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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, JANUARY 14, 1854. | NO. 37.

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.

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POETICAL.

A YANKEE LOVER'S LAMENT.

She was lovely, she was fair—
As mild as Summer's even;
An angel form, a spirit rare—
A star just dropp'd from Heaven;
Well she was!

And Oh! those bright and lovely orbs
That gleamed with Cupid's fire—
Those raven curls, that noble brow!
To see was to admire.
You'd better believe it was.

I knelt before her, and I swore
I'd have one burning kiss;
She said—"Until you wash your face
You can't enjoy such bliss."
Yes, I guess not!

I swore she was an angel; too,
Who'd fallen from the sky;
She said—"Oh, for a pair of wings
Once more to soar on high."
I want to know!

"What! what!" I cried, "and would you thus
A lover true desert?"
"Scissors!" she said, "the clothe line's broke,
There goes Sam Jones' shirt!"
Well, let her went!

I felt just then as if I'd dropt
From Chimborazo's summit;
I felt my budding passion cropt,
'Twas plain I could'nt come it!
No sir-ee!

And then I quickly snatched my hat,
Without one thought of kissing;
And always ever after that
Came up among the missing.
Well, I didn't do nothin' else!

ORIGINAL TALE.

(Written for the "Kent News.")

MIRA
THE POOR BUT BEAUTIFUL WIDOW.

BY MINNA.

CHAPTER III.

That evening Agnes received a card of invitation to a ball which was to be held the next week at the town of ——, which was within a few miles of her fathers residence. What now was to be done? She would want all the money she could possibly get from her father to purchase a costly dress and ornaments, as it was her desire to create quite a sensation at the ball, and eclipse the other belles by the splendor of her appearance, besides, now that this great *ball* was to take place, she would have to use all her influence with her uncle, to obtain a sum sufficient to buy that elegant velvet cloak, which she so much admired, but which the old gentleman thought too dear at a hundred and fifty dollars; but this cloak she now determined to have if she could by any means prevail upon her uncle to give her money to purchase it.

"Oh no, I cannot now do anything for these poor people; I am sorry for it, but surely charity begins at home. I must first supply my own wants, and then if I have anything to spare, I will freely give it to help them along. What do you think of it, Eva?" she continued, addressing one of her fashionable associates who was staying with her at the time.

"Think of what?" replied Eva. "You ask me a question and then calmly wait for an answer, as though you supposed me possessed of the power of divination to know unto what your interrogation alluded."

"Not that bad, Eva; I intended to define my question, or rather the circumstance which gave rise to it; and now prepare yourself for a revelation. This morning, Emilie Morton having requested me to take a walk with her, we set out together, and where do you suppose she led me?"

"To the church or prayer-meeting, forsooth; or mayhaps to some of those abodes which the silly thing imposes as a duty upon herself to visit—where

"Grim want with pale face stands displayed
In penury's thin garb arrayed."

"The last guess precisely the thing Well it was to one of these miserable huts that she conducted me. It was the first time I ever visited such a place, nor would I have done so then had I been apprised of her intention beforehand. When I reached the door of the den which she called a house, I was perfectly horror-stuck, and drew back in disgust; but she prevailed upon me to enter, and upon doing so such a tragic scene was presented to my view as I had never witnessed before." Here she related the scene as described in the preceeding chapter, and concluded by saying: "So anxious was I to leave the loathsome, dismal place, and actuated also by feelings of benevolence, that I told Emilie I would contribute to their relief, and prevail on my father and uncle to do likewise; but then I had no knowledge of this ball, nor any anticipation of this immediately call for all the money I can raise, therefore I think I shall have to postpone doing anything for these poor people until I can find it more convenient than at present."

"Pish," replied Eva; "I should give myself no manner of uneasiness about it at all. You just let the report get circulated that you gave to such and such a one, and there will be no end to the demands that will be made upon your purse; get your ball dress and ornaments, which will take no little sum, and let those lazy, good-for nothing wretches go to work for a living, for nine cases out of ten, laziness and extravagance is the sole cause of their want and poverty."

"But I think in the case Agnes has recited," said a young girl who had until now listened to the conversation in silence, "laziness or extravagance is not the cause of their misfortunes. Short-sighted mortals such as we, are not endowed with the capacity of fathoming the depths of futurity, neither with that of obviating the vicissitudes of life.—Are we not equally as liable to misfortune as those of whom you have been speaking? I think I shall enlist with Emilie in endeavors to procure assistance for them."

"I will be bound for that," replied Eva; "It is well that your mother's fortune is ample, or I think your liberality and benevolence, as I suppose you term it, would soon reduce her as well as yourself to circumstances requiring the aid of those often misplaced charities in your own behalf."

"And should we ever become so reduced" replied Florence. "I have the faith to believe that our heavenly father will never let us suffer, if we use the means which he has bestowed upon us, in contributing to the comfort and happiness of the afflicted portion of the human family. My mother is conscious that what the Lord has committed to her care is not her own, and it it her endeavours so to use the talent that she may be able at any moment to render up a faithful account of her stewardship."

"And so I suppose your purity," replied Agnes, "will decline accepting your invitating to the ball, and instead thereof you'll take yourself to the cabin."

This was said in sarcastic tone, but Florence, to whom it was addressed, had not waited to hear its conclusion, but had retired from the room in order to write to her mother, and also to transmit a note to Emilie Morton, requsting Emilie to meet her in the morning at the house of Mrs Bayard.

"What a simpleton Florence Hudnall is," said Eva, when the young girl referred to had left the room. "I suppose she puts on those airs of superior sanctity in expectation of being dubbed a saint; for I believe it is all done purely for effect; she knows very well that she stands no chance of shining as a beauty, and she thinks to make herself conspicuous for her many virtues. Pshaw! I would be a dog and bay the moon before I would seek applause at the sacrifice of sincerity and the expense of pleasure and enjoyment."

"I think you judge Florence too severely, Eva," said Agnes "I believe that what she does is performed in sincerity; yet at the same time it is my opinion that her judgement and discretion, in acting on her principle of giving to others what we want ourselves, may be questioned. But suppose we walk out now, and take a peep at the setting sun; and when his glories have faded from our vision, we may tarry to contemplate the brilliant bands of Arion.—And this puts me in mind of Loraine; I wonder he has not been here this evening."

CHAPTER IV.

Early on the following morning Florence arose, for she slept very little during the night, and immediately after breakfast she put on her bonnet and shawl preparatory to taking a walk.

"Where in the world are you going so early this morning, Flor?" asked Eva; "on some errand of mercy, no doubt; pity that getting ready for this sinful ball engrosses our time so entirely that we are under the necessity of denying ourselves the *pleasure* of accompaning you."

"Under existing circumstances," answered Florence, smiling, 'your company, I think, can easily be dispensed with, for your heads are so full of the ball; and your hearts of anticipated pleasure, that you would see very little to admire in the beauties of nature, this bright, frosty morning."

'Oh! I admire and study the book of nature, when I have nothing else to do," replied Eva.

'And I," said Agnes, "when I have time to contemplate the wonderful skill and mechanism displayed in boundless creation, and to meditate upon its bright glories and the stillness of night is the time best suited for studies and reflections of this kind. But as I live, here is Loraine! I was wondering last evening what had become of you."

"Business of importance claimed my attention," answered the young man; "and I have now but stolen a few moments for the purpose of accompaning Miss Florence on her walk, if she will do me the honor of accepting my attention."

"With pleasure," Florence replied, taking the proffered arm of the young man, and bowing politely to the young ladies, they left the house.

"Whew," exclaimed Agnes, "a change must have come over the spirit of his dreams. I should not be surprised to hear that Loraine Morton had become a Methodist preacher."

"Or the founder of some charitable institution," suggested Eva; "and won't this sound loud in the newspapers, that Mr. Loraine Morton and Miss Florence Hudnall have founded and munificently endowed an Asylum for the reception of poor widows, who are too lazy to work, and idle children, who had rather steal than be employed. Agnes made no reply. She was truly mortified and chagrined at this mark of attention from Loraine to her visiter, Florence Hudnall: how came he to know that Florence was going to walk? it must be some preconcerted plan, and if so it was a scheme of Florence, devised for the sole purpose of ingratiating herself in the favor of Loraine; and this thought, with the circumstance which gave rise to it, filled her with envy and jealousy. She had succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations in obtaining funds for getting articles of dress and ornaments to appear in at the ball; her joy had been great at her success, but now the pleasure was poisoned by the thought that Loraine Morton, instead of riding with her and Eva on their shopping excursion, should prefere taking a tramp on foot (the Lord knew where) with that ugly Florence Hudnall. But we will leave them to ride alone to town, or at least unattended except by their servants, to purchase their splendid baubles, and follow Loraine, Emilie and Florence to the low hovel of penury and distress. It was near nine o'clock in the morning when the trio arrived at the house of the nearly heart-broken Mira. Preparations were being made to lay her lost loved one in the narrow house appointed for all the living.—Loraine had himself ordered the coffin, which was now in readiness: a shroud and winding sheet of nice cambric had been prepared by Emilie, and several articles of clothing had been sent the night previous to the destitute family through Emilie by Florence. Several of the poor neighbors had assembled to pay their last respects to the departed, and to perform any little kind offices for the mourners which lay in their power.

Florence was prepared for the scene of misery and grief that presented itself to her on entering this lowly abode of hear stricken sorrow; for from her childhood she had been accustomed to visiting with her mother the dwellings of the poor and wretched, and young as she was, misery of nearly every grade had been witnessed by her. The minister had arrived and now the low tones of his voice were heard proclaiming as his text those solemn words of holy writ—'What man is he that liveth that shall not see death?' deeply affecting was the discourse upon the hearts of all present. Yet many things were said to comfort the bereaved family and teach them to understand that "all things work together for good to them that love God;" and he whom their father had taken, had left with them a bright evidence that he had gone to dwell in that "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." It was impossible to gaze on the pale face of that beautiful young mother as she bent for the last time over the corpse of her beloved husband—the father of her helpless orphans—while her dark ringlets in wild disorder swept the pallid cheek of death; and her burning kisses were pressed upon those lips that felt them not—lips to be pressed no more forever; and not feel that death is indeed terrible. "Farewell, my Harry," were all the words that proceeded from her lips, while her bosom swelled and heaved with deep convulsed emotion. The body was deposited in its last long resting place; the neighbors had departed to their several homes, and our three young friends had returned with the mourning friends of the dear departed from the grave to the cabin of indigence and woe. When Florence seated herself beside the unhappy Mira, who, during all this time, had not shed a tear, but whose burning balls seemed ready to start from their sockets through the intensity of her grief. Florence gently drew the throbbing head of Mira upon her bosom, and softly whispered—"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." The sweet promise conveyed in the words, together with the soft and gentle voice of the speaker, touched a cord in the heart of the deeply afflicted Mira, which immediately vibrated to the touch, and unsealed the fountain of her tears. She threw her arms around Florence, and wept long upon her gentle bosom. At length she dried her tears, and raising her head, said in a clear, calm voice: "I have sinned against thee, O Lord, my God, with a high hand and an outstretched arm! I have accused thee of injustice and raised my puny arm in rebellion to thy sovereign will; forgive me, O Lord! I pray, and though thou wert angry, let thine anger turn from me, and in wrath remember mercy?"

"No one has ever called upon the name of the Lord and called in vain," said Florence; "God is merciful, slow to anger and abundant in goodness and truth: he sees your sorrows and has visited you with afflictions but they are sent in love, for "whom he loveth he chastiseth," those chastisements are sent for your good; they will teach you the vanity of leaning on an arm of flesh, or placing your dependence on so frail a being as man."

'Well, well," said the aged mother; "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord; yet this is a stroke which is hard to bear. I had two children, the joy and pride of my life, and I fondly hoped destined to be the comfort of my old age; but just as they were grown and had entered upon the busy stage of life, they were cut down in their beauty by the scythe of death. Last year my daughter, my lovely and amiable daughter, became the victim of a violent disease; in the course of a few hours from its first attack, she passed at once from the fullness of life to the dark chambers of death, and was hidden from my view forever."

"She was prepared to go and rejoiced to depart," replied Emilie; "and in that dispensation do you not see the mercy and goodness of God in removing her from the evil to come?"

Loraine now entered and reminded the girls that it was time for to return home.

"May God bless you all," said Mira, in a tremulous voice, "for your goodness to me and mine, and may you never know the pangs that rends a widowed mother's heart; farewell."

"Farewell, but we will see you again shortly," they replied and departed.

CHAPTER V.

But where were Agnes and Eva, while Loraine and his companions were assisting to perform the last solemn offices to a departed fellow creature, and endeavoring to heal the wounded and lacerated hearts of the wretched mourners he had left behind?

Reader, you have heard whither they were going and upon what business, but the spirit of envy and jealousy went with Agnes, and poisoned the stream of her enjoyment at the very fountain. She purchased her splendid attire and costly jewels and gave orders to have them made up in the most fashionable style; but all this afforded her no pleasure which was not instantly followed by pain when the idea of Florence Hudnall leaning on the arm of Loraine would cross her mind. "Where could they have gone to," said she as they were returning home in the evening.

"Who do you mean," replied Eva; "seems to me that your mind is in somewhat of a wandering mood to day; you have bought so much finery that I fear it has unsettled your brain. I think you must go out stargazing to night, that you may recover your equilibrium."

"Nonsense, Eva, I was not thinking of the purchases I have made, and, to speak the truth, I anticipate very little pleasure in their enjoyment. Somehow the thought would steal into my mind, frequently to day, while buying some costly ornaments or expensive articles of decoration, that the money which I paid for them might be applied to purposes of so much more utility; for instance—had I taken one-fourth of the sum that I have expended to-day in what Emilie calls "gew gaws," and given it to that poor, unhappy widow, it would have been sufficient to have clothed her two poor little children comfortly for the approaching winter."

"Gew-gaws, indeed; who minds what Emily Morton says? Listen to her, will you? and she will soon make you believe it to be a shining sin to wear a glittering gem, or that a golden chain would bind you to the regions of darkness; for my part I shall give heed to no such tomfoolery; I believe in enjoying as much of this world's pleasures as I can secure, and those who wish to spend their money on idle vagabonds are heartily welcome to do so for me. If you feel disposed to clothe the children of this very afflicted widow, (as if she was the only poor woman who had ever become a widow) there is no necessity of taking your money for that purpose. You have old cast off clothes plenty good for them—give those to them, and let them thank their fortunate stars for that much."

Agnes assented to the opinions of Eva though in truth she felt by no means convinced. She resolved however to go to the ball and determined not to see Emily Morton until that affair should be over, when she would make amends for her neglect in fulfiling her promise. She thought by placing in the hands of Emilie some articles of clothing, which she well could spare, for the use of Mira and her children.

She went to the ball, her dress was costly and elegant and for a while she expected in the consciousness of superior brilliancy, and attraction in her appearance, (for Agnes was a very pretty girl) and her vanity was highly gratified by the unlimited attentions that were paid her, but ah! there came a death blow to all her happiness, for Adelia, the lovely Adelia—the only daughter of a wealthy merchant in the town—now entered the brilliantly lighted room, leaning on her father's arm; herself more splendid than the gorgeous scene by which she was surrounded. 'Beautiful, lovely angel of light, Venus arrayed in splendor,' was echoed from every corner of the apartment. The cheek of Agnes paled with envy and her bosom heaved with mortification and disappointment as she saw the beautiful girl surrounded by admirers and heard her enter into conversation, thereby displaying the beauties of a mind naturally inteligent and adorned with all the sound and solid education. Agnes felt her inferiority, and like most females of weak intellect she gave herself up to the gnawings of envy, which put an end to all her enjoyment.

"Who on earth is that butetify?" she asked of a gentleman standing near 'I think I never saw any one so presuming and exhibiting such a desire to show off and monopolize it all my life—I fear she will explode with vanity."

"You are laboring under a very great mistake, Miss Glenville, replied the gentleman addressed; "Miss Adelia Ernest is as free from vanity and presumption of mind as she is faultless in person; educated under the eye of an intelligent, discreet and prudent mother, she has acquired all these charms of mind and virtuous purity of character which renders her at once an object of veneration, love and esteem."'

"Hush! hush!" responded Agnes; "the young gentlemen are by no means the proper persons to judge of the disposition and merits of a rich young lady; but here is our friend Eva; we will consult her opinion, and she is seldom mistaken."

"What is it?" asked Eva.

"We were discussing the disposition and qualities of Miss Ernest," said Agnes, "or my part I know nothing of her, but speak only from first impressions and observations which lead me to suppose her very egotistical and vain; true I may be wrong."

"Add a considerable portion of pride and self-conceit to the catalogue," replied Eva, "and you have expressed my opinion exactly."

"But our young gentleman here thinks her a paragon of perfection, and has been lavish in her praise," said Agnes, with a smile, in which there was more malice han cheerfulness"

"Well, I cannot acquiesce in your opinion, ladise," replied the young man, as with a polite bow he parted from them and joined the group of which Adelia was the centre of attraction, and in a short time after, Agnes, disappointed and unhappy, took leave of the brilliant assembly, and returned home; where, under the excitement of her feelings, she sank into a fever which confined her to her bed for more than two weeks.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

☞The following from the pen of a celebrated author, should be attentively read by every man who appreciates sound truth and wholesome instructions—

Breaths there a man with soul so dead
who never to himself hath said—I will
my county paper take—both for my own
and family's sake? If such there be,
let him repent—and have the paper to
him sent—and if he'd pass a happy winter—he in advance should pay the printer.

☞A negro who was called on as a witness in the Courts of North Carolina, on being examined as to the nature of an oath, was asked if he knew what would be the consequence if he swore to a lie. "Yes," said he, "ears off, and no share in the kingdom."

The Senora Expedition.

We find but little in the California papers in relation to the further exploits of the freebooters under *President* Walker. The San Diego Herald, of the 3rd inst., publishes the following address of President Walker, dated Nov. 30th.

To the people of the United States.—In declaring the Republic of Lower California, free, sovereign, and independent, I deem it proper to give the people of the United States the reasons for the step I have taken.

It is due to the nationality which has most jealously guarded the independence of the American State to declare why another representative is created on the confines of the Union.

The Mexican Government has for a long time failed to perform its duties to the province of Lower California. Cut off, as the territory was, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, from all direct communication with the rest of Mexico, the central authorities have manifested little or no interest in the affairs of the California peninsular.

The geographical position of the provinces is such as to make it certainly separate and distinct in its interests from the other portion of the Mexican Republic. But the moral and social ties which bound it to Mexico have been even weaker and more deplorable than the physical. Hence, to develope the resources of Lower California, and to effect a proper social organization therein, it was necessary to make it independent. The mineral and pastoral wealth of Lower California is naturally very great; but to properly develope it, there must be good goverment and sure protection to labor and property. Mexico is unable to furnish these requisites for the growth and prosperity of the peninlar.

The territory, under Mexican rule, would forever remain wild, half savage and uncultivated, covered with an indolent and half civilized people desirous of keeping all foreigners from entering the limits of the State.

When the people of a territory fail almost entirely to develope the resources that nature has placed at their command, the interest of civilization requires others to go in and possess the land. They cannot nor should they be allowed to play the 'dog in the manger,' and keep others from possessing what they have failed to occupy and appropriate. Mexico has not performed any of the ordinary duties of government towards the people of Lower California. She has established no sure ready means of communication for the people among them or the rest of the world, nor has she ever undertaken to protect them from the wandering robbers who infest the territory.

Thus abandoning the peninsular and leaving as it was 'a waif on the water,' Mexico cannot complain if others take it and make it valuable. On such consideration have I and my companions in arms acted to the course we have pursued. And for our enterprise we put our trust in Him who controls the destinies of nations and guides them in the way of improvement and progress.

(Signed) WM. WALKER.
President of Lower California.

A fact full of meaning.—Here is the finest hit we have seen at the present popular distinction between religion and morals:

In a religious excitement in Boston a person met a Christian neighbor, who took him by the hands and said—

'I have become a Christian.'

'You are a christian then all at once,' said the other, 'you profess to act strictly upon christian principles. I am glad of it. I congratulate you. Suppose we now have a settlement of our little accounts between us. Pay me what thou owest.'

"No," said the new-born child of grace turning upon his heel; 'religion is religion and business is business.'

So the papers tell us. And what is there so wonderful about it? Is not the world full of such Christianity?

SOWING WILD OATS.—We once saw a young man bravely turning up the glass—he was a free hearted glorious fellow—was, he said, sowing his wild oats. We afterwards saw the constable hauling a poor drunkard from the gutter to the jail. It occurred to us that the wild oats were being dragged *in*. A glorious crop! The bar room and gutter are exhaustless in their fertility.

Too smart to Live Long.—A teacher in one of our Sunday Schools was lecturing a class of little girls on the influence of pious instruction in the formation of youthful character—and

'Ah, Miss Caroline,' said he, to one of the class, 'what would you have been without your good father and pious mother?'

'I suppose, sir, answered Miss Caroline, 'I would have been an orphan.'

☞Among the curiosities lately added to the Shenectaday Museum, is a musquito's bladder containing the souls of 24 misers, and the fortunes of 12 printers—nearly half full.