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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, JUNE 17, 1854. NO. 7.

Road Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed Examiners by the County Commissioners on the petition of Joseph Usilton and others, to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires the following road to be opened to wit:—

Beginning on the lands of Joseph Usilton, where the road intersects the public road leading to Worton Point, and running by and with the road used as a private road to the farm of the late Samuel G. Kennard to Worton Creek at or near the wharf, on said creek—hereby give notice that they will meet at the above proposed beginning of this road, on the 22nd June, at 10 o'clock A. M. and then and there commence to discharge the duties devolved upon us by said appointment and Commission.

DAN'L JONES,
ISAAC GALE, } Examiners.
THOS. BAKER,

May 20, 1854.

Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed Examiners by the County Commissioners on the petition of R. H. Turner and others, to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires the following road to be opened to wit:—

Beginning in the public road between Col. J H Gale's front gate and Mr. R Beswick's house and running thro' the lands of Mr Beswicks, Mrs Brooke, R. H Turner and the lands belonging to the heirs of Wm. Crew, to the mouth of Sassafras River—then beginning in the public road leading into Still Pond Neck near Mr. Jump's brick kiln, and running through the lands of R H Harris, Capt Price William Stanley and George Gale, until it intersects the first named proposed road; also to lay out a public Landing at its terminus on the waters of said Sassafras River—hereby give notice that they will meet at the above proposed beginning of this road, on the 20th of June next, and then and there commence to discharge the duties devolved upon us by said appointment and Commission

DANIEL JONES,
JOS. HOWARD, } Examiners
ISAAC PARSONS,

May 20, 1854.

Road Notice.

WE the undersigned intend to apply to the Commissioners of Kent County at their first meeting (30 days after the date of this notice) to open a new Road beginning at the main Road leading from Chestertown to the Union Church, through and by the lands of Henry A. Porter, A A Usilton, Wm. L and R. L. Rasin, M. A. Graves, Vannort, and the heirs of Moses Kennard to intersect the main Road leading from Chestertown to Worton Heights.

JOHN DUYER.
RICHARD L. RASIN,
PERRY GEARS,
JAMES LYNCH,
A. A. USILTON.
JAMES L. BOWERS,
JOHN S. PARSONS,
THOMAS W. HYNSON,
WM. T. HYNSON,
ABEL MERRITT,
W. B. RASIN.
DULANEY RASIN,
JAMES GRAVES.

May 27 1854.

Our Country

AT PEACE.

We Have Full and Plenty

NONE need suffer or want, act wisely, don't leave you pocket-books at home, nor stop by the way, but hasten down town to John Russell's Cheap store, he can Clothe the naked and feed the hungry, he has BREAD and to *spare* also, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Fish, Cheese, Candles, Soap, Tea, Sugar, Coffee Nick Nacks and Notions, and a variety of Fancy articles for sale cheap and no mistake.

Chestertown, April 22, 1854.

Tailoring.

MRS. JAMES H. LEWIS would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she is prepared to make *COATS, PANTS, VESTS*, plain and fancy *SHIRTS*, and to do all kinds of sewing with despatch and on the most reasonable terms. Her residence is on High Street (up town) opposite the store of Mr. Samuel Frazier.

Chestertown, May 27, 1851—tf.

A CARD.

DR. JAMES A. PERKINS, offers his professional services to the public. He may be found at his office in Chester Town, on Water street, near the bridge.

March 25, 1854—6m

HAMS!

A lot of good Eastern Shore Hams, for sale by T. W ELIASON.

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 according ly.

All communications must be post-paid.

Poetry.

MY COUNTRY.

Hail! blessed country of my choice,
And also of my birth;
To me it is the loveliest spot
Of all the spots on earth.

I love its mountains and its rocks,
Each flowery dale and rill;
And at the sound of liberty
My heart will even thrill.

America! how blessed the name
To nations, far and near,
And those who seek, from tyranny,
A shelter, find it here.

Here shines the sun upon no "lord"—
No clinging serf is found;
But every one is his own lord,
And tills his own—own ground.

I love its institutions free,
To which all may aspire,
And hope to win, if they but burn
With strong heartfelt desire.

I love its Eagle's spreading wings
And starry Banner, bright,
I love to see its Liberty
Flourish in Freedom's light.

God bless my glorious native land,
The home of good and brave,
And guard it safe from every snare—
From every danger save.

NEWARK, May 1, 1854. PLOW BOY.

Love for Strong Rum.

AIR—'*Some love to Roam.*

Some love strong Rum or the Ale's white foam,
When the bung-hole whistles free,
And for right good cheer some tipple beer,
But limpid stream for me.
To the forest shade or mountain glade,
So cheerfully forth I go,
To drink my fill at the gurgling rill,
When the sun is sinking low.

In the stream I dip my glowing lip,
And the cooling draught I pour in;
I ask no spring of brandy sling,
A toddy made of Gin—
For what Nature gave I only crave,
The fount that gurgles free;
The greenwood trees, a cooling breeze,
And a limpid stream for me.

Original Story.

[WRITTEN FOR THE KENT NEWS]

THE LAST DAYS OF ALGEATHA.

BY MINNA.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUEST.

IT was late in the afternoon of a dark, stormy day in the latter part of the month of March in the year —33, that a female traveller, cold and apparently much fatigued, arrived at the principal house of public entertainment, located in what was at the period of which we write, a small but thriving village (it is a large city now) situated on the Atlantic coast of one of our eastern States. And here this youthful traveller was sitting alone before a small fire in the little room which had been hastily prepared for her reception. Her eyes frequently turned towards the door with an anxious look, by which movement one would be led to suppose that she was impatiently expecting the entrance of some one in answer to the summon she had several times given with no gentle flourishes of the bell rope. To judge from the appearance of the lady she might have been some eighteen years of age; there was an unassuming ease, elegance and urbanity of manners and department about her which plainly designated her as having been accustomed to associate with the highest class of society. In beauty of face the young stranger could by means be termed faultless; her features were much too large for femenine perfection, yet rendered from this very circumstance still more striking and interesting; her eyes were darkly blue, and observed casually through their long dark, silken lashes would easily have been mistaken for black; it was difficult to decide on the color of her long flowing ringlets, as their shade varied with every ray of light that fell upon them, now from a glossy brown to a dark auburn, and then to a bright golden hue. Equally as changeful indeed was the expression of her almost masculine features, for now a shade of deep, anxious thought would darken her brow, now a bright smile would dimple around her full red lips, displaying two rows of teeth of a dazzling whiteness, and then a look of sadness, tinged with a frown of impatience, would cloud her intellectual countenance. Why had one so young, unknown and all alone (though to judge from her costly dress and lady-like demeanor of wealth and standing) put up at that little obscure inn? No matter, there she was sitting as already described, in that little, gloomy apartment with the shadow of a stormy evening darkning around her; the wind without piping a dismal tune to the pattering rain that danced heavily against the rattling, creaking windows, while the old antiquated fire irons that night, for all we know to the contrary, have been taken out of Noah's ark, with their quizzical looking phiz, seemed grinning and making faces at her in down right mockery of her anxiety. She grinned and puckered up her face at them in return, and then illmanneredly, as the polite world has it turned her back upon them in order to escape the chagrin she fancied herself to experience at their supposed impertinence; but in reality at the delay made in answering the summon so frequently given by her. She gained nothing however by changing her position, for no sooner had she done so than the figure of a horrid, ghastly old woman, clothed in a long white robe that swayed to and fro in the breeze, burst upon her vision, while two dreadful eyeballs which, to her terrified imagination, looked like red hot coals of fire, leered frightfully upon her; an exclamation of terror involuntarily burst from her lips; and she actually clinched herself in order to ascertain if she was not suffering from an attack of nightmare; but she discovered to her horror that she was not only awake, but what was worse still, she verily believed in close proximity to some evil spirit of the nether world; this dreadful idea gave wings to her feet—she flew to the bell rope and pulled away with the violence of desperation, making the old bell send forth such reverberating peals as it had seldom been guilty of in its palmiest days. After this feat of courage, with great effort, she so far calmed her agitated feelings as to be able to cast a sidelong glance at the unconscious cause of her alarm, when lo and behold! she discovered the object of her terror to be nothing more or less than an alabaster image clothed in white drapery, and hung swingingly against the wall; and what she had mistaken for eyes of veritable fire, being only two jewels or cut glass which glittered in the dim rays of the firelight from the crown that encircled its grim visage. This unusual clamor of the bell, however, brought an answer in the shape of a tall, raw-boned daughter of the Emerald Isle, who, with a rueful face, came muttering into the room, and saying in no very pleasant tone:

'Was it yerself ma'am as was afther ringing the bell?'

'Yes, Biddy, replied the lady; 'I had waited till my patience was exhausted, to say no thing of believing that I had raised the dead instead of the living.'

'By my sowl, ma'am, and sure I thought it was yerself that was dead by your ringing so loud, and was afther making all the haste to ye that I could for the life of me, when them ould rickety steps (bad luck to 'em?) gave a tilt and sent me to the bottom, where I hope in me self may never find again, instead of the top, where I've not much time to tarry, as ye may know by the same token that my name is not Biddy, that divil of a spalpeen being gone to the ship which just now dashed ashore from the say.'

'Merciful heaven!' exclaimed the young girl in a voice of deep emotion; 'has there been a ship driven ashore in the storm? and what have become of those who were on board?'

'Och my jewel, be asey now, for its not myself as can tell you anything at all, barring the gintlemon as was dhrowned, they say he'll the picture of a lady all sot in goold and jewels in his bosom, just I 'pose, to be afther kaking his face warm, but by the same token I reckon its cowld enough by this blessed time.'

'Oh God! my God! what was the gentleman like? Where have they carried him? Is he brought here?' cried the half distracted girl, flying at the same time towards the door, as if determined to effect her egress, she scarcely knew where to or for what purpose. But the maiden, judging her intention stepped between her and the door, and planted herself firmly against the latter, saying:

'The mother of heaven be near us! Sorra a but is it I know where they carried the dhrowned gintlemon, but not a step was it here that they brought him. O holy Moses! a cushla now the dead man's ghost niver will find the way up here, divil a bit of it.'

'Let me pass, let me pass,' almost screamed the young lady, with eyes stretched to their widest capacity, and looking almost supernatural in their wild intensity, 'I will go, I will go to the stranded ship.'

'And wherefore to the ship is it ye wish to go?' asked Kathleen O'Grady; 'Tis split fore and aft that she is, and sorra a living man is on board; but be aisy here now, 'tis myself will go and send Linda here to you with a light, and as she will be afther telling ye all about the matther, while I bring some wood to kindle into a live blaze that dead fire—botheration to the likes of it.'

CHAPTER II.

THE WRECK.

WHEN Kathleen left the room the young stranger threw herself on the bed and gave way to a transport of agonized feelings. 'I may be mistaken after all,' she cried wiping away her tears; 'that ship may not be the Flying Cloud; yet alas my fears will predominate, but I will hope for the best,' and strengthened with this consoling reflection she raised herself upon the bed, when her eyes met those of a fair being who was gazing compassionately upon her. So spiritual were those large, deep eyes, so heavenly the expression of that pale, sad face in its ethereal beauty, yet so similar to some countenance she had somewhere seen before, and of which she retained a dreamlike remembrance, that the young wanderer was awe struck and remained silent.

'I am Linda, Lady,' said the frail but beautiful girl moving respectfully toward her, 'and Kathleen said you wish to see me lady.'

'Oh yes, yes; I remember she mentioned something of a wreck she said happened here this evening; can you give me any information respecting this unfortunate ship or those who were on board?'

'Very little, lady,' Linda replied in voice whose tone of sad, yet musical sweetness, sounded familiar to the ear of Miss Julia, for such was the young lady's soubriquet.

'Sure an, 'twas yerself Linda as seen the gintlemon as was dhrowned with the picter of the lady all sot in goold around his neck,' interupted Kathleen when she saw the young girl hesitate to acquaint the stranger with this circumstance, rightly divining that the compassion of Linda at seeing the distress of Julia was the cause of this hesitation.

'Oh Kathleen,' said Linda, 'do not speak so freely, there may be some indiscretion in being so communicative.'

'By gorra, and it was not Kathleen O'Grady as was going to be afther kaping the secret from the young lad when I seen she was dying to hear all about the matter.'

'Do pray tell me all,' said Julia, grasping the hand of Linda as a shudder passed through her frame, and a pallor like the hue of death spread over her youthful face; 'let me know the worst if worst there be, to me. Has any one discovered the name of this unlucky ship? or that of the gentleman who was drowned?'

'Be composed lady,' replied the beautiful maiden, at the same time leading the fair unknown toward the fire, and placing for her a chair, (Kathleen had now withdrawn) 'Come be seated, and I will give you all the information I can with regard to this unhappy affair it may or it may not concern you, of this I know nothing.'

'God grant it may not,' exclaimed Julia, throwing heavily upon the proffered chair, 'but I have a prophetic heart which tells me that it does.'

'Well,' commenced Linda, fixing at the same time those deep mysterious eyes on the pale face of Julia, as if to read the effect her intelligence would produce on the poor girl's heart 'I was sent this afternoon by Mrs. Corret, the mistress, on an errend to the lower end of the village; the rain had partially ceased, but the wind was blowing a perfect ret, and whilst transacting the business upon which I had been sent, I was startled at hearing the report of a gun, and then another, and another, booming loud above the clamor of the storm. 'That is a signal of distress,' said some one hurrying from the room, but who returned again saying there was a ship not far from the shore struggling with the raging billows, and would certainly in a few moments be dashed to pieces on the beach, and probably every soul on board be lost, for it was not possible that any boat could live through that sea to their assistance. It was now growing dark, and people were anxiously hastening to and fro from all quarters of the village, some carrying lanterns in their hands; others armed with bottles of alcohol, intended possibly for a restorative; and now came the dreadful cry that the noble ship had dashed headlong upon the beach and split from stem to stern. As the vessel lay directly in my way home I stopped to learn if possible the fate of her unfortunate crew; at that moment the body of a young man drifted ashore, while such of the ships company as were saved flocked around that inanimate form.'

'Tell me,' said Julia in a calm passionless voice, 'if you know whether this young man was a passenger or a sailor?'

'I understand he was a passenger, and excepting a middle aged lady who was saved from the wreck; the only one on board. His name I did not hear,' continued Linda, 'nor could I discern his features distinctly, his complexion, I rather think, was dark, and his hair very black and curly. Suspended from his neck by a chain of gold, with a large emerald attacked thereto which rested on the left breast, was the picture of a very youthful looking lady, set in brilliants and gold.'

'It was he! Oh God! it was he, and I am lost, lost forever,' cried the wretch Julia, wringing her hands in a transport of grief, 'where is he? where have they carried him? tell me. O tell me! that I may go and see him once more even though it be in death.'

'I cannot tell you lady where they have conveyed him, a wagon, was procured in which they placed the lifeless body and bore it from the village, accompanied by the lady from the wreck, who seemed sadly distressed.'

The bell now rung and the pitying Linda was compelled to leave the distressed young stranger alone in her solitary apartment to struggle with her deep sorrow and anguish of heart; and descend to the supper room to assist in preparing the table; yet feeling all the while an intense degree of interest, and curiosity with regard to the young lady and frowned youth for which she could not account.

CHAPTER III.

THE DAY AFTER THE STORM.

THE morning succeeding that night of darkness and desolation, broke fair and bright upon that little village, where one heart, at least, was shrowded in blackness deep as the midnight gloom. Having refused all solicitations to partake of the food brought her by Linda, Julia continued to walk the floor that dreadful night, in a state of extreme excitement—now mourning over her blighted hopes, nipped in the early bud, and now raving almost in frenzied accents at the stern decrees of her wayward fate, and then in a voice full of pathos, breathing a low, earnest prayer for the soul of him he should see no more on earth forever.

In vain did the beautiful servant girl entreat her to lie down and repose her wearied frame; she refused to do so until exhausted by fatigue and deep conflicting emotions, she threw herself upon the bed, where she fell into a broken and disturbed slumber, in which state she continued till the dawn of morning. Long had the sun, which rises alike on the just and the unjust, been casting his rays of cheerful light athwart the little apartment of the stranger, when Kathleen made her appearance saying:

'Will ye come down to breakfast, lady, or would ye like to have the same brot here?'

'I will have it here, Kathleen,' answered Julia; 'but have you much company below stairs.'

'Sorra a deal of company could ye expect in this ould out of the way place, and tired it is I am shving for all the world like a haythen.'

'Have you heard nothing relating to the wreck this morning, Kathleen?'

'Divil a word ma'am, barring that Biddy told Pathrick O'Flanherty as Captin Hel——, botheration, its myself has forgot the name, bad luck to it! Captin Hel—— something—came to the masther this morning to get a baste to be afther riding to see about the dhrowned man as is at the—O holy Virgin! that's the bell it is, and and I must be afther gitting out of this—no pace for the wicked, divil a bit!' and before Julia could propound another question, Kathleen had disappeared, leaving her to solve the mystery as best she could. The words of the girl, however, had increased the young lady's anxiety and suspense, which at length became too intolerable to be borne, and she rang the bell, hoping by this means to bring some one to her presence who might, if it were but partially, relieve the terrible agitation of mind, under which she was laboring. Kathleen again made her appearance to answer to the call, bearing the young lady's breakfast on a tea-tray, which she placed on the small table she had previously arranged for that purpose.

'Is it yer self lady would be afther eating just now?' she asked.

Julia placed herself at the table, and tried hard to partake of the viands that were before her—in order to detain the girl, hoping that she might thereby gain some elucidation of those direful events causing her so much deep solicitude.

'You were about to tell me, Kathleen, of a Captain whose name you did not remember; was it Del Cado?'

'Sure and tis the same, and a divil of an outlandisher it is.'

'Well what of him,' asked the young lady, in vain endeavoring to conceal her anxiety by an assumed calmness she actually did not feel. 'Did you see him, Kathleen?'

'Sorra a bit was it meself as seen him, lady; sure and 'twas Biddy as said the gintlemon came to the masther to hire a baste to ride to— to— to— the divil it may be, for all I remember of the matther.'

'Was it not something concerning the drowned gentleman, Kathleen?' asked the poor girl overcome by the violence of her emotion, and bursting into tears.

'Can't tell ye lady; O mushla! and is it sister ye are to the dhrowned gintlemon; heaven rest his sowl! as was murthered by the cowld waves? bad luck to 'em.'

Finding the curiosity of her attendant concerning herself was far greater than any information she could hope to acquire by cultivating an intimacy with her; and having a strong dislike to being questioned on the subject of her identity; Julia dismissed the girl and her breakfast at the same time, simply asking what had become of Linda.

'Sure its to market she's went,' answered Kathleen, not altogether pleased at the sudden turn given to the conversation; yet still determined to persist a while longer she continued—'Is it a swate heart he was, lady? divil a word is it I'll have of their flattery and fine spaches, he spalpeens! faix! if they can't break to shivers their lying promises no other way, 'tis dhrowned they'll get afore they'll be afther kaping their decaved words, the blackguards!'

'Retire,' cried Julia in a voice that send the inquisitive damsel in a hurry from her presence; 'and tell Linda to come to me when she returns.'

'And 'tis yerself may go to the divil afther Linda for all the word Kathleen O'Grady will be afther carrying her; and 'tis not meself as is going to tell ye any more about this same Captain To-hel——; and 'tis there I wish he may land, and yerself jist to kape him company, for an ugly big-mouthed crayture as ye are,' soliloquized the discomforted waiter as she descended the dilapidated stairs.

And now Julia, once more alone, pondered over the ruins of her brightest hopes;—fear of being detected and forced to convey her back to the home she had left, made her shrink from placing herself in contact with the visiters and boarders of the Inn; all within and without were alike strange to her, and she knew not to whom she might apply for advice or assistance, unless indeed to the very young and beautiful Linda, whom she thought kindly inclined toward her, and who at first sight had won her love and confidence. And now she paced the floor of the little apartment with an anxious, beating heart, impatiently awaiting the appearance of the fair girl—thus hours rolled away but no Linda appeared.

(To be Continued.)

Home-made Thunder.

An exchange tells the following amusing story of a western farmer:

'A man in our 'diggins' was informed that thunder was death to creepin' insects, and being much troubled with worms in his garden, and despairing too of any thunder of nature's manufacture, resolved to have some of domestic production. Pursuant to his determination, he charged an old musket, muzzle full, took a pale of water and a lantern, proceeded to the cabbage garden, rained on the plants copiously from his bucket, made the lantern open and shut *sesame* for lightning, and then in hot haste, let off 'Old Copenhagen' for thunder.—The worms 'cut and run,' while the manufacturer of the domestic article lay with his back on the earth, rendered oblivious from the knocks caused by the re-percussion action of the thunder machine.'

'Pa,' said a little fellow the other day 'wasn't Job an editor?'

'Why Sammy?'

'Because the Bible says he had so much trouble, and was a man of sorrow all the days of his life.'

'Mother, I heard Sissy swear'

'What did she say?'

'Why, she said she was'nt going to wear her darned' stocking to church.'

An eminent artist.—American of course—lately painted a snow-storm so natural that he caught a bad cold by sitting near it with his coat off.