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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra, laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet—"He labours vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

VOL. 15. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1854. NO. 19.

Boot & Shoe Store.

LYNCH & SHAW:

THE subscribers having associated themselves together for the purpose of conducting the above business, respectfully announce to their friends, and the public in general, that they are prepared to manufacture to order at the shortest notice, and in the most workmanlike manner, every description of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters &c.,

on the most accommodating terms.—They would particularly invite the attention of gentlemen wishing a NICE DRESS BOOT, and flatter themselve to be able to give satisfaction to all.

They also keep constantly on hand, a complete assortment of Boots and Shoes of the latest styles, and of their own manufacture.

Their store may be found one door below the Hotel of Mr. Clayton, where they will be pleased to see who may wish anything done in their line of business.

They hope by strict attention to business, to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

EVAN W. LYNCH.
JAMES A. SHAW.

☞ Mending done with neatness and dispatch.

July 8, 1854.—tf.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF WM H. MEUSCH.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans Court, August 15, 1854.

On the application of George W. Price Administrator of William H. Meusch late of Kent county, deceased.

Ordered that he give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same to be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid

I have hereunto set my hand and (Seal) the seal of my office affixed, this 15th day of July, 1854.

Test.

JACOB FISHER,
Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this to give notice that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of William H. Meusch late of Kent Co., deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 13th day of March, 1855, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 15th day of August, 1854.

GEORGE W. PRICE,
Adm'r William H. Meusch, dec'd.

Aug. 19. 1854.—4w.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF MARY GALE.

Maryland, Kent county Orphans Court, August 15, 1854.

On the application of James Gale, Executor of Mary Gale, late of Kent county, dec'd.

Ordered that he gives notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same to be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the forgoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid,

{SEAL} I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 25th day of July, 1854.

Test,

JACOB FISHER,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Mary Gale, late of Kent county, Md., dec'd. All persons having claims against the the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 13th day of March, 1855, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 15th day of August, 1854.

JAMES GALE,
Ex'tr of Mary Gale, dec'd.

Aug. 19. 1854.—4t

WHEELER'S SLIPPERS & Walking Shoes, just received and for sale by WM P. FRANCIS.

Aug 19, 1854.

I have on hand and for sale, Clothing Flour, Grocery, Liquors, Fruit, Candies, Lines, traces, Bacon &c.

W. BACCHUS.

JUST received, a good supply of Shad Mackerel, Herring, and dried Beef

A. M. RUSSELL.

August 5, 1854.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to Agriculture, Politics, & Gen'l News
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be inserted three times for one dollar; and twenty five cents for every 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 accordingly.

All communications must be post-paid.

POETRY.

(Written for the Kent News.)

TO MISS M. A. GIBSON, OF LOUDEN COUNTY, Va.

Long years have passed since last we met, years that
To me have seemed a lifetime each, so fraught
Has been each moment, with the sorrows, joys,
And cares, and all those varied scenes which chance
To fill the page in our existence; yet
Thou wouldst recall the memory of one,
Long since forgotten, aye, by all, perhaps
Save thee alone. And what mysterious power,
Has forced from Memory's hidden cell, dreams which
Have slept so long in undisturbed repose?
Strange! passing strange! a single thought
Should stray
So far roaming o'er land and sea, skimming
The mountain tops, now stretching far and wide
Through the blue ether, till at last it gains
Its place of destination; there enshrined,
Within another's breast, it mingles with
Its sister thoughts, holding communion sweet,
And filling empty space with beings bright
And beautiful, the loved ones I may ne'er
Behold on Earth.

Again its rules the past
Calling once more to life fond mem'ries, which
Have folded long their gentle wings upon
My heart. Why break their rest?
Whate'er our lot,
'Tis sweet to be remembered, and to feel,
That midst life's busy tumult, though far off,
We are not quite forgotten. My poor heart,
Trusting its own true feelings, fain would believe,
Mankind are what they seem; that all are friends,
Who wear their gard, that life is not a dream!
But who could live in this cold world, and know
Naught of its utter heartlessness? Who feel secure
From rude alarms, when Malice with her hate,
And thousand serpent tongues, would seek to crush
The virtues which she cannot emulate?
Whose paths so "strewn with flowers," they may not know
The withering blight of Scorn, or feel the sting
Of bitter Sarcasm Envy's dreaded power.
These are the ills of life, the goal for which
Ambition blindly strives!
Better remain
Forgotten or unknown, save by the few
Whose love may not be bought, whose friendship pure,
Unsullied, will forever gleam with rays
Of heavenly lustre. Be it thine, my friend,
To wear this priceless gem upon thy heart.
Bind it forever there. Hold, guard it well
From earthly dross, let not its light be dimmed
By doubt, or dark suspicion. Then, should clouds
Portending aught of ill, above thee lower,
The opal hues of Friendship, round thy path
Will shed celestial brightness.
May we meet
In those bright realms, where mind unfettered can
Find scope for its immortal powers, where love,
Pure love, such as this world knows not, will o'er
Us throw it's radiance Divine, and where
Our souls commingled, may unite with all
The Godlike spirits, which have passed from Earth.

BROAD NECK, Sept., 6th, 1854.

☞ The gentlest task-master we ever knew of is a blacksmith, who says every evening to his apprentices—"Come boys, let's leave off work and go to sawing wood."

He must be a brother of the farmer down east; who, one season, when he was building a a new house, used to try and get hired men out with him to play dig cellar by moonlight."

LITERAL.—*Young Lady:* "Pray, Cabman' are you engaged?'

Cabman: "Lor bless yer, Miss,—why I've been married for this seven years."

CHOICE SELECTIONS

THE BETROTHED.

A THRILLING STORY OF HAVANA.

The following interesting story is copied from a late work on Cuba by Mr. Ballou:

During the first year of Tacon's governorship there was a young Creole girl, named Miralda Estalez, who kept a little cigar store in the Calle de Mercaderas, and whose shop was the resort of all the young men of the town, who loved a choicely made and superior cigar. Miralda was only seventeen, without father or mother living, and earned an humble though sufficient support by her industry in the manufactory we have named, and by the sales of her little store. She was a picture of ripened tropical beauty with a finely rounded form, a lovely face, of soft, olive tint, and teeth that a Tuscarora might envy her. At times there was a dash of languor in her dreamy eye that would have warmed an anchorite; and then her cheerful jests were so delicate yet free, that she had unwittingly turned the heads, not to say hearts, of half the young merchants in the Calle de Mercaderas. But she dispensed her favors without partiality; none of the rich and gay exquisites of Havana could say that they had ever received any particular acknowledgment from the fair young girl to their warm and constant attention. For this one she had a pleasant smile, for another a few words of pleasing gossip, and for a third a snatch of a Spanish song; but to none did she give her confidence, except to young Pedro Mantanez, a fine looking boatman, who plied between the Punta and Moro Castle, on the opposite of the harbor.

Pedro was a manly and courageous young fellow, rather above his class in intelligence, appearance and associations, and pulled his oars with a strong arm and light heart, and loved the beautiful Miralda with an ardor romantic in its fidelity and truth. He was a sort of leader among the boatmen in the harbor for reason of his superior cultivation and intelligence, and his quick-witted sagacity was often turned for the benefit of his comrades. Many was the noble deeds he had done in and about the harbor, since a boy, for he had followed his calling as a waterman from boyhood as his father had done before him. Miralda in turned ardently loved Pedro, and when he come at night and sat in the back part of her little shop, she had always a neat and fragrant cigar for his lips. Now and then, when she could steal away from her shop on some holiday Pedro would hoist a tiny sail in the prow of his boat, and securing the little stern awning over Miralda's head, would steer out into the gulf and coast along the romantic shore.

There was a famous roue, well known at this time in Havana, named Count Almonte, who had frequently visited Miralda's shop and conceived quite a passion for the girl, and, indeed, he had grown to be one of her most liberal customers. With a cunning shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, the Count besieged the heart of his intended victim without appearing to do so, and carried on his plan of operations for many weeks before the innocent girl even suspected his possessing a partiality for her, until one day she was surprised by a present from him of so rare and costly a nature as to lead her to suspect the doners intentions at once and to promptly decline the offered gift. Undismayed by this, still the Count continued his profuse patronage in a way to which Miralda could find no plausible pretext of complaint.

At last, seizing upon what he considered a favorable moment, Count Almonte declared his passion to Miralda, besought her to come and be the mistress of his broad and rich estate, at Cerito, near the city, and offered her all the promises of wealth, favor and fortune; but in vain. The pure-minded girl scorned his offer, and bade him never more to insult her by visiting her shop. Abashed, but not confounded, the Count retired but only to weave a snare whereby he could entangle her, for he was not one to be so easily thwarted.

One afternoon, not long after this, as the twilight was settling over the town, a file of soldiers halted just opposite the door of the little cigar shop, when a young man, wearing a lieutenants insignia, entered and asked the attendant if her name was Miralda Estalez, to which she timidly responded.

"Then you will please to come with me."

"By what authority?" asked the trembling girl.

"The order of the Governor-General."

"Then I must obey you," she answered, and preparred to follow him at once.

Stepping to the door with her, the young officer directed his men to march on, and getting into a volante, told Miraldo they would drive to the guard-house. But to the surprise of the girl, she soon discovered that they were rapidly passing the city gates, and immediately after were dashing off on the road to Cerito. Then it was that she began to fear some trick had been played upon her, and these fears were soon confirmed by the volante turning down the long alley of palms that led to the estate of Count Almonte. It was in vain to expostulate now; she felt that she was in the power of the reckless nobleman, and the pretended officer and soldiers were his own people, who had adopted the disguise of the Spanish army uniform.

Count Almonte met her at the door, told her to fear no violence, that her wishes should be respected in all things save her personal liberty, that he trusted in time to persuade her to look more favorable upon him, and that in all things he was her slave. She replied contemptuously to his words, and charged him with the cowardly trick by which he had gained control of her liberty. But she was left by herself, though watched by his orders at times to prevent her escape.

She knew very well that the power and will of the Count Almonte were too strong for any humble friend of hers to attempt to thwart; and yet she somehow felt a conscious strength in Pedro, and secretly cherished the idea that he would discover her place of confinement, and adopt some means to deliver her. The stiletto is the constant companion of the lower classes, and Miraldo had been used to wear one even in her store against contingency; but she now regarded the tiny weapon with peculiar satisfaction, and slept with it in her bosom.

Small was the clue by which Pedro Mantanez discovered the trick of Count Almonte. First this was found out, and then that circumstance, and these, being put together, they led to other results, until the indefatigable lover was at last fully satisfied that he had discovered her place of confinement. Disguised as a friar of the order of San Felipe, he sought Count Almonte's gates at a favorable moment, met Miralda, cheered her with fresh hopes, and returned to arrange some certain plan for her delivery. There was time to think *now;* heretofore he had not permitted himself even an hour's sleep; but she was safe—that is not in immediate danger,—and he could breathe more freely. He knew not with whom to advise, he feared to speak to those above him in society, lest they might betray his purpose to the Count and his own liberty by some means, be thus jeopardized. He could only consider with himself; he must be his own counsel in this critical case.

At last, as if in dispair, he started to his feet one day, and exclaimed to himself—

"Why not go to head-quarters at once?—why not see the Governor General, and tell him the whole truth? Ah, see him! How is that to be effected?—And then this Count Almonte is a nobleman. They say that Tacon loves justice. We shall see. I will go to the Governor General; it cannot do any harm, if it does not do any good. I can but try."

And Pedro did seek the Governor.—True, he did not at once get audience of him—not the first, second, nor the third time; but he persevered, and was admitted at last. Here he told his story in a free, manly voice, undisguisedly and openly in all things, so that Tacon was pleased.

"And the girl," asked the Governor General, over whose countenance a dark scowl had gathered, "is she thy sister?"

"No, Excelencia, she is dearer still!—she is my betrothed."

The Governor, bidding him come nearer, took a golden cross from his table, and handing it to the boatman, said:

"Swear that what you have related to me is true, as you hope for heaven."

"I swear," said Pedro, kneeling and kissing the emblem with simple reverence.

The Governor turned to his table, wrote a few brief lines, and touching a bell, summoned a page from an adjoining room, whom he ordered to send the Captain of the Guard to him.

Prompt as were all who had any connection with the Governor's household, the officer appeared at once, and received the written order, with directions to bring the Count Almonte and a young girl named Miralda immediately before him.

Pedro was sent to an ante-room, and the business of the day passed as usual in the reception hall of the Governor.

Less than two hours had transpired when the Count and Miralda stood before Tacon. Neither knew the nature of the business which had summoned them there. Almonte half suspected the truth, and the poor girl argued of herself that her fate could not but be improved by the interference, let its nature be what it might.

"Count Almonte, you doubtless know why I have ordered you to appear here."

"Excelencia, I fear that I have been indiscreet," was the reply.

"You adopted the uniform of the guards for your own private purposes upon this girl, did you not?"

"Excellencia, I cannot deny it."

"Declare upon your honor, Count Almonte, whether she is unharmed, whom you have thus kept a prisoner."

"Excellencia, she is as pure as when she entered beneath my roof" was the truthful reply.

The Governor turned, and whispered something to his page, then continued his questions to the Count, while he made some minutes upon paper. Pedro was now summoned to explain some matter, and as he entered, the Governor General turned his back for one moment as if to seek for some papers upon his table, while Miralda was pressed to the boatman's arms. It was but for a moment and the next Pedro was bowing humbly before Tacon. A few moments more and the Governor's page returned accompanied by a monk of the church of Santa Clara, with the emblems of his office.

"Holy father," said Tacon, "you will bind the hands of this Count Almonte and Miralda Estalez together in the bonds of wedlock."

"Excellencia," exclaimed the Count in amazement.

"Not a word, Senor; it is your part to obey!"

"My nobility, Excelencia!"

"Is forfeited!" said Tacon.

Count Almonte had too many evidences before his mind's eye of Tacon's mode of administering justice and of enforcing his own will to dare to rebel, and he doggedly yielded in silence. Poor Pedro, not daring to speak, was half crazed to see the prize he had so long coveted thus about to be torn from him. In a few moments the ceremony was performed, the trembling and bewildered girl not daring to thwart the Governor's orders, and the priest declared them husband and wife. The captain of the guard was summoned and dispatched with some written order, and in a few subsequent moments Count Almonte, completely subdued and broken spirited, was ordered to return to his plantation. Pedro and Miralda were directed to remain in an adjoining apartment to that which had been the scene of this singular procedure. Count Almonte mounted his horse, and with a single attendant soon passed out of the city gates. But hardly had he passed the corner of the Paseo, when a dozen muskets fired a volley upon him, and he fell a corpse upon the road.

His body was quietly removed, and the captain of the guard, who had witnessed the act, made a minute upon his order as to the time and place, and, mounting his horse, rode to the governor's palace, entering the presence chamber just as Pedro and Miralda were once more summoned before the Governor.

"Excellencia," said the officer, returning the order, "it is executed!"

"Is the Count dead?"

"Excellencia, yes."

"Proclaim, in the usual manner, the marriage of Count Almonte and Miralda Estalez, and also that she is his legal widow, possessed of his titles and estates. See that a proper officer attends her to the Count's estate, and enforces this decision." Then, turning to Pedro, he said,

"No man or woman in this island is so humble but they may claim justice of Tacon!"

The story furnishes its own moral.

PRETTY NEAR THE MARK.—"I was in company the other night, a number of ladies being present, when a young man proposed a conundrum, which he said he had read in the papers. It was this: "When is a lady not a lady?"—There was a pause—"Give it up," said all round, when to the infinite horror of the whole party the quietest exclaimed, "When she's a little *buggy.*" Nobody laughed—some were demure, some indignant and some no doubt inclined to scratch—the queriest face a little. He was disappointed. Fumbling in his pocket he pulled out a paper, which consulting for a moment he ejaculated, "O I beg your pardon, ladies, I made a mistake. The answer is, "when she's a little *su ky!*" I knew it was some sort of a carriage.

☞ A Yankee, boasting an inveterate hatred of everything British, is living in a neighboring city with a colonist family. He takes every opportunity to have a slap at brother Bull, and the colonist does all he can to defend the venerable gentleman.

"You are arguing says the colonist against your ancestors."

"No, I am not."

"Who was your father?"

"A Yankee."

"Who were your forefathers?"

"Yankees."

"Who were Adam and Eve?"

"Yankees, by thunder!"

The old Negro's Logic.

A Clergyman asked an old servant his reasons for believing in the existence of a God:

"Sir," says he, "I see one man get sick. The doctor comes to him, gives him medicine; the next day he is better, he gives him another dose, it does him good; he keeps on till he gits about his business. Another men gets sick like the first one, the doctor comes to see him, he gives him the same sort of medicine, it does him no good, he gets worse, river him more but he gets worse all the time, till he dies. Now that man's time to die had come and all the doctors in the world can't cure him.

"One year I work in the corn field, plow deep, dig up grass, and make nothing but nubbins. Next year I work the same way, the rain and dew comes, and I make a good crop.

"I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world, I see the sun rise in the East and set in the West. The North star stands where it did the first time I ever saw it, the seven stars in Job's coffin keep in the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It ain't so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches; they run well for a while, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, moon and stars keep on the same way all the while. There is a power which makes one man die, and another get well, that sends the rain and keeps everything in motion."

What a beautiful comment is here furnished by an unlettered African, on the language of the Psalmist: "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handi-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

NOT BAD

The Piscataquis (Me.) Observer is responsible for the following:

A gentleman called at a hut in the Aroostook valley and requested some dinner. The lady, her spouse being absent, refused to supply his necessities for money or the love of humanity.

"Very well," said the hungry traveler as turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat to-morrow."

"Why not," inquired the woman.

"Because," answered the weary man, "the Indians are digging a tunnel at Moosehead Lake, and they are going to turn all the waters of the lake into the Aroostook valley, and you and all the rest of the people are to be drowned."

Upon this intelligence the old lady hurried off to the priest to inform him that a flood was to overflow the valley, and to ask what was to be done in the sad emergency. The priest endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God had promised that he should never send another flood upon the earth.

"But," exclaimed the affrighted woman, "it is not God that's going to do it—it's the cussed Indians."

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.—Soon after the Mexican War, an American captain and an Englishman met in Venice at dinner.

"You are an American," said the Englishman.

"I reckon I am," returned the captain.

"You have the name of being great warriors?"

"Yes," said the Yankee, "we shoot pretty well."

"But how is it you were so anxious to make peace with Mexico. This does not look much like spunk."

"You are an Englishman?" interrogated the Yankee.

"Yes," replied the Englishman.

"Well," said the Yankee, "I don't know what our folks offered to do with Mexico; but stranger, I'll just tell you one thing—I'll be hanged if we offered to make peace with you"

This home thrust at the Englishman set the whole house in an uproar of laughter.

A DUTCHMAN'S DESCRIPTON OF A RAINY NIGHT.—Vel, last Friday night was the vorst as never vash. I tought, to go down de hill to mine house, but no sooner did I valk dan de faster I stand still, for the tardness vash so tick that I could not stir it mit me poots—and the rain, dunder, and blizzen, in more dan tree minits mine skin vas vet troo to my clos. But after von vile it stop quit in' to rain someting; so I kept feelin' of m'neself all the vay long, and ven I comes to mine own house to valk in, vat you tink?—mine Got, it belong to somepody else!"

☞ As a dandified fellow was wending his way throw a narrow passage, he met a pretty girl, and said to her:

"Pray my dear what do you call this passage?"

"Baalam's Passage."

"Ah, then," continued the fellow, "I am like Baalam—stopped by an angel."

"And I," rejoined the girl, as she pushed by him, "am like the angel—stopped by an ass."