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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.

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5.000 Fine Steel engraving, 'Portraits of the Presidents' to the present time,	5.00
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Postmasters and Periodical agents are specially authorized to receive and remit subscriptions and *all other persons* are invited to take an interest in the Publication, each receiving twenty per cent commission for their trouble, which they can retain from their remittances or receive in lieu Five copies of the 'Courier" and Five numbered receipts for Four dollars. They also become competitors for the $3 000 cash Premiums to be given, when the required number of Fifty Thousand has been attained, to those who forward the largest lists of subscribers. A careful record will be kept of the number sent by each, and the premiums will be impartially awarded. A little exertion may secure to one of them them, the handsome gratuity of $1 000.

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All letters must be *prepaid*, and addressed ATERHOUSE & CO.
434 Broadway, New York
May 27, 1854—6w.

SWANTOWN
Woolen Factory.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he still carries on the

Swantown Mills,

and has taken the machinery through a thorough repair, with the addition of some new machinery, and from his long experience in the business, feels confident that he will be able to render satisfaction to all who may favour him with their custom. The following description of goods will be kept constantly on hand, which will be sold on reasonable terms or exchanged for wool as usual, viz:

All wool and Cotton Kersey
Tweeds Bauketting, Flannel, Linsey.
And Stocking Yarn of all numbers, &c.

Also Carding, Spinning, Weaving, and Fulling done in the best manner. Wool left with the following Agents to be Manufactured, Carded, &c., will be taken to the Factory, made up to order and returned free of any extra charge, viz:

Wm F Smyth & Co.—Millington, Md.
W. N. E. Wickes—Chester Town, "
E. H. Pearce & Bro.—Sudlersville, Q. A. Co., Md.

The above gentlemen will keep a good assortment of the above goods on hand, which they will exchange for wool or sell at the manufacturer's prices.

E. M. FOWLER

May 27, 1854.—m

WHITE GOODS.

A good assortment of Swiss, Plaid and Cambric Muslins, just open and for sale low, by T. W. ELIASON.
May 13, 1854.

JUST received and for sale, Liquors, Flour, Rice, Molasses, &c., also Hams. WM. BACCHUS.
Chestertown, May 27, 1854.—t.

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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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.

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Poetry.

THE MISSING SHIP.

Her mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land;
And from the shore a last farewell,
Is waved by many a snowy hand;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until the verge she wanders o'er;
But from that hour of parting pain,
Oh, she was never heard of more!

In her was many a mother's joy
And love of many a weeping fair,
For her was wafted in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer;
And oh, the thousand hopes untold,
Of ardent youth that vessel bore;
Say, were they quenched in ocean cold?
For she was never heard of more!

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doomed to flee,
Say, sank she mid the blending wrath
Of raking cloud and rolling sea?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all!—her destiny is dark—
She was never heard of more!

The moon hath often changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wan;
'Mid skies of calm and scowls of storm,
Since from her port that ship has gone.
But Ocean keeps her secret well;
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate—she never was heard of more!

Original Story.

(Written for the Kent News)

THE
LAST DAYS OF ALGEATHA.

BY MINNA.

(Continued)

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAGEDY.

De Almonte retired after swallowing that fatal draught in apparent health, to seek repose. Ah! little did he know that the element of death was then in his veins, coursing through his heart's blood, polluting the pure fountain, and scattering its baneful streams throughout the whole system. Late in the night he awoke, and complained of violent pain in the stomach and abdomen. Elphonzo, supposing the affection to proceed from a disordered state of the stomach, produced by some suspension of the digestive organs, gave some simple remedies usual in such cases—but without producing the desired effect. Eugene then requested the services of Del Cado, who had palmed himself off for a regular diplomaed physician, but with fortune sufficint to place him above the necessity of practicing. He readily responded to the call and immediately administered a powder, which quickly deadened the violence of the pain without destroying the virulence of the poison, but merely making it more sluggish in its operations. This powder having all the properties of a strong narcotic, threw the sufferer into a state of unconscious slumber for several hours. From this stupor he was aroused by the return of pain, when his alarmed wife proposed sending for a physician from the town of B——; this De Almonte opposed, alledging that Del Cado was equally as skillful and far more more attentive than any doctor he could procure. Thus he continued alternately in pain and stupor until the third day, when it became apparent to himself and all around him there was no possibility of his recovery. He now desired suitable persons to be sent for to write and witness his last will and testament. In this will he bequeathed to his beloved wife one half of his vast estate, the other half to be settled on his little Elphonzo; also in his will he named Di Algeatha his executor and guardian of his infant daughter,—he lived but to perform this task, and take a last farewell of his deeply afflicted wife and little daughter, when his eyes were closed in death by the hand of the infamous Algeatha, for even Del Cado, the hired murderer, shrank from performing the task.

And here we are compelled to draw a veil over the distressing scene—we would not pretend to describe the heart-rending anguish and bitter sorrow of the lovely and bereaved Elphonzo. Di Algeatha used all the powers of his eloquence to sooth her deep distress; and by his well dissembled sorrow and sympathy she was taught to look up to him as her best friend and only adviser.—Under a pretended regard for the feelings and reputation of Elphonzo, he now removed his residence to the town of B——; and exercising complete control over the whole estate of the late Eugene De Almonte, he paid to Del Cado the stipulated ten thousand dollars—the price of its owner's blood—with the promise of five thousand more in the course of two years. With this sum Emanuel Del Cado returned to the South, bought a ship and put out to sea, and for years was not heard of.

Twelve months had now passed away; during this time Lorenez Di Algeatha treated the young and lovely widow with marked politeness and respect. Did he love her? you will ask. No! there was no place for love in a heart like his. But her dower he wanted, and that he resolved he would have.

It may be as well to remark in this place that Algeatha had not hitherto passed under his true cognomon, but had passed under the assumed appellation of Walter Armsfield. Armsfield being the maiden name of his mother, who was of English descent. And Del Cado, his coadjutor in wickedness, had taken upon himself the flourishing title of Doctor Pedro Di Sabastino, and by no other designation were they known to Elphonzo.

It would be tiresome and uninteresting, indulgent reader, to lead you thro' all the mazes and labyrinths of falsehood and dissimulation practised by the insidious Algeatha in order to decoy the young and beautiful widow De Almonte into his schemes; it is enough for our present purpose to inform you that the bait proved to be successful, and in a year and a half after the death of Eugene, she became the wife of, as supposed, Walter Armsfield. Having now fully accomplished his black designs, and brought into his grasp the wealth for which he had schemed and plotted, and bartered his peace of mind forever, he began to weary of his mask of sanctity beneath which he had carried on his vile operations; this mask being exceedingly irksome, he determined to rid himself of it as early as practicable by drawing it aside by degrees. As before stated, he hated Elphonzo for her purity and virtue, and despised her for the childlike simplicity of her disposition. With a conscience tormented by the enormity of its own guilt, he could not bear the sight of peace such as her's flowing from inward innocence and purity; and like a demon who, miserable himself, delights in the misery of all around him. Is not this true with regard to the carnel, unregenerate heart of man in all phases of society. Misery, the off-spring of sin and wickedness has ever enjoyed a fiendish delight in involving in its own wretchedness all who may be within the sphere of its blasting contact. So it was with Algeatha; being, as we have observed already, tormented himself, he determined that misery and anguish of heart should be the portion of his lovely, innocent wife; and to bring into effect his demon-like purpose, he commenced the attack where he knew a woman's heart was most susceptible of receiving a blow—that is, by ill treating her child, the little Elphonzo, whom, with all his art, he could never induce to regard him with any sensations less than those of terror.—This the fond mother bore for sometime without complaining; but one day when he had been unusual severe with the child she expostulated with him on this unwonted cruelty to her little girl. He now stepped forth in all his black deformity;—this interference of the mother was all he wanted, as it afforded him a plea for turning this cruelty upon herself. He now swore that she had ever taught the child to treat him with disrespect; upbraided her with her love for De Almonte, whose death, to her horror, he informed her, had been procured by his means; and warned her of a similar fate should she ever dare to rebel against his authority; and finally, as the finishing stroke to her wretchedness, he tore the little Elphonzo from the arms of her mother, at the expiration of two years from his marriage, and had her conveyed she knew not where to.

The unhappy woman now driven to a state of desperation, resolved to make her escape from her tyrant, and endeavor to regain her lost child. Having formed this resolution she took advantage of the absence of Algeatha for putting it in execution, and taking her infant in her arms, she turned her back on her once happy home, and set out in the wide world a wanderer, with no staff to lean upon but the God in whom she trusted. Algeatha, freed now from the presence of one, the purity of whose life was as gall and wormwood to his wicked heart, put out the rumor that his wife had ran off with her former friend Pedro Di Sebastino, who he affirmed had been secretly lurking in the neighborhood for some time previous, thus blinding the eyes of the public, he gave himself no more concern about her.

It happened about this time that a uncle of Lorenez in Mexico, brother to his father, died, leaving him a considerable fortune, which, however, he could not inherit under his fictitious title.—Upon this intelligence he hastened to Mexico, dropped his assumed name of Armsfield, alleging as a reason for doing so, that the estate left by a relative in the South, could not become his without taking the name of Algeatha, the same as was born by the doner, and one he desired might from thenceforth be applied to himself.

It was not with Algeatha as with most men who are anxious to acquire wealth—he sought it not as a channel of luxury or dissipation. It was the miserly love of gold, the sordid passion for hording up yellow dust, that had congealed his miserable soul, and rendered it invulnerable to every emotion, save those arising from the love of accumulating and heaping up earthly treasure, which had engulphed all other feelings within its deep dark chasm. It might with truth be said of him,

For yellow dross he pawned his soul,
And bowed reform the shining evil;
To gain his well beloved gold,
He sold himself to serve the devil.

(To be Continued.)

Woman's Rights.

The editor of the Albany Register discourses thus touching "Woman's Rights:"

No! No! The prudent man forseeing the evil hideth himself. Man must surrender his supremacy. He must yield to his destiny. He must rock the cradle and throw the shuttle and spin. Women must be redeemed. She must be made a free and independent voter. She must take a seat on the Bench, and in the Jury box. She must be elected Supervisor, and serve on the Police—She must go to Congress, and have a place in the Cabinet. She must carry the hod and have a voice in Legislation. She must go to the wars and carry a musket and revolvers, or a long sharp sword to cut and lash people with. She must have an exclusive and antagonistic existence, a separate identity from man.—She must be a separate and distinct people, moving by herself on one side of the track and man on the other. There must be two races, two destinies, two social and political existences, the one man, and the other woman.

They must no longer go together like cups and saucers, nor be put in the same box like knives and forks. They must each possess a distinct nationality though occupying the same territory, and imperium in imperio. If they can agree and abide by compacts, all very well. If they cannot, then they must go back to first principles, and make a tooth and nail business of it.

Being a man of peace we go in for Woman's Rights. Like the reverend Mr. May, and him of the comed-backed hair, we surrender and hand over the unmentionables. We were not made for an oppressor, and have no stomach for fighting. Bright eyes, flowing ringlets, beautiful hands, and smiles like the sunlight, are our weakness. Yes; Yes!—Women must have their rights—They must no longer be down-trodden; made slaves of—tyranized over, tomahawked or scalped. They must be free, aye free, and independent, unfettered and haltered as the wild ass' colt.

A Sneezing Court.

The Cincinnati Columbian must be held responsible for the following:

During the progress of the examination of Minkhouse and Leary, for an outrage upon an idiot girl, as reported elsewhere, some person or persons, not having a due sense of the awful majesty of the law or the dignity of the court, scattered a villanous mixture of snuff, Cayenne pepper, baberry bark, and most probably a slight sprinkling of cowhage about the room. It happened at the time that the audience was extremely large, and of that mixed description that generally congregate about the purlieus of a Court of Justice. The insinuating dust soon began to take effect, a concert of sneezing mixed with coughing, first among the outsiders, made it impossible to understand one word from either judge, lawyer, witness or prisoner.

"Silence!" shouted the marshal.

"Si-an-ci-chi-che-lence;" sneezed the deputy.

By this time the epidemic had extended to within the bar, and there was as much coughing and sneezing as ever was heard within the House of Representatives during a drowsy speech of an unpopular orator.

"Open the-ugh-win-chee chee-dow; oh, Lord!" exclaimed the prosecuting attorney.

"I suggest ah-chee-te-te-that they be chiz turned out," gasped another lawyer.

The judge who by this time had coughed and sneezed, until his face was as red as the comb of a turkey cock, was struck by the idea, and a posse of officers being called from below, cleared the room of the unhappy multitude, who upon their egress into the street gave such a concerted diabolical sneeze that a couple of horses that were hitched outside, became scared, and breaking their bridles scampered frantically away.

A KNOW-NOTHING.

"I say Bill, I seed a Know Nothing."

"Where?"

"Why, on the Museum steps."

"What did he look like?"

"Why, he looked like a man."

"No, but what had he on?"

"Clothes."

"Don't be a fool—tell me how you found out that he was a Know Nothing.

"Why he said so."

"Did you ask him to tell you?"

"No, but I asked him whether he would give me a six pence, and he said 'NO, NOTHING.'"

A LATER ARTICLE.—"Who made you?" inquired a lady teacher of a lubberly boy, who had lately joined her class.

"I don't know;" said he.

"Don't know! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. A boy fourteen years old! Why, there is little Dickey Fihon—he is only three—he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dickey—who made you?,'

"Dod," lisped the infant prodigy.

"There," said the teacher triumphantly. "I knew he would remember."

"Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy, 'taint but a little while ago since he was made."

A SMART BOY.—A lad who was at play with the son of a next door neighbor, asked:

"Is not your father a fool?"

"No," was the reply; "whe said that of my father?"

"Nobody as I knows on," responded the knowing urchin, "but mother told me 'tother day that I was next door to a fool, and I didn't know whether she meant your father or Nat Smith's."

☞The individual who perpetrated the following choice stanza was a genius and a man of observation. Hear him:

Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce will kiss a brother;
Women oft want to kiss so bad
They smack and kiss each other!

☞"If Jim was trump, what a *hand* you would hold," said Charles Lamb to a filthy partner at whist.