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THE KENT NEWS.

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

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANUM, in advance

VOL. 13. SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852. NO. 11

Shell Lime for Sale

SHELL LIME delivered anywhere on Chester or Sassafras Rivers, or on the Chesapeake Bay, at 7 cts. cash, or notes payable in 3 or 4 months with interest, by T TOULSON, & JOS. USILTON.

April 10, '52—6m

House-Carpentering.

THE subscribers take this method of informing the citizens of Kent and Queen Ann's counties, that they are still carrying on the above business in Chestertown. Their shop is in Church Alley, opposite the Court House, where they are ready to execute all orders with despatch. ☞Buildings erected in the best manner, and upon moderate terms.

JAS A. HAMILTON,
GEO. ATKINSON.

Jan'y 3. 1851.—tf

LUMBER YARD.
Shingles, &c.

THE undersigned has just returned from Port Deposit, with a large supply of

Lumber, Scantling, &c.,

which he will dispose of very low.

He also has on hand, a large quantity of superior Shingles.

☞Office over Wickes' Drug Store.

CHAS. H WICKES.

June 5, 1852.

Lumber! Lumber!

THE subscribers have this day associated themselves, for the purpose of conducting the lumber business.

N. WILEY,
B. B. PERKINS.

May 1, 1852.

WE have just received from Port Deposit the largest stock of

LUMBER

ever offered in this market—comprising an assortment of 1, 1½ and 2 inch BOARDS, JOICE, SCANTLING, SHINGLES, &c., which we will sell at small profits, for cash, or on a short time, to punctual customers.

Our friends and the public generally are invited to call and examine our stock before purchasing.

Interest will be charged from date on all bills, not paid within sixty days.

N. WILEY & PERKINS

June 5, 1852.

Lumber,

Shingles, Boards & Scantling

T. W. ELIASON,

HAS a large stock of Boards, 1½ and 2 inch Plank, Joists, Studding, Hemlock fencing, Pine Pales, and

Shingles

Some of his Boards and 1½ and 2 inch Plank suitable for making Doors, Sash, Weatherboarding, Flooring, &c., are seasoned and fit for immediate use. He will sell at moderate prices for cash or on short credit to punctual customers, and will charge interest from date on all bills not settled in 90 days.

June 19, '52

The Steamer

CECIL

Will leave her wharf, Light Street, near Camden, every SATURDAY MORNING, at 10 o'clock, for SASSAFRAS RIVER, stopping at KENNARD'S LANDING TURNER'S CREEK, FREDERICKTOWN, and GEORGETOWN, returning by the same route on MONDAY, leaving Georgetown at 9 o'clock, A. M.; every TUESDAY MORNING, at 8 o'clock, for all the above places, returning the same day.

For Taylor's Island and Church Creek.

The steamer CECIL will leave her wharf, Light street, near Camden, every *Wednesday morning* at 7 o'clock, for the above places, and land and take off passengers also on the river, returning next day, leaving Church Creek at 7 o'clock.

☞On TUESDAY, Excursion Passengers will be taken the round trip for one dollar.

E. G. STURGEON,
Captain.

June 5, 1852.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the estate of John Hawkins, (fn) dec'd for goods purchased at the sale of his personal property in November last, are hereby notified that their notes are now due, and are requested to made immediate payment.

THOMAS CUFF,
Ad'mr. Jno. Hawkins, dec'd.

June 18, 1852.

J. B. GADDESS,
MARBLE CUTTER.

No. 12 Light, near Baltimore Street,

AND OPPOSITE THE FOUNTAIN HOTEL,

BALTIMORE MD.

WOULD respectfully call the attention to persons wishing to purchase

GRAVE STONES, TOMBS, MONUMENTS, &c.

to the large assortment he has just finished, and on hand which will be sold *Cheap for Cash*, boxed and delivered to wharf free of an extra cost—guaranteed safe to any distance and to give entire satisfaction or no charge made.

Any order entrusted to me will be faithfully executed and meet with prompt attention.

Address J. B. GADDESS,
No. 12 Light St.
Baltimore Md.

Feb. 11, 1822

STEAM MARBLE WORKS.

CORNER NORTH AND MONUMENT STS., BALTIMORE.

THE UNDERSIGNED are prepared to furnish all orders in their line, viz:

MARBLE MANTLES, TOMBS, Monuments, Grave Stones,

Tiles for Floors, Gardens Statuary, &c

on hand as reasonable terms as can be had elsewhere, and at the shortest notice, and would respectfully invite purchasers to call and examine their large and extensive stock now on hand.

The trade furnished with SLABS, BLOCKS, &c., cut to sizes at New York and Philadelphia prices

SISSON & BAIRD.

Apr 3, 1852.—3m.

Report on Guano sample from cargo off Matilda, July 1851.

Water and organic compounds of Salts containing Ammonia,	45.50
Phosphates 22.70; Salts, Potash and Soda, 0.20,	30.90
Pebble Stones 12.50, Sand and insoluble earthly matter, 11.10	23.60
	100

The proportion of Salts of Ammonia in above one hundred parts is 14.50 or nearly 15 per cent. If with reference to the organic matter alone the proportion is one third or 33 per cent. The total amount of pure Ammonia in the 100 parts, is 3.16 or more than 3 per cent, nearly 3½ per cent of pure Ammonia. If the average of Patagonia is worth $28 per ton, this is worth $36 per ton.

(Signed) DAVID STEWART,
U. S. Analyst Port Baltimore.

We have on hand a small lot of the above cargo of Guano which we wil sell at a very low price, and invite the attention of the farmers to it—it has been secently inspected by Dr. Poke the State inspector and the weight is marked on each bbl. Also Peruvian and other lots of Patrigonian Guano which we offer for sale at the lowest market rates.

THOS W. LEVERING & SON.
No. 113 Pratt St. Wharf Baltimore.

Mar. 27, 1852.—6th.

MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP
—OF—
YELLOW DOCK ROOT.

Unrivalled for performing the following results:

Purifying the Blood.

THUS it will cure Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Cancer, Scald Head, White Swelling, Scarlet Fever, Measels, Ulcers, Piles, Carbuncles, Eruptions, Blotches, Itching and Burning Sores, and Cutaneous Diseases.

Regulating and Cleansing the Stomach and Bowels.

It will cure Inflamation, Indigestion, and Dispepsia, Sick Headach, Vomiting, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Constipation, Fainting, Loseless, Piles, &c.

Strengthening the Digestive and Regulating the Secretive Organs.

It cures all Bilious Diseases, as Bilious and Intermittent Fevers, or Chills and Fevers, Heartburn, &c., Diabetis, or Strangury, and other painful disorders of the Kidneys.

Strengthening and Quieting the Nervous System.

It cures Neuralgia, Chorea, Hysterics, Palsy, Epilepsy, and Nervous Diseases. It is also wonderfully efficacious in

FEMALE DISEASES.

As Weakness, Irregularity, Obstructions, and many others. It is also wonderfully efficasious in

DISEASES OF THE LUNGS,

As Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Tubercles, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, and Consumption.

Prepared and sold by C. MORSE & Co., No. 2½ Maiden Lane, N. Y.

☞For sale by Simon Wickes, Chestertown

June 26, 1852,

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1,50, payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

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

All communications must be post-paid.

POETRY.

(Written for the Kent News.)

BRING FLOWERS.

BY MINNA.

Bring flowers, sweet flowers, to deck the bier
Of the pure, the beautiful and fair;
With nature's loveliest gifts entwine,
Those locks like the tendrils of the vine,

Bring flowers, sweet flowers, to shade the brow,
That look like the parian marble now;
Within the lid of the coffin place
Those beautiful emblems of heavenly grace.

Bring flowers, sweet flowers, to deck the tomb,
To rob it of loneliness and gloom;
And bast over its sombre a mantle of light,
Like the shadows of evening pensive and bright

Sweet flowers to me look like angels of love,
Like visions of brightness sent from above
To soothe with their sweetness the sorrowing heart,
And a foretaste of heavenly joy to impart.

Let me die in the summer, the summer so bright.
So gay with those visions of beauty and light;
While their odors are round to waft her away,
Let my soul take her flight to the regions of day.

Rock Hall, Md., July 17, 1852.

WAIT TILL NOVEMBER.

CHORUS—"*Wait for the Wagon.*"

The Democratic party, boys,
Are crowing very fierce,
Since they have nominated
Their "last man"—General Pierce.
They say he'll be elected,
In eighteen fifty-two,
And march into the white house—
But that will never do.
CHORUS—Wait 'till November,
Wait 'till November,
Wait 'till November,
And they will all turn blue.

The Whigs have settled on a choice,
The people will approve—
Old SCOTT and GRAHAM are the boys
To make the nation move.
The Locos say they'll floor them
In eighteen fifty-two,
And march into the white house—
But that the'll never do.
CHORUS—Wait, &c.

O, come along my gallant boys,
We'll shout a loud hurrah,
As we introduce our Champion,
The brave old Chippewa;
The locos think they beat him,
In eighteen fifty-two,
And march into the white house—
But that they cannot do.
CHORUS—Wait, &c.

Old SCOTT'S the boys, my hearties.
To bring down Loco games;
He's sure to beat both Pierce and King,
For WIN-FIELD is his name,
They know they cannot crush him,
In eighteen fifty-two,
Then he'll march into the white house,
For that he's bound to do.
CHORUS—Wait 'till November,
Wait 'till November,
Wait 'till November,
And the Whigs will put him through.

A boy was lately asked "who killed Abe?" He promptly replied, "General Jackson." This equals the catechetical examination of a lad living in the wild regions of the Green Mountains. "Into what state did the fall bring mankind?" asked the teacher. With a most rueful expression of countenance, the urchin bawled out, "Varmount"

☞"Oh mother, mother, come quick—Angelina Arrabella has *Gen. Pierced!*"

"*What!* my child."

"Angelina has seen a toad, and *Gen Pierced.*

"What *does* the child mean? Tell me this minute what dreadful thing my pet darling has done"

"Why, she's Gen Pierced—she's *fainted!*"

LIFE
OF
GENERAL SCOTT.

Scott's Birth and Education.

WINFIELD SCOTT, the son of a farmer by the name of William Scott, was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on the 13th of June, 1786. He was the youngest of two sons, and had three sisters. His grandfather was Scotch, and took part in the rebellion of 1745 and fought against the king. Another ancestor fell in the celebrated battle of Culloden—His grandfather forced to fly his country, took refuge in Virginia, where he became a lawyer. His son, our hero's father, became a farmer, and married Ann Mason, a lady of great virtue and excellent sense. Her husband died young, leaving his wife the sole guardian of five children with a small property, that only a rigid economy could render adequate for their support and education. Young Scott thus came into the world the hardy child of difficulty and fortitude, and no nursling of ease and indulgence. His own exertions seconding his mother's efforts, a good education was obtained for him. He chose the legal profession, attended a course of law lectures at William and Mary's College, entered a lawyer's office, and was admitted to the Bar in 1806, at the age of 20.

How he becomes a Soldier.

In the summer of 1807 occurred the wanton attack of the British frigate Leopard upon the Chesapeake, and the seizure and imprisonment of several of her crew, upon the allegation that they were British subjects. This outrage excited a violent resentment throughout the country. Young Scott shared ardently in the indignation of his countrymen, and immediately joined a volunteer corps raised in Petersburg, and marched with them down to Lynhaven Bay, where they took up their station, in expectation of a British descent upon the coast. But this little cloud of war blew over, the volunteer were called home, and Scott returned to the practice of his profession. He was soon to leave it forever, for Providence had marked for him a wide and glorious career. Our difficulties with England thickened. It became clear that a war was inevitable. Congress passed a bill to raise an army. Scott applied for a commission, and, in May, 1808, received from President Jefferson a commission as captain of artillery. During the rest of the year he was employed on the recruiting service, and in the study of his new profession of arms. In 1809 he was ordered to Louisiana, and placed under the command of General Wilkinson. For this officer Scott had no respect. Himself filled with patriotic ardor, and a passionate devotion to his country's honor, he believed Wilkinson to be implicated in Burr's conspiracy. The young soldier, with more boldness than prudence, did not hesitate to express his sentiments.—The result was that Wilkinson preferred charges against him that resulted in his suspension from the service for a year. In this punishment he had the sympathy of his brother officers, and was complimented with a public dinner on the occasion of his sentence. The interval of suspension was passed by Scott in a systamatic and thorough study of military tactics and the whole science of war. At the expiration of the time, he reappeared in service with increased knowledge, and superior fitness for the arduous and important duties now about to devolve upon him.

War Declared.—Hull's Inglorious Surrender.

At length, on the 18th of June, 1812, war was declared. The military preparations of the country had been inadequate to the necessities of the crisis. An expedition to seize upon Upper Canada was planned, and the execution of it entrusted to General Hull. He crossed into Canada at Detroit with his whole force, on the 12th of July, 1812, and in one month and two days hereafter ingloriously surrendered to General Brock, the British commander, without striking a blow. The country was stunned by the shock it received in the accounts of this shameless pusillanimity of conduct. The blood of our young hero boiled to wipe out this stain of dishonor. He longed to avenge our disasters upon the very spot where they had been suffered; a result he soon gloriously accomplished.

Scott is Promoted—Sees his first Service.

Receiving the commission of lieutenant-colonel from President Madison, Scott repaired to the Niagara frontier and took up his position at Black Rock. In October he undertook, in conjunction with Lieutenant Elliot of the Navy, the capture of two British armed brigs, named the "Adams" and "Caledonia," then lying moored under the guns of the British Fort Erie, nearly opposite.—The attempt was gallant and successful; the vessels were captured. But in carrying them off, one of them, the 'Adams,' drifted on shore under the guns of the battery at Fort Erie, and was deserted by the captors. The enemy at once undertook her recovery. Scott drove back their boats by a well directed fire. The contest soon became sharp to see who could win the prize. Our young hero's zeal and ardor mounted with the occasion, and he finally prevailed. Our men bore off the brig in triumph, and the American stars and stripes proudly floated at her masthead, in token of our first success on the frontier, and in promise of that succession of victories that soon after crowned our arms with glory on the Lakes and in Canada.

Battle of Queenstown Heights.

This successful exploit gave a new impulse to the spirits of our troops, mortified and dashed as they had been by Hull's surrender. A body of these troops comprising 2500 militia and about 450 regulars, lay below at Lewistown, under the command of General Stephens Van Rensellaer. This force was impatient for action, and demanded to be led into Canada. The demand was so urgent as to induce their leader to yield to their importunities, notwithstanding no sufficient preparation had been made for such a step. Hearing of the intended invasion, Scott became at once eager to join the expedition; and by a forced marched, hastened through mud and rain to the scene of action.—The arrangements of the embarkation were such, however, as to preclude him from joining the columns of the invading force. He accordingly took up a position, with his artillery, where he could best cover the landing of our troops, and opened an effective fire on the enemy.—The two divisions of attack moved off, the first headed by Colonel Solomon Van Rensellaer, and the second by Colonel Christie. The former succeeded in landing a part of his men. The boats of the latter were swept down by the current, and a portion of the men therein fell into the enemy's hands, while the remainder were driven back to the American shore; Colonel Chrystie himself being among the number.—Though wounded in his first effort Colonel Chrystie obtained fresh reinforcements, and returned and made a successful landing. Meantime, the column under Van Rensselaer formed and advanced under a murderous cannonade from the heights. Beneath it the Colonel and several of his officers fell, killed or wounded. Another portion of the detachment, under fresh officers, came to its successor, and under Captains Wool, Ogilvie, Malcolm, and Armstrong, swept forward upon the heights. They stormed the two batteries which protected them, and drove the enemy under the shelter of a strong stone building near by. Here the flying British were rallied by General Brock, the governor of Upper Canada, who had just arrived upon the ground with fresh reinforcements. He headed a charge against our troops who gallantly repulsed and dispersed the assailants, mortally wounding both General Brock and his secretary, McDonald.

At this point of time Scott arrived on the ground, and the entire command of the corps, now about 600 strong, was at once committed to him. General Wadsworthe acted second in command, and his attachment to his youthful leader often induced him to interpose his own person to shield Scott from the bullets of the Indian rifles which were aimed against his commanding person. Scott immediately drew up his forces upon a strong and commanding position, and awaited succor, from the opposite shore, but, seized by sudden fright, our men refused to move. Scott's position now became eminently perilous. The news of the conflict thus far had already been carried to Fort George Below, which immediately poured forth its garrison, and with 500 Indians advanced upon our defenceless position. The assailants were received with firmness, and driven back in total route; our young hero leading his troops in person and displaying an intrepidity and gallantry never surpassed. Several successive attacks followed. In one of them the American advanced piquits were driven in by superior numbers, and a general massacre seemed inevitable. At this critical moment Scott appeared, and by dint of vehement exertions and impetuous enthusiasm rallied his line, which had recoiled, and was upon the points of giving way. His brilliant example inspired and electrified his men, and the whole line, ringing with shouts, precipitated itself upon the enemy, scattering them in all directions, and strewing the ground with the dead and wounded.

Successive reinforcements continued to arrive, and swell the British and Indian forces, until their numbers reached not less than thirteen hundred men.—The Americans had become reduced to less than three hundred. No succor was to be expected, for our troops on the American shore had refused to come to the aid of their comrades. Retreat was hopeless. At this trying moment, the gallant and intrepid Scott displaying a bearing and a spirit of the most lofty heroism. In nowise daunted by the imminent peril of his position, he mounted a fallen tree of the forest, and calling around him his now diminished band, spoke these thrilling words: "The enemy's balls have thinned our ranks. His numbers are overwhelmning. Directly the shock must come and there is no retreat. We are in the begining of a national war. Hull's ignominious surrender must be retrieved. Let us die then, arms in hand! Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living! Who is ready for the sacrifice?" An enthusiastic cry answered this eloquent appeal. "We are ALL ready!" was the reply.

The enemy, now under the command of Major General Sheaffe, seeing the determined resistance of the American leader, manœuvred with great caution.—They finally moved to the attack from all points. Though sorely pressed, the Americans maintained their ground, until finding themselves utterly surrounded and overwhelmned by superior numbers, and exposed to destruction, finally gave way and surrendered to the inevitable necessity of the occasion. Their heroic resistance, however, redeemed the honor of our arms, and proved by defeat itself that victory was close at hand.

Scott in the Hands of the Enemy.

The fortune of war tous threw our hero into the hands of the enemy, after a series of engagements that established his fame and character as a man of great personal daring, highly animating presence and an accomplished and skilful leader. Throughout these late trying scenes he had manifested the most intrepid spirit, and unquestioned gallantry of behavior. He was always in battle in full dress uniform, and his tall stature (full six feet five inches) made him a conspicuous mark. He was singled out, especially by the Indians, as a target for their rifles, but remained untouched. He was urged on one occasion of great personal peril to change his dress. "No," said he, "I will die in my robes." At the moment of his exclamation, Captain Lawrence fell at his side by a shot from the enemy.

Scott Attacked by two Indian Chiefs.

After the surrender, Scott, with the rest of the prisoners, was taken to the village of Niagara. Scott himself was lodged at an inn, under guard. Shortly after his arrival, a message came to him that some one wished to speak with the "tall American." Scott advanced into the entry to receive his visitor. What was his surprise to find two armed Indians, hideously painted, as in battle. He recognized them as two warriors who attempted to slay him at the surrender at Queenstown. One was a distinguished chief known as CAPTAIN JACOBS, and the other a son of the celebrated BRANDT.—They had come to tomahawk the heroic leader, who had proved invincible to their bullets. They communicated to him as well as they were able how often they had unsuccessfully discharged their rifles at him. Jacobs, heated by his disappointments rudely seized Scott by the arm, under pretence of seeing if he could find no ball marks on his person. Scott resented the indignity, and thrust the savage from him. "We kill you now!" was the immediate exclamation of both Indians. Scott tore himself from them, and instantaneously sprang to a pile of arms, and seized upon a heavy sword that lay opportunely with others in the entry and dashed upon his assailants.—They cowered before his uplifted blade and determined front and feared to strike. He would have cloven them to the earth, but for the prompt interference of a British officer, who, attracted by the noise, at that critical moment, came upon the parties, and arrested the affray at the instant our hero was about to inflict summary punishment upon his frightful and ferocious antagonists.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A Democrat yesterday offered to bet one hundred dollars that there was no truth in the articles copied from the New Hampshire papers respecting Gen Pierce. A Whig accepted the wager.—"But (said the Democrat) who shall decide?" "Atwood," said the Whig. "Oh no, (replied the Democrat,) I wouldn't believe anybody in the world!" That's a specimen of a saving faith.

[*Richmond Whig.*

NOT ENOUGH TO HURT HIM.—An old Locofoco who hurrahed for Jackson until he was hoarse, became struck sanctimonious over the election of Harrison, but when Taylor was elected his wrath knew no bounds, and he took a solemn oath never to vote for a soldier for any office. A few days since the old man was overheard in a bar room by one of his Whig neighbors 'going it" for Pierce. "Well, old man, I thought you had told me a hundred times that you would never vote for a soldier?" "So I did," said the old fellow, looking very sheepish, "but the fact is, *Pierce aint Soldier enough to hurt him*"—*West Chester Record.*

"Oh dear, Mr. F. you jest when you say my babe is the handsomest you ever saw; you must be soft-soaping."

"Well madame, I think it needed *soap* of some kind."