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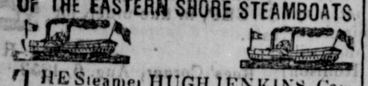
THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

VOL. 14. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1853. NO. 15.

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 91, 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 foll wing:

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 $6.0; 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, raisins, 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 gave 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.

THE WHIG PARTY.

From the tops of lofty mountains—from the deep and sounding main—
From valleys spreading far and wide—from city, town and plain,
Comes the loud, exulting shout of the foes of Scott and Clay,
The Whigs are dead, the Whigs are dead, Frank Pierce has gained the day.
Forgetful of the trophies won when under Tip and Ty,
Faint-hearted friends amid our ranks are frightened at the cry,
And traitor with us, but for spoil, proclaim the party dead,
Although victorious in the field when Rough and Ready led.
But never can a party die whose principles are just,
Whose leaders gallant, brave and true, are such as nations trust,
Who in their party conflict, in the long uncertain fight,
Rejoice when they are fortunate, but more when they are right.
When the orange ripens on the oak—when on the pine the pear—
When the locus blooms with daisies—the birch with roses rare—
When youth and blushing maiden forget the art to love—
When the lion mateth with the lamb, the eagle with the dove,
The Whigs, forgetful of their name, shall then desert their cause,
And leave to fierce Democracy the country and its laws.
When orient pearls and golden sands no more attract the eye—
When diamonds in the public streets are passed unheeded by,
When the great and glorious dollar hath no charms upon its face,
Then believe, but never sooner, that the Whigs have run their race.
Long as our mighty rivers roll their waters to the sea—
Long as the Alleghenies lift their peaks above the lea—
Long as the halls of Tammany remains to tell the fate
Of rampant "Loco Focos" seeking offices of state,
So long shall the Whig party live with bays and laurels crowned,
And with hyms and lyrics in its praise shall all the earth resound.

DRAPIER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EUTHANASY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You remember Anna May, who sewed for you about a year ago?" said one fashionably-dressed lady to another.

"That pale, quiet girl who made up dresses for the children?"

"The one I sent you."

"O, yes, very well. I had forgotten her name. What has become of her? If I remember rightly, I engaged her for a week or two in the fall. But she did not keep her engagement."

'Poor thing' said the first lady, whose name was Mrs. Bell, "she'll keep no more engagements of that kind."

"Why so? Is she dead?" The tone in which these brief questions were asked, evinced no lively interest in the fate of the poor sewing-girl.

'Not dead; but very near the end of life's weary pilgrimage."

"Ah, well, we must all die, I suppose—though it's no pleasant thing to think about. But, I am glad you called in this morning"—the lady's voice rose into a more cheerful tone—"I was just about putting on my things to go down to Mrs. Bobinet's *opening*. You intend going, of course. I shall be so delighted to have you along, for I want to consult your taste about a bonnet"

"I came out for a different purpose altogether, Mrs. Ellis," said Mrs. Bell, "and have called to ask you to go with me."

"Where?"

"To see Anna May."

"What! that poor seamstress of whom you just spoke?" There was a look of unfeigned surprise in the lady's countenance.

"Yes; the poor seamstress, Anna May. Her days in this world are nearly numbered. I was to see her yesterday, and found her very low. She cannot long remain on this side the river of death. I am now on my way to her mother's house. Will you not go with me?"

'No, no," replied Mrs. Ellis, quickly, while a shadow fell over her face; "why should I go? I never took any particular interest in the girl. And, as for dying, everything in relation thereto is unpleasant to me. I can't bear to think of death; it makes me shudder all over."

"You have never looked in the face of death," said Mrs. Bell.

"And never wish to," replied Mrs. Ellis, feelingly. "O, if it wasn't for this terrible consummation, what a joyful thing life might be!"

"Anna May has looked death in the face but does not find his aspect so appalling. She calls him a beautiful angel, who is about to take her by the hand and lead her up gently and lovingly to her Father's house."

There came into the face of Mrs. Ellis a sudden look of wonder.

"Are you in earnest, Mrs. Bell?"

"Altogether in earnest."

"The mind of the girl is unbalanced."

'No, Mrs. Ellis; never was it more evenly poised. Come with me; it will do you good."

"Don't urge me, Mrs. Bell. If I go, it will make me sad for a week. Is the sick girl in want of any comfort?—I will freely minister thereto. But I do not wish to look upon death."

'In this aspect, it is beautiful to look upon. Go with me, then. The experience will be something to accompany you through life. The image of a frightful monster is in your mind; you may now have it displaced by the form of an angel."

"How strangely you talk, Mrs. Bell! How can death be an angel? Is anything more terrible than death?"

"The phantom called death, which a diseased imagination conjures up, may be terrible to look upon; but death itself is a kind messenger, whose office it is to summon us from this world of shadows and changes, to a world of eternal light and unfading beauty. But come, Mrs. Ellis; I must urge you to go with me.—Do not fear a shock to your feelings; for none will be experienced."

So earnest were Mrs. Bell's persuasions, that her friend at last consented to go with her. At no great distance from the elegant residence of Mrs. Ellis, in an obscure neighborhood, was a small house, humble in exterior, and modestly, yet neatly, attired within. At the door of this house the ladies paused, and were admitted by a woman somewhat advanced in years, on whose mild face sorrow and holy resignation were beautifully blended.

"How is your daughter?" inquired Mrs. Bell, as soon as they were seated in the small, neat parlor.

"Not so strong as when you were here yesterday," was answered with a faint smile. 'She is sinking hourly."

'But continues in the same tranquil, Heavenly state?"

'O, yes." There was a sweet, yet touching earnestness in the mother's voice. 'Dear child! Her life has been pure and unselfish; and now, when her change is about to come, all is peace, and hope, and patient waiting for the time when she will be clothed upon with immortality."

'Is she strong enough to see any one?' asked Mrs. Bell.

"The presence of others in no way disturbs her. Will you walk up into her chamber, friends?"

The two ladies ascended the narrow stairs, and Mrs. Ellis found herself, for the first time in many years, in the presence of one about to die. A slender girl, with large, mild eyes, and face almost as white as the pillow it pressed, was before her. The unmistakeable signs of speedy dissolution were on the pale, shrunken features; not beautiful, in the ordinary acceptation of beauty, but from the pure spirit within. Radiant with Heavenly light was the smile that instantly played about her lips.

'How are you to day, Anna?' kindly inquired Mrs. Bell, as she took the shadowy hand of the dying girl.

"Weaker in body than when you were here yesterday," was answered, "but stronger in spirit."

"I have brought Mrs. Ellis to see you. You remember Mrs. Ellis?"

Anna lifted her bright eyes to the face of Mrs Ellis, and said:

"O, yes, very well;" and she feebly extended her hand. The lady touched her hand with an emotion akin to awe. As yet, the scene oppressed and bewildered her. There was something about it that was dream-like and unreal!—"Death! death!" she questioned with herself, "can this be dying?"

"Your day will soon close, Anna," said Mrs. Bell in a cheerful tone.

"Or, as we say," quickly replied Anna, smiling, "my morning will soon break. It is only a kind of twilight here. I am waiting for the day to dawn."

"My dear young lady," said Mrs Ellis, with much earnestness, bending over the dying girl as she spoke—the newness and strangeness of the scene had so wrought upon her feelings that she could not repress utterance—"Is all indeed as you say? Are you inwardly so calm, so hopeful, so confident of the morning? Forgive me such question, at such a moment. But the thought of death has ever been terrible to me; and now, to see a fellow-mortal standing, as you are, so near the grave, and yet speaking in cheerful tones of the last agony, fills me with wonder. Is it all real?—Are you so full of heavenly tranquility?"

Was the light dimmed in Anna's eyes by such pressing questions? Did they turn her too realizingly upon the "last agony?" O, no! Even in the waning hours of life her quickest impulse was to render service to another. Earnest, therefore, was her desire to remove from the lady's mind this fear of death, even though she felt the waters of Jordon already touching her own descending feet.

"God is love," she said, and with an emphasis that gave to the mind of Mrs Ellis a new appreciation of the words. "In His love He made us, that He might bless us with infinite and eternal blessings, and these await us in Heaven. And now that He sends an angel to take me by the hand and lead me up to my Heavenly home, shall I tremble and fear to accompany the celestial messenger?—Does the child, long separated from a loving parent, shrink at the thought of going home, or ask the hours to linger? O, no!"

"But all is so uncertain," said Mrs. Ellis, eager to penetrate farther into the mystery.

"Uncertain!" There was something of surprise in the voice of Anna May.—"God is truth as well as love; and both in His love and truth, He is unchangeable. When, as Divine Truth He came to our earth, and spake as never man spake, He said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.' The heavens and the earth may pass away, Mrs. Ellis, but not a jot or title of the Divine Word can fail."

"Ah, but the preparation for those Heavenly mansions?" said Mrs. Ellis—"The preparation, Anna! Who may be certain of this?"

The eyes of the sick girl closed, the long lashes resting like a dark fringe on her snowy cheek. For more than a moment she lay silent and motionless. Then looking up, she answered:

"God is love. If we would be with Him, we must be like Him."

"How are we to be like Him, Anna?" asked Mrs Ellis.

'He is love; but not a love of Himself. He loves and seeks to bless others. We must do the same."

"And have you, Anna—"

But the words died on the lips of the speaker. Again had the drooping lashes fallen, and the pale lids closed over the beautiful eyes. And now a sudden light shone through the transparent tissue of that wan face; a light, the rays of which none who saw them needed to be told were but gleams of the heavenly morning just breaking for the mortal sleeper.

How hushed the room—how motionless the group that bent forward towards the one just passing away! Was it the rustle of angel's garments that penetrated the inward sense of hearing?

It is over! The pure spirit of that humble girl, who, in her sphere, was loving, and true and faithful, had ascended to the God, in whose infinite love she reposed a child-like and unwavering confidence. Calmly and sweetly she went to sleep, like an infant on its mother's bosom, knowing that the Everlasting arms were beneath and around her.

And thus, in the by ways and obscure places of life, are daily passing away the humble, loving, true-hearted ones. The world esteems them lightly; but they are precious in the sight of God. When the time of their departure comes they shrink not back in fear, but lift their hands trustingly to the angel messenger, whom their Father sends to lead them up to their home in Heaven. With them is the true "Euthanasy."

'Is not that a new experience in life?" said Mrs. Bell, as the two ladies walked slowly homeward. With a deep sigh the other answered:

"New and wonderful. I scarcely comprehend what I have seen. Such a lesson from such a source! How lightly I thought of that poor sewing girl, who came and went so unobtrusively! How little dreamed I that so rich a jewel was in so plain a casket! Ah, I shall be wiser for this—wiser, and I may hope, better. O to be able to die as she has died—what of mere earthly good would I not cheerfully sacrifice!"

"It is not for us all," calmly answered Mrs. Bell. "The secret we have just heard—we must be like God."

"How—how?"

"He loves others out of Himself, and seeks their good. If we would be like Him; we must do the same."

Yes; this is the secret of an easy death, and the only true secret.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

(From the American Farmer)

Agriculture in Europe.

ROME, June 22d, 1853.

To the Editor of the American Farmer—

DEAR SIR:—Rome is not the place from whence letters on agriculture, or matters relating to rural affairs are generally dated, but it is of these things I would communicate with my friends, and I find much matter for observation and comment in passing through the Italian States, and especial here in the Pope's dominions. But my remarks must necessarially be brief now.

I passed through the entire length of France from Calais to Marseilles, a distance of about 800 miles. I was most agreebly struck with the appearance of the country, and the condition of its agriculture. It is generally held in this part of France, and farmed in small tracts, and these small tracts are cut up by a variety of crops into almost infinissimal proportions. An acre of wheat, one of barley, a half an acre of oath, a half or a quarter of an acre of beans or peas, patches of grass of similar size, of different descriptions, as rye grass, sainforn, orchard grass, &c, interrening, and thus chequering the land into spots like a backgammon board, and hardly, as seen at a distance, into larger squares.

I do not think I saw on the whole route of 800 miles, a field containing as much as ten acres of any one description of grain. It must be mostly, after the ground is once broken, a hand or spade tillage; and it is certainly very neatly done, but the extent of manual labor required must be very great They seem to make the most of what resources they have have in the way of manure, but these are limited. Comparatively few cattle are kept in all this portion of France, but the soil is naturally good, and the in summer both warm and moist, and favorable to vegetation. The range of their productions are varied; the staples, especially in the Southern provinces, are numerous, including, besides the usual tillage and grass crops, the cultivation of the grape, the olive, madder, the mulberry for silk, the sugar beet, &c.

In the Italian States, I have passed through Sardinia, Tuscany, Naples, and the Estates of the Church. These countries are as badly governed as they are inconvenently and unprofitably farmed not that the land is not made to produce in many districts most abundantly, and indeed generally fair crops, but is at such an enormous outlay of labour.

The first strking characteristic of this whole country, which formerly constituted the Roman Empire, and inclusive also of the whole southern portion of France, where the Roman conquests early extended, is, that there *are no people in the country*. They live shut up in towns and villages, miles distant from each other, and often more miles distant from the fields of their labour. Imagine a country, such as I passed through, for 100 miles in coming from Naples here, without a house, or a barn, or a fence to be seen, an immense wide open plain, level or undulating, as the case may be; but by and by, perched on the shark acclivity of a mountain, or some point apparently selected for its security from the attack of an enemy, you see a little town. As you approach and enter it, you find its stree s crooked and narrow, the houses high, dark and groomy; no yards, no garden, no flowers, no domestic animals to be seen, and here are housed and lodged and fed, after a fashion, the yeomanry, or the people rather, that till the soil. It was about 5 o'clock in the morning, midway between Naples and Terricina, when we began to meet the people, men, women, girls, and children, the women and girls predominating, for many of the young men are taken for the army, making their way to the distant fields where they were to work, as much fatiged probably in getting to and from them as in performing the day's work, and for which they would receive hardly what would be the expense of boarding a labourer in our country Never was agriculture or any other interest in any civilized state conducted to such disadvantage. Their impements are more rude than anything to be seen, except, perhaps, among our American Indians that have just left the chase for agriculture. Their hoes, queer shaped things, have a handle no more than two feet long, bringing the face of the labourer almost to the ground; their grain hooks have not the serrated edge of the old sickle, but are smooth-edged crooked knives. I stopped to see ten of them cut oats, that were small and thin, and it occurred to me that one of our good lusty blacks, with even the old grain cradle, would be quite equal to the ten "Romans,"—The ploughs mostly in use are fashioned, the iron part, a little like the Southern bull tongue, but the beam is a long post running up and fastening to the yoke, for they plough with oxen, even their corn, the oxen working in long yokes, walking two raws apart. They plant corn very thick, the rows from 2½ to 3 feet apart, and the plants about a foot distant in the drill. The atmosphere being generally pretty moist as well as warm, enables them to do this. Their horses somewhat resemble our Canadian horses, they are mostly black in color. Their oxen are fine, tall, long-legged, upheaded, active fellows, all of a uniform grey colour, working in a rude yoke and bows, driven with ropes fastened to the ends of the horns. The farms are large, owned generally by the nobility, and farmed out on long leases. They were hauling hay with half a dozen carts in a large meadow as we passed. They *bind* it as we do wheat—The hay bed was something like a crockery crate, with a long pole up at each corner, when the hay is piled up on it almost as high as a stack, and tied on with a rope that goes round a windlass. Here again I would put two Yankees with a good hay bed against half a dozen Romans, and including curing and gathering it with a horse rake, against twice the number. In some instances they were bringing it on the backs of mule, and in Naples I noticed they carried their manure out in this way.

Is it not amazing that two thousand years finds these people in this condition? The evils of their residence in towns, instead of being scattered over the country, can not be over estimated either on the score of discomfort to themselves, or as it affects their character as a people, their independence and spirit, their virtue, success and prosperity. They can hardly have, even with a tenant of an Irish cabin, a chicken or a pig, or any of the little conveniences, luxuries, indeed, that may surround the most humble country home. They are in herds—in herds to be worked, and burthened, and oppressed, and if the Government should require it, to be *slaughtered*. The apparent enigma of Paris directing the destinies of France, is better understood when we consider that the people for the most part, even there, are huddled up in towns, and are all approachable by a few demagogues, while thus closely colonized.

Wisdom, and even safety, would seem to point to the rulers of these States a different course. Take the Pope's dominions; he has but about 13 thousand square miles of territory, a population of two and a half million. He has next to no foreign commerce, very little internal commerce, for there is but one navigable river, the Tiber, and manufacturing is only conducted on a very small scale. The State, therefore, has mainly to rely on agriculture for its support. Imagine then a population not larger than that of the State of New York, supporting such a government, comprising the Pope with 70 Cardinals, and a large number of Bishops and Priests, ten thousand French soldiers, a regiment of Swiss, and several regiments of Roman soldiers, together with other necessary expenses of the State, including twenty-five per cent., *one-fourth of the whole amount raised*, which is said to be paid for collecting the revenue—the tax gatherers swarming over the land.

The soil and climate are both undoubtedly fine, and the soil in all these volcanic regions seems to be very enduring as well as fertile. The crops on the Continent are represented as generally promising. A late number of Gallignani repeats the report that the English wheat crop will be a very short one.

But the morning is advancing, and I must close my letter, and take another look at some of the things of Ancient Rome, still more to be admired, or at least gazed upon, in their ruins, than Modern Rome; but in reference to these—its Coliseum, Pantheon, Baths, and Circuses—one is at a loss whether most to wonder at the genius of the Architects that designed and erected them, the folly that dictated the lavish expenditure, or the crime, cruelty, and violence of which they were the focus.

Yours truly, C. P. HOLCOMB.

☞Saying prayers every morning, then yielding to bad habits every day, is like a cow giving a good pail of milk, and then suiting her foot into it and turning it over.

A DUTCH STORY.—"I and brother Hans and two other fogs vas out huntin vun tay next week, and we trove nine woodchucks into a stone heap, and kilt tko of 'em before dey cot in.

☞An Irish soldier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much *hospitality* in Holland—

"O yes," replied he, "too much; I was in the *hospital* almost all the time I was there."