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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet: --"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JULY 6, 1850. NO. 10.

E KENT NEWS,
WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
TURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Published every Saturday.
WARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

ayable in aivance or $2 50 at the expia the first six months. No subscription or a shorter period than six months, and will be discontinued until all arrears are ngle copies 6 1-4 cents.
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mmunications must be postpaid.

AUCTION SALES.

RUSTEE'S
Sale.

irtue of a Decree of the Chancellor Maryland, the subscriber as Trus- ll offer at public sale, on

ATURDAY,

h July, 1850, at the tavern porch Mr Daniel, in Chester Town, at 3 , P. M., all that

FARM

d in Kent county, whereon Henry ow resides. Said farm contains 47

Acres.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed Decree, are that the purchaser shall e third of the purchase money on f sale, or on the ratification thereof the Chancellor and the residue in 12 months from the day of sale secured by the purchaser's bond surety or sureties to be approved by trustee.

JAS. ALFRED PEARCE,
Trustee.

er Town. }
15 1850. } ds

hrashing and Cleaning
HEAT & OATS.

this method of offering to my nds and the farmers of Kent coun erally, (who are not prepared with their own,) the services of my very r Wheat Thrasher, Horse Power n—the whole concern is nearly new first rate working order. This ma n, &c. is said by good practical s to be superior to any thing of the own to use among us, (it certainly ood work.) She will thrash, fan g 18 to 25 bushels per hour. Al hat was got out by her last year 12 cents per bushel more, than got out by other machines,
Wm. W. Byrom will have charge machine and is fully authorised to contracts for getting out grain. Per- wishing to employ her would do well by applying early.

A. W. SPARKS.

May 25, 1850—tf

A CARD.

The undersigned has duly qualified as unty Surveyor, and is now prepared ublic or private surveying at the t notice. Address to Harmony P. or leave a note with G. Vickers, Esq r Town.

GEORGE GALE.

il 27, 1850.—4w

Window Sash.

t of ready made SASH.
good article, *for sale low by*
JOHN BORDLEY.

y 11, 1850.

LUMBER
SHINGLES, &C.

E subscriber has just returned from ort Deposite with a large supply of ned 1, 1½ and 2 inch white pine s. Also a quantity of panel Boards, les, Scantling, &c.
e above have been carefully select- ought low, and will be sold accor- .

NATH. WILEY.

y 25, 1850.

New Spring and Summ

GOODS.

SS EARLE has returned from Phila- delphia with a beautiful assortment

S, LAWNS, TISSUES, &c. DELAINES, GES, MUSLINS, RIBBONS, LACES and GLOVES.

y 4, 1850

arge lot of IRISH LINENS for sale by WILMER & FRANCIS.
y 4, '50.

very superior lot of CHEWING TO- BACCO—such as *CAVENDISH, VENERVOUS and other* Brands le by W. & F.

ACK SILK, CHINA PEARL, SEMUT, KEWSOUTH, MEXICAN and other S, which will be sold very low by
W. & F.

POETRY.

By Request.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF

REV. NICHOLAS SNETHEN.

The "old man elequent is gone at last,
The mortal strife with him at length is o'er;
Through many a conflict mighty he hath passed,
But strife and conflict he shall know no more.
As comes the chieftain from the spoils of war,
'Mid loud acclaim the conqueror confessed,
So Snethen, hailed by angels from afar,
Returns to enter his eternal rest!

For more than half a century he stood
On Zion's walls, a herald to his race;
Proclaiming in the name and strength of God,
The grand economy of saving grace;
He spake, and thousands hung upon his word,
Or terror-stricken or by trans port swayed,
In deep contrition bowed before the Lord,
Or joyously their grateful homage paid.

His voice, sonorous like a mighty gong,
Rang out in peals that stirred the hearts of men;
Or charms with sweetness like a seraph's song,
Or trumpet-toned it startles you again!
His thrilling eloquence was ne'er excelled;
'Twas not the creature of pretention's art;
But from a fountain deep it upward welled,
And gushed the fullness of his mighty heart!

As sports the eagle 'mid the clouds of heaven,
And darts along the lightning's fearful way;
Or mounting upward in the shades of e en
Still drinks the radiance of departed day;
And from his eyrie in the starry zone,
Descends earth's deepest valleys to explore;—
With graceful ease— a beauty all his own,
And leaves you to admire as before

So *Snethen*, with his philosophic lore,
And aided by imagination grand,
Was wont through universal *thought* to soar,
And on its highest pinacles to stand!
Through regions vast unknown to common minds
In tracks of thought as volatile as air
Unwinking gazed where light supernal blinds,
And dauntless trode where o hers shrink with fear!

A man was Snethen, in its noblest sense,
By nature one of natures noblemen;
"Take him for all," his heart, his mind immense,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again!
Exalted genius sat upon his brow,
A deathless fire within his bosom glowed;
Yet as a child he brought himself to bow
And consecrate his service all to God!

The "old man eloquent" is gone at last,
The mortal strife with him at length is o'er;
Through many a conflict mighty he hath passed,
But strife and conflict he shall know no more.
As comes the chieftain from the spoils of war,
'Mid loud acclaim, the conquerer confessed;
So *Snathen*, hailed by angels from afar,
Returns to enter his eternal rest!

PHILOMATH.

POPULAR TALES

[From Scott's Weekly Paper.]

EMILADA WATSON.

THE MATCH GIRL;
OR
FORTUNE'S FREAKS.

BY WILL WILLOWELL.

CHAPTER I.

"The poor is hated, even of his own neighbors; but the rich hath many friends."—*Sacred Prov.*

In a filthy garret in one one of the filthiest streets of Philadelphia, there lived in the winter of 1839, a poor family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Watson, and their only daughter Emilada, an intelligent little girl of nine summers. From constant exposure on the streets in her insufficient clothing, she was unfortunately attacked with acute Pneumonia, and was prostrated upon her cold pallet of straw.

In due time, Dr. M. was called, and she was placed upon his list of charity patients. He became interested in his patient, and gave her the advantage of his most assiduous attention and consumate skill.

During the visits of Dr. M., Mrs. Watson took occasion to read to him a page from the history of her past life, in substance as follows:

"Early in life," proceeded Mrs. Watson, "Mr. Watson and we were married. At that time he was engaged in the mercantile business—prosperous and lucrative circumstances attended our efforts, and our prospects promised an abundance for the future. Year after year rolled on, and we were blessed with three children of which is now your patient. We occupied one of the finest buildings on Chesnut street, fitted up in the most suberb style. Our acquaintances were of the *bon ton* of the city—we moved in the circles of the 'upper ten,' and our acquaintance was courted by the refined of the metropolis.

"Nothing entered our family to mar its peace until the year 1830, when that potent destroyer of earthly happiness—Death—entered our abode, under the garb of scarlet fever, and snatched from the arms of our two eldest children. I had never before known unhappiness and after this sad bereavement I have seen little else; soon my husband's business became embarrassed, and finally by the perfidy of his partner and the failure of a West India firm, he became a disgraced bankrupt—his creditors bore hard upon him; our furniture went, our carriage was levied upon, my jewelry was sacrificed, and soon the necessary comforts of life were denied us. Our friends deserted us *en masse*; our splendid mansion was given up, and with little Emilada, our only remaining treasure, we entered this miserable abode in the year 1835 About this time my husband resorted to drink, and was in a short time a confirmed drunkard, and ever since it has been his ruling passion. He made but little effort to procure a substance for his family, hence that arduous task has devolved upon myself and little Emilada. So close has been my application to my needle that I feel my health declining, and the exposure that my daughter is subjected to I know will be the inevitable cause of her death. Ah! Dr. M. this an unfeeling world; I sometimes meet on the street my old friends--they nouce me not, they pass me with a contemptuous sneer. I am beneath the observation of Mrs. H., Mrs. P., and a score of others, although I once moved in more opulent circles than they. I am pained to see it; but is a trait in human nature—one of its most prominent characteristics.

"I am now poor and friendless; I once was rich, and friends cultivated my acquaintance, my riches have made themselves wings and fled, and my old friends have vanished upon the same broad pinions. Poverty and misfortune, want and degradation, bereavements and misery, have, like a playful cloud, burst all upon a sudden upon me, and my once *disinterested* friends have with one accord fled from the melancholy scene! Riches too often buys the friendly hand to wipe the tears of sorrow away; poverty's bitter tear falls unaided to the ground—no kind heart ministers to my poignant grief, no friendly voice whispers a word of condolence to assuage my spirit. Oh! Dr. M. this is a cold, uncharitable, unfeeling world.

How true to nature is this; though there be a few unbought friends, yet how many there be whose selfish interests prompts them in the ministrations of their offices of kindness. Here was a poor woman, who once moved in the courts of fashionable society, now forgotten, cast off and rejected by her former friends, simply because she had been unfortunate. What a bireling human nature is! What a slavish world—the mortal world. Sweet is unbought friendship—a silvery cord, a golden chain, is it binds kindred hearts, aye the universe of spirits, together in harmony and love.

In the family of Mr. Watson we are taught a lesson of a two-fold character.—The first of the evanescent nature of the goods of this world; and the second, of the potent influence of "the mammon of unrighteousness, in making to ourselves friends."

But stop, vagrant pen; this is a sad digression from the "thread of our argument," so to follow it up:—Little Emilada recovered from her illness, and was restored to consummate health the ensuing summer, Mr. Watson fell a dishonerable victim to his cups—he died of Delirium Tremens; and ere the frosts of 1840 had nipped the green earth's habiliments, Mrs. Watson sank in the chill sleep of death—her weary and tired life had unwounded its last frail thread, and the pale flower of brighter, happier years, drooped andd died --no medicine could infuse new life in the cold, languid blood, no art could reanimate the stiff fingers to ply again the shining needle. no science could rekindle the sacred fire again in the icy chambers of her dormant heart, and she was decked with nature's sweetest jewels and gems—the liquid pearl-drops from the lustrous and swimming eye of the hapless Emilada!

God help the helpless orphan! Emilada Watson now in her tenth year, without father or mother, or friends, she was thrown upon the cold charities of this sordid world to be her own guide and councellor, with none to direct her unweary steps. *God help the helpless orphan!*

CHAPTER II.

"She might drink the wormwood potations of
Her own hot tears, while the rich laughed in
Cruel mockery, her patient cries."

UNPUBLISHED PAPERS.

On a cold evening in January, opens our second scene. The lights upon Chesnut street were just lighted—the polished ice glistened in the light and seemed to emit a glare of radient effulgence—the fleet coursers, harnessed in chimes of merry bells, seemed to fly from the gorgeously decked sleighs, as they glided by like fairy spirits—the happy faces of the jovial riders might have been seen peeping out from the furs, the warm suppers sent out on the chill air a greatful aroma, which sharpened the appetite of the hurrying predestrian, here and there a cluster of hardy news boys were crying the evening papers and extras—while the dusty coal-man's clamorous bell warned the people of the approach of "good coal" to warm the grates of the rich—the sooty sweep on his way home seemed happy as he tucked his black blanket closer to his body and flourished his brush singing his contented "heigh ho! ho, heigh!" All was life and motion on the street, and in this hurrying, bustling crowd might have been seen a pale, attenuated girl, whose flimsy gown was blown closer to her shivering form, as if in pensive sport, by the rude, fierce wind—her bare feet red and chapped with the snow and was slowly and carefully placed upon the treacherous pavement, marking it here and there with a drop of blood—in one of her blue and gloveless hands she carried a neat little basket of willow work in which was a few boxes of matches, blacking and combs. Ever and anon her weak cry of "Matches! Blacking! Combs! Come, buy my Blacking! Matches! Combs!" were half sung, half stifled out. It seemed that every time her plaintive cry was raised that the cruel wind in rude mockery hurried so fiercely past that her cry could not be heard. She cried her matches until ten o'clock, and no one bought.

She stepped into a cellar and bought two penny's worth of crackers. She had scarcely consumed her meagre meal, shivering with the cold, when she was ordered from the warm stove by the cruel, unfeeling owner, and she went out again upon the cold, cheerless street. She lived in the south part of the city, with an old woman. She started for the miserable abode, but she was too cold and weary to reach its desolate comforts—so creeping in a miserable shelter beside a wall adjoining a Theatre, she shrunk from the rude blast.

While there the deafening clamor of applause shouted forth to Madame——in the Theatre, made the stern wall against which she leaned tremble to its very foundation. "Why," thought she "is it that I am not noticed by the world as Madame——? I am but a frail being—she is no more. I may cry my matches all day and not be noticed, while hundreds come here and gladly pay for seeing her dance. Oh! how happy a few of dollars spent here tonight, would make me." She nestled her cold hand in her pocket, to feel for her hard earned pennies; there was but one there, she hoped there was more, but she recollected she had spent two for crackers—the last cent—poor child of misfortune; the hot tears gathered in her eyes, and she buried her pale face in her little hands, while the hot fountains of sorrow gushed out between her cold fingers, and warmed their chilly bones. She fell asleep and a stray spaniel crept in, seeking shelter, and lay down upon her, she was frightened, but her fears were soon calmed, for the kind creature revealed himself in the light of an adjacent lamp, innocently wagging his bushy tail, and fawning at her feet.—They were soon upon the most intimate terms of friendship, and he lay down again.

God help the helpless orphan. At this cold, dreary hour, exposed to nature's inclemencies—freezing in the cold. The patient foot of the watchman fell heavily upon the frozen pavement, the street lamp sent out a lurid glare of light, imperfectly penetrating the heavy gloom; the wind, wiled with fury, hurried on from the east in fearful waves, between the approach of which the heavy signs in the street swung to and fro on their graiting hangings, threatening at every blast to dash to the earth—the loose of the blinds of the buildings slammed with furious clamor against the brick walls—the half frozen pigeons, sheltering in the caves of the houses, sent out a melancholy "Coo! Coo!" the diligent carriage of the Physician whirled through the street on his embassy of mercy and life,—the pattering sheets of rain and snow darted before the stiff storm, and with pitiful fury struck the earth and a frail child of sorrow and misfortune.

Conscious that she would perish in her imperfect shelter she hastened out—she hurried by the door of the Theatre—her bare foot struck something—she stopped and picked it up--it was a purse heavily filled—she placed it in her pocket, it was too heavy—she placed it in the bottom of her basket, and covered it with her matches. She was hurrying on, she knew not whither, and she was accosted by a watchman, she gave a satisfactory account of herself, and she was provided with a shelter for the night.

On the morning she was liberated without an examination of her little basket.—What reflections crowd her little mind during the remainder of the night! She had found a treasure. Oh! I shall be rich now," reasoned the orphan, "but the money is not mine," came the second reflection; "it belongs to some one else. Two spirits seemed to be arguing with her.—The one said—"It will make you rich—you will not have to suffer with the cold and hunger any more—some one has dropped it and never expects to find it again——you found it and have as much right to it as any one—*keep it.*"

The other cried—"Is it honest? it is a great loss to some one—wait and see if there is an owner, and if there is give it up—" and she remembered that her mother had taught her to be be honest.

In the morning she hastened to the old woman's where she stayed, and she scolded her for staying away all night, threatening her with a severe correction if she done so again. She concealed herself in a little room of the old building and tried to count the money, but she could not; there was two thousand dollars in gold and bills. Wrought in the purse wes the unfortunate owner's name—her mother had learned her some little, and she had managed to spell it. Charles De Witt, Alabama. Presently she went on to sell her matches again with the purse in her basket. Her efforts to sell matches was attended with but little success than the day previous.—During the day she heard some of the newsboys reading from the morning papers some gentleman had lost the night before near the theatre, a purse containing a considerable sum of money. Requesting the finder to bring it to No.— Walnut street, and he would be handsomely rewarded. She impressed the number on her mind and started for the place. She rang the bell at the proper door, and was told that Mr. De Witt, for whom she enquired was in, and was shown to his room by the servant. Mr. De Witt was a medical student, and very wealthy. He was a little surprised to see the poor match girl enter his room, he gave her a seat and said:—

"Pray my little Miss, for what did you wish to see me?"

"Why, sir, I learn that you lost some money, an' I come to tell you if you would buy all my matches, an' blacking, an' combs, so I could get some money to buy me some bread, I would tell you where you could find your money."

"Agreed," said De Witt, "how much is your little store worth?"

"Why there is ten boxes of matches, worth two pennies a piece; five boxes of blacking, worth five pennies; and twenty-five combs, worth a penny apiece. Please sir, how much does it all come to?"

"Oh! about a dollar--here is two dollars—now tell me."

"No sir, it don't come to but one dollar," handing him back one of the pieces, she said, "why sir take out the things in my basket an' I will tell you."

The student poured out the contents of the basket, when lo! out rolled the purse. He fairly jumped with delight, and seizing the little ragged child kissed it for its honesty. She told him how and where she found it, together with the circumstances of her life, and the warm hearted southerner vowed she should be well paid for her honesty. He immediately took charge of her, and depositing half the sum found, in the Saving's Bank for the special benefit he placed her under the charge of a relative of his in this city, who promised to give her a good education, he left in a few days for his home for the south, the birth place of thousands equally as generous as the generous De Witt.

CHAPTER III.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will." SHAKESPEARE.

Years rolled on and the now happy orphan was making rapid progress in the completion of her education. So rapid was her progress that by the time she was seventeen, which was in the year 1847, she had completed her studies. She always referred to Mr. De Witt with expressions of the warmest gratitude. About the time her education was accomplished, her kind protectress was called away from earth and her protector giving her a certificate of deposite in the Saving's Bank for the remainder of her stock, he took his leave of her and went to Europe. She was again thrown upon her own resources; but not without friends, for she had now a sufficiency—she was no longer the little ragged match girl, but the learned and accomplished Miss Watson—hundreds courted her favor—hundreds desired to be her friends—many who had scoffed the poor match girl on the street courted her favor, and tried to imitate her accomplishments in the ball-room. She was spoken of by the fashionable circles of the city.—She was admired—she was adored—it was whispered around that she had unexpectedly became the heiress—many knew she was once a match girl—many did not.—It was sufficient to know that she was the accomplished Miss Watson, and her admirers and friends were not a few. Such is human nature—such is life—'mid this this scene of change she could exclaim with devout fervor—God help the helpless orphan!

In the fall of 1848 Dr. De Witt again visited the city of Penn, in quest of medical lore. Immediately upon his arrival in the city he repaired to the house of his relatives—he wished to hear from the poor orphan—they were gone; a new name was upon the door. He soon learned that they had gone to Europe. It may seem strange that he did not know the name of the match girl, but he did not; he having left the city in a short time after his purse was found. Had he known that it was Emilada Watson, he would soon have been informed as to her fate, for every body knew Miss Watson.

In a few days he was at a party and Miss Watson was there; he was introduce- troduced to her, and upon the first acquaintance he was smitten with her attractive charms. He paid suit to her fair court, and in a very short time requested her hand in marriage—she faltered—she knew he was not aware to whose shrine he was bowing; he little thought that she was the poor match girl; he had often spoken of her in the presence of Miss Watson, expressing a desire to know her fate—she declined accepting his hand for sometime.

One evening, it was a bright sunny evening in October, he had taken her on a visit to Fair Mount. While they were gazing upon then the enrapturing beauties there, his impassioned soul could no longer contemplate the charms of his fair companion more than he did the combined beauties of nature and art around that enrapturing spot.

"Miss Watson," said he, "I can no longer bear this agonizing suspense; you must say if you will, or will *not* be mine."

"Mr. De witt, perhaps if you knew my parentage and my prospects, you would not be so enthusiastic in pressing your suit; you are rich, I am poor."

"I care not for that, my dear, (pardon the expression if offensive,) riches have no charms for me superior to the inexhausting riches of your own sweet mind."

"Pray don't flatter me, sir."

"'Tis no flatterer that addresses you, dearest: for when I say you are worthy to be loved for your intrinsic goodness, I speak but the truth and the unfeerable sentiments of a heart that has known you but to love you so enthusiastically is naught but your acquaintance to this my most anxious and fondest request will ever satisfy—say then *will you be mine? relieve my fettered heart?*"

"Will you be happy, Charles?"

"Exquisitely so; nothing else will render me happy in this life save your sweet companionship."

"Even if you knew in after life that your wife was once a poor, ragged street beggat?"

"Yes, even if she had been a *match girl*, if I cherished the passionate devotion for her that I do for you—is that assurance not sufficient evidence of my fidelity?"

"'Tis."

"Then place your soft hand in my grateful palms, and say you are mine indeed."

"Thine, forever thine!"

'God bless you, Emilada; now I am happy, truly happy."

"And in your happiness remember, dear Charles, that your affianced is the ragged match girl of 1840;—now does that revelation not chill your fervid love?"

Mute astonishment seized the student—he gazed a few moments upon her trembling and abashed countenance, and drawing her closer to his side he said—

"Is it possible?—chill my love?—no dearest; it only augments the eternal flame—why have you kept me in the dark upon this important point?"

"Why, my generous benefactor, nay my dear Charles, I could not find words to reveal it until now; upon our first acquaintance I looked upon you as a friend to whom I could find no language adequate to the expression of my gratitude. I soon saw you to love you, since which I have "loved you only as woman can love," but I never could conscientiously consent to be your bride until I received some assurance that you would be happy when you knew that I was the friendless match girl. I owe you my life for your fostering care; but I am bankrupt and unable to pay."

"I am repaid—amply compensated in your charming self, my own Emilada, principal and double compound interest—*surely.*

'There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hue them as we will.'"

We will follow them no farther in their happy *tete-a utes*. In process of time they were united in the gordion links, of conjugal love—that invisible sympathetic chain which naught but the iron cleaver of death can sever, and they sought a home in the sunny south, in the favored land of the generous and warm hearted, where no visitor is made a stranger; but where all receive a cordial welcome to the generous hospitalities of the enthusiastic, yet whole souled southerner.

Generous reader, I have wrote and you have, to the honor of the author, read our sketch—may it inculcate a lesson of charity, when you are seated around your cheerful fires and abundant tables look around you, lend an ear to the piteous cries of distress—say by your benevolent conduct,

PURSE HELP THE HELPLESS POOR,

while in your daily orizons breathe the devout aspiration,—

GOD HELP THE HELPLESS ORPHAN!

DEATH FROM SUPERSTITION.

David Boston a colored man, died near Ilchester, Md., on the 1st inst, a victim to superstition and knavery. The Howard Gazette says:—

Some three months before his death, it appears he was taken sick with a cold.—He suffered from the accumulation of phlegm on the chest; and from the choaking sensation and hoarse sound in breathing, he and his wife concluded he had a *frog* in him, and that somebody had "tricked" him. His wife accordingly went to Baltimore to consult a harpy called a "Fortune Teller," a white person, who fully confirmed, of course, their notions, and told her that the first person who should visit the house after her return home was the "ticker." She was also further instructed to let nothing go out of the house. After his wife's return, a neighboring colored man went to the house to see him, when to his surprise, he was driven away from the place by Boston's wife. The poor victim took little or no nourishment—no one was allowed to visit him, until he died the victim of ignorance and wicked advice.—After his death, about fifty small calico balls were found about him, having been placed there to break "the spell."

SHERIFF DEAD.—The Wilmington (Del.) Journal announces the demise of Isaac Grubb, Esq., Sheriff of the county, on Saturday night, in New Castle. Mr. Grubb had been suffering under Chronic Diarrhœa near fifteen months.