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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., SEPTEMBER 23, 1848. NO. 22.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NIAGARA SHOWER-BATH
AN ENTIRELY NEW ARTICLE FOR SHOWER BATHING,
With Cold or Warm Water.

A great and important improvement is made in this Shower Bath over all others, by throwing the water immediately on the body without wetting the head unless at the will of pleasure of the bather; but greater point is gained by bring enabled to bathe with warm water, which no other Shower Bath is adapted to—and most important of all, the Bathcan be medicated without injury to the hair.

Many persons cannot take a cold bath—their case is met in this, as they can regulate the temperature of the water to suit their wish and commence bathing at any season of the year without any unpleasant result. Ladies can have the advantage of bathing without wetting the head or covering the same.

The arrangements are simple and complete, and not liable to get out of order.—The Bath can be adjusted to suit any height, from a small child to the tallest person. When the door is closed, the fixtures are hid and the outside appearance is that of a neat piece of furniture.

They have received the approbation of several midical gentlemen—others are requested to call and examine them.

Manufactured by the Patentee.
EPHRAIM LARRABEE
24 South Calvert street, Baltimore.

BATHING Read What Armstrong says:
Donot omit ye who would health secure,
That daily fresh ablution, that shall clear
The sluices of the skinn, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, even if it did not conduce
(As much as it does) to health, very greatly worth,
You daily pairs: 'tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worst foe
With this external virtue, age maintains,
A decent grace; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome." Aug. 26

REMOVAL.

LABORATORY OF THOMSONIAN BOTANIC MEDICINES.

EPH'M. LARRABEE. No. 20 South Calvert street, Baltimore, has removed his Laboratory to his new building No. 24 and has always on hand the largest and most complete assortment of pure Botanic remedies in the United States, prepared under his special care at his Laboratory—being the first erected in the United States for the special purpose of preparing THOMSONIAN BOTANIC MEDICINES. All of the pulverized and compounded articles are put up in quarter and half pound packages, and neatly labelled, with directions suitable for retailing, and upon better terms than the same article can be had for in the U. S. Every article in his line is warranted genuine—the public can rely upon this.

☞A liberal discount made to country merchants, who are particularly requested to call and examine quality, &c. before purchasing.

☞The various Treatises, embracing the most reputed authors, upon the Thomsonian or Botanic System of Medicine, may also be had at his establishment, by the quantity or single copy. Aug 26.

BALTIMORE

Piano Forte Manufactory.

VERY IMPORTANT INVENTION.

IT has long been a question among teachers and amateurs of music, as to the most suitable touch for a Piano Forte. Some at this time contend for a light touch, while others, with equal ability advocate the heavy. This question is now permanently settled. WISE & BROTHER have invented a contrivance by which the same instrument may be instantly set to any required touch, by the turning of a single screw, varying, if necessary, three hundred and sixty-five differences. The advantages of this are evident, both to teachers and amateurs, as lessons may be practiced on the heavy, and exhibited on the lighter touch, to suit exactly any physical capacity which is agreeable to fact and progressive lessons. The contrivance is simple, and may be applied to any common Piano. A patent is about to be taken for the improvement.

J. J. WISE & BROTHER,
March 25. No. 31 Hanover st.

KEEP COOL! KEEP COOL!!!

BROWNING'S Improved Pattent and Ventilated Refrigerators, at greatly *Reduced Prices*, warranted superior to any now in use for preserving, perfectly cool, fresh and clean, Butter, Meat, Eggs, Fruit, Liquor, &c., during the summer season, and also from Freezing during the winter, any article deposited in it. They also contain a Water Jar and Lead Pipe in the ice chamber, by the arrangement of which perfectly cold water can always be had without additional ice, (of which less is required than *any* other.) Also, Upright Refrigerators.

BUTTER BOXES, in which Butter may be transported with perfect safety by land or water, and my celebrated Non-conductors of heat for cold water, requiring but 4 lbs of ice for 24 hours; as thousands will testify. Thankful for past favors, we hope to merit a continuance. Sold by

R. BROWNING, 13 Commerce st,
April 29—3m. near Pratt st., Balt.

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.

TAYLOR SONG.

AIR—*With a helmet on his brow.*

With a laurel on his brow, my boys,
And Fillmore by his side,
Old Zack Taylor will show you how
To Washington he'll ride
To Washington he'll ride, my boys,
Before him all will yield,
As fled the foe before him on
Red Buena Vista's field.

Then wave aloft the starry flag,
Above the chieftain's head,
It followed him o'er tower and crag,
And waved above the dead.
As it waved at Monterey,
Above his fallen foes,
Again, on next election day,
His triumph we'll disclose.

Sound, sound your watchword high my boy's,
And let its echoes play,
And cheer the million swelling hearts
With joy for that great day.
When Zack upon his old white horse,
To Washington shall ride,
So clear the track, old Zack is up,
And Fillmore by his side.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, my boys,
The're off, away, away,
We'll see them all come back, my boys
On next election day:
On next election dry, my boys,
The people's voice will tell,
The ballot boxes then will show
Who 'tis we love so well.

Two Jersey Girls who did'nt see the Elephant.

One of the Jersey boats brought to the city of New York' on the 4th, two younng, fresh and hearty girls, who had long before agreed to celebrate the Fourth of July together, in seeing the wonders and amusements of that city. They had made a little of money in picking strawberries at one penny a basket; were fast friends and not half as green as the fields they were accustomed to rome in, albeit they were veritable country girls and had never read the latest work on etiquette. You may be sure they were in fine spirits, when, after swallowing a cup of coffee in Washington market, they walked up Fulton street to the American Museum, paid their two shillings each, and helped themselves, liberally to a sight of the numberless curiosities which that popular establishment contains.

When, according to their own estimation, they had got their money's worth, they went out, intending to make their way to the battery, to see the military pageant. But they had scarcely left the Museum steps, before a good-looking, well-dressed young man, quite accidental stumbled against them, and quite as naturally apologized for the unpremeditated offence.

"There's no harm done," said Susan, "is there Jane. We are country girls, and don't mind trifles. Besides, you city people always walk with your eyes at the tops of the houses. For my part I don't see how you get along so well."

"Then you are from the country, young ladies?" said the strange young gentleman, with a bow and a smile.

"Yes we are," answered Susan; "ain't we Jane? We are from Jarseys, just back of Shrewsbury. Were you ever at Shrewsbury, sir,—down at the Beach. I mean?—It's a famous place along that shore, and people who are born there have their eye teeth ready cut, and their eye brows buttoned back when they're away from home. Catch them napping! Why, they were all what you call land pirates once, and didn't think any more of tolling a ship ashore, than a city sharper would think of cheating a country green-horn."

"I am not from the Jerseys," the young man replied, "but am a stranger in town, like yourselves, and if you have no objection, I should be pleased to accompany you round for a few hours."

"I'm agreeable," said Susan, "If Jane is is. We are going to the Battery to see the sogers."

Jane said that she was not the girl to break up pleasant company, and off the trio started—the girls quietly exchanging glances as Susan whispered to Jane—

"He's one of 'em we've read of in the papers; and now for some fun, Jenny, dear."

Very pleasantly, arm-in-arm, the party worked their way through the crowd, and had got as far down as Trinity Church, when, with a sudden start and a loud exclamation, Susan declared that she had lost her puss which contained the money of both herself and Jane. Jane looked sorrowful, while the young man appeared to be not a little embarrassed.

"I don't care," said Susan, after regaining her composure; "it was not much—a few cents over five dollars; and I have a fifty dollar bill pinned in my sleeve, which I was to pay away for father. But I'll get that changed, and let father pay the next time he comes up." Saying which she presented a fifty dollar note, and asked the young gentleman where she could get it changed?"

"All the brokers are closed to day," he said, "and I have not more than fifteen dollars in city money by me. If the balance in Southern money would answer."

"Is it good?" asked Susan

"Oh, perfectly good," was the reply although you must get it exchanged at the brokers."

"Father'll do that—give me fifteen dollars in city money—that's more than I want to-day—and the rest in Southern, as you call it."

The exchange was made, the Jersey girl pocketed the fifteen dollars in good money, and thirty five in worthless bills, and the three resumed their walk to the battery.

The sharper was very polite and attentive, and Susan and Jane as cordial as if they had known him from childhood.—But we have not time to follow this interesting part in their sight seeing on the Fourth.

They went down to one of the eating houses, near Fulton Market, to dine, about two o'clock and then the girls began to talk of moveing for the boat, which left at four. Their companion insisted that they should stay and see the fire-works in the evening, and said he had an aunt who kept a fashionable boarding house, where they could stay all night, and return home the next morning. Jane protested that they must go back that night, but Susan, with a sly wink, said they could as well stay over, but they must go down to the boat, and send word by the Captain to her father, who would be waiting for them at the landing. Jane, with much seeming reluctance, assented, and away the three started for the boat. They were obliged to wait, because Susan could not find the Captain and it would not do to send the message by anybody else. Three o'clock came; then half-past, then a quarter to four—still Susan could not see the Captain. They were standing by the gang-way when the last bell rang. It tolled, the ropes were being cast off, when Susan, with a wink at Jane, said, that on the whole, she believed she would go home, and the two girls stepped on board, just as they were pulling on the plank.

"Much obliged for your politeness," said Susan, with a merry laugh, and speaking to the sparker-gallant, who stood on the pier—"remember me to your *aunt*"

"And me, too," said Jane, laughing also; "and if ever you come down our way, tell us how you enjoyed the fire-works.—I'm sure you won't forget us."

When the boat was under way the girls broke out in a real Jersey laugh.

"You didn't lose your purse?" asked Jane.

"Here it is," said Susan, "to speak for itself, and some of the rogue's money in it, too. Only think that *fifty dollar counterfeit* bill, marked counterfeit in big letters on the back of it, that father got when he was a grand juryman, and indicted the counterfeiters—to pass that off for 15 dollars good money, (I know it's good) and have a handsome beau in the bargain."

"But suppose," said Jane, earnestly, "that we should be mistaken and he not be the sharper we suspect?

"Not a sharper! Why didn't he want us to go to his aunt's?"

"But the chap made a mistake—he's not had much acquaintance with Jersey girls, but he'll know 'em again, when he sees 'em." And Susan put up her money in a way which expressed the satisfaction she felt at the result of her fourth of July adventure in New York.

BRIEF HINTS.—Go to bed early and rise early. Use cold water freely, externally and internally. Eat just enough, and take your time to it, making your jaws and teeth do their duty. Never get into a passion. If you have a dog send him to alexico to join the Buffalo hunt. Turn up your nose at ardent spirits. Maintain your independence by keeping out of debt.—Dont take an article if you have not the money to pay for it. Do unto others as as you would have others do unto you.—If you cannot speak well of a man let him alone. Be charitable. If you have no money you can give kind aid encoraging words. Aim to do good. Mind your own business. Make home happy. Vote for for cheap postage. Pay in advance for a good newspaper. Educate your children. Live within your means. Laugh and grow fat.—*City Item.*

HUNTING ROBBERS WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

The following description of a chase of two robbers who had plundered the captain of a steamboat at Baton Rouge, La., is from the *New Orleans Delta*. The robbers, two white men, had made their escape with $1,600 in bills and silver, when it occurred to some one that they might be traced by a pack of bloodhounds, kept in the neighborhood:

Mr. John Tabor, who is always on hand, ready, willing, and awaiting for such a frolic as this, as soon as he heard the Captain with rueful countenance relate his sad mishap, took Severin Thibodaux, who hunts his dogs, gave several winds of his horn and was off in a hand gallop to the scene of action. Having gained some accession to their numbers at Mr. V. Le Blanc's, where they refreshed themselves and horses, they soon found the track. "The dogs didn't know what to make of it at first," says Tabor, "until I cussed a little, gave a few view hallors, and showed them that it was no joke." They then whirled in and set to work in dead earnest.

They soon took the swamp which lies between the highlands and which was now covered with water, waist deep; here these faithful animals, *swimming* nearly all the time, followed the zigzag course, the tortuous twistings and windings of these two robbers, who, it was afterwards discovered, were lost; sometimes scenting the tree wherein they had found a temporary refuge from the mud and water; at other places where the deep mud had pulled off a shoe and they had not taken time to put it on again. For two hours and a half, for four or five miles, did men and dogs wade through this bushy dismal swamp, surrounded with grim-visaged alligators, who seemed to look on with jealous eye at this encroachment of their hereditary domain; now losing the trail—then slowly and dubiously taking it off again, until they triumphantly threaded it out, bringing them back to the river, where it was found that the robber had crossed their own trail near the place of starting. In the meantime a heavy shower had taken place, putting out the trail. The robbers were now at least four hours ahead.

It is well know to hunters that it requires the keenest scent and best blood to overcome such obstacles, and yet these persevering and sagacious animals conquered every difficulty. The robbers now made a straight course for the Baton Rouge and Bayou Sara road, about four miles distant; before entering it, however, they each donned a nice clean shirt of the Captain's which, together with a box of blacking with which they intended to put a gloss upon their shoes as they entered the villages on their route, all the paper money, and $600 in specie they had lugged thus far into the bowels of the land. Feeling hungry now, after their morning walk, and perhaps thirsty, too, they went about half a mile *off* the road and eat a good hearty, substantial breakfast. Robbers must eat as well as other people, but the dogs will tell on them. Here for a moment, the dogs are at fault, but soon unravel the mystery and bring them back to the road again; and now what before was wonderful, becomes almost a miracle. Here in this common highway—the thoughfare for the whole country around—through mud and through mire, meeting wagons and teams, and different solitary wayfares, and what above all is most astonishing actually running through a gang of negroes, their favorite game, who were working on the road they pursue the track of the two white men; they even ran for eight miles to the very edge of the plains—the robbers near them for the last mile. At first, they would fain believe it some hunter chasing deer. Never and never the whimpering pack presses on; the delusion begins to dispel; at once the truth flashes upon them like a glare of light; their hair stands on end; 'tis Tabor with his dogs.—The scene becomes warmer and warmer—What was an irregular cry now deepens into one ceaseless roar, as the relentless pack rolls on after its human prey. It puts one in mind of Actæon and his dogs.—They grow desperate, and leave the road, in the vain hope of shaking them off.—Vain hope indeed! The momentary cessation only adds new zest to the chase.—The cry grows louder and louder; the yelp grows short and quick, sure indication that the game is at hand. It is a perfect rush upon the part of the hunters, whilst the robbers call upon their wearied and jaded limbs to do their best, they falter and stagger beneath them. The breath of the hounds is almost upon their very heels, and yet thay lug the precious silver along with a miser's grasp. They can hold on no longer; the dogs are upon them, they hastily throw their booty away; the little robber attempts to climb a tree, and as he is nearly out of reach, the *catch dog* seizes him by the leg and brings him sprawling to the ground; he sings out lustily, and the dogs are called off. Not so Bill, the big burly-faced fellow, the robber chief—for he had taken the lion's share, (all the paper and half the silver.) he stands at bay, draws his knife, swears vengeance, and puts himself on his reserved rights. One word from Tabor, and he is stretched upon the ground like a plaything. He is no more than a mouse in a cat's paw. The big *catch dog* gives him a terrible rake upon the fore arm, taking a piece out. "Human flesh can't stand this." He too cries *peccavi*. The chase is ended—a twenty mile chase, and such a chase! The robbers are caught; every cent of the $1,800 is recovered, and the heart of Captain Seaman is made glad by their faithful arrival.

A Pleasing Incident--A young Soldier from Taylor's Army.

At a meeting of the Rough and Ready Club of one of the Philadelphia city wards held on Tuesday evening last, after the business had been transacted and an adjournment was about to take place, a pale-faced youth, apparently about nineteen years of age, and a stranger to all present, asked permission of the President to say a few words about General Taylor. His request was of course granted. There was a profound silence in the meeting when he rose, and with some trepidation, apologised for asking to be heard. He said he had reasons to know General Taylor; he knew him as a man a soldier. He had been in his army seventeen months, and a portion of the time when he was sick and exhausted by long marches, and ready to die, he found a warm hearted friend and protector in General Zachary Taylor.—"Gentlemen," said he, "I am but nineteen years old—I am a stranger here, and never attempted to speak in public. But I have read in some of the papers attacks upon General Taylor's character as a man—charging him with inhumanity and cruelty and I want to say bluntly, that such charges are false—false from beginning to end, no matter who utters them. I have seen cruelty and inhumanity on the part of subordinate officers to their men—inhuman punishments inflicted for slight offences; *but never in the presence of General Taylor*—who was always a kind father and protector to the poor soldier, and whom every honest soldier in his army loved.—No man of honor who ever served under him will charge him with cruelty, either to his own troops or to the enemy. I was with him at Fort Brown—marched with him to Point Isabel—was in the battles of Palo Alto, *Resaca* and Monterey. After the capture of Matamoras, instead of using one of the houses in the city as his quarters, he gave them all up to the sick, wounded and suffering soldiers, and slept in his tent on a bed that was not more than four inches above the mud and water that surrounded it."

The speaker related many interesting incidents connected with the movements of the army, illustrating the benevolence of General Taylor, and the perfect confidence of the troops in the goodness of his heart, and his skill as a commander. "He made us all feel as if every man was double, and had twice the strength we really possessed, and could do twice as much as any other army in the world. He was always the first to meet danger, and used to tell us *to watch him close and never run till he ran.* But he never ran from the enemy; he never turned away from a suffering soldier without doing all that he could to relive and cheer him. On the march to Seralvo," continued the youth, "my strength gave out, and had it not been for Gen. Taylor, I might have been left upon the road to die or be murdered. But he saw me, and knew from my looks that I was exhausted. *He took me up and sat me on his own mule, and I road with him in that way for several days.* He saved my life then, and I am ready to give him every drop of my blood, whenever he wants a soldier." * * * * *

"At one time we were almost out of provisions. We had nothing to eat but musty buscuit, and slushed maggoty pork.—An officer went to General Taylor, and complained that he could not eat such food. 'Well, sir,' said the General, 'come and take dinner with me.' The invitation was gladly excepted, and the officer gladly anticipating a first rate dinner, dressed himself up, and went to the quarters of the General but instead of finding a regular dinner table, filled with delicases, *he saw the general sitting before a fire toasting a piece of the same old slushed pork on a stick*, and that, with some musty buscuit and a little bean soup, made the dinner for himself and the disappointed officer, who expected to dine on roast beef and plum pudding. That gentlemen didn't eat any more dinners with Gen Taylor."

The young soldier continued his interesting narrative about twenty minutes, his bright eye often flashing with indignation, when speaking of the slanders with which Gen. Taylor is assailed, and his voice trembling with emotions of gratitude and affection in the relation of the benevolent acts of the noble hero and patriot. We need not say that he was frequently interrupted by the hearty applause of the meeting. At the conclusion of his remarks, the President, having ascertained from the stranger his name, announced to the audience that the young man who had addressed them was Serg't EDWARD SHERMAN, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Sherman was elected by acclamation an honorary member of the Club.—*Philadelphia News.*

A NOBLE REPLY.—A public functionary of Paris, who recently visited the hospitals, asked of the surgeon in attendence, "Doctor, how many insurgents have you here?"—"I have only *wounded men*, was the answer.

I am a very apt scholar, as the monkey said when he tried on a pair of boots.

A HORSE STORY.

A jocose Boston auctioneer, was called upon one day by a country dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of his horse. He was one of those distinctive characters peculiar to the section, with countenance strangely indicative of both simplicity and shrewdness.

"I say," said he, "I want to see the auctioneer that auction, off horses here on Saturday."

"I'm the individual," said the auctioneer, "what can I do for you?"

"Well, I've got a ho se I wanted to sell, *provided* I can get enough for him; do'nt want nothing more his value neither.—He's a good one, though just now he's a *leetle* thin; but I reckon he ought to sell partly smartly."

"Very good, will you have him advertised?"

"Well, I guess I don't know about that. What do you tax?"

"One dollar first insertion; fifty cents for every time after."

"That's tew dollars for three times, I reckon that you may put him in the newspaper *once* stranger, and after that let him slide."

"Very good, what color is he?"

"Rather brown than otherwise."

"Is he sound?"

"Sound? O, sound as a dollar—*shouldn't* like to warrant him, though!"

"All right; I'll advertise and sell him on Saturday. Have your 'critter' at the mart by twelve o'clock.'

"I jest want to tell, Mr. Autioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at fifteen dollars, *but* you *may* let him go for five."

"Exactly, and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for, will you?"

"Well no, I'm not diepositioned to be hard, any how, I calculate not."

Saturday came, and one dollar and a half was bid for the animal brought by the horse dealer.

"Go on, gentlemen, I have only one dollar and a half bid for the horse, how much more do I hear? One dollar and a half only is offered for the animal before you. One dollar and a half--going--going."

"*Sell him, sir, he's dying!*" Whispered the Vermont horse dealer into the ear of the knight of the hammer.

'Gone!" shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a half.

After the sale, the horse dealer was the first one up at the desk to settle.

"Well, I reckon it won't take long to settle up his little trade of mine about the horse," said he.

"Not long," said the clerk, "there's your account of sale; you have just to pay us fifty cents more than the horse brought."

"Political *de* struction!" exclaimed the Vermonter, with a humorous affectation of astonishment. Then with a satisfied manner he continued, *Its cheap enough!* there's fifty cent piece. *Cheap enough!* I couldn't gin him away at no price, and it would have cost tew dollars and a half to bury him. Jest half a dollar saved. Good morning. Mr. Auctioneer. *Cheap enough.*

A DRUNKARD ON FIRE.

Dr. Nott, in his lectures gives the following account of a young man, about twenty-five years of age:

"He had been an habitual drunkard for many years. I saw him about 9 o'clock in the evening on which it happened; but he was then as usual, not drunk, but full of liquor.

"About 11 o'clock the same morning, I called to see him. I found him litterally roasted, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He was found in a blacksmith's shop, just across from where he had been seen. The owner, all of a sudden, discovered an extensive light in his shop as though the bulding was in one general flame. He ran with great precipitancy, and throwing open the door, he discovered a man standing erect in the midst of a widely extended silver-colored flame, bearing as he described, exactly the appearance of the wick of a burning candle in the midst of its own flame. He seized him (the drunkard) by the shoulder, jerked him to the door, upon which the flame was instantly extinguished. There was no fire in the shop, nor was there any possibility of any fire having been communicated to him from any external sources. It was a case of spontaneous ignition. A general slough soon came on, and his flesh was consumed or removed in the dressing, leaving the bones and a few of the larger blood-vessels; the blood, nevertheless, rallied around the heart, and maintained the vital speak until the thirteenth day, when he died, not only the most loathsome, ill-fated picture that was ever presented to the human view, but his shrieks, his groans and his lamentations, also, were enough to rend a heart of adamant. He said he was suffering the torments of hell—that he was just upon its threshold, and would soon enter into its dismal cavern; and in this frame of mind he gave up the ghost.

THE BONES OF THE GALLANT DEAD. It is known that the remains of several of the brave Kentucky volunteers who fell at the River Raisin, in the last war, have been discovered. The Common Council of Monroe, Mich., near the battle field, have placed them at the disposal of Col. Brooks, who intends taking them to Kentucky for interment.

☞The State Treasurer of New York is lying very ill.