual, had cast a long look upon her old friend. This look had produced an effect so singular, that he remained immovable as a marble statue, with open mouth, nailed, to the pavement, feeling much but thinking of little, which the poets of our time call being *plunged in a sweet reverie*. He was aroused from his contemplation in a manner disagreeable enough. A stranger, it was my Lord Harewood, struck him familiarly on the shoulder and said:

"It appears to me, my young companion, that you are a connoisseur; you think her beautiful, do you not!"

Jenkin, very much irritated by this rough interruption of his sweet dreams, turned with an affrighted air, and looked at the stranger, but he did not reply through prudence, for my lord was capable of thrashing ten such as the enamoured Jenkin.

"Well?" continued the Englishmen, shaking him rudely by the arm, "answer then, do you not think her most beautiful?"

"Certainly, sir, but—"

"See what an elegant and graceful form."

"It is true."

"Her heart, I am certain, is pure and spotless."

"I am certain of it also."

"How the carmine, which she disputes with the rose, harmoniously rests upon the dazzling whiteness of her complexion!"

"I acknowledge it."

"What a majestic stature!"

"Yes."

"She is of a beauty unparalleled in the world, and no one can judge better than myself who have seen so many."

Bah!"

"How happy will be the man who possesses her! The die is cast, I am deeply enamored of her, she must be mine."

"One moment, sir, there are two of us."

"I will have her, whatever it may cost me."

"Stop there! my name is Jenkin, and Jenkin says you shall not have her."

"I care very little for Jenkin, and I shall enter to speak with her."

"No!" cried Jenkin, whom jealousy rendered furious. "You will not go in."

And he made a threatning gesture to the Englishman, throwing himself before him to prevent his entering the shop of Rhenoster. My lord stopped, looked at the mechanic from head to foot, and said coldly.

"Monsieur Jenkins, it seems you love her also."

"Yes."

"That you wish to dispute the possession of her with me."

"To the death."

"I do not blame you, for that proves that you have distinguished taste like a gentleman, though you appear to be but a poor devil. Let us see, this is business which must be settled immediately."

And my lord, with the greatest sang froid in the world, took off his hat, his cravat and his coat, and laid them carefully on the wall. Then he turned up the sleeves of his shirt, doubled his first, extended his arms to inflate his robust mucles, and placed himself in the middle of the street in the attitude of a boxer awaiting his adversary.

Poor Jenkin, who had no idea of the eccentric customs of the English, stared wildly about, but without stirring, and especially without divining the least in the world the intentions of the noble lord. Meanwhile an instinctive impulse led him to place himself on the defensive, in the midst of a circle of passers-by centered by curiosity.

"To you, boy," said my lord, and at the same instant Jenkin received in his breast a blow which sent him six feet, to make three or four somersets in the stream. A coward pushed to extremities sometimes acquires ferocious courage. He rose, blushing, started on the Englishmen like a tiger, and hit him in the face with such force that the blue eye of the Englishmen became at once black and surrounded with a large leaden circle, like that of a young and coquettish Algerine, when she had made her most exquisite toilet.

"Well done, Jenkin," cried the Englishman, "you are a droll fellow, and have more courage than I thought for."

But alas! my lord was more skillful as a pugilist than in the discussion of Parliament, and poor Jenkin was in for it. Four times the boxer rolled him on the pavement, and four times, with the magnanimity belonging to his art, he waited until the poor devil should rise that he might beat him anew. It was time this was ended, for the enamored Jenkin was thoroughly bruised.

Old Rhenoster, who had returned home, had no sooner recognized the victim of the pugilist, than forgetting his complaints against the admirer of Minne-Guite, he threw himself between the two combatants, and was arrested by some neighbors who demanded an explanation of the turmoil.

"No, I had rather die! let him kill me, let him beat me, but he shall never have her while I live."

"And I say that though I should have to beat a dozen clowns like him, she shall be mine."

"No."

"Yes."

"No, I tell you no."

"I tell you yes, or I will finish beating you."

And the two adversaries essayed to free themselves from the people who were holding them, that they might dart anew upon each other.

"Here, here," said Father Rhenoster, "let this be ended, and explain yourselves, quietly; let us see, what is it you both want?"

"Minne-Guite," "the tulip!" cried they, speaking both at once.

"Minne-Guite," said the Englishman, "who is she?"

"The tulip," said Jenkin, "what! is it the tulip that you wish to marry?"

"Who talks of marrying? I wished to buy it, that is all."

The lover of Minne-Guite, transported with joy at finding that the wealthy Englishman was not his rival, extended his hand to him.

"My lord, it is I who am in the wrong, and I ask your pardon for the blows you have given me."

"My brave Jenkin, I begin to see clearly into this affair; you are a good boy, and already know what an Englishman can do at boxing; come, let us enter the house of the father of this tulip—"

"Of Minne Guite, you mean to say!"

"Yes, yes, flower for flower, it is about the same thing."

Rhenoster respectfully lifted his cap, preceeded my lord, and three entered the shop of the shoemaker, where they found Minne-Guite all in teers, for the poor child had seen through the window all which had been passing in the street.—The Englishman, after having seated himself without ceremony in the only arm-chair in the house, from which Minne-Guite had risen to do him honor, commenced to speaking with parliamentary assurance and said,—

"Father Rhenoster, you have not, in spite of your name, a heart so hard as the hide of a rhinoceros; these children love one another, they must be married."

"My lord, it would give me the greatest pleasure to do any thing to oblige you, but the thing is impossible."

"Why so?"

"Because I have nothing to give my daughter on her marriage, and Jenkin has no fortune but his arms."

"Well, well! his arms are something," said my lord, passing a fine cambrick handkerchief over his black and swollen eye.—Nevertheless, I approve your prudence; I can imagine that with nothing on the other, it is not easy out of Paris to live princes; but there may be a method of accomplishing our wishes, Listen to me; you have here a beautiful tulip; you shall sell it to me, and the sum which I give you shall be your daughter's dowry."

"I see that my lord is a connoisseur; this is a tulip, sown by my own hands, seven years since, and to day for the first time it is in perfect flower."

"I know, it, I know it; I will give you for your tulip six hundred guineas for the dowry of the pretty Guite, on condition that Jenkin espouses her.—Does that please you?"

"I do not know how my lord, to express my gratitude, yet I dare to ask one more favor."

"What?"

"That my tulip may bear the name of *the marriage of my daughter*."

"Granted."

A month afterwards, the very day on which the wedding of Jenkin and Minne-Guite was celebrated, my lord took from the box the bulb of the magnificent tulip, and was careful to destroy the little bulbs about it that it might not multiply. Notwithstanding this, four or five years later, a bulb, of this beautiful variety was worth but a hundred francs, and at present, in Paris, one can be procured for fifty centimes.

An Irishman, trying to put out a gas light with his fingers, cried out: "Och, murder! the devil a wick's in it." This reminds us of a printer from the country on his coming to work in a city office, and wishing to light the gas, asking the foreman if he would "show him how to touch off them candlesticks."

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Kent News.

"IT WILL DISSOLVE THE UNION!"

Our feelings of patriotism and national pride are too often offended at the very frequent and light manner, when trivial occurrencies in our halls of legislation, or the movements and strifes of parties and factions in our country seem slightly portentous of evil, that the words placed at the head of this article are given utterance to.

Should so dark a foreboding as the ultimate dissolution of our thrice glorious Union *really* exist in the minds of any of our countrymen, it should never, without sufficient and satisfactory cause for fear, be expressed. What *contempt* must every *true* patriot feel for those who *can* lightly talk of such a thing as the dissolution of the Union! The more frequently it is thus spoken of and idly hinted at, the less concern will it cause many of our thoughtless citizens to view the approach of such a direful calamity to their country, and to the world at large.

We doubt not that many persons have really entertained such fears for the safety of their country and their liberty; but in the majority of cases they have been thoughtlessly expressed. We believe not if any one of either class of these very individuals were asked by the subject of another government for the *grounds* of his fear, he would soon discover that in reality he had none; and at once change his unwarrantable apprehensions into an opposite conviction, and endeavor to show that a dissolution of our Union were well nigh impossible.

There are, however, a few editors (whose publications are looked upon as worthy of much consideration by many intelligent persons) and also many public men, (who are, by some of their *friends*, ranked as talented officers,) that seem, to judge them by their conduct, to be more factious and rash, than patriotic or wise; and who appear to think that a division of the Union would be a matter of no very great concern! Such men must either possess more temper, ignorance and presumption, than wisdom, patriotism, or common sense; or else they are knaves and demagogues.—Their course has incited others to the creation of jacobinical factions,—which, spurned on by opposition, have given rise to more than a common number of fears and predictions for the safety of our institutions. Will not the people hereafter contemplate the sources of these evils, and begin in the right place to reform them? Sull, after all, there is no real cause for fear from all this inasmuch as such men! and things, to the glory of the people, be it spoken, soon cease to find favor with them.

But before we conclude, we would remark upon some matters worthy of reflection and attention. We all know that several other governments have never ceased to look upon ours but as an experiment: England especially; and her hopes that it should eventually prove an unsuccessful one, have not only recently, but for a long time, been heightened by the supposition this slave question, (which now so unhappily agitates us,) together with an admixture of some of her own elements into our compact, would ultimately bring about the misfortune of disunion to us, but which to her would seem to be desirable. But in that, she will, we are confident, be wholly mistaken. It would require much deeper and more ingeniously laid schemes to effect it than have ever yet been tried. Can we believe that any one of our national legislators, possessed of the least respect, or patriotism, will ever become so abandoned or reckless as to press an abstract questions upon the consideration of the country to a disunionizing extreme? And nothing but *abstract* questions will ever seriously effect us. They alone are dangerous, as they are generally the hobbies of demagogues.

We are convinced that any effort at disunion, might, at this day, be safely *defied*. But it is unwise, and extremely impolitic, to be giving expression so frequently to fears for our national safety. It affords pleasure to the crowned heads of other countries to know that disunion is talked of among *us*. Their pressess seize with avidity upon every such pretext for so forlorn a hope, and put it forth as American sentiment—(the London Times is remarkable in this respect,) and while these senseless predictions become pleasing to them, the mere mention of them to, or in the ears of, our countrymen abroad, must be highly obnoxious to their commendable feelings of national pride, and to the timid at home they are equally troubling and annoying.

We are confident of possessing at least five strong arms of defence of both force and principle, as barriers against such an invasion of our liberty as would be an attempt at disunion. We have sufficient confidence in the integrity and patriotism of the People, to believe, that if Congress itself, (and the idea is farthest from the thought,) or any set of intrigueing men were to aim a blow at the Union, they would rise up *en mass* and crush them beneath an insupportable load of ignominy and contempt. Shall we, the descendants of such illustrious worthies as around whose names the memories of our revolution are so sacredly entwined, *shame* their memory,—and that of our Washington! and do irreverance to the "God of nations," by lightly regarding the blessings our fathers so dearly purchased, so nobly fought so profusely bled for? Or, by trifling with the legacy consecrated to us by the last breath that lingered on the byss of dying patriots, bring down the anger of Heaven upon our rashness and our folly? No! no!! Let us cease, then, from such foolish fears and unwise predictions, and cast them all to the idle winds! Who can believe that the bonds of our noble and mighty Union will ever be broken; or that the blessing and privileges we now enjoy in our happy Republic, under our present Constitution, will even pass quietly and tamely, or without a death-struggle from our grasp? Every true patriot feels that it cannot and must not be! That which we enjoy as freeman and Republicans, which has been purchased, sealed and consecrated to us by the blood of our noble and immortal revolutionary sires, shall never be taken from us or diminished—never, never! The Union will never be dissolved—no, never! And may those patriotic and eloquent words, dropped long since from the lips of one of our greatest statesmen, be repeated, and again and again shouted forth by the patriot freemen of this land to the latest generation, "*Liberty and Union—now and forever—one and inseparable!*"

Let us say in conclusion, with all reverence—God save our

Federal Union.

Georgetown, July, '48.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.

A correspondent of the *Troy Budget* tells the following good story:—

"It seems that the person who blows the bellows of the organ at St. Luke's Church, also attends to the furnace for warming the building, and having occasion, during service, to "mind the fires," he left the bellows in charge of a coachman lately imported, and 'green' as the Emerald Isle of his nativity before the appearance of the potato rot. During his absence, the "Gloria in Excelsis" came, in the order of the exercises, to be chanted; and Patrick was directed to furnish the *organic* element.—A short time elapsed, but no music followed the touch of the lady who presided at the instrument. "Blow," whispered the fair organist. "Blow!" repeated the leader; and "Blow! *blast* you, blow!" echoed the entire choir, but not a puff found its way into the vacant pipes, to wake the slumbering harmony. An investigation now took place, and Patrick was found behind the organ—with both his hands tightly clenched around the bellows-handle, (a stick of some five feet long and two inches thick,) the end stuck in his mouth, his cheeks swelled to the utmost expansion, his eyes distended, and the perspiration streaming from his face—engaged in the vigorous but vain attempt to force his breath through the pores of the wood into the body of the instrument.

"It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that some little time passed before the choir were able to screw their mouths into that serious pucker requisite to the proper performance of the musical exercises."

PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

It is stated that Daniel Webster speaks at the rate of from eighty to one hundred and ten words per minute; Gerrit Smith, from seventy to ninety; Dr. Tyng, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty; Mr. Botts, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty; Mr. Clay from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty; Mr. Choate and Mr. Calhoun, from one hundred and sixty to two hundred.

While a regiment of volunteers were marching through Camargo, a captain—a strict disciplinarian—observing that one of the drums did not beat, ordered the lieutenant to enquire the reason. The fellow, on being interrogated, whispered to the lieutenant: "I have two ducks and a turkey in my drum, and the turkey is for the Captain." This being whispered to the captain, he exclaimed; "Why didn't the drummer say he was lame? I don't want men to do duty when they are not able."

☞ "You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy clerk in a book-store to a homely dressed quaker who had given him some little trouble.

"Yea."

"Well, here's an Essay on the Rearing of Calves."

"That," says Amindab, as he turned to leave the store, "thee hand better present to thy mother."

A Dialogue.—"Good morning, neighbor Brooks; a fine rain we have had."—"Yes neighbor, delightful." "If it comes warm after this, we shall have everything starting out of the ground, directly. Heaven forbid—I have *two wives under it*."

☞ Why is a fool's mouth like a tavern door? Because it is always open.

The monster steamer New World was successfully launched at New York, on Friday, by the aid of two steamboats — The New World is said to be the largest steamboat in the world.