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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. 15. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1854. NO. 3.

County Commissioners' NOTICE.

THE Commissioners of Kent County will meet at the Court House in Chester Town on Tuesday the 14th and Wednesday the 15th inst., at 10 o'cl'k, A. M., and will continue to meet at the same place and hour every Tuesday and Wednesday until Wednesday the 24th of May next.

All persons who have sold or transferred any Assessable property since the first of June last, are particularly requested to attend at an early day, and have their Tax accounts adjusted. After the 24th of May next no alteration in the assessments will be made during the present year.

Any Executor, Guardian, or Trustee, Constable or Sheriff, who shall hereafter fail to inform the County Commissioners of the transfer of any property belonging to any deceased person, ward or estate in trust, of which he or she may be Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee, will be liable for the tax on the same, until the County Commissioners shall be properly notified of such transfer.

All persons having accounts against the County are requested to bring in the same on or before the 3rd of May next, otherwise they will not get unto this year's levy.

All accounts presented to the Court will be required to be under oath

All new applications for pensions must be in writing, stating the residence, condition, and circumstances of the applicant, and signed by two or more persons having a knowledge of the facts therein set forth.

A. W. MELVIN, Clk
to Commissioners for Kent Co.
Mar. 11, 1854—10w.

Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed Examiners by the County Commissioners on the petition of Edw'd Ringold and others, to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires the following road to be opened to wit: Beginning at a stake planted near a large sassafras tree standing on land belonging to the heirs of John Thomas dec'd, on the public road leading from Chestertown to Bel Air, and running thence in a straight line thro' the lands of John Thomas' heirs, S E. Baker, Wm. T. Baker, Edw'd Ringgold, E. Sudler and the lands of Duncan Stones heirs to the public Road leading from Chestertown to St. Pauls' Church, from thence through the lands of Wm. Leverton and the heirs of J. F Brown dec'd, to or near the head waters of the N. W. branch of Langford's Bay —hereby give notice that they will meet at the above proposed beginning of this road, on the 26th day of May next, and then and there commence to discharge the duties devolved upon us by said appointment and Commmission.

HUGH WALLIS,
JAS. H. EDES,
ISAAC GALE, } Examiners.
Apr. 22. '51

Notice.

THE undersigned hereby give notice that they and others, intend to apply to the County Commissioners, at their first meeting held thirty days after the date of this notice, to extend and straiten the road, intersecting the road leading from Still Pond to Worton Heights, and running through the farm of John H. Gemmill, late the property of Mary Ann Bell, to the Union Church. They desire that the said road may be so situated that it may run in a direct line across the land of Wm. W. Parks, from the end of the post and rail fence of the said John H. Gemmill, which divides his Mansion House farm from the farm of the late Mary Ann Bell, which he recently purchased, (and which road now runs along the said post and rail fence to the lands of said Parks; it will rebuire a road only of about six or seven hundred yards) till it reaches the main road leading from the Union to Lynch's Corner.

JOHN H. GEMMILL. H. T. JUMP.
Jos M. CARROW, GEORGE GALE
ABEL MERRITT, WM W. GEMMILL
JOHN KELLY, HENRY MASEEN.
April 29, 1854.

THE STEAMER
HUGH JENKINS,
CAPTAIN JAMES TILGHMAN,

WILL leave her wharf, Light street, Baltimore, at 7 o'clock, A. M., every Monday and Thursday, for Kent Island, Corsica, and Chester Town, returning same day.

☞PASSAGE ONE DOLLAR.☜
April 15, 1854.—tf.

Housekeeper Wanted.

A GENTLEMAN living in the country wishes to employ a good Housekeeper. Liberal wages will be given. Apply at this office.
April 15, 1854.

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.

Select Poetry.

An Original Love Story.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him so bold and undaunted;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim
"Avaunt, sir!" and off he avaunted,

But when he returned, with the fiendishist laugh,
Showing clearly that he was afronted,
And threatened by main force to carry it off.
She cried "Don't!" and the poor fellow donted.

When he meekly approached and got down at her feet.
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said "Can't you?"—the dear girl reanted.

Then softly he whispered—"How *could* you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted,
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go;
Say, wilt thou my dear?" and she wilted.

Then gaily he took her to see her new home—
A shanty by no means enchanted—
"See! here we can live with no longing to roam.
He said, "Shan't we, my dear?" So they shanted!

A Popular Story.

[From Petersons Magazine for May.]

Love at Fifteen and Twenty

BY CLARA MORETON.

"La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le reve."

There never was a lovelier girl than my old schoolmate, Emma Thornton. Our teachers could not disguise their partiality to her, but even their fruitful cause of disturbance did not excite my jealousy in this instance, for every scholar in school loved Emma. Her father was so wrapped up in her, that it never entered into his head to marry again, although Emma's mother had died when she was but a child; and yet, petted and caressed as she was by every one, she was not in the least spoiled.

Fred Stanley, a wild, rollicking, young Sop omore, the very opposite of our gentle Emma, was her teacher in one more study than her father had stipulated for, when he placed her under the care of the Misses Gibbs, whose boarding school was in dangerous proximity to the college grounds. But then the school was said to be under stricter discipline than any one in the city, and for that reason nicknamed "The Nunnery" by the students.

So closely were the young ladies watched that under ordinary circumstances no danger could have been apprehended; but Fred, who had a sister at the same school, had caught such glimpse of Emma's fair young face, as to play the very mischief with his susceptible heart, and he was at his wit's end to devise some stratagem whereby a more satisfactory acquaintance could be effected.

Miss Lucinda Gibbs, whose love for the science of botany caused her to keep an herbarium, was at length, thro' this same fondness, the unconscious means of bringing about the desired result. Fred made himself so useful in collecting and classifying her specimens for her, that she gradually grew to depend upon him for every other little form or attention that she might require. With the greatest alacrity he accompanied Miss Lucinda and her train of boarders to the evening prayer meetings, satisfied if he could obtain a seat where he could see and worship his idol, while the rest, it was to be hoped, were engaged in their proper devotions.

Emma needed not the help of Ellen Stanley to inform her of the state of her brother's heart, for she could read it in his eyes without any assistance. He was her first admirer, and she was sufficiently young and romantic to suffer herself to become interested, before she had the least knowledge of the qualities of his mind and heart.

At length Stanley was so privileged as to be allowed to accompany the school in their Saturday afternoon rambles into the country, and then as the girls separated one from another, flitting here and there, through woodland walks and shaded meadows, many and glorious were the opportunities which he had for making love, and right earnestly did he set about it. If Miss Lucinda came suddenly upon them, nothing was easier than to appear completely absorbed in an explanation of the various parts of the wild flower that he held in his hand. He was never without one; and Miss Lucinda considered him such a devotee to her favourite science, that she never mistrusted the least partiality towards any of the human flowers she had in charge.

Oh! those were halcyon days to Fred and Emma. Those stolen glances, those whispered interviews, the thrilling clasp of the quickly withdrawn hands, and once—shall I tell it?—the long, long kiss in the windings of that dark forest that skirted East Rock, upon whose bold summit the entire school had passed such a delightful day.

Thus the mischief was accomplished, and thereafter Emma made wonderful progress in her study, to the utter exclusion of all the old ones. Her teachers wondered she should have so flagged. They noted her absent moods, the dreamy expression of her soft blue eyes, and fearing lest she might be pining for her father, they proposed to her a short visit home before the expiration of the session.

Of course Emma would not listen to it, and so the weeks glided on until vacation came; and then with many promises of eternal love and constancy Fred and Emma parted. The gentle girl who had left her father's house, a child in thought and feeling, returnad to it with the heart of a woman throbbing in her bosom.

About a week after Emma's return, Mr. Thornton was sitting in his library reading the morning papers. Emma, with an open letter in her hand, entered the room, and drawing a low stool to her father's feet, sat down upon it. She had never had any secrets from her father, and she was not going to begin now.

"Well, Emma," said Mr. Thornton, laying down his paper, "what does my little girl want this morning?"

For a wonder, our amiable Emma was inclined to pout just at that particular moment, being called a "little girl" did not exactly suit her. She summoned all her dignity to her aid, and answered, "I have something I wish to tell you, papa, if you are disengaged and can listen to me this morning."

"Certainly I can—what is it, child? No quarrel with your schoolmates, I hope, that you look so serious?"

"No, no—nothing of the kind. It is a secret that I know I ought not to keep from you, papa. You see, although you you call me a little girl, I am not such a *very* little one. At least *somebody* does not think so."

Somebody! Who the dence is *somebody?*—your room-mate, I suppose."

"Oh no; there is no use in making a mystery of the matter. I am engaged, papa."

"Engaged! what does the girl mean? Why Emma stand up, and let me look at you. Engaged! I'll shoot the rascal that dared to make love to such a child as you are."

"Oh no, papa; you'll do no such thing. When you see him, you can't help loving him, he has such a brave, noble face—he is so very——"

"Aye-e-e!" interrupted Mr. Thornton, "can't I help it? It will be harder work to keep my hands off from him. Confound him! A *very* interesting young man, have no doubt—at least a very *interested* one. He does not know, I suppose, that you will have a fortune at my death—oh no, nothing of the kind. I tell you what, Emma, I take too much pride in you, to let you throw yourself away on one of these college scrape-graces, as I doubt not he is, for no man of sense would fall in love with a girl just entering her teens."

"I have been in them three years," said Emma.

"Oh, well, three years are nothing.—When you are twenty, then we'll talk about your being engaged. Here, give me that letter. I'll answer it for you; and if after that, the scoundrel dares to make ano her attempt to steal my treasure, I'll send you to a nunnery—I will as sure as I'm your father."

Emma had never seen her father so decid d before. She respected him too much and loved him too well to offer any resistance; so she gave up her precious letter, and went to her chamber to weep over her blighted hopes.—Never did love-lorn damsel draw more touching pictures of a desolate future.

The same hour Mr. Thornton wrote, dispatching his letter to the address Frederick had given Emma, and destroyed the one Emma had received.

There came no answer. Not thus easily had Emma expected to have been yielded up; but she convinced herself that Stanley's pride had prevented him from renewing his addresses, and she resolved that she would be as strong and uncomplaining as he.

Emma Thornton returned no more to boarding school. Her father provided her with masters, and kept her under his own surveillance. At eighteen she made her first appearance in gay society. Her exceeding beauty would have rendered her sufficiently attractive: but added to that, she possessed a well cultivated and brilliant mind, and the greatest refinement and grace of manner.—Wherever she went all hearts paid her homage, but Emma turned coldly away from her suitors. Her father was in despair when he found her refusing so many eligible offers, for he began to feel the necessity of her having some younger protector than himself, but all his reasoning and expostulating availed naught.

There came a time, however, when Emma was no l nger careless or indifferent. A young lawyer of acknowledged talent, and one already occupying a prominent place in society, was the first admirer in whom Emma took the least interest since the days of her girlish love. At the step of Carlton Howard her pulse learned to beat more quickly, and she could scarce subdue the traces of emotions which his deep, rich tones never failed to call forth.—Still she so well disguised her feelings that he gleaned no encouragement from her manner, and knowing her repeated coldness, he felt little hope that his suit would ever prove successful. Yet he persevered in his attentions, determined, if it were possible, to win some portion of the love he so coveted.

Emma felt flattered that one of his superior attainments should so evidently find pleasure in her society. She acknowledged that his conversational powers were more brilliant, his acquirements more varied and extensive, his manners more polished than those of any other person she had ever met with. Her father had ashed her what more she could desire. She made no answer, but the dream-like memory of her first love floated into her heart, and she went away by herself to muse upon it in her solitude as she had often done.

Weeks passed, and her reserve and coldness gradually gave way to a more cordial manner. At length, Howard gathered confidence to breath his tale of love. More worthy of admiration than ever did he seem to Emma at that time. His dark grey eyes, always singularly expressive, now revealed their tenderness, while his earne-t words told of a heart strong in its devotion.

Emma, as she listened, felt her own heart beat and throb, as never had it throbbed but once b fore. He paused once, twice she assayed to answered, but the words died on her lips.

Again Mr. Howard spoke: "I have pained you, Miss Thornton," he said, by my abrupt avowal this morning; but you will give one word of hope, will you not? If you cannot return my love say at least that I have your esteem, and not one effort on my part shall be wanting to become more deserving of an increased regard."

"I do esteem you, Mr. Howard. I can truly say that I feel more interest in you than I have ever felt save for one. Had I never met—that is, had I ——." Emma paused. Her cheeks were painfully suffused. Every word that she attempted to say increased her embarrassment. This gave Carlton Howard the advantage, and calmly with gentle words he tried to re-assure the blushing girl. He was so successful that little by little her confidence was entirely given to him, and Howard felt more than ever encouraged when he found that it was only the memory of a love at fifteen that he had to do battle with.

Two weeks afterward Emma was a second time betrothed, but it was with the full understanding that her lover should never quarrel with the memory of that first love.

There was never a more beautiful bride than Emma Howard—never a happier husband than Carlton, or a father better pleased with a daughter's choice than was Mr. Thornton.

Every one agreed that for once the course of true love had run wonderfully smooth.

A year passed away, and Howard found that he was quite right in considering Emma's first attachment as a mere girlish fancy. Although when he noted a shade of unusual seriousness upon her brow, he would jest her about the privileged memory, he was long convinced that the deeper waters of her heart had been moved only for him.

And yet it must be confessed that Emma frequently recurred to the romantic attachment of her school-girl days—not with the yearning tenderness that she once had felt, but with a desire to know something of Stanley's after life—a wish that she might find that his fate had been as happy as her own; confessing to her husband the relief that it would be to know that he had not died of a broken heart.

One lovely spring afternoon, just on the verge of evening, Carlton Howard and his wife were sitting by an open window in their cool and pleasant library, when a servant entered with a card, which he handed to Mrs. Howard. She glanced at the name—it had been years since she had seen that handwriting, and the color came to her checks as she read aloud "Frederick Stanley"—then flitted back as rapidly until they were as pale as the white flowers of the vine that clung for support to the trellis about the window.

"What shall I do, Carlton? What shall I d ?" she said, hastily.

"Go down to him, love," he answered. "My own wife is not afraid that she will lose her heart again. I know too well how much it is my own to have any fears myself."

Emma stooped down, resting one snowy hand amidst the masses of raven hair which was swept back from his broad white forehead, and kissing him tenderly, said, "Your exceeding love, Carlton, gives me confidence in myself, but you will certainly come go with me."

"No, Emma, I would rather not—it would be more awkward for you—no, go down, love," he continued, pushing her gently from him; but marking the tears in her eyes, he added, "but if you so desire it, I will follow you presently."

Emma's heart beat painfully as she descended the staircase, and she stood for a moment beside the parlor door to re-assure herself. It was in vain—her agitation momentarily increased. At length, summoning all her courage, she entered.

The servant had lighted the gas, and from the porcelain shade the softened light fell upon a figure very unlike the one in Emma's imagination.

Burly as a——beef barrel I had almost said—the comparison seemed so apt in in more respects than one—was the Mr. Stanley before her.

With a coarse laugh he arose from his seat.

"Should'nt have known you, 'pon my honor, Miss Thornton—Mrs. Howard, I mean—he, he, that seems odd too How you have c anged; but then I have altered *some*, have'nt I?"

"Very much," answered Emma, in a freezing tone.

All the fluttering about her heart had vanished, but there was a mighty revolution going on there, nevertheless—the enshrined ideal was crumbling into dust.

"You hav'nt forgotten how I used to look, h ve you? Why, I often think of the curly headed girl that liked to cried her eyes out when we parted—it'll never be as hard parting again, I warrant," and Mr. Stanley laughed merrily at the (to him) pleasing reminiscence.

"Is this your first visit to the city?" inquired Emma, in hopes of changing the current of his thoughts.

"No. I was here six years ago with my wife, but you see she would'nt listen to my looking you up; so as it was our wedding trip, I gave up to her, but yesterday I came on from New York to attend the races, and having nothing to do this afternoon, I concluded to hunt you out. I always have felt a kind of curiosity to see you again, for although I have been in love a dozen times since, I could nt forget you entirely. I expect if the old man had'nt interfered, you'd have been Mrs. Stanley,—he, he, its funny the way things turn up in this world, is'nt it?"

Emma's face was crimson. She now hoped from her heart that her husband would remain in the library, for his presence would only increase her mortification. But it was not long before she heard his step upon the stairs, and very awkwardly when he entered did she introduce him.

"You must not let me interrupt your reminiscences," said Mr. Howard, as he drew his chair into the centre of the room, "as you were old schoolmates, I presume you have many very pleasing ones."

"Ah, we were something more than old schoolmates," replied Mr. Stanley laughing, "Did your wife never tell you how near we came making a match? ha, ha—a miss is as a mile,' however, and I expect we are both as well suited—eh, Mrs. Howard?"

Mr. Howard cast a mischievous eye at his wife, and seeing how painfully embarrassed she appeareared, he answered for her.

"I, at least, Mr. Stanley," he said, 'am much rejoiced that the match was broken, for I expect I should still have been a wandering bachelor, had I not found the realization of my dreams in Miss Thornton."

The spi it of mischief was strong in Mr. Howard, and he felt disposed to draw Mr. Stanley still further out upon the sub ject, but catching an appalling glance from his wife, he introduced another topid of conversation.

Mrs. Howard began to breathe more freely when she saw how deeply interested Mr. Stanley became in giving a minute description of the races, and their riders, but he inspersed his conversation with so many slang phrases that Mrs. Howard, more than ever disgusted, made some trifling excuse and she left the room.

It was full an hour afterward when her husband entered the library where she was seated, and throwing himself upon a lounge, laughed until tears stood in his merry eyes.

Emma was of course too thoroughly vexed to join in his laughter, and she showed her irritation by turning her shoulder a trifle more toward him.

Mr. Howard tried several times to speak, but his hearty laughter drowned his words.

He at length succeeded in saying, "Don't turn from me so, Emma darling." Here was another laugh which made Mrs. Howard turn her back completely around.

"Indeed, I cannot help it; you must excuse me, Emma," he found breath to say at last.

Still his mirthfulness was in no way checked even when she arose and swept indignantly from the room; but as soon as he was able to compose his countenance, he followed her.

"Come, Emma—I don't want to hurt your feelings, my dear, but you must let me enjoy——"

"*My mortification*," said his wife, interrupting him—tears standing in her eyes.

"No, by no means. You put a wrong construction upon my merriment. Come dear wife—come back to the library with me. You have yet to hear the best part of the joke."

He encircled her waist with his arm as he spoke. She could not resist the tenderness, and she suffered herself to be led back to the room she had so petulantly deserted.

As she resumed her seat, she strove hard to conquer her feelings, but the tears of vexation would creep up into the corner of her eyes, and she found it impossible to disguise the annoyance that she felt at her husband's mischievous glances.

"If we want to be very good friends, Carlton," she said, at length, "and live as happy as we have done heretofore, there must be no allusion after to-night, to this provoking occurrence. Promise me, now, that you will not tell father."

"You are too hard upon me, Emma—indeed you are. He would enjoy it capitally, and why need you care?—you have done nothing for which you are to blame."

"But think how vexatious."

"I do belive, Emma, that you are chagrined, because he consoled himself so speedily for your loss. Let me see, it was one of your anxieties, if I remember, lest he should die of a broken heart."

"Carlton, you are to bad. I really think you are unkind to teaze me so," and Mrs. Howard's pretty lips quivered as she spoke, and the tears rolled down her face, until her husband compassionately drew her head down upon his breast, and by his continued efforts succeeded in making her look upon the ludicrous occurrence with as much merriment nearly as he had done.

He detailed to her the conversation which had passed between them after she had left the room—how Mr. Stanley had made him a confident of his losses at the races, the consequent depression of his finances, and his need of a loan, which Mr. Howard had the more readily advanced, inasmuch as divining his companions character, he saw at a glance that he could thus effectually rid himself of an acquaintance that might otherwise prove troublesome.

He was right. Mr. Stanley was neve after seen or heard from by any of th family.

Although Emma still feels a little chagrined when any allusion is made to her first love, yet she fails not to relate her experience to those whom she thinks it may profit.

☞A fair one recently wrote the following to her backward lover:

"My heart to you is given,
O, do give yours to me;
We'll lock them up together
And throw away the key."

☞A servant maid, who was occupied in pickling her mistress's cabbage, took the opportunity of cabbaging her misstress's pickles, saying it made no differance.

☞It may not be generally known that editors get one important item of subsistence at a very low price—they get *bored* for nothing.

"What's whisky bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article.

"Bringing men to the gallows," was the reply.