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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustrâ, 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 24, 1854. NO. 8.

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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Poetry.

From the Weekly Dispatch.

THE KNOW-NOTHING.

"Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Snob,
As Mr. Snob reel'd in the door;
"A pretty time to seek your home;
I'm sure its twelve o'clock—and more;
These midnight revels will not do,
Shame on you Snob—for acting so!
Where have you been?—I ask again;"
Says he "dear wife—I do not know."

"A pretty plight your hat is in!
And see, your coat is muddied o'er;
Your nose is like a to-ma-to,
And you can scarcely reach the door.
How came you so—you naughty man,
Say, Mr. Snob—how came you so?"
"My dearest wife—don't bother me,
You've heard me say that I don't know."

"I don't know how I met the boys,
And how I made my maiden speech,
I don't know what it was all about,
Or whether it was a howl or screech,
I don't know if 'twas pop we drank,
Or whiskey, lager beer or rum,
I don't know how I broke my nose,
Or how I navigated hum."

"I see it all—you cruel man!"
Cried Mrs Snob, excited quite,
"You joined the men who nothing know,
And you've been meeting them to-night.
Well, I'll forgive you, if you'll tell
Why they do meet in secret so?
Say, Mr Snob—what do they do?"
"Why, Mrs. Snob—I do not know!"

Original Story.

(*Written for the Kent News*)

THE LAST DAYS OF ALGEATHA.

BY MINNA.

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEPARTURE.

AGAIN had evening cast her lengthened shadows on the village streets, and spread her mantle of silver grey over the budding beauties of nature;—a night of calm and placid sweetness had succeeded that of direful storm and tempest—the moon in her queenly beauty shed her soft silverly light o'er the dewey landscape and tipped with sober rays the spires of the village church, while stars with a supernal brightness decked the blue vaunted heavens, and shone like glittering gems; or as the eyes of pitying angels dropping the sympathetic tears of compassion over the woes and degredation of a fallen world. Julia having dismissed the maid who brought her evening meal, sat alone and melancholy at the little window of her apartment, which faced the village church, sadly ruminating on the vicissitudes of her brief but eventful career. No short aspace of time had transpired since she entered that village with a heart beating high with delightful anticipation, and cheeks flushed with the hue of health—hope and prospective happiness, alas! where had they fled? What a change had those few dark hours wrought on that young heart, now stricken by the heavy hand of sorrow and denied of all its bright blossoms of hope; that cheek so lately glowing with the rose tint of health, now paled by physical, yet more by mental suffering. The calm, beauty, and stillness of the night had somewhat soothed the perturbation of her feelings into a gentle repose, as she sat gazing from the little window, apparently in a deep abstracted mood: at length her sad eye was arrested by the lustre of a lone star that seemed hovering over yet every minute sinking deeper and deeper in the dark shadows which loomed over that silent grave-yard, the chilliness of whose white marble tombs, in the pale cold light of the moon, sent a shudder to her inmost soul. "Oh God!" she exclaimed, "is not that sinking star a sad emblem of my crushed hopes, which now, leafless and blighted, lie buried in the gloom of the past, to bud and blossom no more on earth; and of my ill-fated love, who is now sunk in the cold, cold arms of death's dark gloom, to walk the earth no more forever. O cruel death! thou mightest have spared this one to me after snatching every other friend I had on earth." Here an agony of tears welled up from the fullness of her crushed heart and rolled in burning showers down her pallid cheeks.

"Weep not, lady," said a soft voice at her side, whose every tone thrilled to her very heart's core.

"Shade of my departed mother," cried Julia, for no voice but thine could sound like that; art thou come to sooth the deep sufferings of thy unhappy child?"

"I am Linda, lady," said the beautiful servant girl, somewhat startled at this wild excaimation of the young unknown; whose eyes were fixed upon the lovely girl that in trancendant beauty stood before them with a face of classic outline and expression of angelic purity, partly veiled with her long, dark, flowing ringlets, which descended to her slender waste, and floated in matchless beauty in the passing night breeze. "I am Linda, lady, and could not be your mother, but if she can stoop to the friendship of one so humble, say but the word, and my services, such as they can be, are at your command."

With what avidity do we stretch forth the hand in order to grasp the least prop that may offer support to our sinking hopes in the dark hour of trouble and distress. How willing, aye how eager, then to receive the proffered kindness and friendship of those from whom, in the bright glare of our prosperity and happiness, we might feel disposed to turn with scorn and contempt. We do not say that such would have been the case with Julia in regard to the offer of Linda; but such we know to be a propensity of the human heart at the present day, and we humbly opine that the heart has been the same since man first fell from his primitive innocence and purity, and was for his disobedience expelled from the garden of paradise.

"O Linda," answered the weeping girl, at the same time wiping away her tears and striving to overcome the emotions of her lacerated heart; "no one can surely be more in need of friendly aid and advice than myself at this time; alone, unknown, and unprotected, afraid to breath my unlucky name even in secret lest it should betray my hiding place, and again throw me into the power of one who has been the deadliest enemy of my family, and from whose disappointed avarice and deep rooted malice I could hope for no mercy. But tell me, have you heard any thing definite of the ill-fated ship, her name and destination, or if you can contrive an interview for me with the captain?"

"The ship and cargo, which latter was chiefly flour, lady, is a total loss," replied Linda. "She was bound to Bordeaux, and her name was, I understand, the Flying Cloud. As to procuring you an interview with the captain, this is impossible; he hired a conveyance this morning, and himself with three of his crew, who were all those men that survived the storm, left the village (after getting a protest respecting the wreck) for the nearest port, where they intend to take ship and return home."

"And the young man that was drowned, Linda, what have they done with his remains?"

"Of that I can learn nothing," answered the girl. "There is no preparation for interment making at the village church-yard—likely they may carry the body to its own native place for burial."

"That would be a long, long journey," said Julia, speaking more to herself than in reply to her companion, then leaning her head upon her hand, became absorbed in thought.

"I think, lady," said Linda, breaking the deep silence that had reigned for several minutes, "you had better leave this place at once, for if my judgment be correct, you are by no means safe in remaining here."

"What mean you girl?" cried Julia, starting from her seat in evident alarm. "And wherefore this conjecture? know you aught of me beyond my present cognomen?"

"Of your real name, lady, I am ignorant; but this much I know, that the one you have assumed cannot long screen you from the detection of avaricious, prying eyes, sharpened by the aid of a minute and exact description."

"Explain, Linda, my head is confused, my heart almost broken, and I am dull at guessing."

"Well then, to be plain," Linda replied, "to-morrow's sun must not rise upon you here if you wish to retain your freedom. This evening a stranger arrived at the village and put up at the house of McToy. I happened to be there at the time, and something seemed to tell me that his visit was a link in the chain of your destiny. I therefore resolved to acquire all the information I could concerning the object which brought him hither,—for this purpose I loitered about, determined to watch his movements. He commenced talking in a careless manner about the village, asked if strangers ever resorted thither; and made several inquiries regarding the unfortunate ship so lately wrecked upon the beach—of which circumstance he had just been informed. A demonic smile played for a moment over his dark but comely features as he listened to a discription of the young man whose dead body floated or rather was drifted ashore by the surging waves. "Ah ha!" said he, in a low tone, and chuckling to himself; "thanks to fate she has performed that job for me, but still this shall not make me forget that I have yet one to perform for myself. By the way," said he, raising his voice, "I should like to know if there has not a strange young lady arrived at this village very recently?" Some answered that there had, others said they knew nothing of the matter. He then offered a liberal reward to any person or persons who should discover this same young lady and deliver her safe into his hands, giving at the same time an exact description of yourself; and concluded by affirming that you, not content with defying the authority of your lawful guardian, had taken up with a dissipated young fellow and fled from his house."

"Fiend!" exclaimed Julia. "But do you believe this base and infamous slander, Linda?"

"Not a bit of it," answer the beautiful girl; "but there was a circumstance in his behaviour that astonished me not a little and sent me speedily from his presence. As he concluded this accusation against yourself, his keen, flashing black eye fell full upon me—for I was standing not far off listening to his words with the deepest attention;—no sooner had that searching glance fell upon my face, than he started from his chair as though he had been stung by a viper, crying in a deep, earnest voice: 'Who is that girl? where did she come from? what is her name? and where does she live?' Some one replied in answer to the latter interrogations, that I had no name but Linda, and told him my place of residence and the sphere in which I move. And before I could effect my exit, he addressed me with those words: 'Girl, have you a father or mother living? I informed him that I had neither, my father I had never known, and retained but a faint remembrance of my mother; that I was raised in the orphan asylum until ten years of age, when I was put out to service. "'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange,' he murmured thoughtfully; 'the likeness is perfect, but pshaw! the thing is impossible.'"

For a considerable time the gaze of Julia was riveted upon the beautiful face of Linda with an expression of earnest scrutiny, which the poor girl at once misconstrued.

"Do you doubt me, lady?" she asked in a faltering voice.

"No, no, Linda" answered the young lady; "I was endeavoring to trace the resemblance of one whom your face and voice have more than once brought to my memory."

"If you would take my advice," responded the girl; "you would not spend much time in those useless speculations unless you have made up your mind to place yourself under the control of your exasperated guardian."

"Never, so help me God! never!" cried the young girl with energy; rising as she spoke, and drawing a loaded pistol from beneath her robe. "Never while my name is Elphonzo De Almonte; this, my good friend, shall protect me from such a fate at the price of either his heart's blood or of my own. Girl," she continued, casting an anguished yet inquisitive glance upon Linda, who, on hearing the name pronounced by the stranger, had leaped to the centre of the room, where she stood with hands folded and seeming petrified with astonishment. "You have heard me call that ill-fated name, promise me that you will never divulge the same to mortal flesh while I live without liberty from me to do so."

"I promise," said Linda, (ah! little did she know how much that promise would effect her own future) who had now recovered from her surprise, and the anxiety she felt for the safety of this singular girl rising paramount to every other consideration—"I promise; yet this is wasting time in worse than folly. That pistol could stand but little stead, young lady, against a dozen strong, armed men. Corvett and his miserly wife will hear of this offered reward before to-morrow's sun, and then, unless you previously make your escape I tell you, you are lost—for if you look for mercy or protection from them you will be sadly disappointed."

"Your words are true, Linda, replied Julia—for by this appellation we must still continue to designate the incognita:—"God help me! I have none to protect, none to care for, none to defend me."

"Trust in God," said Linda, "and here is one who will stand by you at the risk of her own life. Consent to be guided by me in this emergency; come now, throw your cloak around you, and help me raise your trunk upon my head, haste now and follow me—I hear the signal that all is ready, you must be gone."

Julia mechanically obeyed the directions of the girl, and then followed her from the room. They crossed the corridor and descending a narrow winding stairs, found themselves in the front passage, from whence they issued into the main street of the village, where a small ungainly but strongly built vehicle with two horses in very good condition stood waiting to receive them.

"Is all right Bernard?" asked Linda in a whisper. A nod in the affirmative was the only answer to this query. The youth then hastily secured the baggage after which they all entered the carriage and drove rapidly away.

CHAPTER V.

THE GUARDIAN.

EARLY on the morning succeeding the flight of the young unknown, the pursuer, feeling sure of his prize, started for the house kept by Corvett, prepared to carry off the intended victim, whom he now believed to be fully in his power; for Corvett, in hope of fingering the reward, had the night before informed him that the identical girl was then an inmate of his establishment—as he loved with an air of pomposity to style his humble abode. Imagine then the rage and disappointment of Lorenez Di Algeatha at finding "the nest cold and the bird flown." The bell rang violently.

"Where is Linda?" inquired the hostess of Kathleen O'Grady who made her appearance in answer to the summon.

"Sure ma'am, and I have'nt seen her this blessed morning, and thought it was yer'self as had sent the spalpeen to market."

"Hold your tongue, you doll; who asked you for your thoughts? when did you ever know me to send to market on Friday? Do you know any thing of the young lady that staid in number seven?"

"No ma'am, may it please ye, 'twas Biddy as waited on the lady last night with the tay."

"Then call Biddy here and take yourself off to seek Linda—by the way where can that young minx have gone to? I never knew the girl out of place before. Well Biddy did you carry tea to No. 7, last night?"

"Yes ma'am," answered a fair, florid good humored looking Irish girl; "not that the young lady was afther tasting the same, for the supper was all on the table this morning, saving what the mice had nibbed off in the night."

"Stop," said Algeatha in a sharp voice: "we want to hear nothing of mice.—What was the lady doing when you carried the meal to her apartment?"

"At the window it was she was sitting, yer honor, with her eyes fixed upon the top of the church, and tears fall all the world like a torrent of rain, running down her cheeks, the poor young crayture."

"Tears eh! they must have been the first she ever shed; for I have never seen her weep; imperious and unconquerable, as she deems herself, if I am not mistaken they shall not be her last," said Algeatha, striding the floor rapidly, while his eyes fairly flashd fire. "But did you hear her mention anything of her intention to leave the house?"

"No, yer honor," answered the girl; "she bade me place the supper on the table and retire, and 'twas impatient she seemed because I was afther praying her."

"Sure and 'tis Linda as is no where to be found, the jade," said Kathleen, poking her head in at the half open door; "but Bernard's the chap as sez as how he heard a coach and sax drive off in the night, with two lanterns sticking to the forepart of the same. But divil a bit is I afraid of the he, for I never knew one of the male gender, or for the matter of that, the neuter gender aither, to tell a word of truth in my born days."

"Send the boy here," cried the hostess stamping with rage, "and take yourself off to your work, you blundering imp of an Irish booby."

Bernard being examined, testified that as he could'nt go to sleep he happened to be wide awake, and while Mr. Corvett was gone over to McToy's to give information of his lodger, a carriage drove up to the door and he saw two persons he took to be young ladies handed in the vehicle, by a very nice, genteel looking young gentleman, who he supposed performed the double office of coachman and admirer."

"Which way did they take?" said D'Algeatha, who stood biting his lips in rage.

"They steered due North," replied the lad, pointing out a direction directly opposite to that he had taken the night previous; "and as this is all I know of the circumstance I hope I may consider myself dismissed." So saying he stuck his hands in his pockets and walked off without awaiting further orders. There was nothing now left for the baffled and disappointed guardian to do, but go on in pursuit of the fugitive. He therefore left the inn, grinding his teeth in his fury, and cursing the landlord for a mercenary, deceiving scoundrel, who he swore had, in consideration of a larger reward than that offered by himself aided the girl in making her escape. And now while he is pursuing his way (which by-the-by proved to be far from the right one) and vowing vengeance on the unhappy delinquent should he be so fortunate as to secure her again in his power with your leave, indulgent reader, we will carry you back to a period of some twenty two or three years before the commencement of this veritable history.

About thirty miles from the town of B——, there lived at the date just mentioned, a gentleman of large fortune and high standing; this gentleman was a foreigner by birth, and had emigrated to this country with his wife in the early childhood of his only son and daughter—of this boy we shall speak more particularly as being intimately connected with the events of our story. Being the only son of parents in affluent circumstances, with no necessity nor spur for action, naturally of a feeble and delicate constitution, he had been accustomed to an implicit reliance in all things on the judgment of his friends, and never gave himself the trouble to form opinions of his own, or to study the diversity of the human heart. He had therefore grown up to manhood effeminate, both mentally and physically; honest and confiding in his disposition, he looked upon all mankind as being like himself; and had no idea of the deception and depravity, lurking beneath the specious guise and flattering smiles of professed friendship. We may rightly conclude that a man of such debilitated temperament would consequently become an easy prey to the seductions of the crafty and designing—but we will not anticipate. Two years previous to the demise of his parents his young and beautiful sister Elphonzo de Almonte had left their sheltering roof, allured from her duty by the persuasions and promises of one whom she had learned to love "not wisely but too well." This beloved object was a young man just started on the journey of life, and determined to take the shortest road, whatever it might be, which offered to lead to the temple of fortune, and make him the favorite of the blind goddess. Cunning, base and designing, he laid his snares to entrap the fair Elphonzo, and succeeded but too well. When the father was informed of the young man's intentions, (whose character at a glance he had fathomed) concerning his daughter, he positively forbade her seeing him again. This, however, did not prevent their meeting clandestinely, and supposing that the old man would relent when he knew the step was irrevocably taken, and give to his beloved daughter the fortune he had destined for her portion her false-hearted lover—or rather the lover of her father's gold, not of herself—prevailed upon the credulous young creature to leave her home of wealth and luxury, and go with him, assuring her that once the knot was tied her father would forgive and take her again to his favor; and vowing on his own part unutterable love and tenderness, swearing that the wealth of her father was no object to him, she consented to his wishes and they were privately married; and now having secured the girl, he set his wits to work in devising a plan for securing the property of her father. With this object in view he wrote a long penitential epistle, expressing much sorrow for this act of disobedience, alleging it was the first and should be the last the writer was or ever would be guilty of; and bestowing many encomiums on himself for his kindness, tenderness and disinterested affection as far as wealth was concerned for his wife, he concluded by humbly entreating forgiveness and permission to return with the kind husband of her choice to his paternal roof, which was all that was wanting to fill to the brim her cup of bliss and make her perfectly happy—This letter he caused to be copied by his wife and directed to her father. The old gentleman however had too much experienced the ways of the world—particularly the crafty cunning portion of it—to be caught by a bait so easily; his penetrating mind could readily discover the covert designs of Algeatha and he remained inexorable, forbade his daughter to appear in his presence, and informed her that he had discarded her from his heart and home. Algeatha was not the man to be discouraged by the first failure, and through the medium of his hope, he made several other attempts at a reconciliation, but like the first they were productive of nothing but anger and disappointment. And now when all hope of obtaining a fortune by means of his wife had expired, his behaviour toward her underwent a thorough change; he became cold and cruel, heartlessly upbraiding her with her poverty and lack of prudence; and rendering her young life miserable by his unkindness—being determined to revenge upon his daughter, the unrelentings of the father. After continuing for nearly two years in the vicinity of DeAlmonte, Lorenzo Di Algeatha removed his young and beautiful wife to a Southern city, where in a few months, sunk in penury and want, she died in giving birth to a little innocent, who was never to behold its mother's face. A short time after this event Algeatha set out for parts unknown, leaving the infant to the sole care of a benevolent lady who had taken compassion on the destitute little creature, and had it removed to her house. In the meantime De Almonte had passed from the bounds of time, leaving a will by which he had excluded his daughter from all participation in his large property, settling the same exclusively on his son—his wife having died a short time previous to her husband. At the time that Eugene De Almont reached his majority, and found himself sole possessor of a vast unincumbered estate, there resided in the town of B——, a gentleman by the name of Ringgold in affluent circumstances, and having an only daughter, a girl of fifteen summers, and of the most transcendent beauty, both of person and mind, it was impossible to behold the lovely Elphonzo Ringgold and remain impervious to her charms; nature had made her extremely delicate and fragile, but there was a fire in the large, dark eye, and at times an expression of heavenly sweetness on that pale, beautiful face, which proved that the immortal soul soared high above the weakness of the flesh, and held communion with its kindred angels. The mother of this lovely girl had closed her eyes in death, when those of her infant had first opened to the light of this world.

(*To be Continued.*)

VOWS.—A country parson preaching one Lord's day, from the text—"Vow and pay unto the Lord your vows"—in the course of his remarks proved pretty conclusively that after a person had made a vow it was his duty to perform it.

Directly after service, a sort of half breed Indian not at all companionable to say the least, came up to the Rev. divine saying:

"I vow I go home with you."

"Then you must go," was the unhesitating reply.

"I vow I stay to supper," said he on arriving at the gate.

There was no alternative and the minister invited him in.

"I vow I stay all night," was the cool assertion as he drew away from the table.

The good man saw that submission ceased to be a virtue and without any preceptible sign of discomfiture said.

"You are welcome to-night, but I vow you shall go in the morning."

MINISTERIAL WIT.—A witty clergyman had been lecturing one evening in a country village, on the subject of temperance, and, as usual, after the lecture the pledge was passed round for signatures.

"Pass it along that way," said the lecturer, pointing to a gang of bloated and red nosed loafers near the door.—"Pass it along—perhaps some of those gentlemen would like to join our cause."

"We don't bite at a bare hook," gruffly muttered one of the rummies.

"Well," replied the ready clergyman, "I believe there is a kind of fish called suckers, that do not bite."

☞"The baby is sick, my dear."

"Well, give it castor oil. Dennis, bring up that castor oil."

"It's all gone, sir—divil a drop is left."

"Gone! why we have not yet opened the bottle."

"Sure you have had it every day, and I've seen you use it myself upon your salad."

"Why you scoundrel! you don't mean to say thet I've been eating castor oil every day during the salad season?"

"Sure you have, sir."

"Did you not see the bottle was labelled 'Castor Oil?'"

"Sure an I did, sir; and did'nt I put it in the 'castor' every day?"

☞At a social party one evening the question was put, "What is religion?"

"Religion," replied one of the party, "is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best *policy*."

"I have bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman."

"Ah! just like you. Who is it that you have made happy by this charity?"

"My wife."

☞"What are you writing such a big hand far, Pat?"

"Why you see my grandmother is daf, and I'm writin' a loud letter to her."