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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 30, 1854. NO. 22.

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; it being the first store coming into town, and the 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 10 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 75 cts.; Cocoa, Bacon, Lard, Herrings, Mackerel, Mustard, Pepper, Starch, &c., &c., &c.

BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS.

Ethereal Oil constantly on hand and for sale low.

☞Produce taken in exchange for Goods, at the highest market price.

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

July 22, 1854.—tf.

RATCLIFFE MILL.

THE subscribers most respectfully inform the public that their MILL is now in very superior order, having undergone a thorough repair. The wheat Burs, Bolting cloths, and smut machine, is of the best quality that could be procured in Philadelphia, with flour and wheat ellevators, and all the improvements of the most modern and approved plan. They have a good miller, industrious and attentive to business, polite and accommodating to customers We have every facility, and there can be no good reason, why we should not be able to do the work as well as it can be done in the State or elsewhere.

We also expect to have in full operation in a short time, a Plaster Mill, Clover Mill &c, detached from the grist mill, and shall be highly gratified to accommodate all who may see proper to send, the most strict attention shall be paid to all branches of the business, as we are determined that there shall be no cause for complaint, if any should arrise we would like to be notified.

THOS. H WHALAND.
JOHN W. WHALAND.

August 5, 1854.

Notice to Creditors

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court September 19, 1854,

On the application of Thomas C. Lynch, Executor of Abraham Cole, 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 it 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 true 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 19th day of September, 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 Abraham Cole, late of Kent County; 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 8th day of April, 1855, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 19th day of September, 1854.

THOMAS C. LYNCH,
Ex'tr Abraham Cole, dec'd.

Sept 23, 1854.—4w.

To Merchants & Builders.

SASH WEIGHTS and SHUTTER FASTNINGS, for frame or brick houses always on hand, and made to order in the best manner and of the best materials, as cheap as the lowest city prices, and with prompt despatch. Also Wagon Boxes of every description, neatly manufactured at the Farmer's Foundry, Chestertown.

EARNEST, BENJAMIN & Co

Aug 12, 1854.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the subscriber will please call and settle the same. No further indulgence can be given. WM. BACCHUS.

Aug 12, 1854.

WHITE GOODS.

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

May 13, 1854.

"The Flag of Our Union."

An Elegant, Moral and Refined Miscellaneous Family Journal,

Devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poet gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper.—In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

AND A WELCOME VISTOR TO THE HOME CIRCLE.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are readily engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER,

the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

The FLAG is printed on fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal pages.

TERMS—Invariably in Advance.

1 subscribe, one year,	$2.00
4 subscribers, "	7.00
10 " " "	15.00

Published every SATURDAY by
F. GLEASON,
Corner of Tremont & Bromfield Sts.,
Sept 2, '54. Boston, Mass.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF PHEBE W. RASIN.

Maryland, Kent county Orphans' Court, September 19, 1854.

On the application of Edward T. Rasin, Executor of Phebe W. Rasin, late of Kent county, deceased,

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 19th day of September 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 Phebe W. Rasin 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 8th day of April, 1855, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 19th day of September, 1854.

EDWARD T. RASIN,
Ex'r Phebe W. Rasin, dec'd.

Sept 19, 1854.—4w.

Constable's Sale.

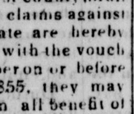
BY virtue of three writs of the State of Maryland, one of Fieri Facias, two of Venditioni Exponas, issued by G. M. Hart and Jas. Graves, two of the Justices of the Peace in and for Kent county, one at the suit of G. D. S. Handy, collector of taxes and fees one at the suit of Thos. L. Jackson, use of B F. Startt, and one at the suit of A. S. Sappington, use of A. A Usilton, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of John W. Apsley, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said John W. Apley, of, in and to all that tract of land, lying and being in Quaker Neck, adjoining the lands of James Brown and others, containing

50 Acres,

more or less, also one *FOUR WHEEL CARRIAGE;*—and I hereby give notice that on SATURDAY, the 30th of September next, at 12 o'clock, M., at the Market House in Chestertown, I will sell the said property so seized and taken in execution to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy said writs and costs due and to became due thereon.

WM. A. ROLLISON, Const.

Sept. 9, 1854.—4w. ($4.50)



FOR SALE:—A Beautiful *Station*, 5 or 6 years old, iron grey, and will go kind in harness, or anything else—he is of fine size form and action. Apply to

W. F. ROEDER.

Kennedy's Farm, Kent Co., Aug. 5, '54

FOR SALE.

READY-MADE CLOTHING. By
W. B. WILMER.

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.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

I build my nest on the mounts ins crest,
Where the wild winds rock my eaglets to rest—
Where the lightning's flash, and the thunder's crash,
And the roaring torrents foam and dash.
For my spirit free, henceforth shall be
A type for the sons of Liberty.

Aloft I fly, from my eyrie high,
Though the vaulted dome of the azure sky,
On a sunbeam bright, take my airy flight,
And float in a flood of liquid light;
For I love to play in the noonside ray,
And bask in a blaze from the throne of day.

Away I spring on a tireless wing,
On a fearless cloud I poise and swing;
I dart down the steep where the lightnings leap,
And the clear, blue canopy slowly sweep,
For dear to me is the revelry
Of a free and fearless liberty.

Then give to me in my flight to sea
The land of the Pilgrims ever free,
And I never will move from the haunts I love,
But watch from my sentinel track above
Your spirit free o'er land and sea,
And exult in your glorious destiny.

O, guard ye well the land where I dwell,
Lest to future times the fate I tell,
When slowly expires in mouldering fires,
The goodly heritage of your sires,
How freedom light rose clear and bright
Till ye quenched its flame in a starless night.

Then will I tear from your pennon fair,
The stars ye set in triumph there;
My olive branch on thee I'll launch,
The fluttering stripes from the flag staff wrench
And away I'll flee, for I scorn to see
A craven race in the land of the free.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RICH AND POOR;
A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY HELEN LOUISA CHANDLER.

Oh! mine was but a perjured faith,
And mine a broken vow;
Else he I loved, and who loved me,
Were here beside me now. W. W.

"Come hither, Hanne, my poor proud child!"

There was a world of music in my mother's deep, sorrowful voice, and I crossed the room in the winter twilight, and threw myself on a low stool at her feet. The coal fire was smouldering in the grate. The carpet, with its dark, rich colors, looked comfortable in the dim light, but outside the winds howled hurrying by, and the unquiet feet of the wild November rain paced round the old house like a sentinel. I had been a long time loved by one good and noble, and more than worthy. He was like some poet artist's conception of morning, with his calm, high brow, his clear blue eyes, and golden tresses. There was an expression of bold, fearless truth in his handsome features, and a look of loving tenderness about his pleasant mouth. He was all sunshine and he had shone his way into my heart. I loved him, though I hardly acknowledged it to myself. He was poor and I—I had but my proud old name, and he ruined mansion and wasted patrimony of the race of Stuarts.

Another lover came, and this one was noble. The gold lay yellow and deep, and shining on his iron coffers, and the broad lands that called him master, were green and fair. If Morgan Philips was radiant with the beauty of morning, this other one, this Hunt Hennesly, was the personification of some stormy night, not wet with tears of rain, but black dark and terrible, with heavy tempest clouds with now and then a star blushing through them, like the gleam of a giant's burnished armor. I loved Morgan Phillips, but Hunt Hennesly's wilder nature possessed a strange charm for my adventurous admiration.—With him, I could raize every dream of my so dreaming youth—I could cross the eastern desert bivouac among Bedouins, stand among the ruins of Jerusalem, and weep over the fallen grandeur of Greece and Rome—with him I could sail down the castled Rhine, look on the stormy Hebrides and follow the track of the old Norsemen across the Northern sea. With Morgan Phillips, what should I share?

"Love" answered tremblingly the low voice in my heart, and I saw a vision of a peaceful home, where my presence would make sunshine. I twined the roses over those cottage walls, and rocked the blue eyed children, bright with the golden hair of my lover husband, but the cosey tea-table with its fresh cream and clotted cream, brought visions of washing dishes and scouring knives; the blue-eyed little ones of my rocking however fast the cradle jogged, *would* cry, and my errant fancy turned with a sigh of relief to the other picture—the lullaby by which the peaceful Mediterranean was singing to those ever quiet children—the summer isles upon her breast.—Unconciously I said aloud:—

"I shall be Hunt Hennesly's;" and then my mother called me to her side.

I thought as I sat down at her feet, how beautiful she had been in years past how beautiful she still was, with her great, sorrowful black eyes. She looked steadfastly at me for a moment, and then she said half sorrowfully:—

"My child, have you promised to be Morgan Phillips' wife?"

"No, mamma, I am young yet."

"Yes, very young; but if you have not promised, you have let him see these many months that you loved him—that his presence at your side was welcome. Now, Hanne, if you did not mean to wed him, was this right?"

I blushed, and was silent, and she continued:

"I know, dear, that Hunt Hennesly loves you also and I will not counsel you. Your own heart will be your safest guard, if you will only follow it; only Hanne Stuart, my child, do not let ambition, power, luxury, anything tempt you to marry without love. The retribution will be terrible, terrible," and my mother drew her shawl about her and shuddered; albeit the room was warm. Her voice was husky when she said:—

"I will tell you, my poor girl, a story of my own youth. I had not thought to confess your father's faults or mine, and God knows which were heaviest, but you need the lesson and you shall have it. I was motherless. I have seen a picture of the beautiful being who died that I might live, but she passed from earth ere she had clasped me to her breast. I was my father's idol, but at fifteen he died and left me poor. He had been wealthy, but after my mother's death he had trusted his fortune to a faithless steward, and I was left scarcely above want.

I was very beautiful, the world said; and I knew it well. The face that met my gaze, as I stood before my mirror was bigotly bewilderingly lovely. I had been educated in conventional retirement, and my heart was fresh and pure. *I loved!* Hanne, you have never known such a passion. It was worship—it was idolatry—it was the life of my life. And he I loved was poor, Allan Greame was fatherless like myself, but I was an inmate of his mother's cottage. Very tenderly they cherished the orphan committed to their care. I knew that Allan loved me. I read it in every act; in the appealing tenderness with which his blue eyes would rest upon my face, in the care with which he anticipated my wishes, and the intonations of his voice as he addressed me.

But another suitor came. Allan Greame had never asked my love, and I had never promised in so many words to be his bride, but for many months he had believed me all his own, and yet, when your father first visited the cottage, his eyes sought my face, with a kind of questioning sadness. Time passed on, and seven weeks more beheld Percy Stuart's betrothed. Looking back, I cannot see by what circumstances this change was brought about. I worshipped Allan Greame as madly as ever.—His smile was the sunshine of my existence. Your father loved me, at least he idolized my beauty, and he was a noble, glorious man. Still his presence had no power to quicken a single pulse, to awaken a single heart-thrill. But he was rich and nobly born. I coveted the proud rank his love could give me—the stately mansion and the old name. It was a long struggle between love and ambition, but at length I laid my hand in his. Scorn me, hate me Hanne, I deserve it. I sinned willfully. I knew I did not love him—that heart and soul were long ago yielded up in a passionate adoration to another—and yet I became his bride.

Allan never reproached me, but the stony, hopeless sorrow in his blue eyes was more bitter than the most terrible words. His mother was as kind as ever, but I could see the hot tears fall upon the bridal garments she was making—And I, oh Hanne, I shudder, looking back through all those years, at the bare thought of my silent agony. I believe I was more beautiful than ever. My eyes were wildly bright, and my cheek flushed like wine a hundred years old, mantling over a silver goblet. My bridegroom like the impressive coldness of my manners. I do not think he ever dreamed that I did not love him; and my stateliness accorded well with the lofty pride of himself and all his haughty race.

"I married him. The ceremony was over, and he had turned to kiss his wife for the first time, when a shriek ran through the church, a piercing, terrible shriek.—Then there was a heavy fall, and Allan, my Allan was born senseless through the crowd. My husband might have suspected when he saw my anguish that he was more than the brother I had called him, but he said nothing. He even acceded to my wild prayer that our bridal journey might be postponed until he was better, and permitted me to be a constant watcher at his bedside.—He had not long to wait. My beloved had broken a blood vessel in his fall, and the fourth day he died. I held his hand as he faded silently away.

"Katharine" he said, looking mournfully into my eyes, "Katharine, it is very sweet to die thus, with you beside me. I am dying for your love. I shall be happy, dearest, for an angel whispers you will be mine in Heaven. You have never said you loved me, but I know it. I know that my dying love is more to you than all this bright living world and I am going where no shadow falls. Kiss me, Katharine, and then sing me one of our dear old songs."

"I had kissed him many times before as a sister might; the free, innocent kisses of childhood but now—now, I kissed him with the wild, passionate kisses of womanhood's deathless love; and then drawing his head to my bosom I sang. It was a ballad we had sung many times together, when the stars were climbing up into the quiet sky, and I sang it now to the soul which was so soon to climb above the stars, above the sky, even to the foot-stool of the great white throne. He looked at me with floods of light welling into his large blue eyes. Every moment his face grew more and more beautiful till I was frightened at its unutterable glory. I ceased, and his low voice whispered—"Katrine—Heaven!"

The lids closed over those earnest eyes, peacefully as a child lies down to dreams; the golden head grew cold upon my bosom. I was alone with my dead!

My mother paused, and clasped me wildly to her heart, then releasing me she continued.

"Hanne, I know in those early days your father loved me, as *he could love*. Not with the worship of the dead, but he was proud of me and strove to make me happy. He suffered much. The wife whose head rested on his bosom, slept in her dreams upon another heart, mixed in with grave-mould. When he clasped his arm about her, ever between their folding, and her slender waist, were those cold arms of the dead. I pitied him, but my very soul was sick unto death; I could not feign a love my heart could never feel. It was two years, Hanne before you were born. He had learned of late to seek his happiness other where. I did not trouble myself to inquire the nature of his pursuits, for I was grateful to be left alone. When you were put into my arms I rained tears of blessing over you, thanking God that my heart could love still.'

"As I lay in silence, with shut eyes, holding you on my heart, I heard him say:

"Perhaps this child will win her love to me. God grant we may be happier!"

"It was a vain hope, Hanne, I was colder to him than ever. We both loved you. I would hold you in my arms hour after hour, raving madly of the dead who should have been your father. One night, as I held you thus, my husband entered.

"Katrine," he said, I shall die tonight, die by my own hand. I have lost my all at the gaming table whither your coldness has driven me. I am sorry for your sake, for the sake of our innocent child, but oh, you deserve little else, woman, who could sell yourself for station, when your very being was another's!"

I knew his reproaches were just, and I sat still, in my defiant silence, holding you to my heart. For five minutes he stood silently looking on us. Then he spoke again with softened tone:

"Katrine, forgive me. Perhaps you did not know your own heart until it was too late. Let not our last parting be in anger. I have done you many wrongs, but I have suffered terribly.—God will judge me, and he is merciful. Katrine, kiss me once before I die.—Once let me hold you to my heart. You are my wife. Your hatred cannot be so remorseless as to refuse me this my last request!"

"Hanne, I know not what demon ruled me, but I sprang up from my seat, I held you aloft from my arms and cried:

"Go! do not touch me! I loathe you, I hate you! But for you my darling would not have died. Before your coming I was happy. Go! You *cannot* suffer as I have suffered, ever since your hateful lips called me wife!"

"Then, holding you still, I sank down upon the floor, weak, helpless, in a position of sobbing. I can remember nothing distinctly, but I have a faint, indistinct memory of a kiss of fire upon my forehead—of seeing your baby face covered with passionate caresses, and being roused from the darkness of my long faint by the report of a pistol.—Your father was dead Hanne, do not quite hate me. I have loved you, suffered for you, lived in your life. If my crime was great, the punishment of my life-long remorse is terrible!"

I clasped her bowed figure in my arms, and pressed my lips again and again to her flushed brow shuddering the while at the thought that terrible as had been her fate, even so might have been mine, but for the story and its warning. Oh, how much dearer my heart acknowledged her in the utter hopelessness of her fearful sorrow, than she had been, in what I had supposed the cold perfection of character.

There was a quick ring at the door. My mother gathered about her the heavy folds of her shawl, and turning on me the appealing glances of her tearful eyes, passed from the room, even as Hunt Hennesly entered. He knelt at my feet, he whispered pleadingly of the future his care should make so bright, and involuntarily I shuddered as I drew my hand from his clasp.

"Mr. Hennesly," I said, in a low, earnest tone, "I have heard that to-night which has made the distinction of this world seem of little moment in contrast with a calm, true love, which shall last for eternity. I do not so love you. I cannot be your wife!"

My words left no room for hope, and he went out silently into the storm. I never looked upon his face again. Before the evening was over, Morgan Philips also sought my presence, and his errand was to say farewell. Sitting beside me, with my hand in his, he murmured:—

'Hanne, my beloved, I dare not ask you to be mine, but I cannot stay and see you given to another. I leave you to your brighter destiny."

There wasn't much pride left in my heart then, and I bowed my head upon his shoulder, and said in a whisper so low that only ears of love could catch the sound:—

"Morgan, stay; for my sake, stay!"

Oh, what an expression of beautiful light and eagerness, of morning sunshine broke over his face then. But the rest is *my* secret. I am Mrs. Morgan Phillips now. I hear of Hunt Hennesly sometimes, standing among the proudest and noblest of the land, but his name brings with it no regrets. Dearer than the brightest skies of far off Italy, are the blue eyes that meet my own so lovingly; sweeter than the whole world's homage, the tones which murmur, as I stand among my idols—"My wife, my beloved!"

GOOD!

The Boston *Yankee Notions* for September, has the following slash at the Administration, under the title of "Pierce's first Victory." It is accompanied with a cut representing the several *dramatis personæ*, in striking colors—"Little Greytown," for instance is a child boo-hooing over his demolished play house.

Little Greytown (to Gen. P——e, loq.)—Get out, ye nasty great big fellow; ain't you ashamed? Wait till Jonathan hears of it, that's all.

Jonathan.—You're a nice fellow, you are, to go and abuse a little chap like that. Why didn't you pitch into Spain when she insulted you, or inter Johnny Bull about the fisheries? No! you could let them slide. I 'spose it was because you were waiting for a chance with one of your own size. Thirsting for glory, warn't ye? Well, *you'll get it next election.*

☞A contemporary has a "devil," who thinks this is a great world. He says: "that at the office they charge him with all the pi they find, while at the house they charge him with all they don't find. He seems to doubt the propriety of the proceedings.

☞Why is a young lady just from a boarding school like a building committee?

Because she is ready to receive proposals.

☞Some "fast" youngsters wear blue coats and brass buttons. The blue is indicative of their feelings, the brass of their manners.

☞"A man can't help what is done behind his back," as the loafer said when he was kicked out of doors.