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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 16. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JULY 21, 1855. No. 12.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

RULE COLUMBIA.

A Parody on Rule Britannia.

BY DR. J. B. HAYNES.

Rise ye sons of old Columbia;
Gather to your Country's call;
On your arms no longer slumber;
Rise to help her one and all!
Cast away each fued and faction;
Brood not over wrong nor ill;
Rouse your virtues into action,
For we love our country still.
Hail Columbia! Hail Columbia!
Raise that thrilling shout once more;
Rule Columbia! Rule Columbia!
Conquer over sea and shore.

Should the tyrant full of bluster,
Come to take away our gain,
Then brave boys we'll make a muster,
And our liberty maintain;—
And if foemen, blind with fury,
Tempt to take away our right,
Wait not then for Judge nor Jury,
Up! and at them, boldly fight!
For Columbia! just Columbia,
Claims our chorus as before;
Rule Columbia! Rule Columbia!
Conquer over sea and shore.

See upreared our Holy Standard!
Crowd around it gallant hearts!
What! Columbia's fate be slandered
As by fault on our parts?
Let the cruel tyrants threaten;
Let the mad invaders come;
Fly to battle, what if beaten?
We can die for friends and home!
For Columbia, brave Columbia,
Wakes our chorus ever more;
Rule Columbia! Rule Columbia!
Conquer over sea and shore.

Rise then patriots—name endearing,
Let the Union ever stand;
Rise the Stars and Stripes so cheering;
Glorious banner of our land:
Rise! ye sons of old Columbia;
Rise! our common weal to serve;
Rise! while now the song enthralls you,
Thrilling every vein and nerve.
Hail Columbia! Hail Columbia!
Conquer as thou didst of yore,
Rule Columbia! Rule Columbia!
Over every sea and shore!

MISCELLANY.

The Highest Prize.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIANCE.

There are few strangers who have ever paid a visit to our northern metropolis without devoting at least one day to the wonders and beauties of Naliant. On that wild and rocky promontory, projecting far into the blue waves of the Atlantic Ocean and opposing to their fury an impregnable barrier, the scene of the present story lies. Fear not, reader, that I am about to launch into a long winded description of localities and mirabilia. I reserve that essay for a tour to Europe and a page of a London Magazine.—Here, indeed, I may *flare up* with some most splendid exaggerations, and tell the wonder loving John how Nanant Hotel, based on its throne of ever-enduring rocks, rises like a pinace on the surf whenever old Boreas and Neptune enact their "Tempest" for the amusement of the Nereids. But now, dear reader, I would appear only as the narrator of a simple fact.

In whatever direction you approach Naliant by water, your attention will be arrested by the proud eminence of its Pacific hotel. The building is in keeping with the scene about. When it looms up through an easterly fog, it assumes quite a venerable air, and is clad in tints that might, but for its outline, stamp it as an antique coeval with its rocky seat. Well, I promised not to attempt description, and so, with a *scart* of the pen, behold me *in medias res*. (By the by, is not the style of the last sentence very pure, according to the last authourities?)

On a morning in July, 18—, a group of gentlemen were attempting to dislocate the limbs of their chairs on the eastern piazza of the hotel. They were all in those various uneasy attitudes which distinguishes out *otium cum dignitate*, all in white jackets, and all whiskered, made up by the last tailors to the latest mode. They were talking abut one of the late *arrivals*.

"This Mr. Templeton is a strange fellow," said Captain Gobble, a corpulent officer of an independent company—"he never exceeds one plate of turtle soup, and I have actually known him to dine off one dish."

"A good judge of horses," said Mr. Snaffle, a member of the long Island jockey club, "he drives a dashing team and rides like a Centaur."

"Manners not very *distingue*," said Mr. Ormond Fitzherbert, a young scion of nobility.

"Manners! none at all!" exclaimed two or three.

"But then he has *some* money," said a millionaire. The compony listened in respectful silence.

"Well now," said Jack Daw, who passed for a wit among all foolish youngsters, "I'll wager you havn't heard the story of the servant and the brandy and water."

"No! no! The story! the story!" vociferated a dozen voices.

"You know," said the story-teller, "that all we know about this Mr. Templeton is that he is rich, vulgar and mysterious. Whence he comes, nobody can tell. Some says he's special ambassador from the Court of St. James—but that's all fudge. The man is nobody! The proof! Draw nearer, gentlemen; keep it secret, it's among ourselves—anybody near? The other night—(general curiosity)—"a water"—(murmurs)—"entering his room"—(expectation on tip-toe)—"found"—suppression of breaths—"Mr Horace Templeton sitting on a table, with his servant beside him, drinking brandy and water, half-and-half, singing the execrable verses of Jim Crow!"

It was a lovely sunset; the calm waters of the ocean glowed like molten gold away to the horizon. Here and there a saffron sail flickered on its yellow bosom. The much talked of Mr. Templeton was strolling along a rocky foot-path with a "very interesting young man." Mr. Templeton was a middle-aged, florid, rather vulgar looking man, with a green coat buttoned up to his chin, a white hat, white pantaloons, and black gaiters. His companion was much younger.

"This is the air," exclaimed the latter, "to restore the bloom to a fading cheek."

"Umph! I'm afraid so," said Mr. Templeton.

"Afraid so!"

"Ay, sir, look at me—I'm in a plethora almost; nearly dying of too much health. Now, sir, I think there is something vulgar in this incessant health; it is an insuperable bar to success with the ladies, to distinction in fashionable society. The other day I woke with a very promising headache and hopes of an indigestion, but the confounded pure sea breeze restored me before breakfast. I've tried the wasting system, but I find I thrive on fish and vinegar. Ah! sir, if I could only compass a dyspepsia!"

"Strange man!" exclaimed young Clavers, for that was his name. "So much to be envied, and yet unable to enjoy your good fortune."

"My good fortune!"

"Yes. Had you my souces of disquietude, you might well complain. And since I have avowed myself to be unfortunate, I will tell you all—for a believe you to be my friend."

Your confidence is not misplaced," said Mr. Templeton, grasping the hand of the young man.

"Well," said Clavers, "know then that I have just arrived from the South in pursuii of a young angel, whom a dragoon of a mother has snatched away from me.—They arrived yesterday. You have met them at table."

"Possibly. Their names?"

"Honeywell."

"Honeywell! Honeywell!" cried Mr. T., "O, yes! I saw them yesterday—the daughter graceful and beautiful, the mother amiable and kind."

"There you are mistaken—deceived," said Clavers. "She's a fury, and sometimes, in her paroxysms, even beats her servants."

"Beats her servants!" exclaimed Mr. T. with horror, "say no more, young man I hate her."

Clavers continued:

"This lady and my father were bitter enemies, and, in memory of that feud, she hrtes me. Not so with the daughter; we are the Romeo and Juliet of the warring houses. The old lady will not listen to any of my amicable overtures, swears I shall never become her son-in-law, and has taken her daughter to this northern watering place to avoid the ardor of my pursuit."

"You shall have her!" exclaimed Templeton.

"My dear friend, can you assist me?" cried Clavers.

"I can—I will—that is, if the old lady will listen to the persuasions of a noted man—a millionaire."

"A thousand thanks!" exclaimed Claveres.

"Stop, young man; answer me a few questions.

"A hundred if you please."

"What's your income?"

"About five thousand."

"Right. Your age?"

"Twenty-five."

"When you're married, shall you keep house?"

"Certainly."

"Shall you live with your mother-in-law?"

"Never."

"Right again. You will want a carriage, horses, and servants—will you permit me to choose them?"

"With all my heart."

"The affair is settled. Your happiness is certain."

Let us suppose that some weeks have elapsed, that Mr Templeton has won the good graces of Mrs. Honeywell, and that he is *tete-a-tete* with her in a little box in the second story of the hotel, which she calls her parlor.

We will take up the thread of the conversation at a very interesting moment.

"Yes madam," said Mr. Templeton, "I confess it, youth and bloom have no charms for me. Some may like the violets of spring, I admire the fruits of autumn.—Therefore, my dear madam, I lay my hopes, my heart and my hand at your feet."

Mrs. Honewell endeavored to look amiable and innocent—she felt flattered and pleased; she accepted the lover.

"And now, madam, as you wish to see your daughter married, permit me to choose a son-in-law."

"With some difficulty Mrs. Honeywel's antipathies were vanquished, and Harry Clavers received by her with a show of favor.

The nuptials were to take place in the little church of Nahant, and the happy pair to start immediately on a matrimonial tour.

"But the carriages, horses and servants—could they be procured in time?" This question was asked by Henry Clavers on the morning of the eventful day. Mr. Templeton, of whom it was asked, replied in the affirmative—it was his prerogative to provide them.

At the appointed hour a handsome carriage drove up to the door of the hotel.—Henry recognized the carriage, horses and servants as belonging to Mr. Templeton. The liveries were neat and new—green trimmed with buff. But what was his surprise and that of the numerous spectators who thronged the piazzas of the hotel, when the eccentric Mr. Templeton sprang from the coach-box, where he had been seated beside the coachman, dressed in a new livery suit.

"How is this," cried Clavers, "tell me—what is the matter? Are you crazy?"

"No sir," replied Mr. Templeton, touching his hat respectfully. "Ladies and gentlemen, my *real* name is Horace Stubbs I was born in a kitchen, and reared in a kitchen, from a turnspit to a major-domo. I was happy and contented, till in an evil hour, a lottery ticket given me by a fellow servant drew a quarter of the highest prize. Five thousand dollars gave me the means of living like a gentleman, and I *have* lived like one for some time. I discovered that five thousand dollars would last exactly three months; the period expires to-day, and I am without a cent.—But what of that? I've made an estimable couple happy, I've sold this useless equipage, I've got a master for myself and for these honest fellows, once my servants now my equals, and a good wife for myself—that is, if Mrs. Honeywell holds me to my bargain."

"No, no," said Mrs. Honeywell, in some trepidation, "I dismiss you."

"Thank you, ma'am, I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Stubbs. "And now, Mr. Clavers, the carriage is ready. Ladies and gentlemen, I am, in truth, your obedient *servant!*"

The bride and bridegroom entered the carriage, the steps were put up, the door shut to, Stubbs sprang on the box, and the vehicle was whirled away.—*Ballou's Pictorial.*

During the last war, a Quaker was on board an American ship engaged in close combat with an enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly, until he saw a stout Briton climbing up the vessel by a rope which hung overboard. Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship and remarked: "Friend, if thee wants that piece of rope, thee may have it," when suiting the action to the word, he cut off the rope, and down went the poor fellow to his long watery grave.

☞ An individual was arrested the other day in New York endeavoring to pick a man's pocket. He said he wasn't used to the business, and was trying to *get his hand in.*

A LAWYER NON-PLUSSED.

The following anecdote, which is said to be literally true of an eminent New Bedford lawyer recently deceased, was contributed some years since the Knickerbocker. As however all the details were not given and an assumed name given to the chief actors, we will relate it more fully here.

The lawyer in question, who was then quite young, was retained as an advocate in a case, in which, not feeling himself sufficiently prepared to plead, he was very desirous of waiting on a postponement.—As, however, the Court had already protracted its session beyond the usual period in consequence of an unusual amount of business, and of course the jury were getting impatient to be released from their duress, he was well aware that it would be impossible to procure such a postponement, unless he could allege some extraordinary cause.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the result proved, he had a lively imagination, and had quickly formed a plan which he was sure would be successful.

Rising with his handkerchief to his eyes, he addressed the Court in great apparent emotion.

"May it please the Court, I have just heard of the dangerous illness of my venerable mother, who is lying at the point of death. Under such circumstances, much as I regret protracting an already lengthened session, I must request that this case be postponed. My feelings are so powerfully agitated that I should be unable to do justice to the case, feeling as I do that my proper place is at the bedside of my mother."

The pathetic appeal was completely successful. A feeling of earnest sympathy for the afflicted counsel pervaded all hearts, and the jurors, though anxious to return to their families, were not sufficiently hard of heart to wish to have the business of the Court proceed at such a sacrifice of personal feelings.

The Judge who was a tender-hearted man, had risen, and was about to grant the request of the counsel, when the deep silence was broken by a shrill voice which proceeded from a lady in a Quaker bonnet who was bending over the railing of the gallery. It was the mother of the elocounsel, who, so far from being at the point of death, without her son's knowledge, had come to hear him plead.

"Timothy," she exclaimed, in a voice which could be heard all over the house, "*Timothy, Timothy, how often have I chastised thee for lying!*"

It is needless to say that the court room fairly shook with laughter, and the eloquent counsel—the late Timothy Coffin, as perhaps our readers have conjectured—sat down completely non-plussed.

The case wasn't postponed.

THE FAST YOUNG LADY.

The fast young lady is one of the developments of female liberty. Young and handsome she is, of course, a full brim of vitality. Daring and dashing, she does a thousand extravagant things, but youth and beauty lend such a charm to all she does that we are attracted more than is quite right for our prim propriety to acknowledge. From the very first, she is veiled by no maiden blushes, and checked by no coy shyness, but boldly faces the world, and rushes to its embrace. She becomes known everywhere; she is at every ball of the season, and every party of the night. She is as familiar to the frequenters of Broadway as the Astor House. Her reckless doings are on every tongue; how she was at six parties in one night: how she kissed young Dalliance in the ball room, out drank him in champagne at the supper table, and smoked one of his segars on her way home. She is indefatigable in her coquetry; while revolving in the arms of one beau, she will illuminate another by her bright glances; her hand will return the warm pressure of a devoted admirer, while her little foot is busy with his rival. In the race with fashion our fast young lady is always ahead. If red is the prevailing color, she will flame in scarlet; if it is permitted to display the shoulders, she will reveal to the waist.—Her daring spirit is always flying beyond the verge of decorum, and hovering in the dangerous neighborhood of vice.

At an association dinner, a debate arose as to the benefit of whipping in bringing up children. Old Dr. Morse took the affirmative; his opponent a young minister whose reputation for veracity was not very high, affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth."

"Well," retorted the Dr. "it cured you didn't it?"

A temperance lecturer, descanting on the essential and puryfying qualities of cold water, remarked, as a knock down argument, that "when the world became so corrupt that the lord could do nothing else with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water."

"Yes," replied a wag, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the airth."

An old method of book-keeping—to keep all the books you lay your hands upon.

Mr. Dodge's Arrival at Madrid.

[*Translated from the Paris Charivari.*]

Mr. Dodge is the representative of the United States at Madrid. He is the successor of the fierce Mr. Soule, who has left such lugubrious reminiscences in Spain. The inhabitants of Madrid, who know all that they have to dread from the invasive American demagogy, were impatient to know what sort of a man this Mr. Dodge was, and whether his habits of business promised anything good. Some people expected so. Innocent illusion, which was soon dissipated before reality.

It was Friday last, the 15th of June, that Mr. Dodge made his entry into the capital of Spain. The electric telegraph has hastened to announce this event to those Paris journals whose speciality it is to watch over American affairs.

Mr. Dodge was mounted bare-backed on a wild prairie horse, of the species called Mustangs. He carried a rifle slung behind him, and wore in his belt a six shooter revolver on one side and a scalping knife on the other. In his right hand he brandished a tomahawk, uttering at the same time fierce cries. The secretaries of the ambassy, the *attaches*, all the *personnel* followed in a similar equipment. One of the domestics, a gagantic Kentuckian, carried a banner on which was inscribed "Cuban Annexation." The whole troop uttered such shouts upon their way that it might have been said that the city was taken by assault by a band of Indians. In an instant the curious who had been attracted by the cortege dispersed, seized with fright. Everywhere the shops and doors were closed. It was even proposed to bead the *rappel*, to summon the national guards. The ambassador and his suit laughed in their sleeve at the terror which they caused, and to add to it they commenced to yell the war cry of the Apaches.

Arrived at the hotel, Mr. Dodge dismounted for a time. An hour afterwards he remounted his horse to proceed to the palace to present his credentials to the Queen. He was at that time completely dressed as an Indian. Under pretence of having his beard dressed, he had his face bedaubed with the paint used by the Apache Indians when they are preparing to set out on the war track. His hair raised on the top of his head, and bound by a ribbon, formed a sort of plume, pretty like a duster. From his nostrils hung two large gold rings. A half dozen old wigs were attached to his girdle. Mr. Dodge, with that pleasantry peculiar to Americans exhibited these as scalps taken from the enemy in battle. But no one was duped by this burlesque, no less odious than rediculous. It is understood that under this circumstance, he had not deemed it proper to part with his tomahawk and revolver. His chief secretary accompanied him in like accoutrements.

When they presented themselves at the palace gate the Swiss refused to let them pass. Mr. Dodge, without any other explanation, drew his revolver from his belt and fired at the Swiss. Luckily the poor fellow was not hit, but he let fall his halbert and fled as quick as his legs could carry him. Mr. Dodge hurried to pick up the halbert, and furnished with this trophy, he penetrated into the apartments, flourishing it with a victorious air. A master of ceremonies met him.

Sir, he cried out indignantly, what do you want, and where are you going in a dress so unpresentable?

I am the Ambassador of the United States, and I come to present my credentials.

But this revolver—this tomahawk—this halbert?

I have acquired it in conquest from your Swiss, who objected to my passing?

And this half dozen perruques which I see at your girdle?

Perruque yourself! These are scalps—spoils of the enemy whom I have overthrown in the war-path. Don't annoy me, I advise you, and felicitate yourself on being bald.

But think, Mr. Ambassador, that etiquet, custom, does not permit——

Everything is permitted to an Envoy of the United States. Come, open the door without any more delay.

The Master of Ceremonies was afraid to embroil his Government with that of Washington. He introduced the Ambassador, sighing and raising his arms to heaven.

Unhappy Spain! he murmured.

Here the telegraphic despatch ends.—But the Journal des Debats will soon publish an authentic and very detailed version of the scene which took place between the Queen and Mr. Dodge. All that is at present known, is, that Mr. Dodge refused, on leaving, to return the halbert to the Swiss, and that he brought it to his hotel. I intend, he said, to annex this object, thereby making a course allusion to the annexation of Cuba.

☞ At a railway station, an old lady said to a very pompous looking gentleman who was talking about steam communication:

"Pray, sir, what is steam?"

"Steam, ma'am, is, oh! steam is, eh! ah! steam is—steam!"

"I knew that chap could'nt tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by, "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

THE MODERN BEAU.

BY J. G. SAXE.

See you strange figure, and at a moment scan
That slenderest sample of a genus, MAN!
Mark, as he rambles, those precarious pegs,
Which, by their motion, may be deemed his legs;
He has a head—one may be sure of that
By just observing his egregious hat;
That he has arms is logically plain
From his coat-sleeves and his pendant cane;
A tongue as well—the inference is fair,
Since, on occasion, he can lisp and swear;
You ask his use; that's not so very clear,
Unless to spend five thousand pounds a year,
In modish vices which his soul adores,
Drink, dress, and gaming, horses, hounds & scores
Of minor follies which I can't rehearse,
Dear to himself and dearer to his purse.
No product he of Fortune's fickle dice—
The due result of luxury and vice,
Three generations have sufficed to bring
That narrow-chested, pale, enervate thing
Down from a MAN—for, marvel as you will,
His huge great-grandsire fought at Bunker Hill,
Bore, without gloves, a musket through the war;
Came back adorned with many a noble scar;
Labored and prospered at a thriving rate,
And dying, left his heir a snug estate,
Which grew apace upon his busy hands—
Stocks, ships and factories, tenements and lands—
All here at last—the money and the race—
The latter ending in that foolish face,
The former wandering, far beyond his aim,
Back to the rough plebians, whence it came.

FOUR LINES.

"Four lines more beautiful than these are rarely written. The figure which it involves is exquisite:

A solemn murmer in the soul,
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea."

—*Buffalo Express.*

"Four worse lines than these are rarely written. The figure which it involves is awful:

A solemn murmur 'mongst the throng
Tells how impatiently
The boarders listen for the gong
To call them into tea."

—*Zanesville (O.) Aurora.*

"Four lines more truthful than these are rarely written. The figure which "it" (!) involves is absolutely painful:

A solemn buzzing in your ear,
When you retire to bed,
Tells you too plain that lager beer
Is dreadful for the head."

—*Louisville Times.*

"Four lines more striking than *these* are seldom written. The *figure* they involve is positively striking:

A solemn rattling of the scoop
Tells of the tale of woe
That another barrel is gone kerswoop
Which cost 'leven dolls, or so!"

Hollydaysburg Standard.

"Four lines more *striking* than these have seldom been written. The effects are painful in the extreme:

A beating with the old broom-stick
Tells that a man has wed
A woman who delights to lick
Him o'er his sore head."

—*Beaver Star.*

"Four more *touching* lines than the following have, perhaps, *never* been written. The thought they *involve* is too distressing for human endurance:

A solemn sight it is to gaze
Upon a feller sittin,
A wipin' of his eyes, bekase
His gal gin' him the mitt'n."

—*Brownsville Clipper.*

Four more pointed lines than the subsequent were undoubtedly never got up. They are by our fifth poet in ordinary's deputy assistant:

A solemn thing it is to hear
A skeeter round us singin',
An awful thing it is to feel
The varmint dig his sting in.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Four more *pathetic* lines than the following, perhaps, were never placed "before the people." Upon *our* poet's bringing it forward, *the* "devil" pronounced the verse "sublime:"

Ah! *solemn* things are pretty, lively girls!
With neat and tasty dresses,
And 'specially those with flowing curls,
Commonly known as "tresses."

☞ Mrs. Partington wants to know if it is not inhuman and contrary to the Maine Liquor Law, for the Allies to insist on the Czar's taking *four pints!* "Only think! the poor man has to take two quarts at once! I don't wonder that he has consisted and fit so long about it."

☞ A city editor says that a man in the city of New Nork got into trouble by marrying two wives. A western editor replies, by assuring his cotemporary, that a good many men in Michigan have done the same thing by only marrying one.