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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet:--"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please very one."

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. FEBRUARY 5, 1848. NO. 41.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
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AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
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☞ All communications must be post paid.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the News.

LINES

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
E**** I*** R*****.

'Tis over--we have parted, the trying test I've borne,
He ne'er shall know that I for him, did ever sigh or mourne!
A mocking smile played on my lip, and merry glanced my eye
As I lightly prest his trembling hand and coldly past him by!

He remembers not the hour when once he scorned me in his pride,
But now would take the *once poor* girl to be his darling bride!
Oh, think not I shall ere forget contempt for humble birth!
Or riches prised by far above true meritorious worth.

Oh, then I prayed for wealth, for what? to win your fickle love!
Which in my simple childish mind I thought would constant prove!
But ah! I knew not fickle man, I dream'd you were divine,
And knew not that base metal oft, true gold doth far outshine.

My wealth has come, and with it you, but sad experience proves,
That he who waits 'till wealth has crown'd the object which he loves,
Is not worth having! for not you, but wealth is what he seeks,
For actions plain in former days your present motive speaks!

But think not that I love thee now, no! no! I've thrown away!
Alone for one whose passion's like the lightning fiercest ray;
Gleams but to scorch of victim's weae in consciousness of power;
If sound the now loved idol should the frown of Mammon lower!

M. A. R.

Baltimore, Jan. 22d, '48.

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Kent News.

MELVILLE;
OR,
THE FALSE HEARTED.

BY MISS MARY A. REESE,

Author of "The White Fawn," etc. etc.

Oh! never—never while reason holds her sway, can the rememberance of that night be effaced from my memory! No, Maitland, No! Time, with oblivon's hand cannot hide from my soul's eye the despairing glance of thy beautiful eyes—the chiseled marble was scarce less white or immovable than thy features; poor dear gentle being I pity while I condemn. You confess, saith you. Yes, my sweet child I confess; for thy priceless love should have been placed upon a more worthy object—one more calculated to make you happy—one chosen from the same path in life you pursue,—one whose mind could assimilate with yours, and who would expand your soul those pure principles which you possess, and not depress the drooping when spread for flight. Alas, child, well is it said "we love where we should not" reason seldom guide the heart instant. Yet cruel was the heart that spurned your gift of rich pure love and trampled all his protestations of never change under foot. 'twas but a web to catch thy unsuspicious confidence and a veil to blind thy dazzling eyes. But, my love such is not constancy he loves as long as the sun shines a new beauty, but when a brighter one appears or the least obstacle arises between his own loved self and the object of his devotion for fear of losing his idols feelings by expressing his fears and her's anticipating a refusal he bids her tear his image from her heart, he dislikes confusion in families and would rather die than pain her fraternal love, by wounding her parents feeling, poor subterfuge for wishing to address another, and you a poor simple child to believe it, be it so we shall see how this ends. He told you he would love you—you alone, till life ended! He told you he loved none other than you—never did—never would! False perfidious man, I heard those words of thine, I saw the clasped hands of Maitland, the idolizing gaze of her dark eye, the quivering lip of thy victim, the throbbing heart of thy once loved Maitland! I saw the deep respect she paid you for advancing the arguments you did—her love for her Father made her love you better; and you, how could you with cold eye and unpittying feature speak those cold words, and when she almost heart-broken pressed a long lingering kiss upon that brow so deeply loved, so fondly venerated you returned not the pressure of that little hand, you turned away saying, "I must be so Maitland, he will never consent to our union, and I know well that were we to converse on this subject one of us would have to die" Yes, you mark the gasping shudder that followed those words, your work is done--your arrow sped, we must part then was her despairing word. Oh God, and forever! Cruel parents—cruel Melville; but no, no you are right, you must not die; and you, you, what did you do?—You clasped the gentle hand, and said, "no Maitland, we must meet sometimes, I will not be deprived of the pleasure of seeing you. No, let us meet as friends.

A convulsive sob broke the silence which followed those words. In vain the glanced eye caught an object to rest upon—in vain she turns from that worshipped clay, like the charmed victim the eye follows the heart and rests upon him who is loved but too well. You pitied for a moment and whilst pittying said, "Maitland you told me to say just what I thought; not to conceal any thing from you."

I have done so, am I wrong in doing as *you* bid me? You see her lovidg glance, list well her word, "wrong, dear Melville, no! No, oh no! You have done right, and yet—oh had I known what you would say I would not have asked you. Would to God that we had never met; and in vain the control of feelings was exercised—in vain was pride called into her aid—deep heartfelt sighs burst from her bosom; for tears refused to ease the laboring heart; you see and yet you pierce again with chilling words that fond being. Indeed, Maitland, to tell the honest truth, and to smoothe the pathway of the arrow you hesitated and "I bate to say it now, yet I might as well, turning with a smile, you knew she loved, you said I never thought you loved as you—pretended I—I thought you were deceiving me. Man! thy work is done. Oh! Melville! and she fell fainting on thy bosom—reason soon asserted her sway, she rose—slowly reached the door and emerged into the open air; you followed could you; did you read that heart in the cold sterrile features? Could you see the muscles suppressing the wild throbbings of that wounded heart? Like a bird wounded by the fatal shaft of the fowler nerves her wing to reach the nest of its mate, so did she subdue apparently the rankling wound a light laugh and gay jest flowed from the lip but—look into her eye expressionless and sad—look on that brow so often fondly kissed where the shadow of care never set—look on it now fowler—see that deep furrow, 'tis thy work. I see it all and mark it well, and watch you to see you keep the vow you made her.

* * * * *

On a low footstool sit a girl apparently twenty years of age. The raven tresses was braided smoothly over a sweet and low forehead, a mild black eye occasionally lit with the fires of thought sparkled for an instant and then settled again into the calm loving look it habitually wore. On a table close by lay pen's and paper, and all the contents of an emptied desk, among which a little scrambler was making a search for some ardently desired paper. The lady unconscious of the childs works was thinking of other days, perhaps forever and anon a smile would curve the small lip and dimple her cheek, but 'twas instantly chased away by a shade of deep sadness and her eye would turn occasionally to the window and a name coupled with an endearing term was murmured; a pleased any from the child roused her, here it is aunt—here it is I knew it was here. What is it Loui, and how did you know I was there, or how come you to go in my desks," said she, rising hastily, and with an air of displeasure and astonishment, looking on her emptied desk and a piece of paper, Time stained and worn, Loui held in her hand; an agonizing look showed her recognition and hastily kissing the little thief, she gave her some plaything and send her out of the room.

"Oh, memory too dear," said she opening the paper will not Time ever chase you from me—will not change cause forgetfulness?"

A deep sob followed, and she slowly perused the faint lines! It was some written in happier days, when love like a brilliant sun-beam illumed her lovely path, before the cloud of deception lowered upon her path. The lines ran thus:

Beloved one, I would write of thee,
But thou art loved too well—
Too sacred is thy name to me,
A poet's lines to swell!

I write thy name upon my soul,
Thine image on my heart;
And not 'till this lone bosom's cold,
Will with my treasure part.

I draw thy features on my mind,
With truest artist skill;
And 'round my fancy firmly bind,
Thy love for ere to dwell.

Thy gentle manners, soft refined,
As timid maid's should be,
Yet noble, manly first did bind,
My lonely heart to thee!

Thy happy honest glance sincere,
Told me thou wouldst be sure,
But long acquaintance doth endear,
Thee to my soul still more!

Oh fool, fool, that I was, and still am, said she vehemently, rising and pacing the floor; oh, to have loved as I have, and to have met with this return! Oh, Loui you have opened a fount, I had even hoped to dry, to kill, to annihilate—and she threw violently from her the soiled paper, and with agony clasped the pale hand over the straining eye as if to shut out the visions of the mind.

Maitland, sweet Maitland, dry your tears, still the beatings of that throbbing heart, smoothe the furrows of that brow for tho' past the girlhood of love and beauty still the maturer charms are more fascinating than those of youth. There, now, you are more like thy calm self, that is right. put away every paper in its place, each little lot in its proper corner; ah! that is better than I expected, you have learned your lesson well; true the art of dissimilation is not praiseworthy save when used by you, for 'tis done for a good purpose. Yes, your voice is even in its tones, not a quiver betokens the wild nature it so recently displayed. Brave Maitland, throw back those glossy braids and let an arrow rest in each curl. No, no, no jewels plainess in attire, is woman's chief ornament with regard to dress, I mean; that is right love; that sweet colar becomes thy pensive face and that grave dress suits well the slow step and haughty mein, now to thy task. Slowly thou descendeth to the drawing room.—Comfort combined with elegance meets the eye. You are satisfied, yes; there sets thy work table, music, &c. &c. but why is it Maitland? why is that old embroidery brought forth and placed in so conspicuous place? You will know saith you; very well!—Then, why is that very ancient book placed above those elegant volumes? time will tell! Very well my child: act well your part, for the door opens at Mr. Monroe and Lady, Mr. Willis and numerous others, but—a moment Maitland, that curl conceals a spot, a mole perhaps, let me arrange it while your father entertains those people with his French etiquette; there, that will do, but another! yes, now he comes. That is right Maitland, look beautifully calm. Not a quicker pulse betokens the knowledge of an entrance as she listens to the learn'd dessertation of a doctor or the merry description of a Lawyer not a contracted feature tells of the tide of memory which swells thy noble heart.

Ah! Mr. Melville, I am happy to see you! and she lightly touched the proffered hand and as she marked his eye resting on the old piece of worked cloth a wild throb beat in her bosom, for she thought of the many vows he had breathed to her while working that piece; that work was done, where was the fulfilment of his vows?—It has been many years since we met Maitland, oh, excuse me Miss Maitland, said he, as he caught himself and smiling in her face, he whispered, ten long dreary years! oh, has it been so long? said she turning away from the gaze she so dreary loved, and shutting her eyes for an instant as if to close out the light, the too well loved light which would lure her again to believe in man's protestations; in one moment though she showed that ten years part in the school of concealment had not been part in vain, for upon request she elated herself at the piano, and taking up a piece of music played it off without a momentary mistake. Various pieces were called for and played and sang with taste; but what now? Oh, I see your meaning, he is watching with his souls eye; go on Maitland, oh, the old book; what those words! How can you sing them without emotion? you have not sung them for ten years. No indeed, not since the night *he*, yes, he said he would love you, *you!* Go on he approaches and—he turns pale, remorse begins; but no he leans over her and whispers something! She looks up at him, her eye speaks the language of other days, when his spoke as it does at this instant. But notwithstanding his look of all absorbing love, hers gradually changes, see even those noisy politicians; notice for a moment her look; it changes to cold stern determined resolve. Yes, Melville, I will change it for another; and running her fingers over the instrument, she turned to the old book and opening at a worn leaf, marked with various characters known to lovers, she sung the words:

Why bid my quivering lips explain
The faithful love in which I pine?
Oh! ask not words, for words are vain
Bet read my eyes, when fixed on thine!

"Oh! that's enough, Maitland, he is gone. you need'nt have sung that methinks.—Well, well, child. I don't know, as you say, what you've suffered.

* * * * * *

'Tis night! a sweet breeze wafted over the gently rippling waters—the music from a guitar sometimes accompanied by a female voice; hark! those words.

"Surely that is Maitland Melhurst? yes, tis her; let us cautiously approach the spot." Oh! what a lovely night! The myriad stars with their bright eyes, look down so lovingly on the waters and seems to kiss each other in the ripples. The tree tops nigh in soothing cadence with the sporting zephyrs, which one may almost fancy they can see coming to them with their painted wings. "And yet; oh, how can I feel happy, when I mark the workings of Maitland's face? See she has been weeping the traces of tears are visable on her pale cheek a crumpled paper is grasped in her hand while the other is prest upon her heart to still its tumultuous beatings. That letter was from Melville, it breathed a tone so dear to her heart, that she almost wavered in her purpose, but no. She read it again and again, and to night she wandered out alone to ponder on the past. To think on the long hours of anguish she had lived through; she thought of the night they parted—the courtship marriage and death of her rival, and now—he again worshipped at the shrine of his early love. Again he sought, plead, prayed for what he wantonly threw away. But in vain she knew her own strength and determined while endeavoring to wake in his soul by former associations brought to the present, that love he had once professed. She determined if she succeeded to tear his image from her soul, to erase from her heart all thoughts of one who she had worshiped for ten long tedious years; and how did she succeed? Oh! you little know Maitland Melhurst, if you deem'd her unable to pursue a path she had marked out. She had seen, listened, marked every word of Melville's when after their first meeting, he sought her and plead with bewitching eloquence for that love he knew she had borne him. She listened well and a smile bit her features as she thought of his words; "indeed Maitland, I thought you pretended more love than you felt." She repeated them, he staggered for an instant in his assertions of love, and she fixing her eye upon his, while a thrill of wild emotion aggitated her bosom. She placed one hand in his, saying, once Melville, still dearly loved one, that was yours; I gave it to you with a firm conviction it was merited, and oh! I would have given my heart's last drop, to have made you happy, believing my parents were wrong in saying you did not, could not love any one. Oh, how truthfully they read you.

Well! I loved well! well! but you gave me back my vows. Unasked you promised to live single for me; I asked it not, I will not say that I wished it not, for I loved you too well to wish to see another fill my place. You said you would be happy—stop do not interrupt me, let me finish and then.

You would be happy if I was, that was a noble expression and I loved you better for it, but—when I said a few moments afterward, if you love me, why should we part? You said you did not love me as I deserved; oh! how I loved you then! but you sought another, for her sake you wounded my bosom; for her you breathed falsehoods teeming with noble sentiment into my ear, and I, fond confiding fool, believed them.

I gave you my hand—nay, do not press it, I gave it believing it to be yours, by right of conquest and that you deserved it for ten years it belonged to you. I listened to the accounts of your wife. Nay, do not start, I have heard all, and when—" here her voice faultered and the drooping head told how deep was her feelings.

But, recovering instantly, she proceeded, "when I heard of your fondness for your wife, and her devotion to you—I—I cursed her in my soul; for she was my rival. I cursed her and I curse you now."

"Stop, stop for God sake, Maitland," said he," "stop, I beseech you, do not add more to that horrid word. I did not think your gentle eye could glow so terribly, nor that low sweet voice speak so harsh."

"Hold, vain man! You know me not or you would not attempt to paliate your falsehood with such flimsy flattery. Go, as you deserve, may you be recompensed, as you have made me miserable—may you be" and she rushed from him and gaining her own room.

She gave vent to the tears she had struggled to repress. Then came the letter, it spoke of their early joys, of the necessity of their separation, of the turning of his head to her, like the needle to its star, during the long years that had past, of the compulsion used the subterfuges, resorted to, to induce him to wed his wife. He referred to his abstaining from society? Did he not deserve her favor for that? He had never seen her since they had mutually agreed to part—he spoke of the anguish, remorse and misery he had endured, and when his wife affectionately enquired the cause, he invented a falsehood to conceal his aversion to her caresses and his love for another.

"Ah! that will do, Melville, that will do, you have made her weep, but let me tell you, her Father is not so rich as you heard and she has three sisters.

Maitland struggled for an instant while she perused the well penned letter, but 'twas but for an instant. No, never! was her answer, and taking her guitar she stole down to the river bank where spite of feeling she gave a song of light happiness to the zephyrs, before I reached her a form knelt beside her and gently taking away the guitar he twined his arm around her waist, and drawing her close, said Maitland, "it is now six years since you and I first met, your father gave his consent then to my suit, you did not frown upon me, but told me to wait. I have waited—now, dear one, if you will not smile upon my offer to-morrow's sun shall see me far upon my way to the old world where visions of philosophy shall chose away the image. Say Maitland, bid me hope that my time shall not be spent in vain and I will wait another six years; but no, Maitland, press a kiss upon the marble brow, and placing her hand in his said, "Henry it is yours, Time beauty and wealth, all have been before you to choose, when and where you would. I have not cheered you with kind words, yet you were true. I was poor, you were true, amidst beauties of every variety, you sought me and turned to me. I told you I did not love, yet you were constant. I do not love you now, Henry, but all my respect, esteem and veneration is thine.—Joy, noble manly joy dilated the dark eye of Westwood as he listened to her words and kissing her unrestraining cheek he said, "Mine, oh I am undeserving such happiness, yet dearest Maitland, if a devoted heart, can win your love, that too shall be mine."

"Well, well," said she, "may be so, but now leave me, I love solitude, what leave my betrothed bride on the same hour of our betrothal;"

"Ah no Maitland, I must be rebellious."

"Well stay then," said she, and thuming some notes upon it.

A few moments afterwards Loui bounded down the bank saying, "Grand pa wanted Aunte, and he too I guess."

"Loui," said Westwood, snatching up the little girl and tossing her up in the air. "Oh, oh, shrieked the child as he threw her up in the air higher each time.

"Oh Aunte, do stop him, Aunte, he must be crazy. Don't you think he is aunt Maitland," as she regained the ground.—"Oh you naughty man, look at my curls, how you have upset my head, and the little elf marched off in great indignation the while murmuring that such a still serious man as Mr. Henry Westwood should turn such a goose. Never mind, sir, said she, turning round and shaking her finger at him, "I will tell grand pa on you, why aunte, just look at Mr. Westwood, if he has not that old flower you had, and oh just see him kiss it, and the child laughed long and merrily.

* * * * *

It was at the Carnival that two mask might be seen wending their way slowly among the crowded streets. A little fairy triped beside them, alternately loosing them and regaining them, showing her acquaintance with the streets. They reached an hotel and soon regained their usual dress. It was Maitland Melhurst and Henry Westwood, or rather Henry and his wife, or bride, as you chose to call it, with Loui. They had been to visit the death bed of the False-hearted.

THE RIGHT GRIT.—The New York commercial tells a good story about an Irish girl who came to near being married on Thursday evning, that the fiddler was engaged friends invited, bridegroom ready and parson at hand. The ceremony was however delayed until the company grew impatient and determind that it shoul take place whether or no. But the bridegroom refused to be a party in it till his uncle should come. The uncle arrived soon after and then he was willing, but the bride had then changed her mind. In reply to his entreaties she rejoined that she would not marry him unless her grandfather was present. As that member of her family died some years before, no marriage was possible, when such a condition was indispensable, especially as we are informed that with a toss of her auburn ringlets the bird bounded away from the house. On a view of all the circumstances, our cotemporary deliberately records his opinion that see served him rihgt.

ECONOMY.—At the recent Railroad celebration in New Hampshire, a large number who remained in Lebanon, were sadly puzzeld to find accommodations over night. A worthy inhabitant of that place decides that such was the rush, that in one instance there was but one bed for fifty persons! In this dilemma the following expedient was adopted—two persons took possession of the bed, and, being much fatigued were soon asleep; they were then carefully removed and set up against the wall. This process was repeated till the whole fifty were disposed of.

TURNS AND RETURNS.—One of Aaron Burr's clients gave him a retaining fee, but the case being compromised before trial, Burr was asked to refund. 'Ah,' said he, there are many crooks and turns in the law, but no returns.'

Why is an African like a magician? Answer.—Because he is a negro man sir—Necromancer.)

The perpetrator of the above connundrum has made his escape; but the officers of justice are in pursuit of him,

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HOW TO ESCAPE DROWNING.—A Dutchman was relating his marvellous escape, when thirteen of his companions were drowned by the upsetting of a boat and he alone was saved,

'And how did you escape the fate of the rest?, asked one of the hearers.

'I did not go in to boat' was the Dutchman's placid answer.

LEAP YEAR.—By an ancient act of the good old Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Margaret, about the year 1288, it was

'Orderet' That during ye reign of her maist blessed majestie, ilka maiden ladee, of baith high and lowe estait, shall hae liberte to speak to ye man she likes. Gif he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulct in ye sum of an hundred pounds or less, as his estait may be, except and always, gif he can make it appear that he is betroth to another woman, then he shall be free.

SHARP REPLY.—A knavish attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty? 'What is teat to you?, said he,—meddle with those things that concern you.'

SICKLY SEASON.—There is not a man, woman, or child, but should take medicine at this season of the year, but more especially at this present time: for there probably were never so many causes existing at one period as there are now, so likely to produce a state of sickness. The repeated changes in the atmosphere, by acting as they do upon the constitution, and quality of the blood itself, give occasion for the most fatal and malignant disorders. The bile becomes (and often without any warning,) in a most acrimonious condition from these repeated changes, and if the stomach and bowels have been neglected previously, the first symptoms require immediate attention. Even those who have a healthy disposition of body, are subject to sickness under these circumstances.—Therefore to prevent any danger, we ought carefully to guard against a costive state of our bowels. Once or twice they should be evacuated in twenty-four hours. There are many causes which produce unhealthy blood: sometimes it may arise from grief, at others when the system is in a state of fullness it can take place from sudden joy; close application to a literary undertaking can produce it—in all cases where many persons have to be seen and spoken to, which producing nervous excitement, is a fertile source of unhealthy blood occasioning that slow nervous fever which has carried off soms of our best men, men' martyrs to their reputation, but which a knowledge of the powers of Brandreth's Pills would have prevented. Those who desire to secure their health, under almost any adverse circumstances, can do so by having Brandreth's Pills on hand, and at once resorting to them when the first feelings of disorder take place in their bodies. As this advice is used so will the health be. The will yet be when a man that makes a good medicine shall be honored more than he who is an adept in the art of war.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The following are the duly appointed Agents for the sale of the genuine Brandreth Pills in Kent co.
John Russel, Chester Town;
S. Cooper, Urieville,
S. W. Cole & Co., New Market;
R. L. Rolph, Millington;
Nathan Peacock, Georgetown X Roads;
Benj. C. Wells, Head of Sassafrass.
September 25, 1847.

IN KENT COUNTY COURT.

January 1, 1847.

IN the case of the petition of William George Wilson, an Insolvent Debtor, ordered by the Court that the creditors file their claims against the said Petitioner in Kent County Court, by the third Monday of March next, and that notice of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published on the Eastern Shore once in each of three successive weeks before the 1st day of March next.

Test,
J. N GORDON, Clerk.
Jan. 8—3w.

KENT COUNTY COURT:

Janaary 1, 1848.

ORDERED that the sale made and reported by George Vickers, the Trustee, for the sale of the real estate of Sarah Temperance Howard, a minor, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the third Monday of March next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published on the Eastern Shore of Maryland once a week in each of three successive weeks, before the 1st day of March next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $301,25.

JOHN B. ECCLESTON.
True copy—Test.
J. N. GORDON.
Jan 8. Clerk.

NO CURE NO PAY.

DR. CULLEN'S *Indian Vegetable Remedy*—Warranted to cure, or the money returned. This Medicine is prepared from an Indian receipt, obtained from one of them in the Far West, at great expense. Those who have been familiar with the Indians, know that they can and do cure Venerial without the knowledge of Mercury, Balsam, or any thing of the kind. The afflicted have now an opportunity of being cured without the danger of Mercury or the unpleasant use of Balsam. This medicine is pleasant to the taste, and leaves no smell on the breath.

For sale by John L. Stam, Chesterlyn.
July 24, 1847.

CIDER VINEGAR for sale by
WILMER & NICOLS
Sept. 18, '47.