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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MARCH 3, 1849. NO. 42.

POETRY.

From the Baltimore Sun.

ON THE SAILING
OF THE JANE PARKER,
FOR THE GOLD REGIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

Amid the cheering shouts of men and deafning cannon's roar,
A gallant ship her canvass spreads, and leaves the crowded shore:
Wharves, windows, house tops shipping near, with eager faces teem,
To watch the stately vessel glide adown Patapsco's stream.

Upon her lofty deck is seen a crowd of manly forms,
Prepared to brave "Old Ocean's" waves, and battle with his storms.
Gay music floats upon the breeze, soul-stirring strains are heard,
As flies, on snowy pinions spread, this graceful ocean-bird.

And still the cheers and shouts arise, and booming cannon roar,
Until the distant, faint response, at length is heard no more.
The failing notes of music sweet no longer reach the ear,
As now the ship, in distance lost, pursues her proud career.

But whither goes that bounding bark and those adventurers bold?
They go to seek a distant shore enriched with sands of gold;
Where *gold*, on hill and mountain sides, is bright abundance beams,
And where, in every rill that glides, the glitt'ring metal gleams.

They go these mountain-sides to mine—these golden sands to gleam,
Regardless of the weary wastes of waves that roll between.
With bounding hearts and beaming eyes, they launch upon the deep,
Unmindful of the anxious friends they leave at home to weep.

Thou to my dear and only boy! bright, joyous, young and brave,
Has left a loving mother's side to tempt the stormy wave!
And ye, my *sister's* noble sons! scarce to my heart less dear,
Have gone to seek, in other lands, the wealth denied you here!

They go! Their fearless, sanguine hearts, with youthful ardor burn;
But when shall this young, joyous band to home and friends return?
For them how many a bosom dreads the deep and treach'rous main,
And counts the weary months and years till they return again.

Through each extreme of heart and cold, their vessel's course will lie,
Beneath the burning torrid zone, and freezing polar sky.
May God preserve the noble craft alike from calm and gale,
And grant that neither wave nor storm against this bark prevail!

May prosp'rous breeze urge her round Cape Horn's inclement way!
Or leave her till she safely rides in fair Francisco's bay!
May fortune crown each wand'rer's toil with stores of golden ore,
And bless'd with health and wealth, may all regain their native shore.

CAMBRIDGE, Md., Jan. 31. A. G. M.

—The sons of Ex-Governor Grason.

POPULAR TALES

ROSE BADEN.

Written for Godey's Lady's Dollar Newspaper,

BY ELLA MOORE.

It was a bleak November morning a few short years ago, that Rose Baden, gazing thoughtfully into a bright coal fire, heaved a deep sigh, as she contrasted the comforts, ah! even luxury by which she was surrounded, with the various scenes of poverty, she that day expected to witness.

Yes, Rose was one of those heaven-gifted beings, whose spirit, has many chords responsive to the joys and cares of life, and when struck upon by a skillful hand there was a thrilling melody brought forth which found its way to many a heart, and endeared even to gladness many a desponding, careworn sinking soul.

The parlor door opened gently, and Walter Daton entered with a noiseless step. He stood for a moment as if afraid to disturb the musings of his fair friend.—Then approaching her gracefully, he extended his hand, she received it kindly, but uttered not a word.

He pressed her fair hand again and again, then raising it to his lips, he sighed "Farewell—farewell, my more than sister, when we meet again I will be all you wish, would to God I could know you would sometimes think of me—and—and—" a tear fell upon the hand he still held and a suffocating agony of heart choaked his utterance.

"You must leave me now, Walter," said Rose summoning all her fortitude.—"Yes, you must leave me, 'twere better no doubt for both that we should be seperated—you know all my heart, all my feelings. I respect, admire, esteem you; more I dare not; Walter, I dare not love you!"

"Dare not!" exclaimed Walter, in amazement. Dare not! what means this, my sweet Rose!"

"O question me not, I am not a liberty to explain and if I were I should not have the courage."

"Dare not love me! a new light is now thrown upon all your conduct towards me, and a gleam of hope, now lightens the dark cloud which hangs over my destiny. Rose," said he, assuming a sterner voice; "I will never leave you thus—never;" and pressing his hand upon his forehead, he paced the floor, with quick and measured steps. Then stopping short—

"I know it all." said he, "yes! I know it all. That fiend Barlow, is at the bottom of all this, and ere I sleep, he shall atone for it."

"O! stay, Walter, stay; be not so hasty in your conclusions. Barlow is innocent, he is—indeed he is, and there are none to blame, none but my own weak, selfish heart. Leave me, now. O! leave me, and may God's choicest blessing rest upon you."

"I will leave you, but not for Europe, as was my intention when I came to say farewell. No! I have now an object to attain, and I shall never leave until I have accomplished it. Pardon, Miss Baden pardon," said he, "the fervency of my character as manifested in your presence. When we meet again I shall be more calm."

So saying he hurried from the apartment, and Rose found relief in a flood of tears; but ere an hour had passed she was composed, and tying on a neat straw bonnet, was soon equipped for a ride.

Her noble charger had waited longer than usual, and as she mounted, she patted his sleek neck, and spoke to him kindly, and in pitying tones regretted he had to leave his warm stable, so cold a morning. "But you know, Dick," said she, as the groom placed a heavy basket on the pummel of the saddle, "you know I could not carry this without you."

As she road off the groom remarked, "I hope, Miss, your stay will be short; the clouds look very threatening, and I fear we shall have a squall."

"I shall profit by your kind warning, Charley, and soon be back—adieu!" So saying, she trotted off at a brisk rate, and was soon several miles from the city, when she stopped at the door of a neat white cottage, nestled down among roses, and honeysuckles, but whose leafless branches, now looked as desolate as its unhappy tenants. As Rose dismounted, she threw her skirt over the saddle, took the basket in her hand, and giving the bridle to a lad at the door, she entered without even a tap.

A smile lighted up the face of Mrs. Ashton, as Rose extended her hand, and she said, "how very kind this is of you my sweet girl. How like an angel, whose visits are ever granted when most needed.—My poor Louisa is very ill to day, yet she did not forget her sweet friend in her petitions. O! dear Rose, what a comfort, what a sweet balm, your friendship is to us. God will surely reward your richly for it."

A sigh took them to the bedside of Louisa; her pale and delicate features were overspread with a crimson glow, a smile played about her parted lips, and she looked more, far more beautiful than ever.

Mrs. Ashton had been left by the sudden decease of her husband, what was supposed by herself and friends, a rich widow.

Her husband had long been known as a wealthy merchant, and supported his family in a style which might even have been called extravagant.

And Louisa, the beautiful Louisa, was the admired of every circle—was carressed, and courted by all upon whom she would smile. Among her worshippers was Walter Daton. He had bowed before her shrine with all the fervency of his impassioned nature.

He was rich, learned, and handsome, all was laid upon the shrine of his affection, as two small an offering for so much promised happiness. The idea of possessing Louisa Ashton as his bride was to him the climax of his ambition, and this had been whispered to her at various times, in such winning words, that they had found a response in her confiding heart, and she lavished upon him its wealth of love.—Happy was she—indeed to find the flame of her own warm affections, kindled by a spark from the pure fountain of never dying love, and happier still was she to know the object of her selection was approved and admired by all who knew her.

Ah! the sanctuary of the heart, 'tis a sacred thing, who can fathom its depths, and find its hidden treasures? Ah, who?

Louisa's was a proud heart, and could not bow to the reverse of fortune her father's death had brought upon them. It was not the loss of wealth, ah no—that were comparatively trifling—it was the loss of love—the loss of that idol whose audience chamber was the inner temple, and whose sacrifice burned within the holy of holies.

Sad, indeed, was the day when it was made known to Mrs. Ashton they must leave their splendid mansion, with all its costly furniture, for the benefit of Mr. Ashton's creditors. Yet it was yielded up most cheerfully by its noble inmates, and all—even the splendid jewelry of Louisa—was urged upon them.

Their unselfish conduct produced a kindly feeling in the hearts of all the creditors, and they agreed to allow Mrs. Ashton an annuity.

With this, she and her lovely daughter retired to Rose Cottage near the village of———, many miles from their city friends.

They were much pleased with their neat abode, and for a while the mother and daughter strove to vie with each other, in appearing happy. But the struggle was too great for the young heart of Louisa, and soon restless nights, a hectic glow attended with a frequent cough, was cause for great alarm, and most anxiously did her fond mother watch the progress of the fell-destroyer's stealthy steps, until hope was extinct, and Louisa Ashton lay before them in the last stages of a hasty consumption.

Rose had often met Louisa Ashton, in the gay routine of city parties, and a distant bow was all that ever passed between them, until the death of Mr. Ashton revealed their true position, and then when the heartless forsook them, she sought to cultivate their acquaintance—and soon a lasting intimacy was formed between them.

Rose has often heard Walter Daton speak of Louisa Ashton, in terms bordering on admiration, and repeatedly had she heard Louisa speak of him. But never until death was close at hand did that fair flower lay open her bleeding heart, and there discover the canker-worm sipping its very vitals.

There hid in that heart of hearts, was the image of Walter Daton. There, hid even from herself, if it were possible, lay the cause of her gentle spirit's yielding up its last hope, and folding its white wings upon the bosom of the angelic form which now lay before them.

Yes, 'twas unrequited love, seeking to bury itself in the quiet grave. To pillow its burning temples upon the cool lap of its mother earth; and satisfy the cravings of its longing soul, in the pure mansions of spiritual bliss.

As Rose hung over her sweet friend a tear dropped upon her transparent hand, and the warm tribute of her affection was kissed away by the trembling lips of the dying girl.

"Sweet Rose," whispered she, "thank God you are with me. The day was so cold, I feared you would not come. Stay with me now, my precious frind, I shall not tarry long, a few more hurried sighs; and all will be calm.

"I am strong now—sleep, that last sweet sleep, has given me much strength to die and dying I may tell Rose, what living I dared not, and what must be to you a sacred secret.",

"Speak, sweet friend; with me your sorrows shall find a resting place, your trials a sacred asylum—I will be to you a second self"

Louisa pressed her hand, and replied "I know it, yet scarcely dare I breathe my wish. But I will. You know Walter Daton," continued she, "say to him the heartless world has won him away from me, by its false and fickle smile, and though a wealthy daughter of Richard Ashton. I was courted, admired and wooed, as the daughter of a poor widow I have been neglected, if not despised. My proud spirit was not shorn of its gaudy plumage when wings were given to our wealth, neither was my love extinguished when he ceased to pour oil upon the flame. No, no—it burned more fiercely, ah even until the fragile flame which contained that spirit was consumed, and the vital spark was illumed by the holy light of heaven.

"Say to him, my latest prayer shall be for his happiness. He will never marry I know he never will; and would that I could do or say something to make him happy, but I cannot. The web of his destiny is linked with mine, and it is beyond my control to disunite its tangled meshes. I go down to the grave, whither he must soon follow, and it behooves him to make ready. I have long since forgiven him; may he forgive himself, and God forgive us both. To me the punishment was just. I loved the creature more than the Creator. The spell is broken now, and where the image of Walter Dayton was only reflected, now dwells that of my Saviour. Rose, I know not how, when, or where it will be, yet I know you will stand by the bedside of Walter Daton, pouring the balm of consolation into his wounded spirit, and speaking comfort to his never-dying soul.

"I know, too, he shall love as I have loved, and it will be to him the worm that never dieth, yet the workings of the spirit-world is far beyond our comprehension, and ere he dies he will be convinced that his spirit had nestled in my bosom, and there found its own natal abiding place.—That the veil there thrown over it, hid it from himself, but not from me. *He* has wandered from his first love, but it is without the spirit guide, and when he has been sufficiently tired he will look for it, where he had almost forgotten he had once confided it. He will then remember it went down to the grave with Louisa Ashton!"

Two days after this strange development Rose stood by the grave of Louisa Ashton, and was one of the many maidens who attended on that occasion to throw an evergreen into the grave, where was entombed one of the sweetest flowers which was ever nipped in its early bloom.

Who shall portray the grief of that lonely widows heart, as she hung upon the arm of Rose, and would not leave her beloved child to the cold grave alone. Ah! grief like hers was too sacred, and with such the "stranger meddleth not." Sufficient is it to know, Rose Baden's home was the home of Mrs. Ashton, and Rose was to her a daughter.

"Ten years!—ten years is a long—long time, and yet they tell me I have been here ten years And why?—why have I been here? This is not my home, my own sweet home! I sees no familiar faces here, all—all is strange. My fame is attenuated—my strength gone; my spirit broken.—What means all this? Where is my father—mother—and— and—above all, where is Louisa? My sweet, my injured Louisa?—Where —O where are all—all gone?"

Thus mused Walter Daton, as he awoke one morning a short time before his death.

To him time had had no data, all was a blank, one never ending now.

His first question to his attendant was, "Where am I?"

"With friends," was his calm reply.

"And how long have I been here?"

"Ten years. I will bring you some breakfast now."

It was during the absence of his servant he had leisure to look back over a blank of ten years, and at last remembered the night when Rose Baden had sat as he entered her drawing room, resting her head upon an arm of snowy whiteness, which was lying on a centre table of Epytian marble, over which a gas lamp was suspended, from which jets of light streamed in every direction.

The heavy crimson velvet curtains were all dropped before the windows, a brilliant fire threw its cheering warmth far and wide, and as he stepped his feet sank deep in the soft wool of Turkey.

For a moment he felt awe struck, as if he stood in the presence of divinity, not knowing in what language, or by what name to address her, that he might gain a favorable hearing. As he stood, she raised her head, and starting to her feet exclaimed—"Walter! why are you here?"

"To offer you the incense of a pure heart," was his quick reply, "Yes, my sweet Rose, I adore you," continued he, falting gracefully upon one knee, "and here on my bended knee, and in the sight of heaven, I repeat I adore you. To me your presence is heaven; without you the world is a blank. I cannot endure your coldness—it is death to me. You must be mine. You must bestow upon me one sweet smile of hope—one word of encouragement—be it ever so distant, it will be a beacon of light to guide me to the hoped for haven. Speak! oh! speak to me one—only one kind word—ere I die at your feet."

"Rise, Walter," said she calmly, after summoning to her aid all the courage of which she was mistress. "Rise, and I will speak—yes! I will speak to you words of truth and soberness. Listen then. Your passionate avowal to love me like snow-flakes falling upon an iceberg—they cannot warm me, nor find their way to my heart. I know you too well? Think you I could love the deceiver of Louisa Ashton! Think you that I could love the man that could trample on love like hers? I have not, like you deserted her in the hour of need Hear from me her dying message then leave me as you would a viper whose sting is death. Yes! could my look blast you I should fear to gaze upon you. For in my bosom lives nothing but contempt for you. I loathe your very presence, and know not how to endure it long enough to tell my sad tale!"

"Oh! spare me, Rose! in heaven's name spare me!" he exclaimed, and with clenched hands he smote his bosom, and gnashed his teeth with the frenzy of a madman. But she would not spare him, and in hurried tones and with a trembling voice, she repeated her fearful message, then left him lying almost lifeless upon the floor.

As soon as he recovered himself he dashed to the door after him and darted along the pavement with mad frenzy, at every step cursing his unhappy fate.

That night was the first Walter Daton was ever drunk. To drown his sorrow and disappointment he sought the intoxicating bowl, and when for a moment a sober thought would cross his mind, it ever brought before him the image of his neglected Louisa, whose love till then he had never been able to appreciate.

Then would appear before him the hectic glow upon the beautiful cheek—the cold grave—and, above all, the prayer for him. This was too much for him to combat, and again would he drink deep, and still deeper, until an inebriate's fate was his—Delerium tremens sealed his doom, and a maniac's asylum was his home.

Ten years had now passed, and he was again thinking of Louisa Ashton—again asking for parents and friends.

As soon as his attendent returned, he desired to see Rose Badem, now Mrs. Barlow. She had often visited him during his years of confinement, and when it was told him he shed bitter tears of repentence.

At his request she was immediately sent for, and most joyfully did she come, as a guardian angel, to minister to his last hours. Words fail to express her thankfulness that reason had again taken position of her throne.

She had him removed at once to her abode, as his parents had long since died broken hearted, and there the few remaining days which were spared him, she spent by his bedside, ministering to his broken spirit, and leading him "to the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world."

AN EVENTFUL HISTORY.---THE LIFE OF A PRINTER.

The following strange eventful record of a journeyman printer's life, says the Pittsburg Journal, we are positive is correct to the letter. It developes what a man can do if he likes, and what queer and enterprising, unselfish fellows the majority of printers are:

"The life of a printer is, to say the least one of variety. I left home at the age of nine, and was apprenticed to the printing business, at thirteen, since then I have visited Europe—been in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and France—in Canada, Nova Scotia, Labrador, South America, West Indies and all the Atlantic States of the Union, from Maine to Louisiana,—have lived in twenty-seven cities and towns in the United States; I have been a sailor in the merchant service; and have sailed in all manner of craft—ship, barque, brig, schooner, sloop and steamer—in the regular army as a private soldier, deserted and got shot in the leg. I have studied two years for the ministry, one year for an M. D.—traveled through all the New England states,—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia, as a journeyman printer, generally with little else than a brass rule in his pocket. I have been the publisher of two papers in———, one in Boston, one in Roxbury, Mass., one in Newhampshire and one in Maine. At one time I had $7.350 in my pocket of my own. I have been married twice, and am now nearly 26 years old! Was a member of Captain (late Major) Ringgold's flying artillery, at the encampment at Trenton, N. J. I have been a temperance lecturer and proprietor of a temperance theatre.

Outwitting John Bull.

A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, tells of one of our cute Yankee's, with big pretensions, who made his debut into the upper province, and settled into a community "congenial to his taste." Brother Jonathan soon found himself considerably involved, and turned his attentions to the "stays and delays of the law." He discovered that a certain amount of property could be held, which was not subject to seizure, and also the specific articles which were there laid down. Accordingly he provided himself with such things as were lawful, and disposed of all else as being superfluous.

The extra cash "properly cared for," Jonathan felt quite easy. *He* had a very fine hog, the proper quantity of feed for it, and everything of use. "Something was burning," for the neighbors smelt it, but it was too late. To outwit the Yankee was now the only thoughts of Jonathan's creditors. The hog was the "one item o' the law," by which Johnny Bull was to retrieve a part of his loss, so he agrees with a neighbor to have one small shoat presented to the Yankee and then seize the big one. Jonathan chuckled at the idea, for he heard a smell of things at once. He told Mr. Bull to "bring the critter up next week." It was accordingly brought, Mr Bull first having the law and officer at hand to make the seizure, as soon as Jonathan became "proprietor of two hogs." The pigmy was personally presented, when Jonathan remarked, "twasn't a patchen to the one he kilt yesterday, nor never would be, for it weighed 600 lbs neat weight; and the guessed he'd sell this to any body that wanted one to buy."

Bull felt a pain in the lumber region of his back bone, not relishing the loss of both pig and money, offered to buy it.

"Can't sell that for anything but cash," replied Jonathan. "Times are mighty hard, that's a fact; but if you'll give me one dollar in cash, I'll trust you for the balance."

Bull slunted.

PRETTY THOUGHT.

God speaks to man through the countless objects of his creating. His law, and wisdom, and goodness are written on the arched canopy of heaven. *His* voice is among the hills and valleys of the earth; where the shrubless mountain pierces the atmosphere of eternal winter, and where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong winds with its bark waves of green foliage. It is these revelations from God to man, which break link after link of the chain which binds us to materiality, and opens to one imagination a world of spiritual beauty.

The most precious things this side the grave are reputation and life? yet the most contemptible weapon may deprive us of the one and the meanest wisper of the other:

CONNUBIAL.

"My dear, did John black them boots?"

"*How* should I know—I haint got any thing to do with your boots. It's washing day."

"But, my love, you needn't speak so cross."

"Speak so cross, I didn't speak cross."

"O—yes you did."

"I didnt."

"I say you did."

"I say I didn't."

"By gracious! I won't stand this, it's too bad to be treated in this way. I'll leave you madam, I'll have a seperation."

"O, Mr. Stub—was ever a woman so abused. *Here* I've been washing and scrubbing all day long as hard as ever I could, and then you come and act so to me—just because I dont know about your boots. Oh, it is too bad, it is—boo, boo, boo, boo.

"Hem! Well, Nancy, I didn't mean to make you cry. Never mind—I reckon John has blacked my boots. Is them are sasengers to be fried for supper?"

"Yes my dear, I got them for you particularly."

A man on horseback stopped opposite the little church in B——, the other day, upon which some repairs were in progress. *He* told one of the workman that he thought it would be an expensive job,

"Yes," replied the other, "in my opinion we shall accomplish what our Dominie has been trying in vain to do for the last thirty years."

"What is that?" asked the interrogator.

"Why, in bringing all the parish to *repentance!*"

Pretty good isn't it? Try to read *this* one then:

Another: A person riding on horseback through the same town, met one day an awkward fellow leading a calf, when he accosted him as follows:

"How odd it looks to see one calf leading another!"

"Yes," replied the other, "but not so much as to see a calf on horseback!"

Now the horseman "went on his way, and I saw him no more.

AN ODD COMPARISON.—A pious but odd clergyman in New Hampshire, while endeavouring to impress on his hearers a sense of the all seeing power of God, said—"God is like a striped squirel in a stone wall—he can see you but you can't see him."

BRILLIANT WHITEWASH.

Many have heard of the brilliant stucco whitewash on the east of the President's house at Washington. The following is a receipt for making it, with some additional improvements learned by experiment:

Take a half a bushel of nice unslacked lime; slacke it with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep it in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine seive or strainer; and add to it a peck of clean salt previously well disolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot, half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue, which has been previously disolved by first soaking it well and then hanging it over a slow fire, in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well and let it stand a few days covered from dirt. It should be put on right hot; for this purpose, it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square board on the out side of a house if properly applied.

Brushes more or less small may be used according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint, for wood, brick, or stone, and is cheaper.—It retains its brilliance for many years.—There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it either for inside or outside walls. Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade you like.

Spanish-brown stirred in will make red or pink more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown before it is stirred into the mixture, makes a lilac color. Lamp-black in moderate quantities makes a slate color, very suitable for the outside of buildings.—Lamp-black and spanish brown mixed together produce a redish stone color.—Yellow ochre stirred in makes a yellow wash; but chrome goes further, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. In all these cases, the darkness of the shade will of course be determined by the quantity of coloring matter used. It is difficult to make a rule because tastes are very different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle, and let it dry. I have been told that green must not be mixed with lime. The lime destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash, which makes it crack and peel.

When walls have been badly smoked and you wish to have them a clean white, it is well to squeeze indigo plentifully through a bag into the water you use, before it is stirred in the whole mixture.

If a larger quantity than five gallons is wanted, the same proportion should be observed.—*National Intelligencer.*