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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 21, 1854. NO. 38.

Dry Goods.

B. B. PERKINS, has a general assortmenf of Dry Goods suitable for the season, among which is a large stock of plain Cash meres and other desirable dress Goods; Cassimeres end Vestings, Long and square shawls, best qualiy kid Gloves, Flannels, muslins, Irish Linen, Linen and silk Hdkfs., Hosery and other goods which he will sell low for Cash or produce.

dec. 17, '53.

Estate of John C. Norris

Orphans' Court of Kent County, December 6th, 1853.

ON application, it was ordered by the Court, that Richard Hynson, administrator of John C. Norris, dec'd, give notice in the Kent News to all whom it may concern, that a final distribution of the personal estate of said dec'd will be made in this Court on the 3rd day of January [illegible]."

JACOB FISHER, Reg. of Wills.

dec 10, 1853.

Estate of Charles B. Tilden.

Orphans Court of Kent County.

December, 6th, 1853.

ON application, it was ordered by the Court, that Richard Hynson administrator of Charles B. Tilden dec'd, give notice in the 'Kent News" to the creditors of said dec'd that a first and final dividend of the personal estate will be made in the Court on the 3rd day of January 1854.

Test JACOB FISHER. Register of Wills

Dec. 10 1853.

LUMBER.

B. B. PERKINS has a good assortment of White pine and Hemlock Boards and Plank thoroughly seasoned, which will be sold low for cash, or on credit to punctual customers. Interest charged from sale on all bills not paid in ninety days

Dec. 17, 1853.

Nursery Trees for Sale.

CONCORDVILLE, DEL. COUNTY, PA

TREES of extraordinary Size and approved selhection, at Low Prices.



The Proprietors ask the examination of their extensive stock by Planters.

Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Apricot and Silver Maples, Strawberry and Raspberry Plants, Grape Vines, &c

Application at the Nursery, or to the Senior Proprietor, No 26 North Eight Street, Philadelphia.

All Trees for Shipment will receive especial attention.

JAMES S. PETERS & SON.

Oct. 8, 1853.

Grocery, Confectionary, Flour and Feed Store.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends in Chestertown and its vicinity, that he has taken the store house formerly occupied by Mr. Stanley, opposite the Market House, where he keeps on hand—Sugar, Coffees and Teas, of all kinds; Tobacco, Segars, Soap, Candles, Snuff, Buckets, Brooms, Cedar Ware, Powder, Shot, Crockery Ware, of all descriptions; Flour—extra, superfine, by the barrel or retail, a good article always on hand; Bacon, Lard, Putty, smoking tobacco, Ethereal oil, Molasses, 31½ and 37½ cts per gallon, a good article; Confectionary of all kinds; fresh spices, of all kinds. Give him a call, one and all.

JOHN BORDLEY.

☞All kinds of country produce will be taken in exchange for goods at cash prices.

Jun 18, 1853.

Gates! Gates!!

WOOLMANS PATENT GATE TO open and close without alighting from your carriage, can be obtained by applying to the subscriber at Harmony.

JAS. B. LUSBY.

Nov. 5th, 1853.—2m.

Ready Made CLOTHING.

A BEAUTIFUL lot of Ready Made Clothing, just received and for sale

WILMER & WALKER.

Oct. 15, 1853.

MEAL & FLOUR FOR SALE.

MEAL at 75 cts. per bushel, Flour at 4 cents per lb on hand and for sale

B. B. PERKINS.

dec. 17, 1853.

WINTER Sperm and Winter Polar oil, adamantine and Mould Candles on hand and for sale by

B. B. PERKINS.

dec. 17. 1853.

HOUSES FOR SALE—House in Biddle st., near Garden st., oppo- Richmond Market, stands back with handsome yard in front, 3 stories, basement kitchen; 25 feet front by 150 deep to Rose st., house and stable in the rear, will be sold low, either in fee or with Ground Rent; price $2,-S60. Two houses in Ross st., two story and attic, 16 feet front by 70 feet deep, Groud Rent $25, price $900.—House on Columbia st., three stories, with back building, 17½ feet front by 190 feet deep, with two houses in the rear, that rents for $120, ground rent $105, front house rents for $250, price $2500. Lot of Ground on Garden st., opposite Tiffany's, on the east side, 24½ feet front by 150 feet deep, to a 20 feet street, price $1800, or lease it $5 per foot. I have a number of small houses for sale in different parts of the city.

R. W. RASIN,

Cor. Fayette and Park sts.

Dec. 24, 1853.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE ELIZABETH ANDERSON.

Maryland, Kent county Orphans Court, January 3, 1854.

On the application of Edward Anderson Executor of Elizabeth Anderson, late of Kent county, dec'd,

Ordered that he gives notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same to be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper printed in Kent county,

In testimony that the forgoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid,

SEAL I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 3d day of January, 1854.

Test, JACOB FISHER.

Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Elizabeth Anderson, late of Kent co., Md. dec'd. All persons having claims against the the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 25th day of July, 1854, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit o the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 3d day of January, 1854.

E. ANDERSON,

Ex.tr. Elizabeth Anderson.

Jan. 7, 1854.—4t

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF JULIANNA SCOTT.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans Court, December 20, 1853.

On the application of David Jones, Administrator of Julianna Scott, late of Kent county, dec'd

Ordered that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same to be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper, printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid,

(Seal) I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed. this 20th day of December, 1853.

Test, JACOB FISHER,

Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Julianna Scott, late of Kent County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 18th day of July, 1854, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 20th day of December, 1853.

DAVID JONES,

Administrator Juliahna Scott, dec'd.

Dec. 31, 1853—4w

To Farmers, Merchants, and OTHERS.

THE undersigned would inform the Citizens of the Eastern Shore that he continues to carry on the

Merchant Tailoring Business.

He may be found in Light Street, just above the Fountain Hotel.

READY MADE CLOTHING

kept on hand and for sale much below the market rates.

STEPHEN Y. FORD.

Baltimore, Dec. 3, 1853.

HARDWARE, Queensware, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Wheelers Morocco Slippers and walking Shoes, on hand and for sale low by

B. B. PERKINS.

dec.17, 1853.

PLASTERING LATHS, for sale by

T. W. ELIASON,

Sept. 10, 1853.

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.



POETICAL.

GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis better than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year.

It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for poor and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

As springs an arch across the tide;
Where the waves conflicting foam,
So comes the seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

Good temper; 'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

A Fashionable Young Lady

She sits in the lighted parlor,
And waits for the tardy beaux;
She plays with her little fingers,
And trots with her little toes.
She calls for the Spanish poodle,
She calls for the China fan;
She kisses the long eared puppy,
And wishes it was a man.

Her mother stays in the kitchen,
Dressed in her coarse attire:
She's freezing over the ices,
And roasting over the fire—
She makes some nice concoction,
Some delicate kind of a treat,
Of creams and various jellies,
For her daughter's beaux to eat.

ORIGINAL TALE.

(Written for the "Kent News.")

MIRA

THE POOR BUT BEAUTIFUL WIDOW.

BY MINNA.

CHAPTER VI.

Emilie and Florence frequently visited Agnes during her illness, but not a word of Mira and her family passed the lips of any of them. But all this time had not been unimproved by the friends Mira—they had solicited aid from others, and contributing liberally themselves, as the Lord had given them ability; thus they had succeeded in raising means sufficient to erect to the still solid chimney of the old dwelling which had been consumed by fire, a small but comfortable house—Loraine superintended the building, and the work advanced so rapidly that by the time Agnes had fully recovered the new dwelling was nearly ready for the reception of its inmates; added to this the family was well clothed and comfortably provided with the necessaries of life.

"Well, Agnes, since you are convalescent now, I should like to hear how you enjoyed yourself at the ball," said Florence one clear frosty evening as the two were sitting together enjoying the luxury of an old-fashioned (but not the less cheerful on that account,) wood fire that blazed upon the hearth, casting its ruddy radiance throughout the richly furnished chamber of the invalid.

"Oh! Florence, name not that ball," replied the young girl, impatiently; "it has cost me too much, my anticipations were raised so high, my dress pronounced so preeminently elegant and splendid, and myself so beautiful and fascinating, that I thought it next to impossible that any one could outshine or even vie with me at that wretched, and most miserable ball."

"My dear Aggy," answered Florence, "I was convinced that something had taken place to wound your feelings, but I never once imagined that such extravagant notions of your own beauty and elegance had been implanted in your too credulous heart; my dear friend, beware of the soothing, yet false, influence of flattery; 'tis the bane of the rich and has led many an unsuspecting soul to the brink of misery and perdition.—But, who could be the beauty that drew the veil from your eyes and gave you to see that you were not incomparable?"

"Who?" replied Agnes in a tone of bitter irony; "who but the beautiful, intelligent and most elegant, Miss Ernest; she who by her arts and blandishments attracted the whole house to herself, though any one with half an eye might have detected the vanity and self importance in her department."

"O Agnes, speak not thus disparagingly of Adelia, consider that it has ever been thought emblematical of a mind narrow and contracted to endeavor to detract from the excellence talents or beauty of those with whom we cannot cope. Tee character of Adelia stands out in b ld relief, fair and beautiful as a bright spring morning, crowned with a diaden of roses; her works, her works, Agnes, of mercy and sweet charity, not blazoned abroad but done secretly and in the spirit of love proiaims the beauty of her soul; no one, except yourself, that I have heard of, has discovered the vanity and sel-importance in her of which yon speak."

A blush mounted to the cheek of Agnes and she would fain have had it thought a blush of displeasure, but such in truth it was not; no, it wes a blush of shame, because she felt conscious that she had endeavored to injure a innocent person by giving vent to the thought of envy and illwill that festered in her own heart. She was about to speak, but at that moment the door opened and Emilie Morton entered the apartment. Agnes handed her a chair and requested her to unwrap, and spend the evening with them; but she declined the courtesy, saying that her brother was below and they had merely called in to know if Florence intended going to church that evening, if so they would bear her company. Florence replied in the affirmative, and withdrew in order to make her toilet.

"What beautiful little gul is this you have with you, Emilie?" asked Agnes, noticing for the first time a prettily dressed and sweet little child that had entered the room with the young lady.

"Don't you recognise the child?" said Emilie.

"I do not recollect of having ever seen her before, but suppose it is your sister's eldest daughter."

"It is the child of one," replied Emilie, "whom I am proud to call sister, though she is not my sister in the flesh. 'Tis Mira's little girl."

"Mira's," exclaimed Agnes; "that is not the child we saw when I went with you to that miserable hovel?"

"The same, I assure you;" replied Emilie.

"Indeed she is wonderfully improved since I saw her, and that has not been so long neither. I was verry sorry, Emilie, I had nothing to spare at the time I promised to contribute to your funds for the relief of that distressed family; but you know the odious ball came on just at that time, and I had an immediate demand for all the cash I could obtain, and I have spent so much lately that I expect to be low in funds for sometime to come."

"We should have been pleased and delighted, Agnes," replied Emilie, "to have had your aid, yet however we have got along pretty well without it so far; but I hope you will yet contribute to our fund if not for Mira and her little family, still for the benefit of others who will no doubt be in a suffering condition before the winter is over."

Florence now made her appearance, and as it was getting late, the friends bade Agnes a good evening and departed for church. "How much happier they appear to be than I am," thought Agnes; "why is it so? I have every thing around me that any one need wish, to make one happy, and still I see not one contented moment; my mind is ever in a worry and a fret, and how am I to help it; if I go in company I am sure to be thrown into the shade, either person or mind, and perhaps both; if I am at home why here is this Florence Hudnall, and though I am acknowledged to be much the handsomest of the two yet her manners and conversation are said to be so very fascinating that I am altogether overlooked where she is, unless it may be by some brainless coxcomb; and I am tormented lest she should carry off Loraine, for he seems to think of no one else here of late." And in this fretful and unhappy state of mind she descended to the supper room to scold at the servants and find fault with every thing before her. A few more weeks had rolled into eternity, and the new building was completed, and Mira and her little family were comfortably enscones therein.

CHAPTER VII.

"Are you well enough to take a walk this beautiful evening Agnes?" asked Emilie Morton as she and Florence Hudnall bounded into the apartment of that young lady, with cheeks glowing with the roses of health, and of exercise."

"Why," replied Agnes, "it seems that this same bright evening had such an invigorating influence upon you both that I think I will join you in a ramble, for I ween that the frosty air must be replete with roses to suffuse the usually pale cheek of Flor with such a beautiful glow; but before going I must stipulate that you do not lead me into the midst of shy scenes of suffering or misery, for my nerves are now weak and very easily excited, and any thing of this kind might probably bring on a relapse of my late illness."

Florence replied with a smile, "come then, get ready for we are willing to subscribe to your stipulation this time. We are going to call upon the happiest little family of our acquaintances for a few moments; it will do you good to see their happy and contented faces."

Agnes was soon ready, and the three girls set out upon their evening walk; Emilie took a quite different route from the one herself and Agnes had once before traveled to the same location. It was a bright and glorious evening in the latter part of autumn; the clouds about the setting sun were like a glorious canopy of crimson and purple, fringed with gold, while the bright orb, himself the source of light and head, seemed like a splendid monarch reclining on a throne of gold beneath his georgeous canopy.

"How beautiful! how glorious! is this scene," cried Florance, as she gazed with raptured eye upon the glowing beauties of the evening."

"I was just thinking," responded Emilie, "if the scene we now behold the footstool of the Almighty, is so splendid, what must be the scene of ineffable glory that surrounds the throne of God where—"

"Hush! listen!" said Agnes; "I thought I heard some one singing."

At that moment a voice clear and soft as the music of an Eolian harp floated on the air, then died away like the warbling of a distant bird but to swell again in the sweetest tones of melody. The girls paused and listened till the voice ceased, and the echo died away in the distance.

"What a heavenly voice," said Agnes; "am I awake or do I dream? for once I remember a voice of such exquisite softness visited me while I slept."

"Perhaps we have got in fairy land," replied Florence; "and have broken up a concert for the amusement of the little queen in her moonlit bower; what a pity if we have interupted and spoiled their pleasure."

"Walk on faster," said Emilie, "for I am such a matter-of-fact being that I have no doubt but we shall soon see this sweet singer of Israel, and that in no fairy form nor ethereal visiter either."

At this they quickened their pace and were soon in sight of a nice new house, white as a snow drift, with a pretty little yard neatly enclosed with post and rail fence which was as white as the house it surrounded; they advanced, opened the little gate and entered, scarce had they closed the gate before two beautiful happy looking children came bounding from the door and clasped their little arms around the neck of Emilie and Florence, covering their faces with kisses pure as the heart of innocence. Oh how Agnes envied her two friends their sweet delight; her bosom swelled and her eyes filled with tears, but it was the swell of angry feelings, and the tears of envy. In a few seconds she found herself in the presence of the once wretched and miserable, but now comfortable and happy Mira; whose tears were all wiped away, her face shone with the perfection of beauty, for the light of piety and unwavering faith in God had lit up her naturally beautiful countenance and lent to it an expression of almost unearthly sweetness. Her manners were easy and graceful, she met the young ladies with a smile, extending a hand to each. Emilie then presented Agnes as her friend, who was kindly received by all.

"How is your mother Mira, this evening?" asked Emilie. "I heard this morning that she was thought to be worse, at least so said Loraine?"

"I think she is failing, every day seems to leave her still more debilitated; she is sleeping sweetly at this time; she was quite happy and rejoiced greatly a short time since, and asked me to sing for her and while I was complying with her request she sank into a sweet slumber, which will, I hope, refresh her wasted frame." And then sitting down Mira leaned her head upon the bosom of Florence and laid a hand caressingly on the shoulder of Emilie, and said:

"My dear young friends, how much I love you both is more than my lips can express, but my heart swells with gratitude; my soul seems knit with yours in bond of perpetual union, which death itself can not sever."

"Oh, yes," answered Florence, "I hope it is heavenly love that has forged the chain that links our souls in bonds of peace and lasting union. But to change the subject—when did you hear from Adelia?"

She was here on yesterday," replied Mira, but before she could finish the sentence Laraine made his appearance at the door, and little Harry and Minnie was instantly in his arms, which he had extended, for to receive his little favorites.

* * * * * * * * *

But it is now time to bring my story to a conclusion. Two years have passed away since we first saw the wretched Mira; gentle reader, she is now the happy and beloved wife of Loraine, she still cherishes the memory of her lost Harry with love and tenderness, but while the dead is still embalmed in her memory, it does not in the least detract from her duty and affection for the living, and Loraine is completely blessed in his beautiful and faithful Mira, and unites his endeavors with hers to bring their little children up in the fear and admonition of the Lord; having respect to the promise of God which says: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The aged mother of Harry now reposes beneath the clods of the valley, having made her peace with God, she passed through the dark vale of death and rose triumphant to the home of the blessed in heaven, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Florence Hudnall married a worthy young minister—they are a blessing all around them, prosperous in their temporal affairs, they truly verify the promise, that "who give to the poor lend to the Lord," and will have it returned to them again with interest.

Emile Morton,—the pure, the high-minded, the whole souled Emilie—has left this world of sorrow, and gone to join her kindred angels, where sickness and death can reach her no more. Go to the family burying ground and you will see her pure white marble tomb surrounded by the sweetest flowers, planted there as the mementoes of a pure and holy love by the hands of Mira and her lovely children. Agnes—the selfish, the envious Agnes—is selfish and envious still. When she found that Loraine, (whom she loved [illegible] the arrow of a mist love, and who would have returned her affection had he not discovered the selfishness and shallowness of her character) was going to marry Mira, she endeavored to console herself for her disappointment by heaping upon her all the approbious epithets she could devise, and then declaring her too mean and low to merit the attention of a lady. Some time after this she united herself with a brother of Eva, a young spendthrift, having but little money and less brains; her father and uncle being now dead, he entered at once into the possession of her large property, which is fast wasting away before the spirit of extravagance of both himself and wife: discord and contention is their daily employment and happiness comes not within their dwelling. Eva has never married, but now belongs to that class of beings denominated crusty old maids, whose biting tongue and ascerbity of disposition is the torment of all who come within the sphere of her influence.

Adelia, the lovely Adelia, whose usefullness and goodness of heart had won the esteem and admiration of all who knew her, has left her native land, followed by the prayers and blessings of many who mourned her departure with heartfelt sorrow, and now enlisted beneath the banner of the blood-stained cross of calvary, as the wife of a missionary; she labors with her husband on a heathen shore, to teach to the benighted inhabitants the light of revelation, and a knowledge of the true God, whom to know is life everlasting through Christ the Saviour of all that call upon him in sincerity and truth.

Religion! how blest is thy power divine,
How noble the soul that with thee is joined;
Thy voice is music, thy actions are love,
Thy home is with saints and angels above,
Where faith, hope and charity, also are found,
In the garden of heaven, on Emmanuel's ground.

But Envy! Oh baneful! thou curse of the heart,
With malice and hatred thou pointest each dart,
And then with a tongue on scathing intent,
Are those darts to the bosom of innocence sent;
Thy voice, like the hiss of the serpent, is known,
Where in regions of darkness it ever must groan.

"Vunce, ven I vas court mine Catherine, I vas go on my field to hoe mine potatoes corn. Vell, den sees my Catherine coming down der road, so I dinks I give her a boo, so I climbs up a tree, and shust as I vas going to boo her, I falls on der hemlock fence and sticks a pine not hole in mine pantaloons, and Catarine vas laff and make me more shame dan a sheep mit one tam tief on his pack—tru as pork."

☞A printer, in setting up the line—"Hell has no fury like a woman scorned," by some oversight left out the s, and made it read—

"Hell has no fury like a woman corned."

A slight departure from the text, but none whatever from the truth.

☞Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable

☞Open truth is always the best, wisest, safest, and most satisfying.