msa_sc2901_scm2352-0378 ©Maryland State Archives


# THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

OL. 13. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852. NO. 28



## LAND FOR SALE.

WO HUNDRED ACRES of LAND FOR SALE, lying upon the main to Millington and Chestersville, and in two and a half miles of navigawater and one mile of George Town roads. There are very few tracts of more valuable than this, containing

**80 Acres**
OF VALUABLE
**Wood-Land.**

s presumed any person wishing to ase will view the land before purg.

J. W PALMER

y 24, 1852—tf.

## Hats! Hats!!

The undersigned would call the attention of the citizens of Kent county to their large and fashionable HAT STORE.—y have now on hand a very large excellent assortment which they sell cheap. They will sell the best ty Hats for $4. Persons visiting ty would do well to give them a

ISAAC COX & CO Pratt st
posite American & U.S. Hotels.
y 22, 1851

## GEORGE H. DODGY,

ts and Painters Supply Store,
2 Baltimore street, Baltimore. im-
of Plates, Crown and Cylinder
w glass, White Lead, Brushes,
s, canvass &c. For sale at the
t prices for cash or approved pa-

y 8, 1852.—1y

## S. A. ARMSTONG & CO'S MARBLE WORKS,

. 154, LEE ST, BALTIMORE.

E undersigned has been appointed gent by the above firm, for the sale MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES ry description, &c., &c.,
would invite the attention of the ic and all who desire any thing in line to give him a call. All orders nptly attended to.

E. MANSFIELD.

hestertown, Aug 10, 1852.—1y.

## Farm for Rent.

HE FARM called the "GEARS FARM" for the year 1853; which is enclosed, and over half the farm has been limed. Guano and lime le furnished for the farm.

pply to HENRY A PORTER.
Near I U. Church

g. 28, 1852

ST received and for sale, a very choice lot of Segars

WM. P FRANCIS

RIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS for sale by

WM. P. FRANCIS.

WAYS on hand all kinds of Plough cas ings such as is used by our far-

WM. P. FRANCIS.

ST received a supply of GOODS table for the season, which will old very cheap.

WM P. FRANCIS.

g. 21, 1852.

## Wanted,

APPRENTICE to learn the Black-Smithing Business—none need unless well recommended

HENRY H. SIMMS.

Town, July 10, 1852

## REEDS BIRKELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
rs his professional services to the
Office on High street.
Town, April 24, 1852.

ANTED—Twenty five head of YOUNG CAT. for which the highest t price will be paid in

H. ABEL J. REES.
s' Corner, July 24 '52,

## For Sale.

E subscriber has for sale a quanty of Alabama Wheat This wheat s from a week to ten days sooner the Mediterranean—it weighs and one bushel is sufficient to n acre.

H. B SLAUGHTER.
ughter's Landing,
g. 28, '52.—1m*

ACK and White Hose—Thread White, Brown and Mixed ½ Hose.

W. N. E. WICKES.



## 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.

(From the Frederick Examiner)

### "We'll give them a touch of the Same Old Tune."

"Old Chip" is a warrior who's never been beat,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
He whipt Santa Anna e'er he could retreat,
Hurrah for General Scott!
"We'll give them a touch of the same old tune,
We'll give them a sight of the same old coon,'
We'll give them hot "soup" by the light of the moon,
Hurrah for Scott & Graham!

His horse never stumbled or faltered with him;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
The flashing of sabres ne'er turned his eye dim,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give them a touch, &c., &c.

When 'soup' was served up, he so hastily ate,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
For fear he'd arrive at the battle *too late*,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give them a touch, &c., &c.

He's hasty at eating, and hasty at fight,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
When duty commands, he obeys with delight,
Hurrah, hurrah; hurrah!
We'll give them a touch, &c., &c.

They tell us that Pierce is a *General* too,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Though at fainting he's 'some,'—in a fight he wont do,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give them a touch, &c., &c.

Then join in a shout for the patriot chief,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Who at whipping his foes has always been brief,
Hurrah hurrah, hurrah,
We'll give them a touch, &c., &c.

He once whipped the British,—he'll whip the Locos,—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
His name is a terror to all who oppose,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give them a touch, &c., &c.

His form is commanding,—his features are bold!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
From duty he swerves not when tempted with gold,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give them a touch, &c., &c.

With an eye like the eagle, proud bird of the air,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
His country he guards with devotion and care,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give them a touch, &c., &c.

He's a friend to the widow and orphan, indeed,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
The soldier has found him a friend in his need,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give them a touch, &c., &c.

In popular favor he daily does grow,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
And the fourth of next March, to the White House he'll go,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Then come to the banquet—wheel into platoon—
Around the *Bowl* gather, each one with a spoon,
And we will eat 'Hasty Soup,' by the light of the moon.
Hurrah for General Scott!

SCOTT IN INDIANA.—The Piqua *Courier* says that we had a conversation with a gentleman from one of the upper Wabash counties in Indiana in reference to the Presidential election. He informs us that in the county in which he resides, (which is Locofoco by a small majority) as far as he is acquainted, Scott will get very nearly all the votes of both parties. To use his own expression "it is all a one sided business" there. He says that the Locofoco candidate is scarcely ever named in his vicinity. Scott and Scott alone, is all the Presidential candidate they talk of—all the one that will be voted for to any extent.

## Letter from Major Jack Downing

DOWNINGVILLE, STATE OF MAINE,
SATURDAY, Sept. 18, 1852.

*Mr Gales & Seaton;* My dear old friends, I wish I had better news to write you. I'm pesky afraid Gineral Scott is coming in. And, arter all, I don't know why I should feel so much fraid of it, especially on my own account, for I don't spose he's a very bad man. But I feel bad for Uncle Joshua. His whole heart is bound up in the post office, and if he should lose it, I'm afraid it would almost be the death of him.—He's had now more than twenty years, and he's more fond of it because it was given to him by dear old Gineral Jackson. He loves it now like one of his own family, and I think it would be the hardest one of the family for him to part with, unless 'tis aunt Keziah. If he should lose any one of 'em, that is aunt Keziah or the post office, I know it would break his heart. And that's what make me feel so bad at the turn things have taken down this way in favor of Gineral Scott. If any way could be contrived to keep Uncle Joshua in the post-office, I wouldn't care a snap if Gineral Scott did come. And I guess there's a good deal of the same sort of feelin smongst a good many of th Democracy I'll just give you a sample of it

There's Cousin Sargent Joel, he can't live without hurrahing for somebody as much as two or three times a day. He got in a habit of it in old Hickory's time and he couldn't leave it off since. Two or three weeks ago Uncle Joshua and I was in the barn, planning a little about getting out the voters to the election, when all to once we heard somebody back of the barn holler with all his might "Hurrah for Gineral Scott." We both startad and run around the corner of the barn as fast as we could, and who should we see there but Cousin Sargent Joel, standing on a stump swinging his hat all alone and hollering at the very top of his voice, "Hurrah for Gineral Scott." Uncle Joshua looked as cross as thunder, and Cousin Joel colored a little as soon as he see us, but he swung his hat again, and sung out once more; "Hurrah for Gineral Scott, and I don't care who hears it."

"Wha's that you say?" said Uncle Joshua.

"I say, hurrah for Gineral Scott, and I dont care who hears it," says Cousin Joel, putting on his hat and jumping off the stump.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business," said Uncle Joshua, "setting such examples as this to the neighbors.—There's many a word spoke in jest that turns into arnest before its done with; and you ought to be careful how you set such hurrahing agoin. If you once get em started there's no knowing what'll be the end on't."

"I don't much care what'll be the end on't," said Cousin Joel

"Why, Joel, what do you mean?" said Uncle Joshua, "If you are going to turn Whig say so, and let us put you out of the synagogue at once, and be done with it. I want a plain right up and down answer, are you going for Gineral Pierce or not?"

"I spose I shall," said Cousin Joel.

"Then why in the name of common sense dont you hurrah for him?" said Uncle Joshua, "and try and get up some enthusiasmsy You ought to be ashamed to throw your hurrahs away on the 'tother side"

"Now, Uncle Joshua I'll tell you what 'tis," said Sargeant Joel, straightning himself up jest as he used to at the head of the company in the Nullification times, says he, "I'll tell you what 'tis, Uncle Joshua, I'm willing to vote for Gineral Pierce to help you to keep the post office, and I mean to; but you need't ask me to hurrah for him, for I can stand no such tomfoolery as that.—I've tried it, and it won't go no how It makes me feel so much like diging small pototoes and few in a hill. But when I get right hungry for a hurrah, I give it to Giner l Scott and I find there's refreshment and nourishment in that, something like real meat; it makes me feel as it used to when we gin the loudest hurrahs for Gineral Jackson"

Uncle Joshua turned away, looking rather down in the mouth and saying, "he did'nt know what the world was coming to."

As near as I can find out, there's a great many Democrats in this State, and other places too, that's in the same fix as Cousin Sargeant Joel Downing, they tried to hurrah for Gineral Pierce, and can't Over to the rasin of Squire Jones barn who is a great Democrat, called out "now let us give three cheers for Gineral Pierce" As quick as look they all swung their hats, and about three-quarters of em sung out as loud as they could holler, "hurrah for Gineral Cass." At that Squire Jones flew in a rage, and told em they was traitors to the party, and no true Democrat would hurrah for any body but Gineral Pierce. That touched the dander of the rest of em and about twenty swung their hats and cried out lustily, "hurrah for Gineral Scott," and asked Squire Jones if he liked that any better

These things has kept Uncle Joshua very uneasy, along back, and before our State election, which come along last Monday, he got quite nervous; and he is no better yet. We have been in quite a state of conboberation all the week trying to find out how the election's gone, but its a hard sum to work out I went over this morning to help Uncle Joshua figure up. He was setting to the table with his spectacles on, and the papers spread all round him, and a pen in his hand, and a dark scowl on his brow. He was thinking so hard he did n't seem to know when I come in. Says Aunt Keziah, says she "I'm dea ful glad you've come in, Major; your uncle will make himself sick working over them figures."

Says I, "Well, Uncle Joshua, how are we coming out?"

"I'm afraid we are coming out at the little end of the horn, Major," said Uncle Joshua, and he looked up over his spectacles so pale and melancholy it made me feel bad. Says he, "I don like the looks of it a'out; the State is on the back track again towards Whiggery, jest as 'twas when Harrison came in."

"Oh, I guess no," says I, for I wanted to cheer him up as much as I could. "The liquor law has played the mischief with this election all round, and got things badly mixed up; but if we sift em out carefully we shall find the Democrats as strong as ever." Uncle Joshua shook his head Says I, "Let us see the figures. Here's the returns from 300 towns, all the State except some of the outskirts Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Chandler, the two Democratic candidates for Governor, has together more than fifty eight thousand votes, and Mr. Crosby, the Whig candidate, has a little more than twenty seven thousand. The Democratic vote is more than double the Whig vote This don't look as though the State was going back to Whiggery."

"That don't amount to nothin' at all," said Uncle Joshua; "a good many thousand of temperance Whigs voted for Hubbard, and a good many rum Whigs voted for Chandler; and when the Legislature comes to meet Crosby will stand jest as good a chance to be chose Governor as any of em and better to, if the State goes over the dam the 2d of November, and you may depend it's drifting that way, or else I've forgot how to cipher. Jest look at the Legislature.—Last year in the Senate there was about five Democrats to one Whig, and now the Whigs have elected *fourteen* Senators and the Democrats only *seven*, leaving nine or ten no choice, or doubted. And then in the House it aint much better. Last year we had a clear majority of more than thirty, and now it don't look though we should have more than ten majority And if the State goes for Scott, I believe the legislature will go that way too Governor and all."

"But may be, Uncle Joshua," says I, "the Whigs havn't gained so much as you think for, arter all. It looks bad in the Legislature, I see, but it may be all owing to the rum business, as you says about the Governor"

"No, no it isn't that," said Uncle Joshua, with a heavy sigh; "you may depend upon it the State has got a big drift. The Congressmen tells the story and there the rum business has nothing to do with it. In the last Congress we had five Democratic Representatives and and the Whigs two. Well, now how is it? In the next Congress this State has six Representatives, and the Democrats have made out to elect three and the Whigs three. It's jest an even balance, and a few more of them foolish hurrahs for Gineral Scott will tip the State agin us."

"Well, we must stir round," says I, "and try to stop this hurrah business, and may be we can save the State yet If I ketch Sargent Joel at it again I'll cashier him. If Democrats can't hurrah for Pierce they mus't be allowed to hurrah for nobody But, after all, Uncle, suppose we should lose this State, the nation is safe for the Democracy. You must remember we have a large majority of the States, and nigh two thirds of the members of the last Congress."

"Well," says he, "that don't prove whether we shall have two thirds or one third in the next Congress If the State go on as they have begun it will be pretty likely to be one-third. There's only three States that has elected their Representatives to the next Congress yet, and that is Maine, Missouri, and Iowa. And only jest look at em Three years ago they stood 12 Democrats and two Whigs, and now they stand 7 Democrats and 6 Whigs How long will it take at that rate to turn our two thirds into one third? I'm afraid there's a Whig drift going over the country that'll swamp us Sailors tell about the big tenth wave that rolls up and carries everything afore it, and I'm thinking it seems to be a good deal so in politics. There was a big tenth wave in 1840, and you remember what work it made. It looks a good deal as if there is another big tenth wave rolling up now, to swamp the Democracy and upset Congress. We've got to have trying times, Major. I don't know what'll become of the country if the Whigs get the upper hand." He said this with such a mournful expression that I see the tears come into Aunt Keziah's eyes. She's a good christian woman, and she laid her hand on his shoulder, and says she, "Oh Mr. Downing pray don't be so worried, but trust in Providence."

And, now Mr. Gales & Seaton, if you can say any thing to encourage us or to relieve Uncle Joshua's anxious mind you would do a great kindness to your old friend, MAJ. JACK DOWNING

### British Endorsment of Pierce.

The London *Times*, the organ of British Capitalists and Manufacturers, in its issue of July 6th, says:—"The primary question for the United States in this election &c., * * *is the national sanction and inviolable establishment of the principles of Free Trade.* * * * * In this respect, and on this point, we take Gen Pierce to be a *fair representative of the opinions of Mr Calhoun and as such a valuable practical* ALLY *to the commercial policy of this country.*"

The Liverpool *European Times*, another British Free Trade organ, says:—"As regards England, public sympathy, it is needless to say, is enlisted on the side of the Democratic candidate. *Not that General Pierce it considered the better man. For otherwise* He is merely *accepted* as the nominee of that great party in the Union WHO DESIRE TO PUSH THE PRINCIPLES OF FREE TRADE TO ITS UTMOST LIMITS."

The Manchester *Examiner*, another organ of the Manufacturers and Capitalists, holds he following language on the subject: "*The election of Gen. Pierce will at any rate prove that the Democratic majority*, whatever may be their other differences, *are unanimous in their testimony* on behalf of a liberal commercial policy, and any government he may form will be one on which *this country may rely for effectual co-operation*, in reducing, wherever practicable, existing impediments to international intercourse

The London *Leader*, another British Free Trade organ, apparantly less informed about the so called Democratic candidate for President of the United States says: "We are without information as to the views of Gen. Pierce *on the subject of co operation with England; but we cannot say that we feel any apprehension on the point and we shall await the final election not without share in the confidence of many American friends that it will result well.*"

### Frank's Trade with a Yankee

The last time I was in St. Louis, says Dan Marble, I was sitting in the store of Frank—country fashion, on the top of the counter, legs pendant, when a real nutmeg came booming along, and in he comes with a heap of bundles in his hands. Frank was down on pedlers and Yankees in particular, but he was set for a joke, and loved, equal to an Israelitie, to drive a sharp bargain.

The Yankee noded to me, and I nodded towards Frank, intimating—that there was his victim. Frank was busy smoking and figuring over his ledger.

'Hoaw'd do,' observed the pedler.

'No no no—go on.' Frank peevishly responded; but that wasn't the Yankee's religion, he wanted to trade, and he was bound to do it.

'Kilkilete, Squire, couldn't deice a trade or nothin' with you folks to day?'

'I calculate that you calculate about right, for you cannot,' was the sneering reply.

'*Wall*, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Naow, here's a dozen jenuine razor strops, ten dollars and a half; yeou may have 'em for ten dollars.'

'I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had bette be going,' said Frank.

'Sho, hnow you talk; I'll bet you five dollars if yer make me an offer for them ere strops, we'll have a trade yet'

'Done,' said Frank, putting a V in my hand.

The Yankee deposited a like sum—when Frank off red him a picayune for the strops.

'They're your'n,' said the Yankee, as he quietly fobbed the stakes. But,' he added with great apparant honesty, 'I kalkilate a joke is a joke and if yeou don't want them strops I'll trade back!'

Frank's countenance brightened.

'There it is,' said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the picayune. 'A trade's a trade—and now you're a side awake in airnest, I guess the next time you trade with that ere pic, you'll do better than to buy razors strops.'

Away walked the pedler with his strops and his wagon, amid the shouts of half a dozen fellows who had dropped in.

☞A Western editor says the spirit of '49 is fairly aroused, and in his enthusiasm breaks out in the following strain:

Get out of the way we're going to slay 'em,
Hurrah for Scott and Wm. A. Graham.

THE HON. JAME A PEARCE, OF MARYLAND.—We have recently received a pamphlet copy of the speech of Senator Pearce, in defence of the administration of General Taylor and of his successor, Mr. Fillmore, particularly in relation to the charge brought against them of alleged abuse in California.—Although it is several months since this speech was delivered, yet it has lost none of its interest on that account. A more complete and succesful vindication we have never read. Every charge is met and satisfactorily answered by official documents. The speech of Mr. P. occupies thirty-eight octavo pages; but its perusal will amply repay every American who has any respect or the memory of that pure and spotless patriot, Zachary Taylor. In the course of the delivery of this speech (which occupied two days) Mr. Pearce was so often interrupted by interrogatories and explanations, that we took the liberty to count them; and we find, from the official copy of his speech, now before us, printed at the office of the Congressional Globe, that he was thus interrupted no less than *forty-eight different times.*

Notwithstanding these repeated interruptions, he preserved, during the debate, the most perfect equanimity of temper, and avoided all personalities.—He never lost sight of the high position he occupies. He never forgot that he was an American Senator and a gentleman.—*Phil. North American.*

### The Duke of Wellington.

The Iron Duke is no more. The announcement of his death reaches us by the Canada. He died on the 14th inst., and had nearly completed one half of his eighty-fourth year. Lord Wellington was born in Ireland in 1769 He was the fourth son of the second Earl of Mornington, and was destined to the profession of arms from an early age.—In his eighteenth year he received an ensignecy in the British army, and a few months after was promoted to a lieutenancy. In 1796 having received the commission of colonel, he sailed for India, during which time he achieved his first honor, and was raised to the rank of major general. In 1806 he took his seat as a member of the House of Commons, and in the following year accepted the office of Secretary of Ireland He participated in the continental wars from 1808 to 1814 when he returned to England, where he received all the public honors due to his brave and admirable services. But the greatest notoriety he ever attained was in his defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815, in which he annihilated the power of the man who had been the terror and dread of all the crowned heads in Europe

### General Pierce.

Gen. Pierce has been very much glorified for volunteering as a *private* to go to Mexico. That falsehood has been sufficiently exposed. But we have before us now a paragraph from the Philadelphia Saturday Courier of September, 1847 a neutral paper, which gives some account of Gen. Pierce hen on his way to Mexico. The Courier says:—

"Keenly looking to the future, and fearing a peace, which would disband the volunteers, he received with his commission *six month' full pay and rations for man and horse in advance*, which, extraordinary as may appear, and unprecedented in the army, was granted and paid to him before he *mounted* his charger or received the sword *purchased* for him by the *ladies* of Concord N. H, where he was a practising attorney"

That puts a very different face on the affair from volunteering as a private—The Saturday Courier, as we said is and has always been a neutral paper, and, in 1847, when this statement was put forth, nobody thought or cared whether General Pierce was a Democrat or a Whig. Was the paragraph true or false? Who can tell?

RECOMMENDATION OF PIERCE.—In the speech of Col. KIDDER, before the West Randolph Granite Club, we find the annexed statement of the whereabouts of the Free soilers in the present canvass, which we advise our DEMOCRATIC coemoraries of the southern press to copy. Colonel KIDDER thus speaks of Gen. Pierce, with a perfect "gush of enthusiasm:"

"He is our neighbor—our friend—our own New England man *The Van Burens, Preston King and a great majority of the leading 'Freesoil' men of '48 are for him.* NONE NEED FEAR HIM. I have not yet met with the first Democrat who will not support him. He writes no silly letters."


MACHINE OIL.—Persons in want of a good article (one that will not gum) can get the same by calling at Rees' Corner, where may be found articles good in quality and as low to price as a living profit will allow.

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, July 31, 1852