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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.

(Written for 'The Kent News.')

SECRET SORROWS.

BY MINNA.

Full many a sorrow deep within the soul,
Lies burried low beyond all human ken;
Full many a sigh is on the night breeze borne,
Unheard and all unknown to mortal men.

Full many a tear flows down the paled cheek,
Unseen by shy, yet, little none the less;
Full many a heart in secret anguish reeks,
Bleeds on a lone, nor breathe its dark distress.

Weep on thou child of earthly woes and fears,
There is an ear that hears thy every sigh;
An angle that sees and marks thy bitter tears,
A heart that know where all thy sorrows lie.

Ah! yes, that heart feels for thy every grief,
And sympathies with thee, child of clay;
A Saviour's heart, he offers kind relief, [away,
And sweetly soothes thee from earth's cares

Thy Jesus smiles, and what is man's dark frown,
His biting words, his cold sarcastic scorn?
A worm, a pigma, an insect of the ground,
He has not power to do thee lasting wrong.

Thy afther God can overrule each snare,
That all may work for thine eternal gain;
Ah! lonely one, thy in his sight art dear,
Trust in his love nor will thou trust in vain.

POPULAR NOUVELETTE.

THE MOB CAP;
OR,
MY GRANDMOTHER'S TRUNK.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

It was past midnight, and the moon had gone down when the stage stopped at Edward Stanley's lodgings, who was about to visit his village home. The lamps threw a strong glare on the pavements, but the interior of the vehicle was in such deep shade, he could but imperfectly distinguish his fellow travellers.

He observed, however, that several young gentlemen occupied the front and middle seats, while an old woman, muffled in a cloak, sat alone on the back one. She turned her head sharply round as he entered, and the light glimmering under her large hood was brightly reflected from a pair of spectacles of such spacious dimensions, they seemed to cover her whole face, or at least all the face that was visible through the wide-plaited borders of a mob cap.—Edward took the only vacant seat in the stage, at her side, with a very respectful bow, which was received with something between a hem and a cough, a sound diverting in itself, and rendered still more so, by its echo from the opposite seat; for the young gentlemen seemed determined to derive all the amusement possible from their antiquated companion. Edward had a convivial spirit, but he had too deep a reverence for age ever to make it a subject for mirth. It was in itself a sufficient guarantee for veneration, even when accompanied by those traits which impart a beauty to the faded brow, and to the hoary head a crown of glory. The recollection of his own grandmother, too, who had died since his absence from home—one of these fine, dignified relics of the majestic simplicity of olden time, which reminds one so forcibly of the degeneracy of modern days—gave a tenderness to his manners, in addressing an aged person, which was peculiary engaging in the present instance, from the effects of contrast.

"Take care, grandmother," said the young men opposite, as the stage jolted over a huge stone, "take care your spectacle. We shall upset, now, depend upon it."

"No thanks to you if we don't," cried she, muttering, in the indistinct accents of age. Then turning towards Edward, she continued, 'It is really refreshing to see a well behaved, decent young gentleman, after enduring the impertinence of these dandies and jackanapes. Never mind, you may laugh now as loud as you please; but if you live, you will be old yourself one of these days."

She put her hand into her pocket, which seemed unfathomable in depth, and drawing out a snuff box, after rapping it several times, she presented it to Edward, who was obliged from politeness to take a pinch, and all the passengers petitioning for a similar favour, a sneezing concert commenced, in which the old lady herself acted the most sonorous part. After the mirth occasioned by this chorus had subsided, she dropped her box into her pocket, and it sunk like a pebble descending into a vault. Edward began to enjoy his journey exceedingly; he never felt disposed to sleep in a stage-coach, and the old lady declared herself of the same temperament, though he gallantly offered his shoulder as a pillow, to the great amusement of the others, who were, ere long, nodding their heads to and fro, occasionally knocking their heads against each other, or reclining backwards in more unsocial attitudes. Edward and his muffled companion fell into the most familiar and agreeable conversation. She seemed very shrewed and original in her remarks, and exercised the privilege of age in inquiring his name, the place of his residence, &c.

"Ah," said she, "I knew you had a mother and sisters—or a sister whom you loved, from your kindness to me, an old woman, a stranger. Heaven be blessed for the influence of gentle ones on the heart of man. And you are going to the village of ———. Do you know any thing of the Widow Clifton, daughter of Squire Lee, who lives somewhere in those parts?"

"Not personally—but report says she is such a gay dashing character. I suppose she will find herself very much out of place in a country town. I hear, through my sister, that she is to take possession of her late father's dwelling, which has been fitted up for her accommodation in quite a princely style. You speak as if you knew her, madam."

"Yes, for I was a great friend to her grandmother; a fine old lady as ever lived. a thousand times handsomer than Gertrude—but very likely you may not agree with me. Young eyes see differently from old ones."

"Is she young?' asked Edward.

"Yes, she is scarcely twenty, for she married at a very early age, and was left a widow soon after. She has need of more discretion than she has now, or ever will have."

"I should like to see this gay young widow," said Edward, musingly, the vision of a pair of heavenly blue eyes that he had seen stealing softly before him, but it is not likely that we shall become acquainted, for my mother and sister live very retired, and when I am at home I devote myself to them."

It was surprising in what confidential terms he addressed his new acquaintance, and how entirely he forgot to ask her name and residence, though he had so freely imparted his own.

As the morning air came chill and dewy over the hill, she drew her cloak more closely around her, pulled down her hood, and seemed drowsy and silent. Edward was not sorry to be left a while to his own reflection. He thought of the mild eyes of his mother at that very moment, perhaps, turned towards the window anxiously watching his coming, of the more eager anticipations of his only sister, and more than all he thought upon "the witching smile that cought his youthful fancy."

He was roused from his reveries by the sudden stopping of the stage, and he found he was to be separated from his ancient friend. Jumping out with as much alacrity as if he was in attendance on youth and beauty, he assisted her as she descended with slow and difficult steps; and opening the gate for her to pass, gave her a cordial and respectful farewell.

"I shall not soon forget you, young gentleman," said she, holding out her tremulous hand, "and if the time ever comes when I can serve you, you will find the aged can remember the kindness of youth."

Resuming his seat, his thoughts winged heir way towards the home he was now rapidly approaching. In two or three hours, he began to distinguish the trees familiar to his boyhood. A little farther, a majestic elm stretched its lordly branches over the street, they passed it either side, the landmark of his school day pastimes. Then a white house glimmered through the green foliage that overshadowed,—and a moment more, Edward was in the arms of his mother, with his sister clinging round his neck. An only son and brother, returned after twelve months' absence, to beings whose best affections were garnered in him, might reasonably call forth very warm and joyous emotions. A shade, however, passed over their brows, as the saddened glance of Edward rested on the easy chair, where he had last beheld that venerable form with placid brows, crowned with living silver, now laid low in the dust—and they all *remembered the death*

A year's residence in the heart of a city, would naturally produce some change in a young man, as yet only in the morning of manhood, and as Clara's admiring eyes ran over the face and figure of her brother, she blushed at her own rusticity. There was an indiscribable something in his air and manner, that told he had been in a region different from her own, and a shadow of awe began to steal over the deep love she felt for him. Mrs. Stanley, whose chastened and pious thoughts were dwelling on the inner man, rejoiced that his heart remained unchilled during his intercourse with the world, for the fountain of filial tenderness was still full and gushing over.

Edward Stanley was poor—that is, he had only his unborn energies to carry him through the world. He had just completed his studies as a lawyer, having finished his last year with one of the most distinguished members of the bar, a friend of his late father, who, though he cied poor in one sense of the word, was rich in the good opinion of his fellow men. Edward was resolved that it should prove a jeer of probation, and adhered to his determination not to suffer even the holiest interest of nature to turn him aside from his stead ast course. The trial was past—he was admitted to the bar—and now felt priviledged to rest and refiesh himself for a while at the well-springs of the heart.

That evening as he looked abroad and saw the moon sending down such rills of light through the deep shades of the land scape, he thought how beautiful Fanny Morton had looked, when she stood, a year ago, in the midst of such silver waves, and he longed to know how she would look then, standing in the selfsame moonbeams. The wish was easily accomplished, for her father's house was but a short distance from his own, and he soon found himself near the threshold. The house was situated a little retreating from the street, and the path which led to it was soft and grassy, lying too-ill a thick shadow, so his approached was not perceived—There she stood, almost in the same attitude, leaning against the door, looking upwards with eyes so deeply, beautifully blue, they seemed to have borrowed the colour from the night heaven to which their gaze was directed Her fair, flaxen hair glittered in the moonlight with a golden lustre, brighly contrasting with the pure whiteness of a brow, where the serenity of youth and innocence was now softly reposing.

"Fanny!" said Edward emerging from the shadow; and she sprang forward at the well-known voice, with a bounding step, and a joyous smile.

"Edward, I am so glad you are come."

Her manner was so frank and affectionate, it relieved him from the agitation he felt in addressing her. Perhaps he felt a disappointment in meeting her childish expression of pleasure, instead of the deep silence of joy, for it is certain the romance of his feelings considerably subsided, and he uttered some commonplace sayings, instead of the high-wrought sentiments in which he had been indulging. He had never told Fanny in so many words that he loved her, but they had lived in almost daily interchange of offices prompted by affection In absence he had blended her image with every memory of the past and every hope of the future, and now in her presence, he acknowledged that she was fairer and lovelier than even the visions his fancy had drawn—The people of the village seeing Fanny again the constant companion of Edward and Clara Stanley, as in former times, prophesied a speedy union, tho' they dwelt on the excessive imprudence of the match, as they were both to poor to think of marrying, and many declared Fanny to be nothing better than a piece of painted waxwork, fit only to be looked at and admired.

They were returning one evening, about sunset, from a walk in the woodland. Fanny was litterally covered with garlands, which Edward and Clara had woven, and with her hat swinging in her hand, and her fair locks unbound, she formed the most picturesque feature of a landscape, then rich in all the glories of summer. They turned aside from the path, for the trampling of horses' feet were behind them.

"Look, brother, look!" exclaimed Clara as a lady, in company with two gentleman, rode gaily by. She was dressed in green. Her long riding-dress swept far below her feet, and waving feathers of the same color mingled with the folds of a veil which floated lightly on the breeze. She turned and looked earnestly at Fanny, who, blushing at her fantastical appearance, drew behind Clara, when the veil of the stranger suddenly loosened, and, fluttering, fell at Edward's feet. Never was a fairer opening for gallantry. The lady checked the spirited horse, and, bending gracefully forward, received the veil from the hands of Edward, with a smile and a bow that would have repaid any man for a greater exertion. Her complexion was dark, but richly coloured with the warm hues of exercise and health; and when she smiled, her eyes were so briliantly black, and her teeth so glitteringly white, that Clara could talk of nothing else for an hour after she reached home—and Edward caught himself wandering several times, who the lady of the green plumes could be.

"Yes," said he, suddenly, when he saw, at night, lights gleaming from the windows of the great white house on the hill—"It must be Mrs. Clifton, the dashing widow."

And Mrs. Clifton it proved to be, whose arrival caused no slight sensation, in this quiet village—Edward and Fanny were quite forgotten in the superior claims of one, who, though among them, was not of them. One represented her as proud as Lucifer, sweeping through the streets with her officer-like cap and feathers.—another, as a lioness, leaping her horse over hedges and walls. Some represented her as dark as an Ethiopian, terrible and grand—and others, as beautiful as an angel, and blithe as a wood-nymph.—Meanwhile the unconcious object of these contradictory and most invidious remarks, continued her rides over hill and dale with unwearied activity, and sometimes she appeared in a splended carriage, with a footman who was said to be dressed in livery, though he wore a suit of sober gray.

What was the astonishment of Clara Stanley, when she saw one morning this splended carriage stop at her own door, and Mrs. Clifton herself descend from it! Clara's next feeling was deep mortification; for both her mother and herself were dressed in plain calico mourning frocks, and the room was in a state of particular disorder, for she was occupied in cutting and arranging work, and her brother had covered the table with papers he was about to examine.

"Oh, Edward," cried Clara, "if there's not Mrs. Clifton! what shall we do?"

"Do?" said he laughing and starting up eagerly—"Why ask her to come in;" and with an ease and self-possession that almost provoked the mortified Clara, he met this startling visiter at the threshold.

She introduced herself with so much grace and politeness, and fell into conversation so rapidly and simply, apologizing for what she feared might be deemed an intrusion, but expressing an earnest wish to become acquainted with neighbours in whose society she anticipated so much pleasure, so naturally and sincerely, that Clara's burning cheeks began to cool, and her confused senses to be sufficiently collected to appreciate so signal an honour. Mrs. Stanley was too truly refined and well bred to share in her daughter's embarrassment. She was not ashamed of the simplicity of their dress, and she did not look upon the proofs of Clara's industry and Edwards literature, scattered about the room, as at all disgraceful.—Moreover, she was very proud of her son, and thought she had never seen him appear to such an advantage as at this moment, when engaged in animated conversation with this graceful and charming lady. Mrs Clifton admired the garden, the vines that made such fairy lattice-work around the windows, the pictures that hung upon the walls, till everything around her became exalted in Clara's eyes, with charms unknown before. When she arose to depart she urged Mrs. Stanley warmly to visit her, and to suffer her to see much of Clara, it was impossible not to believe she was soliciting a favour. She was so lonely, she said—the friends who had accompanied her were returned, and she had nothing but her books and harp for companions. Her harp! Clara was crazy to hear a harp. The very idea carried her at once into the fairy land of romance, of Ossians heronies and Milon's angels.

"Is she not the most charming woman you ever saw in your life?" exclaimed Clara the moment she had left them. "I quite forgot my calico frock and these linen shreds, long before she was gone. Did you ever see any one so polite and condescending? I wonder how she came to select us from all the village, to call upon," and she smiled at the importance it would give them in the eyes of their neighbors.

"I am not much surprised," said Mrs Stanley, "as her father and yours were on intimate terms, and it is probable she has taken pains to ascertain his friends. She had just married when Mr. Lee came into the country, and as she went immediately abroad, she never visited the place during her fathers life. She married very young, and I think I have heard she was not happy in her union. She certainly does not seem inconsolable at her husband's death."

"Is she not delightful, Edward?" continued Clara, in a perfect fever of admiration. "Did you ever see such eyes and teeth? and though she is dark, her complexion is so glowing and clear, I don't think she would look as handsome if she were fairer. I wonder if she will marry again?"

"You wonder at so many things," replied Edward, laughing "you must live in a perpetual state of astonishment. But I do think, Clara, that Mrs Clifton is very delightful, and very charming, and graceful, and I hope my dear little rustic sister will try to imitate her grace."

Edward would never have breathed this unfortunate wish had he anticipated how faithfully poor Clara would have obeyed his injunction.

The visit was soon returned, and if Clara admired her new friend before, she was now completely fascinated.—She "saw the white rising of her hands upon the harp," and heard the mellow tones of a voice tuned to the sweetest modulation of art. The rich furniture, the superb curtains, the paintings in gilt frames, seemed to her unaccustomed eye equal to oriental splendour, and Mrs. Clifton some eastern enchantress, presiding over the scene, with more than magic power. Edward Stanley was passionately fond of music. He had never heard it in such perfection. But there was a charm in Mrs. Clifton's conversation even superior to her music. It was full of spirit, sensibility, enthusiasm, and refinement. Then its perfect adaptness to all around her!—Every one talked better with her than with any one else, and felt, when they quitted her society that they had never been so agreeable before; confessing, at at the same time, that they had never met with any one half so pleasing as herself She certainly did flatter a little; that is, she told very pleasant truths, with a most bewitching smile, and another thing, which, perhaps, was the great secret of her a traction, she seemed completely to forget herself, in her interest for those around her.

It is very certain Mrs. Stanley's family thought more of their new neighbour that night, than their old ones. Even Edward forgot to dream of the blue eyes of Fanny Morton. His conscience reproached him for the oblivion; and when he saw the unenvying interest with which she listened to Clara's praises of the dashing widow, as she was was called by the villagers, he admired the sweetness and simplicity of a character, pure as the untracked snow. He admired, but, for the first time, he felt a want in this sweet character. He had never discovered before, that Fanny was deficient in sensibility, that the shadows of feeling seldom passed over her celestial countenance. He found, too, a dearth of thought and variety in her conversation, of which he had never been sensible before. A pang of self-accusation shot through his heart, as he made these discoveries, and feeling as if he were guilty of injustice, his attentions became still less frequent, and he tried to restrain his restless and wandering thoughts.

Clara sat one morning in a deep reverie. "Mother," said she, at length "do you remember that full crimson damask petticoat, grandmother left me as a memento of old times?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Stanley, surprised at the suddenness of the question, "why do you ask?"

"I was thinking it would make some beautiful window curtains for our parlour. The sun shines in so warm it is really uncomfortable to sit there, and the reflection of red curtains is very beautifying to the complexion."

"Ah! Clara," cried her brother, "you never discovered how uncomfortable it was, till you saw Mrs. Clifton's fine curtains. You forget the blinds, and the vines, and the rose-bushes—Pray have more reverence for dear grandmother's ancient relics."

Clara blushed, and was considerably disconcerted, that nevertheless continued her dreams of improvement. Her latent love for show and splendour began to glimmer forth and illuminate many an airy castle she amused herself in building. To imitate Mrs. Clifton was now the end and aim of her existence. She practiced her step, her air, her smile, before the looking-glass, in her own chamber, till from a very simple and unaffected girl, she became conspicuously the reverse. She strung every window with Æolian harps, and tried to sing in unison when the wild winds swept the chords—but they disdained the harmony of the human voices and mocked at her efforts. Edward felt quite distressed at an effect so contrary to his wishes, but he concealed his chagrim under a good-humored ridicule which somewhat checked her progress in the graces. Once, when they were to accompany Mrs. Clifton in an excursion on hors back, and the lady arrayed in her suit of forest green, was already waiting their motion, she knew not whether he was most amused or grieved, to see Clara descend in a dress of the same colour, in which the imitation was too obvious and too defective not to border on the ridiculous, with a green veil wreathed around the crown of her bonnet, and suffered to stream back behind, in the form of a feather or plume. Though the affection of her brother would not allow him to wound her feelings by making her fully aware of her folly, and he choose rather gently to lead her back to true simplicity and good sense, she did not escape a severe lash from those who envied her the distinction of Mrs. Cliftons acquaintance, and who revenged themselves on her damask curtains, Æolian harps, and new-born airs. Her present ambition was to possess a gold chain, an ornament she deemed indispensable to the perfection of a lady's dress. She did not aspire to so magnificent a one as wreathed the graceful neck of Mrs. Clifton, but she thought she would be perfectly happy with one of for inferior value surrounding her own. She had a long string of large gold beads, a parting gift from her sainted grandmother, an ornament too obsolete for wear, and which she had often sighed to convert into modern jewelry. An opportunity occured, at the very moment, of all others, she most desired it. Mrs. Clifton was to give a party. The day before the event, Clara was examining her simple wardrobe trying to decide on the important articles of dress, and mourning over her slendor stock of finery, when a pedler stopped at the door, with a trunk filled with jewelry and trinkets. He spread them before her eyes, and when she hesitated and regretted—he offered to take any old ornaments in exchange, holding up, at the same time, a glittering chain, the very article for which her vitiated fancy was yearning. The temptation was irresistable, and, unfortunately, she was alone. She flew to her little trunk of treasures, drew out her grandmothers beads, and the pedler's eyes brightened as he saw the pure rich old fashioned gold, knowing their superior value to his own gilded trifles.

"Will you exchange that chain for these?" said she, in a faltering voice; for in spite of her vain desire, the very act seemed a sacrilege to her conscience.

"That would not be an even bargain," he replied; and it was true, for the chain was nothing but brass, thinly washed with gold. Clara hung down her head. In proportion to the difficulty of obtaining the bauble, her longing increased.

"That is a very pretty little trunk," cried the pedler, "it would be very convenient to hold my jewels. If you will throw that in, we will strike a bargain."

Now the trunk was not Clara's. It belonged to her brother. It was the last keepsake bequested to him by this same grandmother, whose legacies of love Clara was converting to purposes of vanity and pride. There was a letter in it, directed to him, with a clause on the envelope, that he was not to open it till he was of age, *unless* he should find himself in some emergency, and especially in need of counsel. The old lady was supposed to possess considerable property, and was also believed that Edward would be her heir. On her death however these expectation proved vain, and her grandson did not honour her memory the less because he was but touched by her loss. He took the letter as a sacred bequest, wondering much at the singular injunction, and told Clara to keep the trunk for him, as it was no use to him, and she would preserve it with more care.—Clara knew it was only intrusted to her keeping; and she turned pale at the thought of betraying a brother's trust; but she repeated to herself it was of no possible use to him, that he would probably never inqure for it, and it could not hurt her dear grandmother her's feelings, who was sleeping beneath the clods of the valley. It was a thing, too, of so little consequence—and the chain was so beautiful. She emptied the trunk of its contents, gave it hastily into the pedler's hands, with the beads which had remained on her grandmother's neck till she died, and gathering up the chain, felt,—instead of the joy of triumph—self upbraiding and shame. She would have recalled the act; but it was to late—the pedler was gone. So poor was the gratifications of vanity—but the bitter consequence of a deviation from rectitude she was yet to experience.

When arrayed for the party, she put a shawl carefully around her neck before she made her appearance, to conceal her ill-gotten splendour—but the consciousness of having something to conceal from the affectionate eyes that were bent upon her, gave a disturbed and anxious expression to her countenance that did not escape the observation of her brother; and when she saw Fanny in the unadorned simplicity of her own lovliness, she secretly loathed the acquisition for which she had sacrificed her principles of right.

(Concluded next week.)

Boys are like cigar, the more "mother" there is in them, the sharper they become.

In whatever shape evil comes we are apt to exclaim, with Hamlet, "take any shape but that!"