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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

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THE KENT NEWS.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
ted 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 . No subscription received for a shorter od than six months, and no paper will be ontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

dvertisements not exceeding twelve lines l be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents each insertion thereafter. Larger ones in portion. A liberal deduction will be made yearly advertisers. Advertisements must e the number of times marked, or they will ublished till forbid, and charged according-

ll communications must be post-paid.

POETRY.

An Angel by the Hearth.

BY FANNY FALES.

They tell me unseen spirits
Around about us glide;
Beside the still waters
Our erring footsteps guide:
'Tis pleasant, thus believing
Their ministry on earth:
I know an angel sitteth
This moment at my hearth.

If false-lights, or life's waters,
To wreck my soul appear;
With finger upward pointing,
She turns me with a tear:
'Twere base to slight the warning,
And count it little worth,
Of her, the loving angel,
That sitteth by my hearth.

She wins me with caresses,
From passions dark defiles;
She guides me when I falter,
And strengthens me with smiles;
It may be, unseen angels
Beside me journey fourth,
I know that one is sitting
This moment by my hearth.

A loving wife. O brothers,
An angel here below;
Alas! your eyes are holden
Too often 'till they go;
Ye upward look while grieving,
When they have passed from earth;—
O cherish well, those sitting
This moment by the hearth!

SELECT TALES.

"ADDRESS X. Y. Z."

The Commercial Journal one day hanced to contain a couple of advertsements, each for a very different pur ose indeed from that of the other, to hich was mutually appended a direction for the individual who should respond to them, to address X. Y. Z., hrough the post-office. It might and might not have been a very singular oincidence that the replies were directed thus to be addressed in the same ay; while it certainly could not have een considered at all strange of inexplicable if a very grievious or ludicrous istake had been committed in consequence.

Jefferson Brown had himself inserted ne of the advertisements in the Commercial Journal, and duly paid for it.—o far so good. He had thoughtlessly dvertised for a 'partner with a cash apital of at least $10,000.' Mr. Brown, e it known to the reader, was a man oing a somewhat extensive business n the line of hides and skins, and as his rade expanded with such steady progress, and his cares multiplied correspondingly, he deemed it no less a matter of prudence than of policy that the yle of his business should become nore dignified by an addition to the firm. Hence his advertisement.

The other advertisement in question was for a wife. Her required characteristics—physical, moral and intellectual—were described as much at large as an ordinary newspaper advertisement would permit; while it was insisted upon as a *sine qua non*, that the lady should be possessed of a comfortable fortune of her own.

Mr. Jefferson Brown dropped in at the post-office one afternoon on his way to his boarding-house to tea—Mr Brown was yet a bachelor—and inquired of the clerk if there was a letter there directed to X. Y. Z. The attentive tide-waiter took from a pigeon-hole quite a pile of missives, and began running over their superscriptions with great rapidity.

"X. Y. Z., sir did you say?" inquired he, suddenly stopping in his search over the back of a particular letter.

"That's the direction," triumphantly replied Mr Brown, his eyes manifestly brightened.

Taking the proffered document in his hand, he threw down the postage upon the same, and hurriedly left the office. Not until he reached his own chamber did he attempt to get at the contents of the epistle, desirous of there taking a comprehensive and uninterrupted view of the whole subject.

No sooner had he broken the seal and glanced over the page, than his suspicions were aroused that the handwriting was that of a female. To be sure, the chirography was decidedly of a masculine cast, yet there appeared to be the running smoothness of a woman's pen through every word that found its way into his eye.

The letter ran thus:—

"M. S. would be glad to have an interview with 'X. Y. Z.' this evening, at No. 127——. Inquire for Smith.

October 11th. 18—.'

"It can't be a woman's hand!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, again and again rubbing his eyes over the manuscript.—"And yet it does look a good deal like it, too. I'm fairly beat this time. But will be punctual to the engagement this evening. Inquire for *Smith*, eh? Not so very uncommon a name, as that I shall be afraid of forgetting it, though. Let me see. How is it going to sound? Brown and Smith. At any rate, I'll manage not to miss the chance of being on the ground in full season. And not a word said about the amount of money, either! I rather like that now. It looks wonderfully like business to me! Inquire for Smith! Well, I'll be sure to do it!" and in this style he suffered his turn nt tongue to run on unchanged.

At a conveniently seasonable hour after tea, he emerged from his quiet place of residence, attired in a style that at once betrayed excessive care and particularity. Walking rapidly up the street, he soon reached the thoroughfare, and for a time was lost in the crowding mass of human things.

By-and-by, however, he turned up again, and was to be seen ringing the bell at the door, No. 127—— street.

"Is Smith in?" inquired he, of a servant girl who answered the summons of the bell.

'Yes, sir, was the maid's response, "will you walk in this way, sir?"

Mr. Brown, with palpitating heart, followed her into the snug little hall, and was ushered into a much snugger and cosy-looking little parlor. Seating himself on the sofa that stretched out its proportions so invitingly to him, he awaited the entrance of the mysterious 'M. S.' with whom he had formed an acquaintance only through the mysterious note which he had received but a few hours before.

He had kept his position no longer than three minutes, when he heard the door open again, and looked up. Never seemed his dark and handsome eyes so full of interest before.

A lady entered the room!

Mr. Brown was evidently too much pleased to be surprised simply, and for the moment forgot the object for which he had come there.

The lady was neither short nor tall, but quite enough of both to find no difficulty in creating the desired impression. She was full even to robustness, and her neck looked whiter and clearer than marble itself. She was attired in the very simplest, and for that reason the very sweetest dress, and walked across with all the grace imaginable.—As soon as her expressive eyes caught sight of Mr. Brown, sitting there so cosily on the sofa, she attested her delight by approaching him as propriety admitted, and seated herself not far from him.

Mr. Jefferson Brown was stumped.—He was a stranger to the charms of a beautiful woman, and felt an all-overish sensation, of which language can give no deserved description.

"Am I to see Mr.—— Mr. Smith?" he at length stammered out.

"Mrs. Smith," responded the lady, in a charming, silvery voice, that played the very deuce with the heart-strings of Mr. Brown, smoothing down her hair with both of her fair hands as she spoke.

"But I thought it was Mr. Smith," exclaimed he, though half the effect of his surprise was lost in fervent admiration of the lovely person who sat by his side.

"No sir; I told you to call for *Smith!*"

"But"—

'You received my note, I trust, sir?" interrogated she, with an expression of the most charming *naivete*.

"Your note!" exclaimed he, greatly surprised, yet still more captivated with his fair companion.

"Yes. But I advertised for a *partner*,'

"I know."

"With ten thousand dollars."

"Yes, yes—I know."

"And advertised to direct a reply to X. Y. Z."

"Yes, and I have done so."

The lady was by this time quite as much smitten with Mr. Jefferson Brown, as he was with her."

"I hope we may make an arrangement that shall be mutually satisfactory," continued she.

"But the dickens, madam!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, in a measure recovering from his surprise, and coming to his senses again.

"Sir?" asked the lady, in a tone that would have softened the heart of the hardest bachelor that lived.

"I advertised for a *partner*, madam."

"So I understood it, sir," said she.

"No, no—I—I'

"Sir?" a second time inquired Mrs. Smith.

Mr. Brown was fast losing his senses. His eyes grew perceptibly darker and more handsome than ever, while the richest glow in the world suffused his cheeks.

"It was a partner, madam, with ten thousand dollars."

"I know it," replied his companion, her fair face lighted up with a radiance that was both bewitching and bedazzling "The money is—

"A *business* partness!" exclaimed the stricken Mr. Brown, grasping eagerly hold of the idea that thus accidentally offered itself to him.

"Yes, I consented to this business was of doing the thing," she responded, her countenance losing a very trifle of its archness.

"No, no, madam—you fail to understand me."

'What am I to understand, then, sir?" asked she, her expression growing suddenly more blank.

"I mean a partner in the business of *hides!*" cried Mr. Brown, blushing quite to the roots of his hair while he said it.

"But, sir—but—"

"Madam?" demanded he.

"Have I been deceived?"

"That is what I advertised for," said Brown, "and nothing else, madam."

Forthwith she drew a slip of newspaper from her bosom and handed it to him.

"I answered that advertisement," said she.

Mr. Brown took it tremblingly from her dainty little hand and read it with swimming eyes. It ran as follows:—

"The subscriber—who is a single gentleman of not more than forty years, takes this method of proposing marriage with any lady of not more than thirty-five, provided, after a meeting, both parties are mutually satisfied with each other. He is possessed of a considerable fortune, has had good educational advantages, and flatters himself that he is capable of making his wife happy.—It will be prefered that the lady have ten thousand dollars, a good education; a refined taste, and polished manners.—Should this advertisement meet the eye of any one disposed to reply to the same, an interview will be had at the earliest notice proposed. Address X. Y. Z.,—post office."

Mr. Brown read and read on in perfect amazement, until he came to the last sentence. That was the key that unlocked the whole mystery.

"There is some mistake here, madam," he began to say,

"I see there is—there must be," replied she.

"*This* is my advertisement,' he said, handing it to her.

She drew still nearer to him on the sofa, and took it from his hand. She read it all carefully through, still keeping her seat near him, and when at last she finished the reading her face was suffussed with crimson."

'Really, madam," exclaimed Mr. Brown mustering into instant service all the courage he had, "this is very embarrassing."

"It might have been more so," naively suggested the lady.

"Mr. Brown was already smitten with her, and now he recalled the fact that she was worth at least ten thousand dollars.

"Perhaps she will make the best partner after all," whispered some voice to him.

"Madam," said he—with this word he laid his hand unconciously next hers on the sofa—"madam"—

There eyes instantly met. The lady's were liquid melting. They were enough to melt the heart of any bachelor that ever lived.

"As I advertised for a partner,"—here he took her fair hand into his own, she made not the slighest show of resistance, "and as this unfortunate occurrence has transpired, I am sure that I can do no less than offer you a partnership, though of a different character from the one I had thought of. I am not yet forty, and I am worth more than twenty thousand dollars. I was never married, and never before thought sincerely on the subject. But my views are changed since seeing you"—and so he went on in a style and strain of gallantry, which it would be every ungallant in us to divulge.

The upshot of it all was, that the same Commercial Journal which contained the two totally different advertisements, very soon contained the following announcement—

"Married on Monday, the 21st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hodson, Mr. Jefferson Brown, to Mrs. Mary Smith."

Mrs Smith was only a blooming young widow with an ample fortune, and the most loveable manners. She found herself an excellent husband by this very natural mistake, and both husband and wife expressed themselves admirably suited with each other.

We can only pity the poor fellow who never received the reply to his advertisement which the young widow dispatched him, but which chanced to fall into the hands of the more fortunate Mr. Jefferson Brown.

Every story has its moral—so has this. Always be careful, if you advertise for a wife or a husband, never to request replies in any such vague and dangerous way as "X. Y. Z," or "A. B. C."—Two to one the reply will get into wrong hands.

The way she Turned Him.

The most bigoted and unreasonable party man that I ever met with was Jack D., now a prosperous and influential Attorney in S. county in this State.

At the hour of which I am writing, he was a red-hot democrat, and his chief pleasure seemed to consist in making the fact as notorious as possible to the world. Such was Jack D., at the same time of our story, acknowledged on eveside as a firm and incorruptible democrat. But alas! let us however not anticipate—but to our story.

One unlucky day Jack met at the house of a friend, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments, attracted by her loviness, and captivated by her intelligence he became assiduous in attention, forgot his "principles," and without enquiring what might be the political preference of his "lady love," imprudently proposed, was accepted, and they were married.

The wedding was over, the guests had departed, and they had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed, when Jack, in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject, by casually speaking of himself as being a democrat.

"What!" exclaimed she, turning sharply and suddenly towards him, "are you a democrat?"

"Yes, madam," replied Jack, delighted with the idea of having a patient listener to his long restrained oratory.—"Yes, madam, I am a democrat, attached to the principles of the great progressive party; a regular *out* and *outer*, double-dyed and twisted in the wool."

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed then," interrupted his wife. "I am a whig, I am, and I will never sleep with any man professing the abominable doctrines you do."

Jack was speechless from absolute amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a traitor was horrible—she must be jetsing. He remoed strated in vain—tried persuasion—'twas useless entreaty—'twas no go. She was in sober earnest, and the only alternative left him was a prompt renunciation of his heresy, or a seperate bed in another room. Jack did not hesitate.—To abjure the great and established doctrines of his party, to renounce his allegiance to that faith that had become identified with his very being, to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly reduculous and absurd, and he threw himself from the bed and prepared to quit the room.

As he was leaving the door his wife screamed out to him, "I say, my dear, when you recant your heresy and repent your past errors, just knock at my door, and perhaps I will let you in."

The door was violently slammed, and Jack proceeded wrathfully in quest of another apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity, and a firm conviction that he was a martyr in the "right course," strengthened his pride, and he resolved to hold out until he forced his wife into a capitulation.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened, but when ever Jack ventured to allude to the rupture of the night previous, there was a "lauhing devil" in her eye, which bespoke her power, and extinguished hope. A second time he repaired to his lonely couch and a second time he called up his pride to support him in the struggle which he now found was getting desperate.

The second day was a reputation of the first—no allusion was made to the forbidden subject, on either side. There was a look of quiet happiness and cheerfulness about his wife, that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of *forcing* into a surrender must be abondoned.

A third night he was alone with his thoughts. His reflections were more serious and composed than on the previous night. What they were, of course, were known to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided, for about midnight three distinct raps were made at his wife's door. No answer, and the signal was repeated in a louder tone; still, all was silent, and a third time the door shook with violent attacks from the outside.

"Who's there?" cried the voice of his wife, as if just aroused from deep sleep.

"It's me, my dear, and perhaps a little the best whig you ever did see!"

The revolution in his opinion was radical and permanent. He removed to another county, became popular, offered himself as a candidate on the whig ticket for the Legislature, was elected, and for several sessions represented his adopted county as a firm and decided whig.

MISCELLANY.

Executions in Canton.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society the Secretary read a paper of great interest, by Mr. T. T. Meadows, translator to Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate in China, descriptive of the execution of thirty-four rebels, or bandits, which took place on the 30th July last. After a description of the place of execution, which was secured by a strongly guarded door, and after stating that more than 400 human beings have been put to death in the same place within the past eight months, Mr. Meadows states that he entered the place accompanied by two English residents at Canton and found there a few of the lower officials. The only preparation visible was a cross, fixed up for the infliction of the highest legal punishment practiced in China—cutting up alive. There was a fire of fragrant sandal wood burning before the shed where the Mandarins sit to superintend the executions, in order to conceal the horrid stench arising from the decomposing heads remaining there. After waiting a considerable time, all the criminals were introduced, most of them walking to their places, but many, carried in baskets, and tumbled out on the spot appointed for them, where they lay powerless, either from the excess of fear or from treatment inflicted during the trial and imprisonment. A man stood behind each criminal, and placed him in a kneeling position by grasping his hands, which were bound behind his back.—In case of resistance, which happens very rarely, the criminal's *queue* is held by a second assistants, and dragged forward by force so as to keep the neck extended. When all the criminals were placed in the required positions, the executioner seized a sabre with both hands, and proceeded to his work. In the present instance the man was a mild looking soldier, selected from the ranks of the army. The sword was a common sabre of three feet in length, and one of those employed on the occasion was laid on the Societie's table. It appears that there is no official weapon required for the officers of the army, anxious to "flesh their swords," send them for the purpose to executioner, who has thus a sufficient supply for his most extensive operations.

The number decapitated on the occasion described was 33; and the executioner took up a fresh sword as soon as he felt the edge of the one employed becoming dull, which was usually the case after cutting off two or three heads. When all was ready the man stood firm, with his legs somewhat apart. On hearing the word "Pan" pronounced by the officers superintending, and after a sharp order "Don't move!" he raised his sword straight up, and brought it rapidly down with the full strenght of both arms, giving additional force to blow by dropping his body perpendicularly to a sitting posture. The horrid task was soon done,—after cutting off the head of one victim the man threw himself, by a bound, into position by the side of the next; and in somewhat less than three minutes the whole thirty-three were headless—the head in every case but the first being completely severed at one blow. In three or four cases, where the criminals retained there full strength, after decapitation, rose upright, and Mr. Meadows is satisfied that unless restrained by the man behind he would have sprung into the air. When this part of the tragedy was over, the more horrid work of slow death was carried into effect upon the remaining criminal, who was bound to the cross mentioned above. He was a strongly built man, apparently 40 years old, who had escaped in the first instance, but who had voluntarily surrendered himself to certain death in order to save from torture his wife and family, who had been seized by the Chinese Government, with the cruel policy usual on such occasions. In this instance the flesh was cut from the forehead, breast, and extremities of the sufferer with a short knife, which was on the table before the meeting; the body was immediately taken from the cross, and the head cut off. The duration of the punishment was about four or five minutes. The bodies was then packed up in coffins and carried away.

"Well Jeemes," said Zeb—"I kissed Julia for the first time, last night, and I declare it electrified me. "No wonder," said Jeems, "it was a galvanic battery."

Napoleon on the Battle Field.

The night after the battle of Bassano, the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the singuinary scene. Napoleon, who seldom exhibited any hilarity or even exhilaration of spirits in the hour of victory, rode, as was his custom, over the plain, and, silent and thoughtful, seemed lost in painful reverie. It was midnight. The confusion and the uproar of the battle had passed away, and the deep starlight night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and dying. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon, as if frantically imploring his aid, and then rushed back again to the mangled corpse, licking the blood from the face and the hands, and howling most piteously. Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and involuntarily checked his horse to contemplate it. In relating the event, many years afterwards, he remarked, "I know not how it was, but no incident upon any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on my feelings. This man, thought I, must have had among his comrades friends; and yet here he lies, forsaken by all except his faithful dog. What a strange being is man! How mysterious are his expressions! I had, without emotion, ordered battle which had decided the fate of armies. I had, with tearless eye, beheld the execution of those orders, in thousands of my countrymen were slain. And yet here my sympathies were most deeply and resistlessly moved by the mournful howling of a dog. Certainly in that moment I should have been unable to refuse any request to a suppliant enemy."

A Gem of a Love Letter.

☞One of the prettiest belles of out town received the following letter this week, and thinking it to good to be lost, has handed it to us for publication, after carefully suppressing the name of the writer. It is a genuine letter, word for word and letter for letter, and seems to us to be a pattern of candor and earnestness.—*Cecil Whig.*

CHESAPAK CITY January the 25 1852.

My vary Dear Miss.—I hope you will excuse this schott epistle I know that you will excuse mee when you learn how ardently I have lovd you. the first time that I saw you it was coming over the locks and I was struck with your buty and eve since then I hav neather eet nor s'ep. my mother often sais Willie what is the matter with you but I only answar it with a sy. it was only yesturday that I leamt your name and to day I set my self down to write you a few lines. Dear miss only think kindly of mee and i hope that when wee met we will have nothing to do but to go to the parsen and get maried. i am keeping house and keep my mother, and you look well and harty and i know you wold be able to stand hard wirk. i am driving on the tow path and make good wages and you canget plenty of wirk eny kind that you want. you can get washing if you will take it. my mother did take it but now she is old and i want sum body to wait on her and i think you are the vary one to do it. we are keeping a confectionary shop and dear——you shall have all the candy that you can eet, and now my dear little pet i pray you think kindley of mee you know how ardently i have lovd you. my hatt has been laid open to you. but then i must conclud for my hart is in such a palpeation that i can hardley hold my pen. no more at present but i remain your truly. your ever afecionate

The Power of Music.

A venerable American judge relates the following anecdote:

The morning following the battle of Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the dressing of the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation, was a musician, who had received a musket ball in the knee. As was usual in such cases, preparations were made to lash him down to a table, to prevent the possibility of his moving. Saps the suffered.

"Now, docter, what would you be at?"

"My lad, am going to take off your leg, and it is necessary that you should be lashed down."

"I'll consent to no such a thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a fiddle in the camp? If so bring it to me?"

A violin was furnished, and after turning it, he said:

"Now, doctor, begin," and he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle.

It was a golden saying of Dr. Franklin, in answer to one of the important letters of Thos. Paine, "If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?"