msa_sc2901_scm2353-0131 ©Maryland State Archives

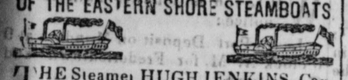
THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

VOL. 14. SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1853. NO. 14.

SUMMER ROUTES
OF THE EASTERN SHORE STEAMBOATS



THE Steamer HUGH JENKINS, Captain TILGHMAN, and OSIRIS, Captain KIRWAN.

Monday—the JENKINS, to Chester Town and back; OSIRIS, to Cambridge and Easton.

Tuesday—the *Jenkins*, to Cambridge, Oxford and Easton; *Osiris*, from Easton to Baltimore.

Wednesday—the Jenkins to Baltimore, from Easton, Oxford and Cambridge; Osiris, to Chestertown.

Thursday—the Jenkins, to St. Michaels, Miles River Ferry and back—Osiris, to Baltimore from Chester Town, leaving Chestertown at 8 o'clock.

Friday—One boat to Easton, the other lay by.

Saturday—One boat from Easton, Oxford and Cambridge; the other to Chester Town and back.

Starting hour 7 o'clock in the morning from each starting place.

On Chester river the boats touch at Kent Island, Queenstown, Corsica, Harrison's and Chestertown. Osiris stops on Wednesdays and Thursdays at Greyson Creek; passage each way $1.—Passage each way on Miles River $1.—On Choptank River—Cambridge, Oxford and Easton; $1.50. The Easton trip going and returning, stopping at Cambridge, Oxford and Easton $1 50

Company's Wharf, Light Street, near Conway.

ROB'T P. CHILTON, Agent,
Office 94, Light street, Balt.
May 23, 1853.

Ice Cream
SALOON.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Chester Town and vicinity, that he has his SALOON neatly fitted up, and will keep constantly on hand,

Ice Cream, Lemonade. Mineral Water, Cake, &c., &c., &c.

His upper saloon is expressly for the ladies, and for gentlemen accompanied by ladies.

He will also keep during the summer

OYSTERS, CRABS, &c.,

and gentlemen can get them served up to their tastes.

Thankful for past favors, his object will be to please all, and he hopes to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

The public's humble servant,
LEVI RODGERS,
may 28, 1853.

New Goods.

I HAVE just returned from the city with a full assortment of goods, consisting in part of the following:

Black cloth frock coats; summer coats, frock and sack, from $1 to $3,25, of all colors; Pants, from 50 cts to $5.00; Vests, from 50 cts. to $6.00; White and black Slouches, with stiff rims; Straw Hats, from 12½ to $1.25; Shirts, from 50 cts. to $1.00; Segars, white and brown; Tobacco of different qualities; Molasses, very superior; Bacon and Lard; Glass, putty, oil, &c; Smoking tobacco, Havana, Principe, and common Spanish Cigars; Young and Old Hyson, Imperial and Black Teas; Candies, nuts, rasins, prunes, &c.; Butter, sugar, soda, and water crackers; Soap, candles, and washing soda, &c.; Meal, at 62½ cts.; Family, extra and superfine flour; Lines, traces, Tinware, Queensware, and Stoneware; Looking glasses, from 12½ cts to $1,25; Ink, tacks, mustard, blacking, &c.

My friends and the public are invited to give me a call. All the above goods will be sold at small profits for cash or produce. Liquors on hand and for sale.

W. BACCHUS.
May 28, 1853.

Now Exhibiting
At Rees' Corner,

The Larges' stock of Goods ever before offered, consisting of almost every thing and a few more articles, viz:

Dry Goods,

GROCERIES, Hardware, Queens ware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Saddlery, Drugs, Paints, Oils, Looking Glasses, Window Glass—Sash, Baskets, Stone-ware, Hollow-ware, Castings, Clothing &c. Just received from Philadelphia and for sale low—call and see,—no charge for admission—Children half price.

ABEL J. REES.
Rees' Corner, Md., May 10, '53.

PLOUGHS and Plough Castings, constantly on hand and for sale by
WM. P. FRANCIS.
Apr. 30, '53.

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.]

I Saw Thee.

BY MINNA.

I saw thee when a little girl,
Arraid in childish beauty bright;
Thy heart too warm for this cold world,
Too innocent and light.

I saw thee in thy maiden bloom,
None was more fair than thou
As yet no cares had tinged with gloom
Thy youthful parian brow.

I saw thee when a blushing bride,
Before the sacred alter stand;
A noble youth stood by thy side,
And clasped thy bridal hand.

I saw thee when in tenderness
Thou first embraced thy infant boy,
And gazed into its tiny face,
With all a mother's joy.

I saw thee by the bed of death,
Gaze on thy dying little one;
And as he yielded up his breath,
Cry, "Lord, thy will be done."

I saw thee when disease had laid
On thee his hand thy life to seek;
Deep traces on thy features made,
And paled thy reseate cheek.

In death I saw thee close thy eye,
And heard thee whisper, "All is peace,"
How sweet thy God! how sweet to die
In thy beloved embrace.

I saw thee laid within the tomb,
Thy cold remains to earth worms given;
By faith I now behold thee bloom,
My Mary dear, in heaven.

ROCK HALL, Md, July 30, 1853.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letter from Major Downing.

Private Despatch to go through the Organ to Gineral Pierce.

DOWNINGVILLE, (State of Maine,) July 22, 1853.

MR. GALES & SEATON: My dear old friends, when I am in a dilemma I always feel sure I shall be safe if I throw myself into your hands. And I am in a dilemma now, cause I've got to send a little private official dispatch to Gineral Pierce, and I can't find out what paper is the organ to send it through. I've been hunting over the papers from all parts of the country that come to Uncle Joshua's post office to try to find out what paper is Gineral Pierce's organ; but the more I hunt the worse I am off, and the darker and more puzzlin the question grows. Some of the papers says the Washington Union is the organ and some says 'tis 't.

Sometimes the Union comes out with a first rate dimocratic leader, loaded down with true solid dimocratic principles that goes into the ground clear up to the hub. Wal, then the papers says, "that's by authority; the Union is the organ of the Administration, and no mistake; it's jest as clear as preachin" Then the next thing, may be, it comes with another dimocratic leader puffing the dimocratic Government of Russia sky-high Wal, then the papers goes into a flutteration about it, and says the Union isn't the organ of the government, any more than a toad wants a tail, every bit and grain. But the Union says 'tis the organ, and the New York Evenin Post and some of 'em een-amost swears up hill and down that *tisn't* the organ. So there they have it; and how are we away down East here to tell which is what? And then some of the papers said the Republic was to be the organ, and was cut down near about one half its size to suit the times; and some said a bran new organ was going to be made right up out of whole cloth, and an editor was going to be brought up from New Hampshire to edit it. So what the upshot of the business is I ban't find out.

I'm most afr id the Gineral hasn't appointed any organ yet, and if he hasn't that's very bad; for the organ ought to be the very first appointment made But I know the Gineral has had a very hard time about some of his appointments, so I cant so much blame him. So here you see was my bother that I was in! I had to send to the Gineral something that ought to go through the organ, and I can't find the organ. Finally, arter consulting Uncle Joshua about, the said I had better write to you, for you would know as much 'bout it as any body, and if there was an organ you could send my dispatch to it, and if there wasn't you could put it in the Intelligencer, and for his part, he always thought the Intelligencer was about as good as an organ to put any thing into.

So now, Mr Gales & Seaton, if there isn't no organ in Washington, nor nowhere else in America, I shall have to depend on you to get my dispatch along to the Government the best way you can, and I will try to do as much for you any time.

To Gineral Pierce, President of America, and agoing be (that is if Gineral Cushing isn't mistaken) founder of "Modern Rome."

DEAR GINERAL: I'm afraid you've thought strange of it that I haint writ to you afore now, for so long time past; but I couldn't. I've been so busy cruizing round among the fishermen down to New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, that I couldn't get no time to write, nor could n't find no post office, to send it. Ye see, Gineral, I did'nt accept your invitation to take a seat in your Cabinet, cause I'm one of them sort that can't bear setting a great deal. I can't stan it without I'm up and knocking about pretty much every day, and I understood the Cabinet had to set nigh about half the time, so I told you I should a great deal rather have some foreign appointment, where I could stir myself. And you told me the foreign appointments were pretty much all spoke for twenty times over, but you would give me a commission of Minister Gineral, and I might go round and look after the interests of the country whenever I thought best. Now that was jest what I liked: you couldn't a gin me no appintment, that would suit me better.

Wal, my first cruise, Gineral, has been away down East, and a little beyond; for I thought it was high time them fishermen of ourn down there was looked arter. I hear! they were getting wrathy, and the Britishers were flockin in there with their armed vessels agin, and there was pretty likely to be a muss if 'twant seen to, and I knew 'twould be a good cool place in this hot summer weather, so I sculled off. I went all along the coast, and boarded the fishermen, and talked with the skippers, and give 'em good advice. I'm sorry to say their backs is up pretty round. They swear they never wi l stan that straight line "from headland to headland" no way you can fix it. They say the codfish and the mackerel are a good deal thicker inside the line than they are out, and they are bound to go where there's the best fishin, let who will stan in the way. Wal, Gineral, since most all our politicians and office-seekers is doing the same thing and setting of 'em the same example, I couldn't find it in my heart to blame 'em much; for who is there among em all, politicians and office-seekers, who stans much about any straight line from headland to headland when they think there's better fishin tother side of it?

However, I guess you may calculate the fisherman will remain quiet this summer, if they are allowed to fish where they are a mind to, and the British vessels don't crowd 'em too hard. But if they do, you must look out for a regular row that'll stir the whole camp of Young America. I got home last week, and have been overhauling the newspapers and having talks with uncle Joshua, and larning how things is gitting on. I see that you and some of the Cabinet have been on to New York to see the openin of the Crystal palace, and had a good time. I'm glad to find your Administration is getting on so swimmingly, and that you have got sich a fust-rate Cabinet round you. I like Mr. Marcy better and better; he's sich a prudent man and a fust-rate Dimocrat. I always heard he was prudent and savin, and wasn't ashamed to have his clothes mended as long as they was decent, before he would go into any extravagrance to get new ones. And I'm righ glad he's agoing to set sich a good example to the country by making our foreign Ministers and Consuls follow his prudent ways. His circular of the first of June has been worth a hundred dollars to me right off, to begin with.—When I got home I says to Uncle Joshua, says I, "Uncle, I want you to lend me a hundred dollars, and I'll give you an order on the President for it to take it out of my salary; for I'm agoing to take a circulating tower to Europe with my commission of Minister Gineral, to see that England and France puts a stop to that Russian war, and I have got to get a bran new rig for a court dress."

Uncle Joshua laughed, and says he, "Major, you can save yourself all that trouble and expense. I guess you haint seen Mr. Marcy's circular. Our foreign Ministers and Consuls now have all got to wear the plainest homespun clothes, jest as Dr. Franklin did when he was a Minister in the begining of the Government. The circular says, 'it is to be regretted that there was ever any departure in this respect from the example of Dr Franklin.' And it goes on and lays down the rules about plain clothes in a most thorough dimocratic manner. And the Union newspaper, I dont know whether its an organ or not, but it puts on airs and speaks as though it was talking by authority, and it says the Administration is determined to 'exhibit the same progressive American spirit' in the clothing business that it does in its other foreign relations, and that 'it is time to restore the strongly marked republicanism' of Dr. Franklin's clothes. So, Major, your clothes is all good enough now, and jest the right sort. Only may be better take with you my long drab surtout and my broad brim hat, for perhaps they'd look a little more like Dr. Franklin than yourn does." And then cousin Nabby spoke up, and says she, "Yes cousin Jack, and I've got half a dozen pairs of blue woolen stockings knit for you; so you'll be all fixed up nice and warm."

Wal, now, Gineral, I feel a great deal relieved about this dress business; it will save so much expense, and besides, I shant feel afraid now to go to any royal Court in Europe, and face the finest on 'em. The fact is, Gineral, since Mr. Marcy's circular has set me to thinkin on this matter of dressin for our Ministers, I don't know but it would be more dimocratic and American to go a step beyond Dr Franklin, and take the real abborigin style. There ain't to my mind nothin more becomin than a buffalo robe or a handsome blanket, with the fine worked Indian leggins and moccasins; and then an American Minister would be knowed every where as soon as he was seed. They might paint or not as they pleased, but it would be real American, and beat the Turks in picturesqueness—and besides look Roman like too. Give my respects to Mr. Marcy and hint this Indian notion to him. I am sure it would take like wild fire.

And, Gineral, you've got another real whaler in your Cabinet, and that is Gineral Cushing. It seems to me if that man lives, he's agoing to outstrip Gineral Jackson. I had no idea there was so much grit in him till he made that speech 'tother day at Newark, in the Jarsies. Since I've read that speech I feel all over like an old Roman; it seems as if I can see our country marching right up to the very tip top of the world's mountain and kicking all the rest of the nations down to the bottom of the heap That old Greke, that folks tell us much about, never poured out sich a grist of oratory in all his born days. I can't help coppying a little piece of it out of the newspapers into my dispatch. Here 'tis:

"There is a destiny to a Republic.—There is a law of its existence as clearly and undeniably as there is a law of the existence of a human being that he shall begin in youth, that he sha l grow in juvenescence, that he shall harden into manhood, that in the plenitude of his manful strength he shall overtop the nations around him. [Applause.] We are now the men of the modern Rome.—How was it with the old Rome? She conquered. She went on annexing, according to the law of her existence, [applause,] and so long as she proceeded in the application of that law of her existence, no earthly power could withstand her progress. [Applause] I say that was the destiny of ancient Rome, and it is the destiny of modern Rome. There can be no pause in our progress, except the pause of decay; when we cease to grow we shall begin to perish. [Applause] I say, when we cease to grow we shall begin to perish; for upon us as a republic is impressed, not a curse, (though it was a curse of him who thrust from his door the thirsting Saviour on his way to Calvary;) it was his curse that vengance of God should pronounc over him as the perpetual sentence of his sin—march, march, march; for him there was no pause. I say, as on him was pronounced the curse, on us has been poured down the benediction, [applause;] for us that same Divine voice has said, March, march, march—onward, upward, so long as there remains a celestial height in the infinite regions of greatness in which it is possible for human power to scale. [Applause.]"

That speech came over cousin Sargent Joel like a streak of lighining. He went right to work and scoured up his old fire-lock as bright as a pewterplatter. And now, from mornin till night, with his fire-lock on his shoulder, he marches about the house and round the barn in a military step, saying to himself as he goes, "March, march, march; we are the men of modern Rome! March, march, march; annexin day is close at hand! March, march, march!"

But Gineral, I must be in a hurry and be off on my tower before the countries is all annexed, for then my commissioner of Minister Gineral won't be of no use. So I subscribe myself in haste, your faithful friend and well-wisher.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING

Story of a Humorist.

WELL, I have seen your friend and find him to be exactly what you described him as being—a *humorist*. He seems to have imparted much of that character to everything around him. His servants are all admirably disciplined to second his whims, and his very furniture is, for the most part, adopted to the same purpose. This put me upon my guard, and there was hardly any thing in the room that I did not touch with apprehension. No trick, however, was pratised upon me, and as I found subsequently, I was indebted for such indulgence to one which was reserved for me at night, and which was such as perhaps all my English phlegm would not have enabled me to bear with patience. I escaped, however, being put the proof, by the merest accident—the arrival of a poor Irish surveyor, who was thought a fitter subject for the often repeated experiment.

The Irishman was treated with extreme hospitality; he was helped to everything to excess; his glass was never allowed to stand, full or empty, for one minute. The potations were suspended not until, and only while, the cloth was laying for supper, during and after which they were resumed with renovated energy. Our entertainer was like the landlord described by Addison; the liquor seemed to have no other affect upon him than upon any other vessel in the in the house. It was not so with this Irish guest, who was by this time much further advanced upon the cruise of intoxication than *half seas over*.

In this state he was conducted to his chamber—a fine, lofty Gothic apartment with a bedstead that seemed coeval with the building. I say seemed; for that was by no means the case, it being in reality a modern piece of structure. It was of dark mahogany, with its four posts extending completely to the ceiling of the chamber. The bed, however, was not more than about two feet from the floor the better to enable the party to get into it. The Irishman, with a good deal of assistance, was soon undressed, and had his body deposited in this place of repose. All the party then retired, wishing him good night, and removing the candle for fear of accidents.

When the door was closed, I was for the first time made acquainted with the structure of the bedstead, which our host considered as his masterpiece. Upon the touching of a spring, outside the door, the bed was so acted upon by the pulley, that it ascended slowly smoothly through the four posts, until it came within two or three feet of the ceiling. The snoring of the Irishman was the signal for touching the spring, and he was now at the proper altitude.

The servants required no instructions how to act. In one moment the house was in an uproar; cries of "Fire! Fire!" were heard in different directions. A pile of shavings was set in a blaze opposite the window where the poor Irishman slept. The landlord's voice was continually heard, exclaiming, "Good heavens! save the poor Irish gentleman, if possible; the flames have got into the room just under him!"

At this moment we heard him fall and bellow out A sudden silence took place—every light was extinguished, and the whole house seemed to be buried in the most profound repose. The Irishman's voice could alone be heard roaring out, in the highest dialect of his country, for assistance.

At length, two of the men servants, in their shirts, entered the room, with a candle just lit, and yawning, as if just aroused from their first sleep. They found him sprawling on the floor.

"Oh dear, sir, what is the matter with you?"

"Matter!" says he; "why isn't the house on fire?"

"Not at all, sir."

"What was the reason of the cries of fire, then?"

"Bless you, sir, you must have been dreaming, why there's not so much as a mouse stirring, and his honor and the whole family have been asleep these three hours!"

The Irishman now gave up all credit in the testimony of his own senses.

"I must ha' been dreaming, indeed, and ha' hurt myself by falling out of the bed."

"Hurt yourself, sir!—not much. I hope, the bed is so low;" and by this time it had been made to descend to its first level.

The poor Irishman was quite ashamed at disturbing the family; begged a thousand pardons; accompanied the servants to the door, closed it after them, and was once more left in the dark.

The spring was immediately touched upon closing the door, and the bed was soon beyond the reach of our guest. We could hear him groping about and uttering frequent ejaculations of astonishment. He easily found the bed-posts, but it was in vain he would endeavor to get in. He moved his hands up and down His leg was often lifted by way of getting in, but always encountered the floor upon its descent He uttered exclamations of surprise, not loud, but deep, for fear of again disturbing the family. He concluded himself to be in the posession of some evil spirits.

In short, when it was found by his silence, that he had given up the task as hopeless, and had disposed of himself upon one of the chairs, the bed was allowed to slide down again; and in the morning, he could not but express his astonishment at not being able to find it in the dark.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE AMERICAN FARMER.

PARIS, June 4th, 1853.

To the Editor of the American Farmer,

DEAR SIR:—I made but a few days stay in England, as I am pressing to get in Italy before the weather gets too warm. But there is one fact I wish to communicate to our agricultural friends at an early period. There can be no doubt that the wheat crop of England is going to be short; how far it will fall below an average, is too early to decide. The long continued wet weather at the usual seeding time prevented its going in in season, and lessened the breadth usually sown, as near as can be ascertained, from a fourth to a fifth Going in late it is backward, especially as it was very dry in May—and from the above causes the filth-weeds, garlic, &c., are showing very much; in many fields they use the hoe, though this they do more or less every season. Much of their tillage, from long cultivation, seems to me to be very filthy. On my return to England I shall be able to obtain more certain and reliable information on the subject of their wheat crop, when I will communite farther, and if possible with more particulars.

I was surprised to learn from conversation with practical agriculturists, that red clover will only take well with them about once in eight years, and that this is as often as they usually sow it on the same field. They agree that with them, as with us, a clover lay is the best chance for wheat.

England is a beautiful grazing country, no hing can exceed the richness and verdure of their grass fields; and perhaps at no period, in any country of the world, did the domestic animals—the stud, herds and flocks—excel those of England at the present day. I regret to say that there is just now, under their new navigation regulations, that prevent vessels carrying emigrants from taking stock, the greatest difficulty in getting animals over. It is quite impossible to do so from Liverpool, unless you charter the entire midship of a vessel. Some parties from Ohio and Kentucky did this. Captain Ney, of the steamer Pacific, with whom I came passenger, and who himself cultivates a neat small farm at Newark, New Jersey, and bleeds fine stock, and has therefore a fellow feeling, has kindly consented to take over in his steamer one animal for me, if I can do no better. Capt. Ney has imported for himself, from time to time, some of the finest Ayreshires to be had in Scotland, and he has promised me that he will have some of them at our exhibition, which he also wishes to attend himself. But I shall go down into Devonshire, and may possibly find a vessel not carrying emigrants, by which I can send some stock. I wish especially to take over a horse, a stallion.—My preference at present is for an English hunter, that unites size and muscle with speed and wind, being best suited with us for the saddle and carriage.

I attended the Epsom Races on the Oakes Day. I don't like their present mode of racing; there is no sport in it but for the sportsman—the better. It is a single brush between two or twenty horses, (eighteen started on this occasion) a distance of 1½ miles—not in an eliptic circle as with us—but for a third of the distance a sort of semi-circle, the rest a long stretch, so you only see the horses as they approach and pass you, not seeing the start, and not be able, but for a single instant, to place the animals in position. The Derby Day they run in the same way, but a distance of two miles. The *Times* stated £500,000—2,500,000 dollars, changed hands on this race, that took place two days before the Oakes, and probably half as much more was lost and won on this latter race. I don't see the *utility* of the thing as at present conducted. It can hardly be a test of a horse's bottom—the great merit of the thorough bred Arabian and Turkish horse, the blood of which was sought for this purpose. I think our Cattle Shows and Agricultural Exhibitions are a good substitute for the turf, so far as rural sports and pastimes are concerned, nor in point of beauty, attraction, and picturesque effect, will the show grounds of our Maryland ex-