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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.

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POETRY.

[From the Flag of our Union.]

THE BROKEN VOW.

BY J. ALFORD.

"O, 'twere pity that in so gentle a form,
There should dwell so much fell deceit."

The love which animates the soul
Should never die;
The heart which woman's smiles control
Should never sigh;
But, O, too soon the vision fades away,
It only hovers round us to betray;
Then leaves the mind o'er-charged with grief,
No succor nigh;
No tender friend to yield relief,
And you may die!

But, yet, that I now censure all,
Ne'er be it said;
To vouch for which on Heaven I call,
'Twas one false maid:
Who, after having vowed she would be mine,
And pledged that vow, too, at love's holy shrine,
Has basely bartered love for gold.
And sealed my doom;
Perhaps she'll weep when I am cold,
And in my tomb

Original Tale.

[Written for the Kent News.]

IRENE,
OR
THE HORRID MASSACRE.

BY W. T. WRIGHT, JR.

It was evening, and the sun was gradually hiding his majestic head behind the distant hills, and casting his last golden rays upon the flowing grass, and budding flowers, which covered the valley beneath, as two persons might be seen, sitting on a rock upon the bank of the Arkansas river, in the western part of the State, of the same name, and conversing upon a subject that seemed deeply to interest both. Upon approaching nearer, one might be heard to say, "Come Irene, cheer up, revive your drooping spirits, and tell me what it is, that seems to prey upon your mind. Do not look so sad, while all nature seems to be enjoying the beauty of this truly lovely evening. Now do not be afraid to trust all to me, for I will be a true and firm friend to you."

But this sincere and kind address elicited no reply, save a long, deep drawn sigh that proved that something was truly praying upon her mind, and devouring her happiness.

But the other was not satisfied with this; for he still continued to speak, and in tones that plainly told, that he he would like to be more than a *friend* to his fair companion. And what were the words he uttered. They were these:

"Dearest Irene, (for such I vow you are to me) why do you not speak, and tell me all your sorrows? Why do you keep me in this miserable suspense? Why do you hesitate to make a friend and companion of me? It grieves me, Irene, to see you, who are generally so lively and happy, in this sad condition. Tell me all, or break my already wounded heart; and if I can, in any way, assist you, gladly will I yield my life, my fortune, my all, to serve you."

"Mr. Glaskow," she at length said, "I am very unhappy: my life, is a bore to me; and this earth has not, and, I fear, never will have any pleasure or happiness for me. But I cannot tell you, this evening, what it is that causes me all this misery, as it is now getting late, and I must return to the cottage or my absence will cause my friends a great deal of uneasiness; besides, I am unwell, and do not think that I should be able to contain my feelings during the relation of the sadly true story.

Charles Glaskow—for this was his name—was far from being satisfied with this reply; but he knew the disposition of of her, with whom he conversed, better than to press his request farther; but contented himself by saying:

"Well Irene, as you refuse to give me a history of your sorrows now, promise that you will meet me here to-morrow, at the same time we met this evening, and then, I trust, you will be better fitted to narrate to me, your past life. Will you promise, Irene?"

It was not until some minutes had elapsed, that Irene gave the desired promise; and then, taking her tiny hand in his own, he imprinted upon it an affectionate kiss; and taking one long, lingering look upon her lovely features, they parted. But, reader, it was with an aching heart, that Charles parted with her, whom he found he already loved so dearly. Yes; for although he had seen her so short a time, yet her queenly beauty, and unaffected and engaging manners, had entirely captivated his heart, and he longed for an opportunity to confess to her his pure, ardent; and burning love, and seek a return of the same. And, reader, as we shall see, he was destined to be disappointed; for although Irene was yet quite young, and although she fondly and dearly loved him, who thus, in an indirect way, confessed his love for her, *she was never to be his wife.*

It will here be necessary to give a more minute, though brief, history of the two persons, whom we have introduced in our story.

Irene's past life we shall hear from her own lips; it will, therefore, only be necessary to add, that her parents while emigrating to the western part of Arkansas, were attacked, and cruelly murdered, by a party of Indians; and she, scarcely four years of age, was borne off in triumph, by these ruthless inhabitants of the woods, to their camp. Here she was treated in the most brutal manner, until one day, about two weeks after her capture, she was found rambling about the woods, by several white hunters, and taken by one of them, to his home, and adopted as his child.

Charles Glaskow was the only son of a wealthy merchant in Boston, and being, naturally, of a romantic disposition, had gone to this remote place; there to spend a short time in hunting and wandering about among the beautiful and picturesque vallies, and wild and ruggid rocks and mountains, in search of some fit place where he could sit himself down, to admire the wonderful works of nature. But he was not long in finding such a place. For as he wandered along, one afternoon, upon the banks of the river, we have named, he came to a rock, peculiarly shaped, in form of a modern sofa, and covered thickly with green moss. Here he determined he would repair every afternoon; and here it was, after he had returned from hunting one day, that he met Irene for the first time, alone; and this being a fit opportunity, he determined to reveal to her his ardent love. But we have seen whether or not he succeeded; for it was on this evening that our story begins.

It will be remembered, that it was with a heavy heart, that Charles parted with Irene. And when he retired to his couch to repose his wearied limbs, and forget the occurrences of the day in sound sleep, it was only still more that he thought of her, whom he loved, and thus was sleep banished from his eyes. And when Rosy fingered Aurora appeared in the East, causing the dense shades of night to flee before her, and the sun had arisen to commence his daily journey across the heavens, they found him still sleepless. And when he arose, it was with a giddy head and haggered features, that he strolled forth to the neighbouring valley, to listen to the merry notes of the little warblers; but they gave him no relief, and as he turned away, to wend his way homeward, one might have thought him a maniac as he exclaimed, 'Ah! Irene! little do you know the misery you have caused me.—Even the notes of these innocent birds, which used to give me so much pleasure to listen to, go like an arrow to my heart. But this evening shall decide all, my happiness or eternal misery." And in this sad mood he past the whole of that day, until the time came for him to repair to his favourite seat, to meet her, who had caused him so many restless hours.—He soon arrived at the appointed place, where he awaited in breathless silence, the coming of Irene

At length she came, and Charles hurried to meet her, with outstreched arms; but Irene did not rush into them, as he expected or rather greatly desired; but stepping one side, she bowed gracefully and offered him, her hand, which he eagerly seized, and led her to his "Philosopher's Seat" And reader, he did not remain long silent. No, he soon addressed her in something like the following words:

"Now Irene, I trust you will indulge me, with he much desired history of your past life and sorrows. Will you not?

He was answered in the affirmative by a graceful bow of the head, as she said:

"Mr. Glaskow, I have come hither for that express purpose, and shall therefore commence and tell you what you desire, and thus relieve you of a suspense, which I know must be painful to you. But I fear that I shall scarcely be able to complete it, as I already feel something like fear coming over me, caused by what seems to me, the most awful stillness of everything around, and I fear it is an omen of evil, the prelude to a dreadful storm.—See! even the trees seem to be mourning, the contemplation of some horrid crime."

Reader, her fears were true! Poor girl! Little did she know the fate that awaited her! There was indeed an awful stillness; for even the little ripples that had just been rolling so merrily on the sandy shore before, had, all at once ceased, while Irene was thus speaking. And they were not unobserved either, for a keen observer might have detected a few concealed witnesses to this scene; and to judge from their countenances, and stealthy movements, their errand was for no good purpose. And Irene was not alone in her fears; for Charles too, seemed as if he was impressed with the same suspicious dread, as he said:

"Irene, do not give way to feelings of this kind, as they are only calculated to make you nervous, and if I judge rightly you have been somewhat so for a long time. Have you not?"

'Yes, and I have sufficient cause to be so, as you shall presently see—But listen!" As she said this a rustling noise was among the bushes, about fifty yards distant, which caused her to start up and look around, as if expecting that all was not right. Charles too had heard the noise, but thinking it nothing to cause such agitation, he said:

"Oh Irene, do not be so nervous!—You not only make yourself miserable by it, but every one else around you. Now do not be carried off in this way by your imagination; for it is that, and that alone, that causes you so much excitement."

"Ah! Mr. Glaskow, you do not know all, or else you would not talk thus; so I must begin, and tell you the reason of my nervousness; and I hope it will satisfy you, that it is not caused by natural weakness—But see!—Oh! Mr. Glaskow, we must hurry home, or else I shall be killed, or what is worse, carried off by these horrid Savages! Oh! come, let us reach the cottage as soon as possible!"

As she said this and Indian was seen upon the shore bout two hundred yards distant, and was approaching them very fast, when Irene hurried off, leaning on Charles' arm. But this was not the only Indian who was near them if we may judge from the many shrill whistles, that echoed through the surrounding valley. Their errand may easily be divined, as it will be remembered that Irene was taken from a party of Indians, by some white hunters and adopted by one of them as his child. But she had never remained long in the enjoyment of peace and happiness at her new home, for often had she been on the very brink of a dreadful captivity, and as often were the bloody villians, who tried to steal her from her home, and from him who was as dear to her as an own parent would have been, defeated in their fell purpose. But this time, poor girl, she was not destined to escape so easily; for as she and her effectionate companion ascended the brow of the hill, upon which the cottage was situated, the sharp report of a rifle was heard, and in an instant, Irene fell liteless in the arms of Charles; for the ball had passed through her heart, and deprived her of her existance; at the same time, some dozen or more of these devils, in human forms, rushed towards the spot, where knelt Charles bending over the lifeless form of Irene; but seeing the murderers of her, whom he had loved so dearly, approaching, he seized her form in his arms, and as if with the strength of a Hercules, hurried with it into the cottage, and placed it gently on a couch; and turned to assist Irene's father, not only to protect his own person, but to avenge his daughter's murder. The time allotted for this preparation was brief; for scarcely had they loaded their rifles, before the fiends were upon them; but they had determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and when such a resolution as this is formed, it requires but the courage of such men as these who are rendered desperate by such an object as actuated them, to put it into execution; and bravely did they fight for this purpose. Already were they surrounded by men, whose yells were sufficient to appal the stoutest heart; and already had two of them been sent into eternity, when Charles and his maddened companion sallied forth, sword in hand, (for there were two such weapons in their possession) to try their barbarous enimies in a hand to hand to conflict; and bravely did they maintain their ground: three times did they rush out to meet their foes, and as often were they driven back; until at last, overpowered by numbers, they fell, pierced through their bodies in a dozen places; but not until half their foes had gone before them into another world, to answer for this horrid deed. And thus was the spot, which had but a few minutes before, been consecrated by the pure blood of Irene, rendered more so by that of her father and lover!

And thus is ended the story of IRENE, OR THE HORRID MASSACRE!

A daguerreotype taker, a few days since, exhibited a likeness of a lady which he had taken to her husband, and asked him if it was not a very good one. "Very," was the reply, "and I only wish my was —silent."

EDITORS are pump handles of society they give drinks to others, but are never supposed to be thirsty themselves.

Letter from Maj. Jack Downing.

DOWNINGVILLE, *Down East, in the State of Maine.*

NOVEMBER 10, 1851.

MR. GALES & SEATON:—My dear old friends, if you are yet in the land of the livin, I long to have a little talk with you about the affairs of the nation. And if you aint in the land of the livin, but have dropped off since I've been away to the gold digging of Californey, if you'll contive to let me know it, I'll go to one of the "spirit rappers?" (cousin Nabby knows one of 'em) and try to have a chat with you that way. And my old friend Mr. Ritchie too, I want to have a chat along with him—But I don't know where to find him, for Uncle Joshua tells me he isn't in the Washington Union paper now, they've "carried him back to old Virginny."—Now that's very bad; its treason against the Government. How can the country get along through a Presidential campaign without Mr Ritchie? They never have done it, and it cant be done; its impossible. I dont know who they've got in his place in the Union, nor I dont care, but I know they will not find one that can fight agin the federalists like Mr. Ritchie. How many times he's saved the country from bein eat up by federalists; and, what's very remarkable, he could fight agin 'em for years and years after they was all dead, jest as well as he could when they was alive.

There's to be a great battle for the next President, and we can't get along without Mr. Ritchie. He ought not to a gone off so; he owed his services to the country, and he ought to be ketched and brought back to Washington under the fugitive slave law." That law is carried out every where here to the North, and we expect it to be carried out to the South.—What is sass for goose is sass for gander. If the South wants to keep the North in the Union, she must give some good strong proof that she is willing to fulfil and carry out the fugitive slave law. And she couldn't do it any better than to ketch Mr. Ritchie and carry him back to Washington, and shet him up in the Union paper office, and tie him up in the editorial chair, and put a ream of paper before him and a pen in his hand, and set him to writing about the next Presidency. Then the dark fog that now hangs over the whole country would begin to be blowed away, and parties could begin to see where they are again; and the knots and the snarls of politics would begin to be unravelled, so that we could all tell where to take hold and pull with a fair chance of doing some good. Then we might stand a good chance to get a President next year. But as things now go, the chance looks slim enough.

Times isn't now as they used to be, when we hadn't only two parties, and every body could tell who was fightin' against. Then a single blast from Major Ben Russell in the old Boston Centinel would call out all the Federalists in the country, and make 'em draw up in a straight line; and then another blast from Mr. Ritchie in the Richmond Enquirer would call out all the Republicans into another line—and when these two parties were called out there wasn't nobody left but women and children—and then the two parties had a clear field before 'em, and marched up face to face and had a fair fight, and they always knew which got whipt. But things isn't so now-a-days.—There's more parties now than you can shake a stick at. And they face in all manner of ways, so that when you are fightin for one party it would puzzle a Philadelphy lawyer to tell what parties you are fightin against, or to tell who is whipt when the battle's over. I didn't know things was in quite so bad a snarl, till I got home 'tother day from Californy, and sot down and had a long talk with Uncle Joshua, who told me all about it.—Uncle Joshua is getting old, but he holds his age remarkably well; I think full equal to Mr. Ritchie, and I dont see but he keeps the run of politics as well as he used to.

Says I "Uncle Joshua, what's the prospect about the Presidency?"

"Well, says he. "Major."—he always calls me Major—says he Major, there aint no prospect at all."

"How so," says I; "how can you make that out?"

"Well," says he, there's so many parties now, and they are all so mixed up, higgledy-piggledy, that you cant see through 'em with the longest spyglass that ever was made. That's why there aint no prospect at all."

"Well, now, uncle Joshua," says I, "jest name over all these parties, so I can begin to have some idea of them."

"Well," says he, we'll begin first south side of Mason and Dixon's line. There's the old whig party, and the old democratic party, and the party of the Union whigs, and the party of the secession whigs, and the party of the Union Democrats, and the party of the secession democrats, and the party of the absolute unqualified secessionists, and the party of the co-operation secessionists. And then if we come to the north side of Mason and Dixon's line, we find the regular whig party and the regular democratic party, and the Union whigs, and the abolition whigs, and the Union democrats and the abolition democrats, and the silver gray whigs, and the woolley-headed whigs, and the hunker democrats, and the barn-burner whigs, and the barn-burner democrats, and the Seward party, and the Union safety committee party, and the regular free-sile party, and the regular vote-yourself-a-farm party."

Here Uncle Joshua paused a little, and Aunt Keziah laid down her nitun-work, and looked over her spectacles, and says she to me, "Your uncle Joshua must have a wonderful memoty to keep all them hard names in his head; for many party, I don't see how he does it" Then cousin Nabby she clapped her hands and laughed, and says she, "Now cousin Jack, which party do you belong to?"

Says I, "I'll be hanged if I know. If the old general was alive—I mean Old *Hickory*—I'd go with his party, let it be which 'twould; for then I should know I was going for the country. The old general was always ready to fight for the country against bank monsters, and unlullification monsters, and all sorts of monsters"

"Well, now," says uncle Joshua, "how do you suppose we are going to work to make a President; with all these parties in the field, fightin cross-handed, and cattycorners, and every which way?"

"I'm sure I can't see," says I, "unless we can get up a party that will surround the whole of 'em, as the Irish Corporal surrounded the half-dozen soldiers that he took prisoners"

"What do you think of Mr. Calhoun's plan," said uncle Joshua, "that's laid down in his works just published?"

"What's that," says I; "I don't think I have heard of it."

"Well," says he, "he recommends to choose *two* Presidents, one for the North and one for the South, each side of Mason and Dixon's Line; and a law of Congress to become a law till it is signed by both Presidents. How think that would work?"

"Well I guess," says I, "if the country depended upon laws to on, it would starve to death as sure as the ass between two bundles of hay."

At that cousin Nabby spoke up, "and," says she, "more like the country would be like a bundle of hay between two asses, and would get eat up pretty quick."

Uncle Joshua could'nt help smiling but he look round of sobes as he could, and says he, "Come, come, Nabby, you hush up; what do you know about politics?"

"Well now," says I, "let us look at this plan of Mr. Calhoun's a little and see what it amounts to. His notion was, that there was two parties, one North and one South of Mason and Dixon's line, and that under one President they never could agree, but would always be quarrellins and fighting and crowding: but if each party could choose a President, then they would get along smooth and quiet, and live as peaceable as lambs. Now, if the doctrine is good for two parties, it is good for twenty. So, if Mr. Calhoun was right, the best way would be to let the twenty parties, that are now quarrelling like cats and dogs, go to work and each party choose a President for itself. Then what a happy peaceable time we should have of it."

"Well, you've fairly run it into the ground now," says uncle Joshua, "and I guess we may as well let it stick there. I am more troubled about electing one President than I am two, or twenty; and I'd like to get your idea how it can be done. I know Gineral Jackson used to think a great deal of your opinion, and may be you can contrive some plan to get us out of this hurly burly that we are in, so that we may make a President next year when the time come round."

"Well," says I, "Uncle Joshua, according to what you say about the parties now-a days, all split up into flinders, and cross-grained every wey, I don't think there's much chance for any of 'em to elect a President, especially if Mr. Ritchie dont help. But, for all that, I think there is two ways of doing it. One way is, to get up a new that shall surround all the other parties—I mean a real constitutional party, an out an out national party; a party that will stand up to the rack, to det or no fodder, and go for the Union, the whole Union, and nothing but the Union, live or die. This party would have to be made up out of the twenty other parties you have named, so I guess we might as well call it the party of "*National Come outers.*"

"The 'tother way would be, to get up a sort of revolution annexation manifest destiny-glory party and have a great banner painted, with Cuba on one end and Canada on 'tother, and what there is left of Mexico in the middle; and get up a great torch-light procession from one end of the country to the other, and hire Kossuth when he gets over here to make stump speeches for our candidate through all the States. If we didn't elect him, I'd go into nuttery and settle on the bank of salt river for life."

"Well, Major," says Uncle Joshua, "I think a good deal of your notions, and I wish you would think the matter over and draw up some plan for us to go by, for its high time we was doing something."

So, Mr. Gales & Seaton,
I remain your old friend,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

BAFFLED WATCHMAN.—A pleasan youngfellow, about half seas over, passing through the Strand, London, at a late hour, was accosted by a watchman, who began, with all the insolence of office, to file a string of interrogatories, in the hope of being handsomely paid for his trouble.

"What is your name, sir?"

"Five shillings."

"Where do you live?"

"Out of the Kings domihions."

"Where have you been?"

"Where you would have been with all your heart"

"Where are you going"

"Where you dare not go for your ears.'

The officios guardian of the night thought these answers sufficient to warrant him to go take the young man to the watch-house. The next morning, on being borugh before the magistrate he told his worship, that as to the first question, his name was Thomas Crown; with regard to the second, he lived in Little Britain; to the third, he had been taking a glass of wine with a friend; and that as to the last, said he, "I was going home to my wife." The magistrate reprimanded the watchman in severe terms, and wished Mr Crown good morning.

A PUZZLED PROFESSOR.—In a class in college there was a member noted for his waggery. One day the Professor of Logic was endeavoring to substantiate that a thing remains the same, notwithstanding a supstitution in some of its parts. Our wag, who had been exercising the Yankee art of whittling at length held up his jack knife inquireidg.

'Suppose I should lose the blade of this knife, and should get another made and inserted in its place—would it be the same knife it was before?'

'To be sure,' replied the Professor.

'Well, the, the wag continued, 'suppose I should then lose the handle, and get another, would it be the same still?'

'Of domrse!' the Professor replied

'But if sombody shoulc find the old blade and the old handle, and shold put them together, what knife would thalbe?'

We never beard the Profesor's answer

A THUNDERING COLD FIRE.—On a winter night, a few years since, I was riding through the little town of Lowell, Maine. My route lay along upon a high ridge of land between the Cold Stream Pond and the Tassadumkeag stream The large full-moon was rising in the horizon, looking large than ever. The sleighing was excellent, and my horse, as if charmed by the scene, was trotting off at a brisk rate, when from some cause he suddenly stopped. On looking for it, I discovered a horse and sleigh, driver-less In the sleigh was a mysterious looking keg, sole master of the premises, and upon looking for the driver, I found that individual by the road side—the keg was evidently master of him as of the sleigh. He was muttering something to himself about a "thundering cold fire," and blaming an imaginary John or not "puting on more wood!" Coming nearer to him, I found that he was siting upon the snow, his feet through the fence, warming them at the moon'

THE BEST JUDGE.—A judge aud a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrines of the transmigration of the souls of men into animals.

"Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?"

"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer.

"Why," asked the judge.

Because," was the reply, "I have heard of an ass being judge, but of a horse, never."

"*Gentlemen of the Jury,*" said a western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I will bet five to one, that, if you should bait a steel trap with a new three cent piece and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul.—I wouldn't for the court and he gentleman of the jury, I would'nt trust him in a room with red hot millstones, and the angel Gabriel to guard them.

associations to prevent a division ... patriotism of other honored names in a little more than two years, and all this ... well-disposed and patriotic citizens of various parts of the country. We are time under circumstances of peculiar ... the North; but it is believed that time ...

The conduct of Mr. Webster, as a public man, for a full generation is now ...

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.