msa_sc2901_scm2353-0348 ©Maryland State Archives

a creature of you own imagination, lady," said the maiden, "for if I mistake not, Mrs Marion was far more struck with your countenance than with mine."

"I cannot imagine why, I am sure," responded Julia. "You do not detect any similitude in my features and hers, do you?"

"No, lady," Linda replied. "Your faces are totally dissimilar, both in features and expression, and yet there is a something—I cannot tell what it is—that to my mind seems to link you together. But the night is far advanced, you had better sleep now if you can, for time will unfold all mysteries."

Julia slept but little, and even that little was disturbed, while Linda reposed by her side in a sweet uninterrupted slumber;—her pure young heart had never been schorched with the fires of disappointed love; sorrows she had experienced, but she received them as messengers from heaven, sent in mercy, to wean her from a world of sin, and place her affections on things above—not that Linda, the young and beautiful servant of the village inn, was insensible to the happiness flowing from love one to another, for never was there a warmer, truer heart placed in the fair bosom of a village maiden.

It was now midnight—deep sleep had fallen upon all the inhabitants of that little dwelling, save, it might be, two.—The mistress paced the floor of her apartment with a nervous, restless step—then taking a lamp in her hand, she stealthily made her way to the chamber of the young, and, to her thoughts, mysterious strangers; she gently raised the latch and entered. They were both lying apparently in a propound slumber—this indeed was true as it regarded Linda—but Julia had seen her enter, and feigned herself asleep. Mrs. Marion softly approached the bed, and holding her lamp in such a position that the light fell full in the face of Julia;—this she gazed long and steadily upon, as if earnestly scrutinizing every feature therein developed. "What a resemblance!" she said in a soft, low voice, speaking to herself; 'the same mouth, the same large high nose, the very exact expression and cast of countenance, except, perhaps, a little more sad, but that is the fault of circumstances and by no means natural; suspense, suspense, how harrowing! It must me, the story is so analogous! but no it cannot be, the names are all so dissimilar." She turned with a sigh to Linda, whose fair head was partially resting on one side, her rich dark ringlets were all thrown back from her lovely face and fell like a sable veil over the snowy pillow. "What angel innocence and purity," whispered the lady as she gazed upon the beautiful sleeper. "No face that I have ever seen, was half so fair, and still 'tis like one that I have somewhere seen; sweet child, and you were lost from parents who no doubt idolized their little prattler, and oh! how deeply mourned—what pangs must have wrung the heart of that mother;—oh my own heart knows too well the agony of those severed ties;—would, would thy mother could be found, and thou restored unto her bosom's love, sweet innocence." She cast one more long lingering look on Julia and softly left the room.

"Strange and incomprehensible," soliloquised Julia, "who could she have meant by the nose, the mouth, the countenance,—there upon my soul, I begin to think, the lady must be somewhat deranged, and I will fasten that door for I should not at all fancy another nocturnal visit." So saying she arose and secured the door and then fell into a slumber in which she continued until the dawn of day.

"Did you know, Linda," said Julia, when they had arisen on the following morning, "that we had a visitor last night?"

"No indeed!" cried Linda, looking at her with evident alarm; "what visitor? what can you mean, lady?"

"I mean that we had a verritable visiter late last night, in the person of Mrs. Marion. I am apprehensive that she is somewhat deranged; or else she must be a somnambulist."

"Neither one nor the other," answered Linda gravely; "In my opinion there is an affinity existing between you and herself, lady; what that same affinity may be I cannot divine; but I think you had better tell her your real soubriquet; my word for it, your confidence will not be misplaced."

"Nay, I cannot, Linda; I had rather that unlucky name should be forever buried in oblivion, because it is the same that was borne by my dearly beloved yet dishonored mother."

"I respect your feelings lady, and will no longer insist upon the announcement, although I have a presentiment that I too have some interest in that name."

Julia stood for a considerable time in deep thought, and then said:

"Why do you think so, Linda? You are sufficiently alike, I own, to justify the idea of your being nearly allied to Mrs. Marion, but I see not how this could involve an interest in the name of my mother."

"I think so," said Linda, "because I have worn that name as a talisman since my earliest recollection, and amidst all my poverty and distress, I have never parted from it and indeed it appears to be woven as a part of my existence."

A rap at the dour and a summon to breakfast put a stop to further conversation between the two girls, and they decended to the eating room, where Mrs Marion though very pale and nervous, with an easy, graceful and devout deportment, conducted the family devotion.

"And now lady," said Linda to Julia, "I must leave you with this kind and generous friend, whom, I have no boubt, you will find a friend indeed one qualified by experience to give that advice and instruction which youth and inexperience so much require, and now farewell—I leave yon in this peaceful abode, and go forth to battle with the toils and dull cares of life, and though I be absent from you, yet will my eyes be on the watch for your safety, and my ears on the alert for the steps of the pursuer."

"Oh Linda! Linda!" cried Julia, "had I my fortune in possession, nothing but death should part us, for a lifetime would be all too short to compensate for the love and kindness you have shown and the service you have rendered to me." So saying she clasped the beautiful maiden in a warm embrace to her throbbing heart, and bathed her pure white brow in the burning tears of affectionate sorrow.

"And whither would you go, my child?" said Mrs. Marion; "so young, so beautiful; my very heart bleeds for you that you should launch forth upon this world's dark storms and tempests alone and unprotected. Remain here, dear girl, why will you brave life's snares alone?"

"Dear lady, I am not alone," answered Linda, while a smile of ineffible sweetness lighted up her angelic countenance, "I have ever been conscious of an invisible hand guiding my steps through the valley of time; and I know that hand will never guide me amiss.—I am fully sensible of the kindness of your offer, but circumstances compel me to decline the pleasure I should derive from its acceptance." Then with a warm embrace she took her leave, while tears flowed fast over her seraph like face. She proceed immediately to the adjacent town where she procured a situation in the principal hotel of the place.

(Concluded next week.)

THE NEWS.

CHESTER TOWN, Md.

Saturday Morning, July 22, 1854.

SOLD.—The new steamer Kent, has been sold by Capt. Sturgeon, to a company in Seaford, Del., for about $28,000.

CELEBRATION.—Kent Council, I. O. U. A. M. celebrated their anniversary, at Millington, on Tuesday last. The procession was formed in front of the Hall at 10½ o'clock, and after parading through the principal streets with 'music,' repaired to a beautiful woods, near the place, where stands, seats etc. had been erected. After a fervent and beautiful prayer by the Rev. Mr. Warner of the M E. Church, S. K. Elliott, Esq. of Philadelphia, was introduced to the audience and entertained them in a neat and appropriate speech, for about one hour. In the afternoon Mr. E. concluded his remarks, when the procession was reformed and returned to Millington.—The Independent Blues' Band, of Baltimore, had been engaged for the occasion, but owing to some mismanagement on the part of the State Council, were not present.

(For the News.)

The Steam Boats.

MR EDITOR:

We discover a proposition that the Steam Boats shall stop only at two points on the Kent side of Chester River. If it be the design to curtail accommodations to the public, the stoppages should be at least at four places on the Kent side—the distance is 20 miles from Chester Town to Hale point, and less than four calling places would put the public to much inconvenience. We have, in the course of our experience, discovered several things in relation to travelling accommodations included in the general remark, that as opposition diminishes the accommodations decline. For instance—whenever there is a well-sustained opposition the Steam Boats make better time, and as soon as the opposition ceases they fall back upon slow time. When there is competition, there is a rivalry who shall be the most obliging in landing and taking off passengers at every place where a hat, bonnet or handkerchief may be seen, but as soon as it ends, there is an indifference to these things, and ultimately a refusal to land a passenger except at a given point, which may cause him a long walk or an expensive ride. What does it matter to those who are travelling merely for pleasure, whether they reach the City or Country a half hour sooner or later?

The public never will be properly served until they have an opposition, and sustain it well. Let them look to it, and not let another season pass without taking efficient steps to promote their own interest.

A. B.

☞The Washington National Monument has now attained the height of 158 feet.

(Correspondence of the 'Kent News.')

WASHINGTON, July 18, 1854.

CONGRESS.—'Know-Nothingism" was baptized in the United States Senate on last Wednesday, and Mr. *Seward* held up the feeble infant in its swaddling clothes to the gaze of grave Senators; but although the honorable gentleman took it under his especial protection, and placed it in the Senate, when *questioned* about its "pedigree," he was compelled to acknowledge he knew *nothing* about it! After it was caressed and played with awhile by some of the more facitious Senators, they laid it away for the present to take a gentle and quiet snooze! Several Senators *kissed* it, I believe, but kept *quiet*, for fear it would commence squalling!

Senators Clayton and Wade consumed considerable of the time of the Senate yesterday in a debate which was brought about by a reference to the subject of Know Nothingism. They handled each other without gloves, and finally the debate waxed so warm—and the weather being so excessively hot—that the old *Whig* could'nt stand it any longer, and cut the matter quite short by telling Mr Wade he "*lied*;" repeating it two or three times, and remarking further, "that if Mr. W. was not satisfied, he was ready and willing to give him plenary satisfaction in any way outside the Senate Chamber!" I think the old Delawarean rather backed the Ohio Abolitionist out, and he stood up manfully for the rights of American citizens. He said he did'nt profess to know *more* than other gentleman did about the "Know-Nothings," but when he heard 'Senators seeking to cheapen the character of American citizens, he could not feel but that such a sentiment was wrong, and required a rebuke." Know-Nothingism and Slavery are creating much excitement in the Senate, but we don't apprehend much danger from either; the Senate has many cool and cautious men in it at this time, and they will keep matters well regulated, and the *Union* safe and secure.

The "Homestead" bill is before the Senate, and from present appearances it is likely it will pass this session.

No appointment for Governor of Nebraska has yet been made. It is said that a Mr. *Cummins*, of Tennessee, is likely to get the appointment. General Butler, I believe, declined it.

A little more left.—I see it stated that there are over half a million bushels of corn yet on the Illinois river waiting transportation to market.

The "Churchwell and Cullom" affair, which I noticed a few days ago is still occupying the attention of the press—Too much, I think, is generally said about these matters. If, when a flare up takes place in Congress, the members that are not immediately interested would stand off, and let the belligerents go at it, "rough and tumble, and scratch and gouge," my word for it, it would have a better effect upon the dignity and decorum of those honorable bodies than the old stereotyped system of publishing cards and requesting friends to come forward and bring about a reconciliation. Let an honorable gentleman but once get his eye blacked, his face scratched, or his hair well pulled, and he will become so mortified and disgusted with himself, that he will forever after so act in his representative capacity as to give no offence and win the smiles of his associates.—Let this course be pursued, and Bowie-knives and pistols will be left at home, and wives and children will never be made *widows* and *orphans*, nor society deprived of valuable and worthy citizens.

I insert the following for the perusal of your readers. Of all the States of this Union, I think Massachussetts goes ahead of them all for ridiculous exhibitions. I have been roaming over slave territory all my life, and I have never witnessed anything which this pretends to represent. It is styled a "Mock Slave-hunt;" and came off on the Fourth of July at Montague, Massachusetts:—

"Nothing was done here till afternoon, when, between three and four o'clock, there was a mock slave-hunt. A poor fugitive was seen to run for dear life, pursued by a posse on horseback and on foot, armed with bludgeons and pistols, who at length succeeded in capturing him. But the spectators interfered now, and quickly rescued the fugitive, and pulled his pursuers from their horses and set them to fleeing in turn, while their prisoner was set free. Then were seen four effigies (of Pierce, Douglas, Loring and Hallet,) slowly born along to the mournful tolling of the bell, to a gallows erected in the wide angle of the street, where they were suspended by the neck "until dead." A fire was then kindled beneath them and soon they were converted to ashes."

How those good people *love* the "woolly heads!" But by their *actions* they are rivetting their bonds tighter and tighter!

WASHINGTON.

A KNOW NOTHING AND A DEMOCRAT. Mr. Mayo, the Commonwealth's Attorney, elected in Norfolk, Va, on Monday last, is a Know Nothing and a Democrat. Mr Robinson, his opponent, is a perfect gentleman and a devoted Whig. Will any man have the hardihood, in view of the above fact, to assert that Know Nothingism is a Whig trick?

PRICE OF WHEAT.—The 'U. S. Economist' gives statistics and speculations founded upon the general affairs of this country and Europe, to show that the price of wheat must continue to be high in the years 1854-5—not below present prices, and probably as high as $2 per bushel. This is good news for farmers—but not so good for poor purchasers.

(From the Eutaw, Green County, Alabama Whig.)

THOMAS H. COWIN.

From the Sacramento Daily Union of the 25th ult., we obtain the following information of our old friend Cowin, and which will be interesting to his friends and connexions in this county. His address, which we give below, to the people of Mariposa, is highly characteristic of *Tom Cowin;* and, from our knowledge of him, we feel assured that its sentiment is earnest and truthful.—As well as we can learn the circumstances of the unfortunate difficulty in which Tom was engaged, and which resulted in his condemnation, they are briefly these: He was most grossly insulted, without provocation, by a man whose name we do not now remember,—Tom resented it, of course, but with no exhibit of deadly violence,—the man, probably under the excitement of liquor, drew his pistol and fired at Tom twice,—Cowin then, in self defence, shot at and killed him. But the deceased man had numerous friends, whose popularity prejudiced public sentiment to such a degree that Tom's witnesses were afraid to testify, and he was tried immediately after the occurrence, in the midst of an intense excitement that would not give him a fair hearing but coerced the court to his condemnation. He was sentenced to be executed on the 21st of April, but was respited by the Governor to the 26th of May, to give Cowin an opportunity to apply to the Supreme court for a new trial. But Tom was without money, and, as all are more or less in this new State, a stranger and among strangers. A man in this condition stands but small chance for justice in a place like California; and though public sentiment was softening down and growing rapidly in his favor as the time was delayed and the facts of his case were divulged, yet the inexorable sentence of the law was upon him, and his sad doom seemed inevitably approaching. We cannot blame him, then, for seizing this last means of escape from a fate so dreadful. Indeed, on the score of our old friendship, we rejoice heartily that he has escaped, and wish him safely through his dangers and trials to the bosom of his friends.

Probably no one lives who knew Tom Cowin more intimately or better than we do. He was our mesmate in Mexico, and for years before we were close friends together. We may, then, be biased by friendship for him to speak feelingly in his favor, but we speak what we do know in saying that his heart was as warm, generous and noble as any man's, and in manly courage he was equal to the bravest. He would not, we are sure, stoop to dishonor if he knew it; and hence we cannot think, that, in killing this man, he deemed he was committing the dreadful crime of murder.

Corwin had a few warm friends in California, who knew him here, and who exerted every energy in his behalf—among them we may mention John R. Kittrel, Esq., from this place. No doubt these friends contributed mainly to his escape; and, from the manner in which the following account states that he was cheered from the outside of the prison, and the very small reward offered for his apprehension, we infer that his escape was rather permitted than regretted, and that but little effort will be made to retake him.

[From the Sacramento Daily Union.]

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS.

We are indebted to Wells, Fargo & Co., for Mariposa Chronicle, by which we learn that Thomas H. Cowin, convicted for murder and L. Wiley, charged with stealing cattle, escaped from the jail at that place on Saturday morning last. They effected their exit by boring a line of holes across one of the heavy timbers forming a portion of the floor at two different places, cutting a piece completely out, and then burrowing a passage through the earth under the jail to the open air.

A Mexican woman, confined on a charge of stabbing, stated several persons were on the outside encouraging the prisoners, and that when they had completed cutting the hole in the floor, she wished to escape also, but they refused to agree. Neither of the prisoners were ironed.

Sheriff Boling has offered a reward of $100 for the recapture of Cowin, $200 for that of Wiley, or $600 for the apprehension of both.

The following address was written and left by Cowin for publication:

MARIPOSA PRISON,
May 18, 1854.

To the People of Mariposa County:

I am now about to take a step which, though a desperate one, is, I believe, the only one left me by which I prolong my life; and even then it will be very uncertain, for it will be liable to be forfeited, at any time. It was my misfortune to become entangled in a difficulty where I took the life of my fellow-man, but as I have always said, and will always say to the last moment of my life, in the defence of my own, and if I am ever executed for said crime, it will be for a crime that I was not guilty of. I have made every effort to have my punishment commuted; or to have a new trial granted me—thus far I have failed, and I believe that if I remain where I am, waiting longer for commutation or new trial, that I will certainly be executed. With this conviction, I cannot be blamed for taking any and all chances of making my escape. If I should be so fortunate as to succeed, I shall leave the State immediately, and never return, unless brought back in the custody of the law.

If I could have had punishment awarded in accordence with the crime that I committed, nothing could have induced me to have taken the desperate means that I am forced now to take. I would say that no one is more sorry than myself that I ever had any difficulty. I have truly repented of the wrong I did, and hope that God has forgiven me, and that my fellow man may do the same; but I would say again, that I was never guilty of murder, but that I was more or less culpable I have never denied.

For the favors done me by some, I am truly grateful—for the injustice done me by many, I will (if I have not already done so) remember it no more; at least I will try to forgive my many enemies. If I am again apprehended, I know that my life will be forfeited; but those kind friends who have assisted me thus far, will yet render me all the assistance they can to facilitate my escape, but in the end, if I have to die for what I have done, I will endeavor to do so with as much resignation as possible, knowing that man has but power to kill the body, but cannot destroy that immortal spark, the soul.

Very respectfully,
THOS. H. COWIN.

P. S.—I am very sorry that any one else who is in prison at this time, and who should be punished if they are guilty should, through my instrumentality, escape. I cannot avoid it, for I must escape if possible by any and all manner of means.

DEATH OF B. C. WICHES, ESQ.—The death of this estimable young man which occurred at Chestertown on Saturday the 1st inst., is an event full of sorrow to all who knew him. As noble a spirit it has rarely been our fortune to meet. As a talented and studious lawyer he had but few equals—as a sincere friend, scrupulously nice in kind attentions to those with whom he held that relation he had none. To his profession as to society he was an ornament of rare merit. His frailties and imperfections were few; none of them were sufficient to lessen the respect and regard which intercourse with him was sure to inspire. We knew him well from early youth, and have never lost a friend whose death we more sincerely lamented than we now do the subject of this brief paragraph.

[*Snow Hill Shield*]

Baltimore Market.

(FROM THE BALTIMORE SUN OF FRIDAY.)

Wheat, white,		$1 80 a 1 90
" red		1 76 a 1 82
Corn white		80 a 82
" yellow		76 a 77
Oats		65 a 68
Rye		90 a 95
Flour—Howard St. bbl		8 00 a 8 50
City Mill,		8 00
Guano—		
Peruvian	1 to 5 tons	60 00 cash
	6 to 10 "	59 50 "
Mexican		30 a 33 00 "
African,		34 a 36 00 "

Philadelphia Market.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20 1854

MR. EDITOR:—Grain of all kinds is in light supply and meets with ready sales at following quotations:

New White wheat,	$1 80 a 1 85
" Red do very firm	1 72 a 1 73
Yellow Corn, in demand,	77 a 78
White, do	75 a 77
Oats, sales Southern	51
Rye	1 06
Superfine flour,	8 00 a 8 50
Extra do	9 00 a 9 60

LEFEVRE, BLACK & CO

"I am Prepared to Recommend your Pills."

JOLIET, WILL CO, Illinois, Feb. 25, 1854.

MR. R. E. SELLERS:—When I resided in Pittsburg, I was cured of an attack of Liver complaint, which had prnyed upon my system for eight years, and reduced me so much that I was compelled to quit work.

During the time of my suffering, I had the advice of several physicians, but their treatment failed to accomplish a cure. A friend recommended the use of your "Liver Pills," and after using two boxes of them, I found my entirely cured. Whilst suffering from Liver Complaint, I was also afflicted with the Piles, which I never felt afterwards—As my wife and eldest son are now very much afflicted with a deranged state of the liver, I am very anxious to have you make an agency for the sale of your Liver Pills at this place.

After the cure of my own disease, I am prepared to recommend your pills, and very many persons in this section would freely try them if they had a chance.

Yours, respectfully,
ANDREW SARVER.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The *original, only true and genuine* Liver Pills are prepared by R. E. SELLERS, and have his name in *black wax* upon the *lin of each box*, and his signature on the outside wrapper—*all others are counterfeits or base immitations.*

R. E. SELLERS & Co.,
Proprietors,
Pittsburg, Pa.

And for sale by
Simon Wickes, Chester Town.
Abel J. Rees, Rees' Corner.
M. V. Boyer, Millington,
And by Druggists generally on the Eastern Shore and in Baltimore city.
June 24, 1854—1m 2

BY Divine permission the Rev. Mr STOKES will preach at the I. U. Church ground, on Sunday afternoon next, 23d inst, at half past 3 o'clock.
July 22, 1854.

PREACHING.

THE REV. DR. F. WATERS, will preach in the M. P. Church in C. Town, to morrow morning at 10 o'cl'k.
July 22, 1854.

NEW AND CHEAP GOODS!

MAY BE FOUND AT THE STORE OF

J. W. PHILLIPS,

Corner of Main street and the public road leading to Washington College; being the first store coming into town and he last leaving, where I particularly invite my friends and the public generally to call and examine my goods before purchasing elsewhere, as I have cheap Lawns at 8 and 12½ cts; Ginghams 12½ cts; Calicoes 6¼ and 8 cts. Brown and Bleached Muslins 6¼ and 8 cts., Ticking 12½ and 18¾ cts.; &c., &c.

Queensware, Hardware,

Collars, Bridles, Hames, Halters, Leather Nets, Hitch Reins, &c, &c.

Groceries, &c.,

Sugar 6¼ cts.; Coffee 12 a 12½ cts Rice; Molasses 31½ cts per gallon; Tea 50 cts.; Cocoa, Bacon, Lard, Herrings Mackerel, Mustard, Pepper, Starch &c., &c., &c.

BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS.

N. B.—A BOY wanted, that can come well recommended—age from 14 to 16 years.
July 22, 1854.—tf.

Cheap Lumber.

THE subscriber intends to close his lumber business, and will offer the balance of his stock, consisting of BOARDS, PLANKS & SHINGLES at *very reduced* prices. Persons in want of lumber and shingles will do well to call soon, as decided bargains will be sold.
B. B. PERKINS.
July 22, 1851.

Six Cents Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on 25th of September last, an indentured apprentice to the coach business named JOSEPH W EDWARDS, age about 17 years. I will give the above reward for his delivery. All persons are hereby forwarned from harboring or employing said apprentice.
J. A. EDWARDS.
July 22, 1851.—3t

Window Glass,

OF GOOD QUALITY AND ATREDUCED PRICES.

8 by 10 at 3 cents per pane or $2.25 per Box.

T. W. ELIASON has made arrangements to secure Window Glass manufactured by one of the best glass establishments in New Jersey, his term that will enable him to supply his customers with superior glass at a low price.

He keeps an assortment of the sizes from 7 x 9 to 17 x 22 in general use on hand, and persons wishing large quantities of superior quality will be supplied by the box with any they may require.
July 22, 1854.

Astrays.

KENT COUNTY, TO WIT.

I HEREBY certify that John Brice of Kent county, brought before me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for the said county, the seventeenth day of July, in the year of 1854, as strays, trespassing upon his enclosures, one Red Steer; one Red Steer with white legs behind; one Red and White Steer; one Red Steer with white spots on him—ear marks not recollected; the above described steers are supposed to be about two years old and all have horns.

Given under my hand and seal this 17th day of July, 1854.

C. T. LUSBY. (Seal.)

NOTICE.—The owner or owners of the above described property are hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away.
JOHN BRICE.
July 22, 1854.—3t.

MISS EARLE has returned from Baltimore, and has opened a beautiful assortment of Collars, worked bands, black lace mitts, black lace, Swiss muslins, Jackenet, stripes 12½ cts., lawn worked sleeves, edge and insertion suitable for the season, and at reasonable prices.
July 22, 1854.—3w

Cypress Shingles

JUST received and for sale by T. W. Eliason, lower than they can be bought from Baltimore.
July 22, 1854.

JUST received at the CHEAP GROCERY and for sale, a hogshead of superior light brown SUGAR, which is now selling off at 6¼ cents. Call soon, for it will soon be gone.
A. M. Russum
July 15, 1854.

BLACK DRESS SILKS.

T. W. ELIASON has a large assortment of black Silks, to which he invites the attention of Ladies wishing to purchase.
July 8, '51.

LAWNS AND SHALLIES.

T. W. ELIASON has a good assortment of Lawns, Shalli, Barege Delaines and Ginghams, for sale cheap.
July 8, 1854.

I Have just received and for sale a small lot of new white wheat flour
W. BACCHUS
July 22, 1854.