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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.

VOL. 14. SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1853. NO. 10.

Farm for Sale.

AT private sale a Farm situate in Queen Ann's county, lying on the main road leading from Church Hill to Centreville, and about three miles from the former place—and containing

150 Acres,

about two thirds of which is in WOOD mostly of thriving Chesnut. This land is beautifully situated and convenient to Churches, Schools and Mills, and within two and a half miles of an excellent landing on Chester River—it adjoins the land of Madison Brown, Esq. and others. The soil is susceptible of the highest improvement, and a beautiful MEADOW could be made upon the premises with but little expense. For further particulars enquire of

A. E. BASSFORD, Chester Town,
FRANCIS H. CACY, Near Millington,
or WM. G. CACY, Near George Town X Roads.

Apr 30, 1853.

ATTENTION.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced the

Boot and Shoe Business,

in the SHOP, lately occupied by A. M Russell, and next door to the Post Office, where he is ready to make

BOOTS AND SHOES,

on the best style and on the most reasonable terms for CASH

By strict attention to business he hopes to share a part of the public's patronage.

EVAN W. LYNCH.

Jany. 15, 1853—

Now Exhibiting At Rees' Corner,

The Largest stock of Goods ever before offered, consisting of almost every thing and a few more articles, viz:

Dry Goods,

GROCERIES, Hardware, Queens ware, Hats, Caps Boots, Shoes Saddlery, Drugs, Paints, Oils, Looking Glasses, Window Glass—Sash, Basket Stone-ware, Hollow-ware, Castings, Clothing &c. Just received from Philadelphia and for sale low—call and see, —no charge for admission—Children half price.

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, Md., May 10, '53.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

MOUSLINS DeBueges—Bereze De Lains, Lawns, Swiss, plain and figured, with a large variety of other goods,—for sale by

A. J. REES.

Rees' Cor. May 10, '53.

GROCERIES: Brown Sugars at 5cts. 6¼ 7 cts. White Sugars 8 to 10 cts. Rio and Laguayra Coffee. New crop N O. Molasses, Soaps, Candies, Spices, Teas, &c.,—for sale by

ABEL J. REES.

Hardware.

CONSISTING of Farming implements a very large Variety of Building hardware, Nails, Cultivater plates, log chains and X Cut Saws, Patent Rat Traps &c. for sale by

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner May 10, '53,

Hats Caps &c.

LEGHORN Panama, Braid, Pedal Straw, White and Black Cubano Hats, Slouches, Fur, Silk, Wool, Cassimer and Palm-leaf Hats—also a few Bloomer Hats for the Ladies—an assortment of Childrens Hats also for sale at Rees' Corner by A. J. REES.

May 10, 1853.

Boots & Shoes

OF all kinds to suit the styles and fit the understandings of the people—for sale by

ABEL J. REES.

May 10, 1853.

A Card.

DR. WM. H. LASSELL,

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Kent county. He may be found at the office of Wm. S. Lassell, Esq, Chester Town.

March 26, 1853.—tf

LUXURIES.

SEGARS, Tobacco and Snuffs, variety of kinds, of the best quality, for sale by

JOHN RUSSELL.

May 14, 1853.

GARDEN SEEDS—A fresh supply on hand and for sale by

ABEL J. REES.

May 21, 1853.

CHILDRENS Bleached and unbleached Cotton Hose all sizes which will be sold low by

WM. P. FRANCIS.

April 30, '53.

NB. T. Ladies Best Kid Gloves all colours which will be sold at 75 cents a pair by

WILLIAM P. FRANCIS.

Apr. 30, 1853.

A VERY Superior Article of Chewing Tobacco just received and for sale by

WILLIAM P. FRANCIS.

April 30, '53

HARDWARE—Shovels, Forks and Spades.—T. W. Eliason has a good supply of Shovels, Forks, Spades, Knives and Forks, Scissors, Locks, Hinges, Spoons, &c, for sale cheap.

TWENTY THOUSAND Assorted Brands of Segars which will be sold to suite the taste of all Lovers of good Segars. WM. P. FRANCIS.

April 30, '53.

TWENTY FIVE Dozen Ladies Linen Cambric Hank'fs from 75 cts. to $6 a dozen—call and look.

WILLIAM P FRANCIS.

April 30, 1853.

WOOL—The highest market price will be paid in CASH for WOOL, in large or small quantities, by

WM. P. FRANCIS.

Apr. 30, 1853.

New Spring Millinery AND FANCY GOODS

MRS. MARY PEI KINS has just returned from the city with a new and beautiful assortment of Spring and Summer Millinery to which she respectfully invites the attention of the ladies.

Chester Town, April 16, 1853.

Ladies Dress Goods.

BEREGE DE LAINS—Bereges—Challa's Armenia Cloths, Organdies, Lawns, Embroidered, dotted and plain Swiss, Plaid and plain Cambric Muslins &c., a very large assortment, for sale by W. N. E. WICKES.

May 7, 1853.

AN Assortment of Plough Castings Hollow ware Spades, Shovels & Forks, at

W. N. E WICKES.

May 7, '53.

BLACK & Col'rd Cloths, Cassimers, Drillings, Silk & Marsails vestings, of very fine qualities, for sale by

W. N. E. WICKES

May 7, '53.

A VARIETY of Perfumery fancy Soaps, Brushes, Combs & fancy articles on hand & for sale by

W. N. E. WICKES.

LADIES & Gents Kid, Silk, Thread & Cotton Gloves,—Hosiry & Ladies Bl'k Silk Mitts. at

W. N. E. WICKES' store.

May 7, '53

SWISS & Cambric, Edgeings & Insertings, Cotton Laces & Edgeings for sale by W. N, E, WICKES.

May 7, 1853.

VERY choice Cavendish & common Tobacco Havana & Principe Segars for sale by W. N. E WICKES.

May 7, 1853.

PURE old Cogniac Brandy—Rye Whiskey—Port—Maderia & Champagne wines—of fine qualities.—for sale by W. N, E. WICKES.

May 7, '53.

More New & Cheap Goods.

At the Cheap Corner.

WE opened on Monday last, another lot of cheap GOODS, which we are determined to sell off in a short time at the lowest prices. New styles of Lawn 12½ A few more of those white linen hdkis only 6¼ Best Pulverized Crushed and Loaf Sugar 10 cts.

GRANGER & CO.

Georgetown X Roads, May 14, 1853.

PLOUGH.—Cast Iron Ploughs, on hand and for sale at Rees' Corner

ABEL J. REES.

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1,50, payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2,50 at the end of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications must be post-paid.

POETRY.

(From Arthur's Home Gazette,)

THE WORKER TO THE DREAMER.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

Fling away thy idle fancies,
They are palsying heart and brain,—
Break the pleasant dreamy fetters
Of Romance's shining chain.
Come out from the misty kingdom—
Thou hast lingered there too long.
Come out girded as for battle,
Armor true and spirit strong.

Sit no longer by the waters—
Harkening to their murmurs sweet—
Up! while yet the morning shineth—
Go thou forth with earnest feet.
Cast away thy idle dreamings;
Work with ardor, willing, brave,
For, oh dreamer! life is action;
And to act, a duty grave.

Steep and rugged is the mountain,
Yet the faithful toilers say,
When they gain its pleasant summit,
"Blessed was our weary way."
So to thee when thou hast battled
Bravely, nobly, for the right—
Will thy labor, though a burden,
Seem a burden strangely light.

Truth and error wage a warfare,
Constant in this world of ours;
We have need of champions fearless—
Come from Dreamland's rosy bowers.
Cast away thy idle fancies;
They will cumber thee in life,
Be henceforth a warrior mighty—
Earnest in a glorious strife.

ORIGINAL STORY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE KENT NEWS.]

MARRY FOR LOVE, GIRLS.

BY MINNA.

CHAPTER I.

"I hope not forever, Ida. But why should I say so? 'tis you yourself that drives me from you. No earthly power should force me to depart if Ida would but speak the word remain. Say, Ida, shall I go?"

"Go, certainly!" replied the lady, while a shadow at the same time flitted over her fair features, proving that the words she forced from her lips were not uttered without an effort which sent a pang to her proud heart. "Yes, George, go, and forever, was I to say that I am altogether indifferent to your future welfare would be to speak what is not true; I wish you well, but we can never be more to each other than at present.—You are poor George; your position in society expels the very thought of such an event; I could never condescend to take such a step; to lower myself in the estimation of my friends and acquaintances by uniting with on so vastly my inferior; no, no, it were better to part now and part forever."

"You have decided, Ida, or rather Mrs Walsenham, I should say, and I will abide by your decision. True I am poor, but I little thought that by you I should be despised on this account; no, no, fair lady, you should not condescend to one so poor, so low, so infinitely beneath you; but remember, Ida, were you in poverty's vale and I on the summit of affluence, you would be as dear to my heart as this moment you are, and with all the devotion of my soul would I clasp you to my bosom, would you permit it, and with transport call you my own. It was Ida I loved, Ida for herself alone, and not her wealth and position." There was a bitterness in the young man's voice that failed not to express the emotions of a soul deeply wounded. "Yes, I am poor, but this, thank God, is my only crime"

"I alluded not to your poverty, George, as being a crime, for such it cannot be but as the misfortune which must ever keep us asunder. Were our situations in life reversed, to which subject you have made an allusion; you would not hesitate, you say, to bestow on me your heart and hand; this you might do, George, and still not descend from your high position, for the case with a lady and gentleman on this point is different: he may marry a woman whose standing in society is far beneath his own and yet he losses not his position; for in taking her as his wife he elevates her, but yet he is still above her, because he is her husband, and consequently her head With a lady this is not so: when she condescends to marry a man who is her inferior, she descends from the height on which she stands and places him above her, thus she who was the superior becomes the inferior; she has descended from her standing in society, and falls into the position of the peasant she has placed above her."

"Sublime logic! Mrs. Walsenham.—Then, in forming a connection for life, caste alone is to be considered; the pure unbought love of the heart must be laid aside as of no consequence in the bargain, and in so doing, lady, do you marry the man or do you marry his wealth and standing? The latter of course, but can these vanities afford happiness? Ask your own heart the question, and let the pangs you have endured, even surrounded as you were by the splendor for which you sold your happiness and freedom, answer. You sacrificed peace and all that fountain of love and truth which flowed in your bosom to the god of Mammon; and in doing so you suffered the torture, Ida; I saw with pain its effects in your pale cheek, your wasted form, notwithstanding your struggles to conceal it. You coveted riches and honors, but could not grasp the boon without also accepting the master of the prize and binding yourself to him for life—and there lay the bitterness of the draught, the swallowing of which was misery supreme. In that dark hour, Ida, I loved you as few have ever loved, and though your falsehood caused my heart to bleed But yet would I have given life itself to have saved you from the living death in the arms of which I saw you so reeklessly plunging yourself; and during the short period of your married life you reaped the bitter biting fruits of inconstancy and false and perjured vows; and now, Ida, that the bitterness of those hours, with he who caused their torture, have passed away into eternity, are you willing again to make the sacrifice, again to pledge false marriage vows and wed yourself to gold?"

Tears gathered in the eyes of Mrs. Walsenham, and pale with strong contending emotions she rested her head upon her dimpled hand and remained silent. George continued to pace the room with rapid strides until he perceived a bright tear-drop glittering on the pale cheek of Ida, then pausing, he dropped on one knee before her, and taking her passive hand in his, he said:

"Ida, shall we part? have you no compassion on one whom you have so deeply injured? yet one who loves you, notwithstanding all, his wrongs, more than his lips can utter."

She gently withdrew her hand and said: "Leave me, sir; your presence tortures my very soul, your words rack my brain with anguish; yet we must part. O, George! the fiat has gone forth; we can never be more to each other than at present; we must part now and forever."

"You have said it, Mrs. Walsenham, and agreeably to your request I go, yet, Ida, sometimes think of me—think of the love pure as the crystal fountain which flows from nature's verdant hills and sparkles in the glowing light of the summer's sun; which you now so disdainfully cast from you. Hereafter I will think of you rather with commiseration than love—that delusive day-dream is over, and shall disturb my peace no more. Ida, farewell!"

CHAPTER II.

"He is gone! I shall see him no more; and the parting is over; be still my rebelous heart, nor thus rise up in opposition to my cherished hopes! True George is handsome, intelligent and full of noble and virtuous principles; long, long has he been the object of my heart's purest affection. Had he been rich and of honorable descent, I should have been happy; but alas! he is poor and of the low and plebeian calling of a mechanic; then what signifies his intelligence, his nobleness of heart, and sentiments or integrity of purpose; he cannot with them all rise above his level or reach eminence and renown, but must plod in the vale of obscurity for life. I wed a mechanic! I who am now the wealthy, the courted, the beautiful widow Walsenham—the daughter of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in the country; I wed a poor mechanic! no never!! Be still my foolish, fluttering heart! what though in early girlhood I promised the fullness of thy fond affections to him whom it seems to be my miserable destiny to love, yet sooner would I break your peace forever than now stoop to the degradation of such an alliance."

So saying, the proud widow Walsenham leaned her achingheud upon her jewelled hand. Her cheek was pale as the snow flakes, while deep anguish of heart, which she in vain struggled to subdue, had dimmed the lustre of her bright blue eyes and convulsed her swelling bosom. Ida was beautiful; and, as she said was the daughter of a proud aristocratic family; but the wealth of that boasted family had been dissipated before Ida was of age sufficient to commence her part on the great stage of life's theatre. In early girlhood she had plighted her vows of eternal love to George Lester, the son of a near neighbor with whom she had been intimate from her infancy, and who repaid her love with the warmest, fondest devotion. But at that time Ida had not been tempted by the golden bait of riches, nor exposed to the allurements of the gilded net of worldly honors and exalted position. Happening to be at a large party a few weeks before her marriage with George Lester was to have taken place, she was introduced to a gentleman of immense wealth, by the name of Edmond Walsenham. This gentleman was a bachelor of some forty five years of age with nothing but gold to recommend him; he saw the beautiful Ida and was instantly captivated by her charms, and resolved to offer her his hand and heart. This resolution he did not fail to put in practice in a short time, and was accepted, though, in justice to Ida, we must acknowledge that the struggle in her bosom between love and ambition was strong and severe but ambition defeated love, and Ida was united to the honorable Mr. Walsenham in defiance of the distress and entreaties of George Lester and the agony of her own heart. And now behold Ida installed as mistress of a princely dwelling, the very ideal of misery in the midst of splendor. Her husband was of an impetuous disposition; dissipated habits and enervated constitution; his temperament was naturally impulsive and irritable, and sensual indulgence and disease had rendered him peevish and morose. The first year of her married life was spent by Ida in a round of amusements and pleasure where she was herself the centre of attraction; courted, flattered and admired, and abounding in all the spledors and luxuries which unlimited wealth could afford; thus living in a whirl of continual excitement she had but few hours for reflection, but in those moments of retirement the pale intellectual face of George Lester would rise like a shadow clouding her golden mental vision, and upbraiding her with his misery, when again the bright dream of ambition would sweep those shadows from her mind, and Ida would again smile in triumph at the thought of her elevation.

At the expiration of a year and a half after his marriage, Walsenham was so enfeebled by excess of indulgence added to a wasting disease that he was compelled to take to his bed; and now it was that Ida began to experience the bitter tortures of a mercenary marriage; for whole months together would she be confined to that sick room devoting her attention to one who in her heart she despised: and vain were all her endeavors to soothe the unhappy irritable invalid—he was not to be pleased. If she appeared cheerful and gay he was sure to reprimand her for her untimely levity; was her mood thoughtful and serious he would accuse her of neglecting his comfort and pleasure to indulge in gloomy regrets for the loss of her scenes of mirth and gaiety. But all this she bore with apparent patience and seeming resignation, but in reality she inwardly chafed at the restraint, and longed for the fulfilment of her darling hope that his death would release her from the bondage and place her in possession of his wealth; but those hopes she buried in the deep recesses of her bosom, and was subservient to his every whim, for well she knew that to anger him would be to deprive herself of the rich inheritance. But her hope was not long deferred, for after lingering for little more than two years on the brink of the grave, he took the final leap and left her sole heir of his vast estate. And now was fully realized her golden dreams—now was she the wealthy, the envied the beautiful and accomplished widow Walsenham; and now it was that George Lester was again thrown for a while into her society—again did the flame burn with renewed ardour, and again did he offer the pure incense of his holy and unselfish love.

CHAPTER III.

And again did Ida Walsenham reject with scorn and contempt, yet still with deep anguish of soul, the pure love of the most devoted heart that ever bowed before her shrine. Yes, vain wealth-worshiping woman, again did she throw from her the fond affections of the only man she ever loved—he to whom her youthful vows were plighted. A second time she married a young man of great reputed wealth, but Ida saw not the snare into which she had fallen. Her husband was a ruined gambler, one incapable of love or indeed any of the softer feelings of our nature; hardened by a course of sin and profligacy, his besotted soul was insusceptible of any other emotions than those resulting from the desire of sensual gratification. The deluded Ida fell an easy prey to his vile machinations; his high-sounding name, assumed foreign title, and vast reputed riches, easily caught upon her vitiated fancy and proved her wretchedness and ruin, for in twelve months after her marriage her whole immense property—that property for which she had broken her young heart's vows and sold her happiness—was swallowed up in the vortex of the gambling table, and her worthless husband taken his departure for parts unknown. We now behold the once proud, high-minded Ida plunged by her own imprudence and unbounded ambition in the depths of poverty. Her beauty faded like the morning flower, and at the age of twenty-five she looked as if she bore weight of years upon her bending form. But where was George Lester during those sad changes? Not pining in idleness or giving way to despondency? No, his was a nature to combat difficulties, and overcome obstacles. When he found it no longer worth his while to indulge his love for the false, faithless Ida, he struggled to subdue his passion and overcome his deep regret; in his endeavors he succeeded, and devoted all his spare time to study; his star was in the ascendant; he had become an accomplished architect, and this knowledge, joined to a faultless taste, procured for him an almost unprecedented run of business; and by economy and good management the once poor and for this reason despised George Lester was fast acquiring welth to his already untarnished reputation. He had transferred his affections from the once idolized Ida to an estimable young lady possessed of no inheritance but her many virtues and the pure unbought love of her true, confiding heart for her husband, and though he loved her not with that wild romantic passion which he had lavished on the object of his youthful dreams, yet was his affections for her calm and quiet, but deep and strong, and based upon a firm foundation—her own many excellent qualities and amiability. But George was by no means an unmoved spectator of the fall and deep humiliation of the unhappy and misguided Ida, who upon the fall of her fortune and desertion of her husband abandoned herself to grief and melancholy, and was rescued from the iron grasp of poverty and extreme destitution by the magnaminity and benevolence of one whose poverty and low estate she had despised, and now lives upon his bounty and forms one of his family, a poor broken spirited woman, but a daily witness of the pure enjoyment emanating from a true union of hearts independent of the deceitful paraphernalia of wealth.

ROCK HALL, MD.

☞Remember that every loathsome inmate of Penitentiaries and State Prisons, was once a gentle, inoffensive and prattling child; and every criminal who has expiated his crimes upon the gallows, was once pressed to a mother's breast, and drew from her bosom his life giving nourishment. Bad moral training, wrong influences, and debasing examples do their work, and transform endearing offspring to ferocious men, who shock humanity by the foulness of their guilt and the monstrous audacity of their crimes. Yet how seldom has one of these direful transformations been effected without those of strong drink!

LINES BY AN OLD FOGY

I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high,
That no persumptuous hand can stretch
And pull them from the sky.

If they were not, I have no doubt
But some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE—A Dutchman in our office the other day, picked up a volume of bound public documents, on the back of which was stamped "Pub Docs."

'Tifil,' said he 'what kinder pooks will dey brint next Ash I lif, here is one on *Pup Togs*.'

☞A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct.

'My dear,' said he, 'I am only like the Prodigal Son, I shall reform by-and-by.'

'And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too, replied she, 'I will arise and go to my father's house.' And off she went.

☞Some people have a queer way of expressing themselves.

We heard a darkey say the other day, that the first time he waltzed with a yaller gall, he felt as if somebody was pouring sugar-house molasses down his back.