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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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THE KENT NEWS.

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Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

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Poetry.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

He that wedded thinks to be,
Let him look about and see
That he choose a proper wife;
Or he'll rue it all his life.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou should'st take too young a wife,
Such a wife has boiling blood.
Don't expect her to be too good.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou should'st take too old a wife,
In the house she'll creep about,
And will frighten people out.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou should'st take a handsome wife;
New admirers she will see,
And is always vexing thee.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou should'st take a snarling wife,
Then no house dog thou wilt need,
She'll a house-dog be, indeed.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou should'st take a needy wife,
Everything will wanting be,
And no one will visit thee.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou should'st take a wealthy wife,
Then, until she's in her grave,
Thou wilt be her humble slave.

BAD EXCUSE FOR BACHELORS.

I do not blame a bachelor,
If he leads a single life;
The way the girls are now brought up,
He cant support a wife.

Time was when girls could card and spin,
And wash and bake and brew;
But now they have to keep a maid,
If they have ought to do.

I do not blame the bachelor:
His courage must be great,
To think to wed a modern miss,
If small be his estate.

Time was when wiver would help to buy
The land they'd help to till,
And saddle Dobbin, shell the corn,
And ride away to mill.

The bachelor is not to blame;
If he's a prudent man,
He now must lead a single life,
And do the best he can.

Original Story.

(Written for the Kent News)

THE LAST DAYS OF ALGEATHA.

BY MINNA.

(Concluded)

CHAPTER XII.

THE PURSUIT AND DISCOVERY.

On this morning of their arrival at the town of G——, Henri Freeman and his friend took the first stage that left of the western line--making inquiries, from time to time, of the object of their search. But on the second day of their journey, the coach in which they were travelling broke down when within the distance of a quarter of a mile from a public house on the road side;—so here they were to be detained at least three hours before the coach could be put in a condition to proceed; and, vexed and disheartened, Henri and his friend adjourned to the public house in order to pick up the passing items of news while the coach was undergoing repairs. They had not long been seated before their attention was attracted by the conversation of two men who were sitting apart from the other visiters and conversing in an under tone.

"I tell you," said one, "he will be there this evening without fail—he will proceed no farther than the Cross Roads in the stage coach, where I will have a conveyance ready to carry him to the Graysons' hotel, in the town of ——. Linda is there without a doubt. I saw her with my own eyes last night, and I would wager my life that Elphonzo De Almonte is in the neighborhood somewhere, and, indeed, I have my own private thoughts as to the very spot where she may be found."

"Well, Charles, if you really know where Miss Almonte is secluded, would you be so base, so heartless, as to betray her into the hands of Algeatha? Remember her youth, and the premature death of young Freeman, and have compassion on her unfortunate situation."

"Pooh! pooh! man, you must be dreaming. *Unfortunate*, the deuce!—I should like to know how any one with reason could be called unfortunate with an income of sixty thousand dollars a year. Come, man, wake up."

'And one might have a hundred and sixty thousand and still be unfortunate, so far as happiness and peace of mind are concerned—and miserable you know will be the lot of Elphonzo if she is thrown into the power of Algeatha."

'That is no business of mine; all I have to do is to conduct Algeatha to her refuge, receive my hundred dollars, and leave him to settle matters with the fair lady."

"Well, Charley, I would not do it for all he is worth—that's all. I wish Freeman had lived for her sake, poor thing.'

"Now look here, Tom, they say that young Freeman is not dead, and I for one firmly believe it: for I saw his mother at Grayson's last night, in close conversation with Linda, who, we know, planned the escape, and is a sincere friend of Elphonzo: and I would betray the latter to Algeatha, was it for no other consideration under heaven than to spite Linda—cruel as she is she shall know that I am not made of butter."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the announcement of dinner, after which the passengers strolled about the fields or lounged around the fire, reading or chatting or whatever else they were pleased to do, in order to while away the tediousness of those hours of waiting for the coach. But hour after hour passed away and no coach ready yet. And now the patience of Henri was put to the severest test, and to add to his misery, the stage in which Algeatha and Del Cado had taken their seats, passed the house where he was, and went rattling on its journey, crowded with passengers who gave a loud shout as they joled onward.

"In the name of all the furies, coachman," cried Henri, irritated beyond endurence at this protracted delay, "do you intend to made a new carriage out and out? This delay is outrageous, unbearable."

'And has to be borne for all that," answered the man doggedly. "Accidents will happen, and as well now as any other time."

"Cool that, by gracious," replied Henri. "Yet though this delay may be mere punctillio to you, to me and others it may prove a cause of perplexity and distress.'

"No help for casualties," responded the man, shrugging his shoulder, and proceeded with his work, whistling 'Yankee Doodle' with perfect nonchalance.

Henri felt inclined to deal him such a chastisement as might cause him to whistle a different tune, when Edward took him by the arm and said:

"Come, come, have patience; all delays are not fraught with danger. Remember the old proverb, 'Never too late to do good.'"

But now the joyful sound "the coach is ready" reached their willing ears, and in a moment every passenger was in his seat, the driver cracked his whip, and away they went rattling over hill and dale, like wild fire, and for awhile Henri forgot his anxiety in the pleasure he felt at being once more proceeding on his journey. It was late in the afternoon when they first caught a glimpse of the city of ——. The sun which during the day had been enveloped in thick clouds, now broke forth with a dazzling lustre, tipping with gold each lofty spire, and bathing the town in a flood of golden light.

"How enrapturing!" exclaimed Edward, "at the close of a dark dismal day to see the sun break forth with such effulgent brightness. Oh! may it be an emblem of the close of our mortal career, after the dark day of life turmoils and cares—may its termination shine forth with the beams of a holy religion, bright and beautiful as this evening sun."

"You are enthusiastic, Ned," said Henri; "the scene is indeed inspiring, but if life proves a day of such dismal darkness, both mentally and physically as this has been, it would be hard indeed that no bright ray should gild its close."

The coach had now arrived at its station, and the rays of the sun were fading in the gray tints of twilights.—The two young men immediately engaged a hack, and drove up to Grayson's hotel; and on being conducted to the parlor, they inquired if a lady by the name of Mrs. Freeman was stopping there, and upon being answered in the affirmative, Henri gave his card, to be presented to the lady. Nor had he long to wait before she made her appearance, folding Henri in her arms, and bestowing upon Edward a cordial shake of the hand.

"Dear mother," asked Henri, in an agitated voice, "has not the infamous Algeatha been here to-day?"

"Be quiet, my son," she gently replied. "He is here at this very time; but for your life, Henri, discover not yourself to him."

"And why should I not," cried the impetuous youth. "Why should I not now taunt him with his villainy and provoke him to mortal combat?"

"And do you suppose, foolish, hot-headed boy," answered Mrs. Freeman, "that Lorenez Di Algeatha could be engaged in open combat by any provocation? No, Henri, what he does will be done secretly, and was he and Del Cado aware of your proximity they would instantly devise some plan by which you would be speedily dispatched and put forever out of their way."

"Well, I think the better plan would be to blow his scheming brains out at once, and then he would have no power to harm me."

"But the laws would, Henri," replied Edward.

"Undoubtedly," responded Mrs. Freeman. "And setting this consideration aside, rash boy, I would not for ten thousand worlds like this that your hand should be stained with the blood of Algeatha.

"But why mother? why do you so strenuously oppose my taking vengence upon that dog—for he deserves not the name of man—and deprive him forever of the power to inflict more woes upon her of whom he is now in pursuit?"

"I have my reasons, Henri, and if you knew them, (as you one day shall) you would acknowledge them to be just, nor would you dare to shed his blood, for the act would plunge you in misery for life."

Henri gazed on her with a puzzled expression of countenance, not by any means comprehending her words, and then said:

"Dear mother, have you heard of Elphonzo?"

"I have," she replied, "through Linda, the young girl who aided her escape from the village inn, and who is now a servant in this house;—this young girl likewise informed me of the arrival of Algeatha. Elphonzo is not far from here, and we will try, with the guidance of Linda, to see her to night,—my greatest fear is that Algeatha, having discovered her retreat, may repair thither also to-night, and you two be brought into collision."

"And few things would afford me greater pleasure; to meet him face to face and test his skill at fencing with him is just such exercise as I desire."

"Well Hal," cried Edward, "You are enjoying the prospect of a battle, while I am exulting in that of being favored with an opportunity of seeing Bernards inamorata to night, and feasting upon the beauties of a face of which he gave so poetical a description."

"Pooh! pooh! a mere rustic maiden," replied Henri, pacing the floor impatiently. "But one glance from the eye of Elphonzo would be worth more than all the beauties on earth to me."

"Hem!" retorted Edward. "And if this same Miss Elphonzo De Almonte was a mere rustic maiden, would her glances be so very captivating and valuable then?"

Henri smiled and replied: "You know Ned, I could never love a bundle of rusticity. Elphonzo is in every sense a lady—had she not a sous on earth, with her accomplishments, my love would be the same. But they are confounded slow in announcing supper—I suppose at the table I shall have the pleasure of a peep at Signor Di Algeatha."

"Henri," said Mrs. Freeman, laying her hand convulsively on the shoulder of the youth, "I must insist on your absenting yourself from the table while Algeatha remains here; dear child, I dread the consequences of a departure from this restriction."

"Your fears are groundless, madam," said Linda, who had entered the apartment unperceived; "for Algeatha has already departed; and you, sir," she continued, courtesing to Henri, "will not, if you wish to rescue the lady from his power, fail to follow him immediately."

"But I know not the way," cried Henri. "If there are any here that will act as my guide, let them come forward and they shall not lose their reward."

"I will lead the van," said Bernard, stepping forward to the astonishment of every one. "I will be your guide—come on, follow me!" and the whole party mechanically obeyed the order and followed the youth from the room.

The night was dark and cold, and the recent fallen snow made travelling difficult for the pedestrian; but they had not long to encounter with this opposition, for Bernard had provided a rough but strong sled, with a sure footed horse, which he had concealed at the entrance of the wood through which the road ran that led to the house of Mrs. Marion. The little party quickly ensconced themselves therein, and Bernard, gathering up his reins, gave the animals a crack with the whip, and put off at full speed.

So sudden was the movement, and performed with such celerity, that each one appeared spell bound, as the saying is, and remained quite silent; but soon they came in sight of Mrs Marion's dwelling. They fastened the sled at some distance from the house and proceeded on foot, and just as they had reached the little gate to the entrance of the yard, they saw Del Cado enter the house door; Henri immediately followed with Edward. Elphonzo, who was sitting in the room, raised her eyes on their entrance, and immediately recognizing Henri, fetched one loud piercing scream and bounded into his arms.

"My own Elly!" "My loved, my long lost Henri!" was all they could utter.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LAST.

ALGEATHA, upon hearing the scream of Elphonzo, had ran into the house, and was violently endeavoring to drag her from the embrace of Henri, calling in vain upon Del Cado to "sieze the confounded young puppy;" for Del Cado had as much and more than he could manage to prevent himself being bound by Edward; when Mrs. Marion, drawn from her chamber by this melee, came into the apartment, the eyes of Algeatha fell upon her—his hold relaxed from Elphonzo, and, pale as death, he staggered and fell against the wall.

"Walter Armsfield!" screamed Mrs. Marion, as she fell back in the arms of Linda.

It would be impossible gentle reader to portray even a faint description of the scene as then presented in that little parlor. Algeatha, with face blanched to the paleness of death, appeared completely paralyzed, while Del Cado stood aghast, with the impress of terror stamped upon his dark brow, and Mrs. Marion seemed lifeless as a corpse; she was soon restored to consciousness, however, and asked in a feeble voice:

"Where is the girl? Where is Julia Ray?"

"My name is no longer Julia Ray—I am again Elphonzo De Almonte."

"And my own child, my darling!" said Mrs. Marion, folding the weeping girl to her bosom. "The child of my beloved Eugene. See there my daughter in your guardian, Lorenz Di Algeatha your mothers cruel husband, Walter Armsfield."

"My mother! my mother!" sobbed Elphonzo convulsively on the fond bosom of her parent. "Oh tell me, is my mother's fame without a blot?"

"Ask *him*, my daughter, and let him assert if he can that I was ever guilty of an action to his knowledge, at the performance of which, the most rigidly virtuous need to blush."

Algeatha had by this time recoverd his powers of locomotion; yet his senses were still confused, but he retained an undefined dread that his illgotten hordes were to be wrested from him, and overwhelmed with this conviction, he approached Henri, saying in a deep hissing tone to the young man:

'Whelp as you are, your life shall satiiate my vengeance."

"Villain! defend yourself!" exclaimed Henri, unsheathing at the same time a dagger, and raising his arm in the act of making a plunge at Algeatha. But the blow was arrested by the hand of Mrs. Freeman, who seized his arm, crying:

'Strike him not Henri! stain not your hands with the blood of that man—he is your father!"

His arm fell powerless—the dagger dropped from his hand, and he reeled backward and sunk upon a sofa, while Algeatha glared upon him with eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"Yes, Di Algeatha, he is your son," said Mrs Freeman; "the son of your unhappy, though lovely wife, who had been Elphonzo De Almonte, and whom your unkindness brought to a premature grave."

But while these revelations were being made, we have lost sight of Edward and Linda. So astonishing were the events that Edward almost began to doubt the evidence of his senses, and Linda stood gazing on the scene with wrapped attention; but as if a sudden thought had came over her, she approached Elphonzo and her mother, and said to the former:

"You have absolved me from the promise I made you some months ago, and I now am at liberty to unseal my lips;" and then turning to Mrs Di Algeatha (or Mrs. Marion) she asked—"Lady had you not another daughter?"

"I had, my child," replied the lady.

"And what became of her?" said Linda. "Lady I feel that this is no time for a labored history but my intense anxiety to learn the fate of that child must plead my excuse for the unseasonableness of the question."

"Yes, yes; what became of that child, dearest mother?" said Elphonzo. "I have a faint recollection that I once had a sweet little sister."

"Ah, dear children!" cried the lady, while burning tears rolled her cheeks, "I lost my sweet little Mariebell, and thus it happened: When I left my home, I knew not where to go, my determination was to seek my child, my dear Elphonzo; but I was entirely ignorant what steps to pursue in order to effect that object, as I was altogether unacquainted with the place of her abode.—One day, after wandering a long and weary way, I passed through an obscure village, and about a mile beyond I stopped at a small farm house to rest for the night; but there I was taken extremely ill, and many a long and tiresome day I tossed upon that bed of pain and fever, and it was during this illness that my little Mariebell strayed alone from the house and was drowned in the river."

"Had that little daughter any ornament about her person that you would recognize were you again to behold it?" asked Linda.

"Yes," answered the lady. "She wore on her neck a chain of gold of very peculiar workmanship; and pendant thereto was a closed gold locket, and within this, on one side was the likeness of Eugene and myself, taken in very delicate water colors, with the names of each engraven beneath them; and on the other side was the portrait of my dear little Mariebell herself."

Here Linda drew a golden locket from her bosom, suspended to a black ribbon which she wore around her neck—presented it to the lady, and said:

"See, madam, if this does in any particular answer to the description you have given to the lost jewel?"

Mrs. Di Algeatha received the locket, and touching the spring with a tremulous hand, the case immediately flew open, and disclosed to her astonished sight the counterfeits of her husband, herself and little daughter, her lost Mariebell, and she raised her eyes to the face of the beautiful Linda with an inquiring, yet puzzled, expression.—But no sooner had that bewildered look met the soft, dark eye of the surpassingly beautiful girl, when the truth instantly flashed upon her mind, and she exclaimed:

'My child! my own, my loved Mariebell! why, oh! why, my dear one, did you not acquaint me with these particulars when first we met some months ago? Then would my child have enjoyed a mother's protecting care and instructions, and not have been toiling in the capacity of a servant to strangers."

"I alone am to blame for this circumstance," said Elphonzo, throwing her arms affectionately around her newly found sister. "I had inadvertantly mentioned the name of Elphonzo De Almonte as pertaining to myself in the presence of Mariebell—alias, Linda—and then alarmed at what I had done on witnessing the deep emotion exhibited by her on hearing that name—emotion which I attributed to other than the true cause—I extorted a solemn promise from her that she would never reveal that name (unlucky as I pronounced it,) to mortal flesh while I lived without my consent, and that promise she has kept at a tremendous sacrifice. When first we met in this house, dear mother," she continued, "I was forcibly struck with the strong resemblance existing between yourself and Linda, and you appeared equally impressed with what I now find was the likeness I bore to my lamented father. Linda then plead with me to confess my true name and family, declaring she believed it would lead to a happy recognition. I refused to do so, for I had not the most distant idea, dear madam, that you were my mother, and I dreaded the revelation of that name, lest it should compromise and identify that mother whom I had been taught to look upon as dishonored."

"Well might my beloved mother be struck with the resemblance you bear to our father. I also was impressed with that strong resemblance, but could not by any means solve the mystery."

"You are laboring under a mistake, my sweet Mariebell. Eugene De Almonte, was not your parent; but behold in Algeatha the father of my beautiful girl."

This announcement had an overwhelming effect on the nerves of the fair young girl, she fainted, and fell in the arms of Henri, who clasped her to his bosom, and bathing her pale face in his warm tears, cried.

"My sister! my lovely, my angel sister! how hast thou been wronged."

To state all that passed on this heart stirring occasion would be to extend my already protracted article to an indefinite length, and this, gentle reader, I feel I have no right to impose upon your indulgence,—and so we will bring our story to as speedy a conclusion as the nature of the circumstances will allow.

Algeatha remained impervious to all the warm affections of the heart; nor could the bright smiles of the beautiful Mariebell, nor the tender attentions of Henri, arouse him from that state of despondency into which the apprehension of losing his treasure had sunk him. His brain became effected—a fever ensued, and he continued for weeks distracted amidst the burning fires of a gnawing conscience, and the deep seated love of gold. At one time he would rave at the dread of a judgment to come, calling upon the mountains to fall upon him and hide him from the face of an angry God; or for the deep, dark waters of annihilation to overflow his guilty soul, and blot it from the page of existence. Then would he hug to his bosom with an iron grasp his ideal treasure and smile a ghastly smile when counting his fancied gold. And in this condition he ended his career of crime, unholy passions and black ingratitude. It will be useless to say more on this subject—this narrative of the sorded wretched life and dark, miserable, "LAST DAYS OF ALGEATHA," carries its moral with it.

A short time subsequent to the events related above Del Cado shipped as a hand before the mast on board a vessel bound for India—was knocked overboard with the boom, and found a watery grave.

Mrs Di Algeatha removed to her former residence near the town of B——, and assumed the possession of her portion of the estate left her by Eugene and also that of Algeatha as guardian for Mariebell—for as Mrs. Freeman had made Henri her heir he declined all right to a portion of his father's property in favor of his sister—and in twelve months after their arrival at the family mansion of De Almonte, Henri and his beloved young cousin, Elphonzo, were united in the bonds of matrimony and settled in the neighborhood, Mrs. Freeman residing with them.

Bernard, the rustic lover and friend of Linda, was placed at an institution of learning by the munificence of Henri and Mrs. Algeatha, where he acquired a profession, and in process of time became one of the most celebrated speakers at the bar in the country.

And now we must dispose of the beautiful Mariebell—the servant Linda of the village inn. She being but fourteen years of age was placed at school and received an accomplished education, and at the age of eighteen she gave her hand as she had long ago given her pure young heart, a heavenly boon, to our worthy young friend Edward Selden, who was the only son of a planter in moderate circumstances in the State of Louisiana; whither they repaired after their marriage, to be a comfort and solace to his fond, affectionate parents in their decline of life.

And now, gentle reader, my story has ended, (as all things are destined to do) and I expect your patience has ended with it. I hope that in perusing this story you have gathered its beauties and extended your leniency to its imperfections. ADIEU.

BALTIMORE, June 2nd, 1854.

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