msa_sc2901_scm2350-0408 ©Maryland State Archives

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., OCTOBER 14, 1848. NO. 25.

A CARD.

THE Committee, appointed by the subscribers to the fund for rebuilding and repairing the wall around the public burying ground in Chestertown, respectfully report, that the work has been commenced and is rapidly progressing to completion, but the amount subscribed will not be sufficient to finish it. The committee therefore respectfully call upon such of their fellow citizens as have not already subscribed to come forward and aid in this very laudable undertaking the committee also respectfully suggest to those who have already generously subscribed; the propriety of making to their subscription a moderate addition as in most cases the amount subscribed is small, it being deemed best that it should be so at first, that every citizen might be able to participate in such a commendable work.

The names and amount subscribed by each individual as well as a full account of every item of expenditure will be laid before the public when the work is finished. The committee also request all those who have subscribed, to call upon A. W. Sparks Esq. and pay their respective subscriptions as more than half the agreegate amount has been already expended and the residue will be wanted in the course of the ensuing week

Sept. 15, 1848.

Brick-Laying, Plastering,

STONE MASONRY, &C.

THE subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the encouragement he has received and elicits a continuance of the same. He is now prepared to do work at the shortest notice, in a manner which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

In addition to the above business he is prepared to build

Lime Kilns,

in the best manner, and at prices, which cannot fail to please.

He would most earnestly invite all who may wish work done, in Kent or the adjacent counties, to give him a call. All orders directed to him Chestertown, or left at the Printing Office, will meet with prompt attention.

MICHAEL MILLER.

April 8, '48. tf

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.

FOR SALE.

A FARM near Hynson's Chapel in Kent county containing about

260 Acres,

formerly the residence of Benjamin Hanson, dec'd. There is a fair proportion in



and Timber &c.

The Farm is at present occupied by Mr. Arthur Wheatley.

For terms apply to

GEO. VICKERS, Agent.

Chester Town, }
Sept. 16, 1848. }

To Rent.



FOR the ensuing year the Dwelling and Store House at Worton Heights. For terms apply to

JAMES B. RICAUD

Sept 16. 1848..

JOB PRINTING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

—SUCH AS—

Handbills, Circulars, Blanks, Cards, Labels, &c.,

Neatly and expeditiously executed on the most reasonable and accommodating terms, at the Office of the

"*KENT NEWS*," Chester Town.

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.

A WHIG SONG.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

AIR—"*Dandy Jim of Caroline.*"

Come Whigs, come brothers, one and all!
Flock to the 'Rough and Ready' call!
Come stand up close, and hear our song,
And follow up with chorus strong!
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can—
Hero, sage and kindly man!
In council great, as in deadly fray,
But a plain old fellow for every day.

II.

Now where has been, for many a year,
This will so firm—this head so clear?
Such men, for Fame, will oceans swim!
Zack chose that Fame should *come to him!*
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

III.

Zack's coat is loose—his manners "rough"—
But, near him, hearts bow, fast enough;
And the old grey coat* *will do to wear*,
Tho' a bullet-hole shows here and there!
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can;

IV

To faithful guard a weary post—
At any odds to fight a host—
To spare the weak—to keep his word—
To hold his own, by pen or sword—
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

V

When Hull's surrender laid us low,
Fort Harrison next met the foe:
Hope saw the onset in despair—
She didn't know that Zack was there!
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

VI.

Worth twenty lives the risk'd renown,
The desp'rate stake, to save Fort Brown!
But PALO ALTO clear'd the track,
And thro' RESACA went old Zach!
To the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

VII.

By ruthless storm of MONTEREY,
More proudly might have gone the day:
But wife and child stood by the foe,
And Taylor let the glory go!
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

VIII.

But Polk began a rat to smell;—
Zack serv'd his country quite too well!
To his "high horse they "hollere'd whoe!"
But couldn't stop "old whitey" so!
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

IX.

Supplies cut off—"boys" all away—
In doors, they thought, he'd have to stay,
And *now* Polk's passport friend might call,
And laugh at Zack behind his wall.
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

X.

Down came Sant' Anna, five to one—
With thanks to Polk, expecting fun!
BUENA VISTA wasn't far,
Zach let him do his laughing *thar!*"
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

XI.

Hard was the foe that day to drive—
One new recruit to veterans five!
But when it grew too tough, they say,
Old spy-glass came and turn'd the day!
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

XII.

Buena Vista's star is bright!
But where will fall its purest light?
On Zach's LAST ORDER, sad and low:—
"*Bring in the wounded friend and foe!*"
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

XIII.

A heart with victory softer grown—
A head that knaves soon let alone—
A hand no foe drove ever back—
And *a soul all truth*, has glorious Zack!
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can.

XIV.

Now if you'd like to know the school
Where Presidents best learn to rule—
Zach's life is just the very one
GOD CHOSE TO TRAIN A WASHINGTON.
Toe the mark, 'tis Taylor can,
Hero, sage, and kindly man!
In council great, as in deadly fray,
But a plain old fellow for every day.

* NOTE.—It was mentioned in one account of the battle of Buena Vista, that General Taylor's grey coat had two bullet-holes through it, when he took it off after the action.

A WESTERN BEAR STORY.

Among the earliest settlers in the wilds of Salmon river, was a Vermontese of the name of Dobson—a large, resolute man.—Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his vagrant cows, which according to the custom in new countries, had been turned to the woods, to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer. Just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of his neighbor, the late worthy Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty sycamore, where he had been, probably, in quest of honey.

A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he decends it, being obliged to come down hindforemost. My friend Dobson did not like to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion; and, without reflecting what he should do with the 'varmint' afterwards, he ran to the tree, on the opposite side from the animal's body, and just before he reached the ground he seized him by the fore paws. Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks, but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of iron paws, equally iron-strong with his own; nor could he use his hinder paws to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail the him; nor could he venture to let him go; a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight fast descending into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and children, at the supper table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospects for the night. Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance; but his lungs, although none of the weakest, were unequal to the task, and although he ballowed and bawled the live-long night, making the woods and welking again, he succeeded no better than old Glendower of old, in calling spirits from the vasty deep.

It was a wearisome night for Dobson, such a game of *hold fast* he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensations in English, albeit he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction—that is to say, he growled incessant. But there was no let go in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until it seemed to his clinched and aching fingers as though the bear's paws and his had grown together.

As daylight returned, the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully though rather dimly in the distance. Dobson again repeated his cries for succor, and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbor, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe on his shoulder.—Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbor.

"Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be lounging at that rate when you see a fellow Christian in such a kettle of fish as this?"

"I run! is that you, Mr. Dobson, up a tree there? And was it you I heard hallooing so last night? I guess you ought to have your lodging for nothing, if you've stood up agin the tree all night."

"It's no joke, though, I can tell you, Mr. Sleeper, if you had hold of the paws of a black varmint all night, it strikes me you'd paid dear enough for it. But if you heard me calling for help in the night, why didn't you come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh, I was going tired to bed, after laying up log fence all day, and I tho't I'd wait till morning, and come bright and airly. But if I'd known it was you—'

"Known 'twas me'" replied Dobson bitterly, "you know 'twas somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plaguey varmints, though, and you know there's been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all the spring!"

"Come, don't be in a huff, Tommy. It's never too late to do good. So hold tight now, and don't let the tarnal critter get loos, while I split his head open."

"No, no," said Dobson. "After holding the beast here all night, I think I ought to have the pleasure of killing him. So you just take hold of his paws here, and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skulla bout the quickest."

The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward either; and he therefore stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament.

The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenancity with which they had been clenched for so many hours were soon brandishing the axe; and he apparently made all preparations for giving the deadly blow—and deadly it would have been, had he struck. But, to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not strike; and, to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown when coming to his relief.

It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called, and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappointed, leaving his friend as sad a prospect for his breakfast as he himself had for his supper.

To relieve the suspense of the reader, it is right to add that Dobson returned and killed the bear in the course of the afternoon.

TO THE EDITORS.

UNIONTOWN, (PA.) SEPTEMBER 29, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: My attention has just been called to two late numbers of the "Union" in which the editor has devoted ten columns, with the promise of more, to the examination of my late speech in relation to Gen. Cass's extra pay. This is a compliment I hardly expected from the editor of the Union, and am exceedingly sorry that I have given him so much trouble and uneasiness.

I have not time just now to read, much less to comment on these ten columns of editorial abuse; but, since Mr Ritchie questions the truth of my statements in regard to Mr. Cass's extra pay I will refer him to an authority, of which he seems to be ignorant, but will not dare to controvert. I refer him to President Polk's message of the 11th of August last, (Executive document No. 86,) printed since the adjournment. Now, I charged Gen. Cass with taking, while Governor of Michigan and ex officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, $64,865,46 extra pay, over and above the amount of his legal and fixed salary of $2,000 a year. Now, I assert that this message, sent in by President Polk in obedience to a resolution of the House, with the documents appended, sustain and establish every dollar and every cent I have charged against Gen. Cass They do more; they show that Gen. Cass received as Marshal of Ohio and Minister to France $26,708,65, over and above the amount of his salaries and his outfit and return, which regarded as *extra*, will make his extra pay $91,575 11, and his regular and extra pay, together, $234,231,49. Now, if my charging Gen. Cass with taking $64 865,46 extra pay is justly denounced by Mr. Ritchie and his other venal followers as "vilification and slander" of Mr. Cass, what will they now say of Mr. Polk, who makes it much worse than I did? What will they say of Gov. Marcy, Secretary of War, D. Graham, Register of the Treasury, P. Hagner, and John M. McCalla, Second and third Auditors, who sustain by their official signatures these statements thus "vilifying and slandering" Mr Cass, and rendering him, if true, (as has been said by his friends,) "unworthy the support of any honest man?" These "outrageous" charges being established by his own friend, what will my vilifiers and slanderers now say? *We shall see.*

The President's message and documents sustaining these charges are in the hands of every member of Congress, where they may be seen; and, to facilitate the examination, I will refer the inquirer to the pages 2, 3, 5, 46 47 50, 159, 160, 233, and 234.

It furthermore appears by these official documents that Gen. Cass charged and received as Governor of Michigan more than double the amount of extra pay received by *all* the other Governors of *all* the Territories of the United States, from the foundation of the Government up to the year 1843. This remarkable fact is established by these records. Can this be right?—Can Mr. Ritchie satisfy the people of this country that Lewis Cass, while Governor of Michigan, was justly entitled to double as much as all the rest of the Governors of all the other twelve or fifteen territories of the United States? And it also appears that a great part of the extra pay allowed to the other Governor was allowed by Gen. Cass himself, while he was Secretary of War, and based upon *his own extra allowance.*

These documents show also that Lewis Cass received, in addition to his regular salary of $2,000 a year, $1,500 a year for fuel, office rent, &c., $1,500 a year for services beyond the territorial lines of Michigan, and also, *at the same time*, $8 per day and forty cents per mile for making treaties with the Indians, amounting alone, for part of the time, to $3,000 a year, and making, with his regular salary and extra allowances, $8,000 a year, instead of $2,000—more than $20 a day, when the law gave him less than $6. But, not satisfied with all this, it appears that Gen. Cass charged and received for several years, while Governor of Michigan, the pay and emoluments of a captain and quartermaster in the regular army, amounting to upwards of $900 per year more, and charged and received *at one time* $6,610 for rations, as well as several thousand dollars for settling his accounts and assisting to form an Indian code, while in the receipt of all his salaries *regular and extra*, above mentioned. And, what is worse than all this, in July, 1831, a year after Gen Cass was appointed Secretary of War, he produced an account against the Government amounting to $53,128.96, for alleged overpayments, running back ten or twelve years; $5 317, 15 in 1820 for *Indian* annuities; 10,183.61, an indefinite charge "for Indian Department prior to 1829," which, if right he, could have retained in any of his quarterly settlements made during these ten or twelve years, producing a balance in his favor of $35 075. For the alleged balance a requisition was drawn (No. 2606) by John Robb, acting Secretary of War, in favor of Lewis Cass, then himself Secretary of War, on the treasury, and the money being paid the settlement stood suspended till 1837, when it was closed by Wm. B. Lewis.—(See pages 232 and 233.) Worse still: An allowance appears to have been made, while Gov. Cass was Secretary of of War, Wm. Woodbridge, Secretary of the Territory, acting as Governor of Michigan, of $1,500 a year for three years and twenty-five days, the time Gov. Cass was employed in negotiating treaties, amounting to $4,662 74, for fuel, office rent, &c. between the years 1815 and 1827. So that the Government was thus made to pay $3,000 a year *extra* for fuel, office rent, &c. for the Territory of Michigan; $1,500 to Governor Cass, and $1,500 to acting Governor Woodbridge at the same time. If Mr. Woodbridge was entitled to this additional extra allowance of $1,500 a year, why did he not apply for and receive it at the time? Because Gov. Cass received it. Why wait twelve or fifteen years, till Gov. Cass is Secretary of War? And why is this allowed by "John Rob, acting Secretary of War," while the allowance of $4,378 61 immediately preceding to G. B. Porter, Governor of Michigan, and of $1,000 to S. T. Mason, acting Governor of Michigan, immediately following, are "made by Gen. Cass, Secretary of War?"—(For this charge see page 50.) When Mr. Ritchie explains *these mysteries* the will perhaps here from me again.

In conclusion, let me suggest to Mr. Ritchie the propriety of now turning his battery of billingsgate and abuse from me upon President Polk and the officers of the Treasury and War Department, who have taken the task of sustaining the charges against Gen. Cass off my shoulders. Will he do it? I venture the predication that he will hereafter be silent on this subject. *Nous verrons.*" A. STEWART.

LEWIS CASS!

How many recollections cluster around the name.—*Chapman's Sentinel.*

Ah, yes, how many recollections and visions cluster around that name, to be sure! And then *such* recollections and visions! Just think of them! Visions of a nice young schoolmaster strutting through the streets of Wilmington with a black cock ade in his hat—visions of a militia colonel breaking his sword over a stump rather than surrender it to the British, but quietly surrendering himself unbroken—visions of the same militia colonel standing before a court martial and attempting to procure the conviction and the execution of an aged General by testimony under oath directly the reverse of his own repeatedly written statements—visions of a Territorial Governor with his arm up to the shoulder in the national treasury drawing out nearly $100,000 in the shape of extra pay and helping himself, the unconscionable glutton, to five rations per day—visions of the same Territorial Governor, pen in hand, signing a law to punish with stripes upon the bare back or to knock down to the highest bidder white men and white women for walking at night, or neglecting their work, or appearing a little sullen or stubborn toward those claiming to be their superiors—visions of a Secretary of War getting up an association with a capital of $220,000 to speculate in Western lands, and submitting quietly and in silence to a charge of villainy from his associates—visions of the same Secretary of War, under the very eye of his President, fleeing like a guilty thing from the house of a distinguished citizen of Boston at sight of an accomplished lady who had addressed a letter to him he dared not answer—visions of a minister to France seeking the royal favour by a prohibition to his own sturdy countrymen to appear in the presence of Majesty except in full court dress—visions of the same foreign minister writing a fulsome book to glorify the reign of a despot who has since been driven forth an exile from his kingdom on account of his grinding and intolerable tyraby—visions of the same foreign minister sternly refusing to give a statement of facts within his own personal knowledge for the vindication of the calumniated character of Gen. Harrison, but officiously proffering that statement in the strongest terms the moment Gen. Harrison became *President* Harrison—visions of a Senator in Congress raging for war and bloodshed, upon all occasions with or without cause, yet voting to censure Gen. Taylor for the glorious victory at Monterey and to degrade both Gen. Taylor and Gen. Scott by a vote in favour of the appointment of a lawyer to the chief command of the army —visions of the same Senator in Congress —visions of the same Senator in Congress in literary quarrelling for an opportunity to record his vote in favour of the Wilmot proviso, then dodging the question of the proviso, then coming out openly against it—visions of a candidate for the Presidency proclaiming to his own friends in a very audible tone that the noise and confusion would prevent him being heard if he were to answer the questions addressed to him by their chairman—visions of the same candidate for the Presidency lending himself to the base and miserably fraud of the publication of two contradictory lives of himself, one for the North and the other for the South—visions of the schoolmaster, the militia colonel, the Territorial Governor, the Secretary of War, the Senator in Congress, and the Presidential candidate, shifting from party to party, serving all masters, and avowing and disavowing all possible opinions and all conceiveable principles, steady only to the single determination of promoting the objects of his own selfish and guilty ambition!—*Louisville Jour.*

OBITUARY ELOQUENCE.

A correspondent of the Burlington Free Press has furnished to that Journal the following verbatim report of a funeral discourse which he says he heard delivered in the Florida House of Representatives.—The duty of making it was voluntarily assumed, and even insisted on by the speaker, to the no small wonder of the House, his utter in competency being notorious;

"Mr. Speaker: Sir—Our fellow citizen Mr. Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this branch of the Legislature, is dead and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the browncraters, (bronchitis he meant I suppose,) and was an uncommon individual. His character was good, up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty six years old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week washing and lights included. He was an ingenious creature, and in the early part of his life had a father and mother. He was an officer in our state militia since the last war, and was brave and polite, and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the Revolutionary war, and was commissioned as lieutenant by General Washington, first President and commander in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on tha 14th of December, 1799, or thereabout, and was burried, soon after his death, with military honors, and several guns were bust in firing salutes.

Sir, Mr. Speaker:—General Washington presided over the great continental Sanhedrim and political meeting that formed our constitution and he was indeed a great and good man. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, and though he was in favor of the United States Bank, he was a friend of education and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1846, if he had been alive and handn't a' died some time beforehand. His death was considered at as rather premature, on account of its being brought on by an ordinary cold.

Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we were crape around the left arm, of this Legislature, ad adjourn till to-morrow morning as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins, who is dead and died of the *brown creaters* yesterday in the forenoon."

Distance from the United States to England.—The frequent contradictions as to the distances sailed by the Atlantic steamers has led us (says the Philadelphia Courier,) to the compilation of the following table for reference now and hereafter:

By Mercator's sailing.

Boston dock to Liverpool dock,	2883 miles
Battery, N. Y. to Liverpool dock,	3684 "
Boston dock to Southamptom dock,	2882 "
Battery, N. Y. to Southampton dock,	3156 "

By Mecator and Great Circle.

Boston dock to Liverpool dock,	2849 "
Battery, N. Y. to Liverpool dock,	2023 "
Boston dock to Southampton dock,	2849 "
Battery, N. Y. to Southampton dock,	3087 "

CHEERING NEWS FROM OHIO.

The annexed letter from Mr. Senator CORWIN, who is doing most efficient service for the Whig cause in his State, was read at a recent Whig meeting in Lebanon:

URBANA, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848.

DEAR SIR: Having visited a very considerable portion of Ohio, I can assure our friends that every day brings with it prosperity, which promises *certain success to our ticket.*

The true character of Gen. TAYLOR is only *begining* to be known to the masses of the people, and I feel confident that his stern integrity, strong good sense, and republican purity will be known and justly valued by the voters of Ohio. It needs only THIS to make his triumph certain.

Yours, truly, THOS. CORWIN.

THE NEW YORK WHIG CARTMEN.—The meeting of the Whig Cartmen of N. York on Thursday evening, was a grand affair. The Star says that, at an early hour, "the room was densely crowded, and before the meeting was organized many persons were obliged to leave. the Garden outside was one solid mass of human beings, there could not have been less than 20,000 persons present." It also describes the speech delivered by David Paul Brown as a very beautiful one

CITIES EAST AND WEST. Brooklyn, N. Y., has a population of about 80,000, and 53 churches. 'd proportion to the population, the churches are nearly two to one compared with New York. Albany has a depulation of 46,000, Buffalo of 45,000, Cleveland of 14,000, Detroit of 20,000, Chicago of 19,000, and Milkwaukee of 16,000.

Long legs do not always win a race, though they are useful in wading.