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The Kent News.

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

Vol. 18. CHESTER TOWN, MD., SEPTEMBER 12, 1857. No. 18.

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPE
Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, & General News

EDWARD MANSFIELD
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expira ion of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 co pies for $10. No subscription received for shorter period than six months, and no paper wil be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

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Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will d nserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every nsertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers Advertisements must have the number of time marked, or they will be published till forbid an charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a squarə.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those o a religious or charitable nature, will be charged or at the usual rates, those handing them in will e held responsible.

STRANDBERG'S CHAMPION STRAWBERRIES.

AFTER four years of careful selection and cultivation, with personal attention. I have produced the finest Strawberries in the country; some of them measuring 5 inches around, in fact they are all very large and of a superior flavor. As an evidence of their superiority over all other Strawberries that was in the Baltimore market, when the best sold for 12½ cents per quart retail, Strandberg's Champion Strawberries sold readily for 50 cents wholesale, throughout the season; nor could he supply half the demands at that price. They were sent to New York and pronounced by Taylor, the fast ever sent to N. Y. market. I offer my plants to the public, there is no humbug about them. I refer to gentlemen who have seen my Strawberries, and some of them examined my beds, and are ready to testify the above ac correct. I refer to Gen T Tilghman, Col S Hambleton, Col R'd Thomas Col Ed Lloyd, Jr., James Ll Martin, Esq, Dan'l Llo d, Esq, James N Goldsborough, Dr Hardcastle, Talbot county. Col Rd. France, Dr Owens, Mr Butcher, Baltimore.

The plants are now ready for delivery; they will be packed carefully in boxes, the roots covered with muck and can be sent any distance with perfect safety. Price $5 per hundred. Orders sent by mail will be punctually attended to and sent according to direction.

HENRY J. STRANDBERG,
Easton, Talbot Co, Md.
Martin Goldsborough, Agent, Baltimore.
aug 22, 1857.

READ! READ! READ!

Good News! Good News! Good News!

RELIEF for suffering humanity; why suffer with Rheumatism, Bruises, sprains, old so es &c., when there is a relief at hand.

Kramer's Dr. Hewes' Nerve and Bone Liniment is the best medicine known for the above complaints, you who have Rheumatism, &c, try it, you who have friends suffering tell them of it and advise them to try it and they will be cured and thank you for your advice. This Liniment has been in use a great many years, and has gained a great reputation, having been used by Dr. Hewes in an extensive practice for many years and always meeting with great success, it can be relied on as a certain remedy for all Rheumatic affections.

☞ Be particular and get Kramer's Dr. Hewes' Nerve and Bone Liniment as there are many spurious articles in the market, ask for it and don't be persuaded to take any other and you will be cured. Price 25 cents per bottle. Prepared and sold by

S. K. KRAMER & CO.,
Druggist Cor. Pratt st, and Bowly's Wharf,
Baltimore, Md.

For sale by *A. M. Russell* Chestertown, and most of the country stores.
aug 1, '57

Farmers, Read!

THE undersigned having been appointed by Gilbert & Rittenhouse, as agent, to sell their

Railway Horse Power & Thresher,

in this county, made at Norristown, Penn., and is the strongest and cheapest machine ever offered in this market. The great saving of labor, in using the Railway, is quite an item, at present. Four hands and two horses can thre h and put away a hundred and twenty to thirty bushels of wheat in a day—we have done it.—I have been working one for two years and never expect to use any other kind.

Price of a two horse Power and Thresher, Shaker and Bands, all complete, $150—one horse Power, all complete, $120.

Persons wanting one will let me know one month before they wish it delivered.

JOSHUA CLARK,

Carriages and Harness.

J. M. COX & BROTHER,

(SUCCESSORS TO GARRETT COX & SON,)

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their friends and the public in general that they have now on hand and manufacture to order *CARRIAGES* and *HARNESS* of every description and of the most modern style and finish. All work warranted twelve months.

J. M. COX,
A. G. COX.

Middletown, May 30, 1857.
N. B.—Repairing neatly attended to.

FOR SALE.

A YORK WAGON and Harness and a *FAMILY HORSE* well broke. For terms ap ply to EMELINE URIE,
LOUISA URIE,
at Mr. James Urie's, near Chestertown.
aug 8, '57—3w.

ENGLISH Wheat Scythes, Crass Scythes, an Sneaths, for sale by
jy4 *T. W. Ehinsw.* p

POETRY.

"I Wish he would make up his Mind."

I wish he would make up his mind, ma,
For I don't care much longer to wait;
I'm sure I have hinted quite strongly
That I thought about changing my state;
For a sweetheart he is really so backward,
For I can't bring him on though I try;
I own he is very good tempered,
But then he's so dreadfully shy!

When I speak about love and a cottage,
He gives me a glance of surprise;
And if I but hint about marriage,
He blushes quite up to his eyes!
I can't make him jealous—I've tried it—
And 'tis no use being unkind,
For that's not the way I am certain;
To get him to make up his mind.

I've sung him love sonnets by dozens,
I've worked him both slippers and hose,
And we've walked out by moonlight together,
And he never attempts to propose!
You really must ask his intentions,
Or some other beau I must find;
For, indeed, I won't tarry much longer
For one who can't make up his mind!

MISCELLNAY.

MARY MOORE.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER I.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life I loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a little boy, in a red frock and morrocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself—Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still I see myself at the little school house, drawing my little chase up to the door, that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt even in her pianofores. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps, when I called her name! how gaily rang out that merry laugh—that fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips!—I followed that laugh from the day of my childhood, till I grew an awkward blushing youth—I followed it through the heated noon of manhood—and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee, and call me 'Father' I find that memories of youth are strong, and that even in my gray hairs, I am following its music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school and obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This to me was like a sentence of death, for Mary was life itself to me.

But hearts are tough things, after all.

I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender strippling, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular.

If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a sad coxcomb, I know, but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self-conceit had left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and accepting it, I gave up all ideas of a profession, and proposed going to the Indies. In my hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a board ng school at some distance, and was not expected home until the following May. I uttered one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man again."

"In a year," I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from our door, "in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, perhaps, I may marry her."

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I had never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that had Mary met me then, she would have despised me.—Perhaps in the scented and affected student, she might have found plenty of sport; but, as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, I should perhaps have found I was mistaken.

India was my salvation, not merely because of my success; but because my laborious industry had concentrated the evil in my nature, and made me a better man.

When at the end of three years, I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation in myself which I knew had taken place.

"They loved me as I was then," I murmured in myself, and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly."

I packed up many a token from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary I selected with a beating heart. It was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—that was all, and yet the light of the little toy thrilled me, as I balanced it upon the top of my finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, of its elegance—of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it! A loving smile on a more beautiful face—her words of welcome—a future home,—and a sweet, smiling face—all these delights were hidden within the ring of gold.

CHAPTER II.

Tall, bearded and sun-bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laugh, showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking curiously on.

But no; a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one, when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind; I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw a half-suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before I made myself known or asked for the family.—And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peeped out a small golden head, a tiny, delicate form followed and a sweet, childish face, with blue eyes lifted up to mine—so like to those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my little one?" I asked, as the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes, (I had seen that very attitude in another in my boyhood, many and many a time,) and answered in a sweet birdlike voice—

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

"Mary Moore Chester!" lisped the child.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright and dreamy hopes of manhood! Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried, and tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me! This was his child—his and Mary's.

I sank, body and soul, under this blow and hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door while my heart wept tears of blood.

The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her lip as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called my sister out, to see who it could be that was conducting himself so strangely.

I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying—

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her a moment, and then stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! oh, my brother Harry!" she exclaimed, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush and a cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang towards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears. Oh, strange, and passing sweet is such a greeting to a wayworn wanderer!

And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt all was not lost, and although another had secured a life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home.

There were four other inmates of the room, who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner to which she had hurriedly retreated, when my name was spoken, stood a tall, lender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy," he said, with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I should never have know you; but no matter for that, your heart is in the right place, I know.

"How can you say that he is changed?" said my mother gently. "To be sure, he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away; but his eyes and smile are the same as ever.—It is a heavy beard that changes him.—He is my boy still."

"Ay, mother," I answered sadly, "I am your boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full, handsome face:

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for that compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh.

His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silence still?

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell you, Harry, there is not such another in the world. Don't you thing she looks very much as her mother used?"

"Very much!" I faltered.

"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently, "I have forgotton to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—eh, Harry?" and he slapped me on the back.—"For the sake of the old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to kiss her once—but mind, old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come—here she is, and I, for once, want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the operation.

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, towards me. A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out, before I thought:

"Not Mary?"

I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said—even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out from the window.

"Mary—Moore," I said, in a low eager voice, "have you no welcome to give to the wanderer?"

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words—and yet how blest they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown! for there was the happy home group, and the dearh ome fires, and there sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night, were falling before the ardent gaze of mine; and the sweet face I had so longed and prayed to see was there before me—more beautiful, more womanly, and more loving than before! I never knew the meaning of happiness till that moment came!

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is fast turning. I am growing to be an old man, and can look back to a long and happy, and, I hope a well spent life And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day; for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon me in my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grew old, o rchange. The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till till life shall cease to warm. Nor even then— for love still lives above.

America.—A few weeks since, during one of those reforming processes which have been going on at our Navy Yard, under the supervisory care of Jesuit influence—one of the mechanics learnd that he was to be dismissed; upon which he waited upon the Secretary of the Navy, who gave him every assurance that he should be retained. With this assurance he returned to his work and his home, with a heart relieved. But to his astonishment, a short time only elapsed before his positive dismissal came. He again waited on the Secretary, and to his earnest appeals his honor turned deaf ear: he could or would not save him. After all entreaties had failed, this American mechanic informed the Secretary he had but one recourse left, and that was to go to America. "What," said the Secretary, "are you not now in America?"

"No sir: this is the United States."

"Where then, is America?"

"The State of MARYLAND, sir—*that* alone is now America."—*Washington American.*

Lice on Cabbage.—*Editors Co. Gent:*—In answer to inquiries in your last No, allow me to say that soap suds in which clothes have been washed, poured over the cabbage when cool, with a watering pot or otherwise, once a week or oftener, will not only destroy lice and worms, but will greatly facilitate their growth. This I have ascertained by many year's experience. L. L. W.—*Clear Branch, Va.*

THE FUNERAL OF WASHINGTON.

The following from the Ulster county Gazette of Jan. 4, 1800, gives a brief account of the funeral of Washington:

Georgetown December 20th.

On Wednesday last the mortal part of Washington—the father of his country and the friend of man—was consigned to the tomb with solemn honors, and with funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled from many miles around at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves the spacious avenues—the beautiful and sublime scenes—the noble mansion—but alas! the august inhabitant was now no more. That great soul gone. His mortal part was there indeed! but oh! how affecting! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes fallen—yes, fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty portico, where oft the hero walked in all his glory, now lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance still composed and serene, seemed to express the dignity of the spirit which lately dwelt in that lifeless from. There, those who paid the last sad honors to the benefactor of his country took an impressive and a farewell view.

On the ornament at the head of the coffin was inscrbed "Surge ad Jubicum"—about the middle of the coffin, "Gloria Deo"—and on the silver plate—

GENERAL
GEORGE WASHINGTON
Departed this life on the 14th December,
1799, Æt 68.

Between three and four o'clock the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river firing minute-guns awoke afresh our solemn sorrow—the corpse was moved—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed, and moved in the following order: Cavalry, infanty and guard, with arms reversed; music; clergy; the General's horse, with his saddle, holsters and pistols, Cols. Sims, Ramsay and Payne, pall-bearers. The corpse Cols. Gilpin, Marsteller and Little, pall-bearers; mourners; Masonic bretheren; citizens.

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the mount and formed their lines; the clergy, masonic brothers and the citizens decended to the vault, and the funeral service of the church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river and the sounds echoed frem the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry, the calvalry and eleven pieces of artillery, which lined the bank of the vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed commander of the armies of the United States and to the departed hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas! the son of glory was set forever. No—the name of Washington, the American President and General, will triumph over death? The unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate the future ages!

COURTING IN RIGHT STYLE.

"Git out you nasty puppy—let me alone or I'll tell your ma!" cried out Sally —— to her lover, Jake ——, who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney-jam.

"I arn't techin' on you, Sal,' responded Jako.

"Well, perhaps you don't mean to nuthur—do you?"

"No, I don't."

"Cause yeou're too tarnel skeery, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed jangle-kneed owl, you—you ain't got a tarnel bit o' sense; get along home with yeou."

"Now, Sal, I love yeou, and you can't help it, and ef you don't let me stay and court you, my daddy will stte your'n for that cow he sold him t'other day. By jingo, he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here, Jake—if you wan't to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does—not set off there as if you tho't I was pizen."

"How on airth is that, Sal?

"Why side right up here and hug and kiss me as if you really had some of the bone and sinner of man about you. Do you 'spose a woman's only made to look at, yeou tarnel, stupid fool yeou? No, they're made for "practical results," as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss and sich like."

"Wall," said Jake, "if I must I must, for I love you, Sal;" and so Jake commenced sidling up to her, like a maple poker going to battle. Laying his arm gently upon Sal's shoulder, we thought we heard Sal say:

"That's the way, old hoss; that's acting like a white man orter.'

"Oh, Jerusalem, and pancakes!" exclaimed Jake, "if this ain't better than any apple sass ever marm made, a darn'd sight. Crack-e! buck-wheat-cakes, slap jacks, and 'lasses aint no where 'long side of you, Sal! Oh? how I love you!"—Here there lips came together and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's hoof out of the mire.

Death Sentence for Fatally Torturing a Sailor at Sea.—A telegraphic dispatch briefly informed us, a day or two since, of the conviction at Liverpool, and sentence to death by hanging, of the master, chief and second mates of the Martha Jane, of Sunderland, England. The English papers approve of the verdict and sentence, taking credit to themselves that justice in England has not been defeated by "insufficient evidence," or neglect on the part of the prosecution. The Liverpool Times gives the following synopsis of the case:

We have heard and read much lately of the way in which seamen are treated in the commercial marine, but this case throws all others into the shade, whether as regards the brutal torture which accompanied the extinction of life or the deliberate and systematic manner in which it was carried out. Rose, it appeared, had shipped on board the vessel in April, and the work of torture commenced even before the voyage began. He was used so shamefully that he absconed from the ship, was brought back, placed in irons, and from that time until death released him from his sufferings, the captain and the first and second mate of the vessel made his torture their daily sport. It was proved on the trial that he was flogged every day by the three prisoners—that a large mastiff dog was set to worry him, which tore the flesh from his body in large slices, causing the blood to flow in streams, and leaving behind the most ghastly wounds and ulcers—that an iron bolt was put across his mouth, and his hands chained to a strong bolt in the deck behind his back—that he was put into an empty cask and rolled along the deck—that his own excrement was forced down his throat—that he was sent aloft naked to furl sails, and severely beaten with a rope before making the ascent—that a rope was placed round his neck, and he was raised from the deck to the elevation of three feet, where he was suspended for some minutes, and that when lowered he fell on his back like a dead man!—Death at length, more charitable than his persecutors, put an end to his sufferings, when his body was found so be indented with the marks of the rope, and his wounds full of maggots.

What vitality this unhappy man must have possessed to endure this unheard-of torture so long—What a constitution nature had favored him with which required all this brutality to destroy! The evidence was so clear and indisputable that the three miscreants were found guilty, but the jury from some extraordinary obtuseness, recommended them to *mercy*—mercy towards the wretches; the recitlo of whose deeds makes the blood of every listener and reader run cold! But Mr. Baron Watson, despite the warning, sentenced the trio of sufferers to be hanged by the neck—a merciful punishment as compared with their brutal and cowardly treatment of their unhappy victim.

The Housewife.

Receipes for Dumplings, Cakes, &c.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.

1 quart of flour.
A piece of butter the size of an egg.
3 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar.
1 do of soda.

Mix with sweet milk—stew some apples, put in and steam 20 minutes.

GERMAN TOAST.

Half a loaf of baker's bread, cut in slices and soaked in a custard made by mixing four eggs with a pint of cold milk—let it soak an hour. Fry the slices on the griddle, brown. To be eaten with a rich sauce.

JUMBLES.

1 cup of butter,
2 do. sugar,
3 eggs.

A small piece of soda dissolved dissolved in 3 tablespoonsful of water.

Sprinkle white sugar on them before being placed in the oven.

SILVER CAKE.

The whites of 8 eggs,
1 cup of butter,
2 do. sugar,
3 do. flour,
½ do. sweet milk,
1 teaspoonful of cream tartar,
½ do. of soda.

GOLD CAKE.

This is made in the same way, only using the yolks instead of the whites of the eggs.

SPONGE CAKE

1½ pounds of sugar,
¾ of flour,
13 eggs,
1 lemon

A Gentleman.—Whoever is courteous, honest, frank, sincere, truly honorable, generous and candid, is a true gentleman whether rich, learned or laborer. Boys remember this; and that to have such qualities in your manhood they must be secured in your boyhood.

Another Convention.—As this is the age of conventions and fast youths, it is understood that the boys intend to hold a convention to revise the ten commandments, particularly the fifth, which is to be amended thus: "Parents obey your children."

☞ Bion, seeing a person who was tearing the hair off his head for sorrow, said, "Does this man think that baldness is a remedy for grief?"