msa_sc2901_scm2352-0246 ©Maryland State Archives

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.

OL. 12 SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852. NO. 45.

THE KENT NEWS.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
ted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
DWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

1,50, payable in advance—$2 at the expi-
n of the first six months, or $2,50 at the
of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies for
No subscription received for a shorter
d than six months, and no paper will be
ntinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

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

l communications must be post-paid.

POETRY.

[From the Louisville Journal]

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY MARY NEAL.

I'm thinking of the time, mother,
When on thy bended knee,
Thy low, heart-thrilling voice was raised
To God in prayer for me—
That, were it His all-holy will
That death should call thee home,
He'd guide my youthful steps as through
Life's tangled paths I roam.

I could not understand, mother,
Why sorrow should oppress
Thy heart, or cast upon thy brow
Such shades of deep distress.
But now I know the agony
That wrings a mother's heart,
When gazing on her darling ones,
And thinking they must part.

My life was like a dream, mother,
A joyous dream of love,
Till the father summoned thee away
To thy home of rest above;
My eighth bright summer scarce had come
To glad me with its bloom,
Ere the blighted flowers of spring had shed
Their fragrance o'er thy tomb.

That sad and dreary morn, mother,
Is fresh in memory yet;
The morn that made me motherless,
Oh, how can I forget?
Yet it were wrong to grieve for thee,
Thou'rt free from life's dark cares,
And the widow's Hope, the orphan's Friend
Hath answered all my prayers.

Oh, many a bitter tear, mother,
Of anguish have I shed,
As 'neath a heartless kinsman's roof
I laid my orphan head,
And when my heart with grief was full
I thought upon thy love,
Till it seemed as if thy soft blue eye
Smiled on me from above.

Oh often do I look, mother,
Back to my girlhood's days,
And wonder how I passed unscathed
Through youth's bewildering maze.
Without a mother's holy voice
To warn me or approve;
No sister dear—no gentle friend
Thy homeless child to love.

And as often do I think, mother,
That, though thou wert in heaven,
Freed from the toils and cares of earth,
Still, still to thee was given
The power to watch thy orphan child
And guide her from afar,
That a mother's holy love might be
Through life her Bethlehem-star.

Oh would that thou couldst know, mother,
How kind a friend is given
Thy child,methinks 'twould glad thy heart,
E'en where thou art in Heaven.
Perhaps 'tis so—I will believe
Thy spirit hovering near
Still blessing him who cherishes
And loves thy daughter here.

ORIGINAL TALE.

[Written for the Kent News.]

The Young Lady's Choice.

BY MINNA.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

Some few weeks after the events recorded in the last chapter, upon a very cold day, as Bell and her friend Horatia Wilberforce (if friendship either of them could feel) was walking through the streets in search of some useless articles of ornament for the approaching marriage of Bell, being very much elated at the anticipation of the brilliant display each intended to make on that particular occasion,and,so muchoccupied with their conversation, they were unmindful of the course they were pursuing, and happened to turn the corner of an obscure street, where, at the door of a very mean looking house, they espied the beautiful Letitia and her amiable husband and sister-in-law about to enter; and observing at the same instant the wealthy Col. G—— walking toward them, they hurried on as fast as possible, for fear Letitia or her party should recognize them, and thereby draw the attention of the rich gentleman to the fact of their acquaintanceship "I would not for the world," said Bell, "have him think I ever had the least intimacy with persons who have no more respect for themselves than to be seen entering a house of that mean appearance—he is an own cousin to Lawyer Jones, and might be disgusted at seeing me in such society."

Neither would I," replied Horatia, "yet houses of that description are as good as poor mechanics, and their families have any right to expect to visit: but walk more slowly and give Col. G—— an opportunity to overtake us."

They did so, and upon looking back they were amazed to see that the Col. had stopped, and was conversing with Mr Endicott and his wife and sister, whom he shook cordially by the hand; at length they observed him to take out his purse, and from thence draw several pieces of glittering coin and place them in the hand of Louisa.

"Bless me, I am astonished,' said Bell, "that he should speak to such people on the street. But what on earth is he giving her?

"Sho! only paying her for some sticking she has done, I shppose—but see he has moved off and is coming this way."

And so he was, but not for the purpose of speaking, for he passed them without taking the least notice of them. This mortified them dreadfully, but after walking a while in silence, Bell said:

"He certainly did not recognize us—its being so very cold to-day he had no suspicions that two genteel, delicate young ladies like ourselves would be on the street—he not knowing the urgency of the occasion."

That is it, undoubtedly," answered Horatia. But we will leave the two flirts to brood over their chagrin, or enjoy their anticipations to their hearts content, and follow Mr. Endicott, and his lovely wife and sister into the miserable tenement, where they have just entered. On a low, straw bed, in one corner of the dismal apartment, lay a man whose years might be the meridian of manhood, but whose attenuated form and extreme parlor of countenance, gave him the appearance of one on the brink of the grave: a pale, amaciated woman, who might be twenty-two or three years of age, was sitting on the side of the bed, with her face buried in her hands, trembling in all the agony of deep distress, two shivering little boys and a girl poorly clad were hovering around the dying embers of what had been a fire, while a sweet, pale-faced little girl, the youngest of the four, was sitting at its mother's feet, gazing, as if in sympathy, at her grief.

"How are you to-day, Mr. Marks?" inquired Charles, approaching the bed and taking the hand of the sick man into his own; "it was but last night that I heard of your illness and destitution, but we had no idea that your situation was as uncomfortable as we have found it; but we have embraced the earliest opportunity of coming to see you this morning—can we do any thing for you?"

The poor, sick man replied, in a husky voice, 'O, sir, a thousand thanks for your kindness, but for my part I fear it is too late; but my poor wife and children, relieve them, for mercy's sake!—they were wholly dependent upon my labors for a maintenance, and are now starving with hunger and perishing with cold, while I lie here, a witness to their sufferings, without the power to do any thing to relieve them. My dear, patient wife has laboured and toiled day and night, in order to procure some comforts for me during my long illness, but, alas! while she has been laboring to sustain me, she has been starving herself, until she has become too weak to labor any longer. Yesterday she was disappointed by a rich lady, for whom she had been at work closely, day and night, many times until long after midnight; for more than a week, that she might finish the work to get some necessaries for her family, and when she carried the work home yesterday, expecting to get her pay, which was her only hope to keep us all from starving, she was told by the lady that she had not the change to spare that day, but that she must come again, in two or three days, when she might probably have it at hand—My poor wife then related the state of our family and begged her to let her have a small part of it, just enough to enable her to procure some nourishment for me—but the cruel lady was inexorable, and bade her go home and learn more manners before she again intruded herself into the presence of a lady of quality and inportune her with so much assurance. And so she had to return without the means, after almost exhausting herself to finish the work in time of getting our morsel of bread for her famishing children, or a stick of wood to keep them from perishing with the cold."

"Cold and unfeeling must be the heart of that lady," replied the lovely Letitia, 'while tears like glittering dew drops gathered beneath her silken lashes, and trickled one by one down fair cheek. In the mean time little Fanny, the youngest of the children, had crept to the side of Louisa, and, looking into her face, said, with childlike simplicity:

"Oo dot puty turls, and yed cheets; oo don't be honga, do oo?"

"Why not, love?" she asked, lifting the little innocent on her lap.

"Tause mudda's cheets was yed hen fada was well and oosed to bing home de meat and de bed, but now she dot pale cheets and po finnes lite mine, tause she hunga and tant dit no bed"—and the little prattler held up its attenuated fingers and laid them on the full cheek of the young girl, whose tears now rained in a shower on the curly head of the suffering innocent.

Anot mates oo tie, Miss; oo dot bed and meat, and oo dot on putty fot and new soose, mudda dot old old soose, and mudda's fot dot patses on it, and us eby one hunga and told."

"But you shant be hungry and cold much longer, my little dear," said the feeling hearted Louisa, "we get wil you some meat and bread, and other good things, with some new shoes and frocks for your mother, and clothes for all of you."

"O, is us doin to dit some meat and bed and dood sings to eat? O! me be so dad den, fada and mudda ont tie no mo; fada and mudda say dod in de hebben dib dood childens bed hen da pay for it, and me pay in de torney dis mornin, and say, "O dod pease did fada, and muda, and sissa, and budda some bed and meat, and tate me to de hebben."

The poor woman now raised her eyes, and seeing Fanny on the lap of Louisa, came towards her, and said:

"Come to mother, my little dear, you are not fit to set in the lap of the young lady."

"Oh let her remain," replied Louisa. "and here, Mrs. Marks, she added, reaching out her hand, "is a trifle,which Col. G—— requested me to give you."

The poor woman received the donation, which consisted of ten dollars, with a grateful heart. "Ah! Miss," she exclaimed, 'God put it in your dear kind hearts to find out our distress, and to come to our relief; I will never hereafter distrust the providence of my God"

"Did I not tell you,' wife," said the sick man, "that God would not forsake us—that it might be when all our endeavors proved unsuccessful, that he would then magnify his power through our weakness. I have not distrusted his mercy, for I know his work is sure and steadfast."

"True," answered Letitia, "the word of God is firm as the everlasting hills, and he has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

A cart was now at the door with a good load of wood, which Charles had purchased previously to his coming, with a large basket of provisions, which was now brought into the house—the wood was quickly sawed and a comfortable fire kindled, and they had the satisfaction of seeing the poor family warmed and fed, and good warm clothing procured them, which Letitia and Louisa helped to make up with their own hands. Let us now see what has become of Bell and her delicate companion, Miss Horatia Wilberforce. Bell was united with Lawyer Jones, who took a large house in the most fashionable part of the city, furnished it splendidly, and here resided Arrabella and her brainless husband, giving elegant and costly entertainments during six months in the year; the other six months were consumed in travelling, and at watering places, while the domestic concerns of their family were left to the sole care of a kind woman, whose reckless extravagance, connected with their own, was daily involving Jones still more deeply in debt, while, added to all this, his wife was fretful and disagreeable at home, which drove him to seek enjoyment and peace, which was denied him at his own fireside, at places of dissipation, where he learned to drain the wine cup, in company, which confirmed his early formed, vicious habits. But, while in the *aeme* of her wealth and grandeur, Bell was never known to do an act of kindness toward the suffering and distressed. She bitterly opposed the marriage of her brother with the gentle and accomplished Louisa Endicott—spoke of her as a disgrace to their family, and vowed never to speak to to her brother again; and after their union she studiously avoided them, or if at any time she was, by accident thrown into their company, she treated them with the most marked contempt and thus for several years she went on in seeking happiness in dissipation and pleasure, but never realizing the object of her pursuit: her own home was rendered disagreeable beyond endurance by her petulant and peevish disposition; her husband avoided her and endeavored to console himself, for the want of peace and quietness at home, with his boon companions, over the bottle and at the card table—and here ill luck seemed to attend him, night after night he lost large sums, and frequently he was borne to his house in a state of the most revolting and beastly intoxication. Poor Jones was a man of a yielding disposition, and although he had in early youth been led into habits, dissipation and excess, yet, had he married the right kind of woman, in all probability, he would have become a reformed man.—And thus, while Jones and his wife, withtheir equally improvident friends,Dr Hester and Horatia, were pursuing one continual route of folly and extravagance—squandering and wasting their property and impovishing themselves and families, and at the same time, by their haughty, overbearing manner and deportment towards all such (and those were not a few) whom they conceived to be their inferiors, were making nothing but enemies; Mr. Endicott and Letitia, with James and his amiable Louisa, were daily increasing their possessions, and by their sterling worth, securing the the friendship and esteem of the most worthy portion of the community, the prayers and blessings of the poor and needy, with the sincere good will of all who had the pleasure, and I may say, happiness of their acquaintance.

CHAPTER IV.

Six years had now elapsed since the marriage of Bell, and during this period she had become the mother of four promising children: but the time of the mother was too much taken up with pleasure and fashionable company, and that of the father, with his convivial companions and ruinous dissipation to give the least attention to the culture and training of the little plants of immortality, which the God of heaven had confided to their care—this duty devolved wholly upon the hired servants, and those being of a class that felt no interest in the children, beyond that of making them the means of gratifying their own unholy desires, taught them to speak untruths, to use the sacred name of their divine Creator irreverently; and frequently to perloine from their mother articles of dress, money, and ornaments, for which those wicked servants would pay them with the cakes and sweetmeats extracted from their mother's pantry; alas! that parents should ever suffer themselves to become so engrossed with pleasure, vice, and dissipation as to surrender the most sacred trust which the Almighty has committed to them, in the hands of viscious servants; it pains my heart to reflect upon the large number of parents who must stand convicted in the sight of God for the crimes committed by their children, owing to their neglect of them in infancy and childhood. At this period of life the mind is not unaptly compared to a sheet of blank paper, ready to receive any impression which may be made upon it, and should those impressions be of a wrong and wicked character the consequences may be dangerous, for those impressions being the first will for this reason be the more difficult to eradicate. But while all is confusion, folly and neglect of the most important duties in the house of Lawyer Jones, let us take a peep in the quiet family of Charles Endicott, and the amiable Letitia, who presides over the household of her husband as an angel of light and peace; her hands are busily employed in doing something which will add to the comfort of her family, or of such as may be suffering with afflictions of either body or soul; her fond husband sits by her side and reads aloud, while their little ones are gathered around their knees and instructed in the truths of the gospel of Christ, and taught the commandments of God and their duty to him as their Creator and divine benefactor—they are taught to reverence his holy name, to honor the day which he has set apart for a Sabbath of rest; and also to exercise feelings of love, charity and good will to all mankind. Will not such a well ordered family meet with its reward? Yes, surely, for we have the promise of God to that effect—"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Yes, and in this very family was an instance of the truth of this promised exemplified in the worthy Mrs Endicott and her children; through many trials, difficulties and temptations she had trained them in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and now she was in her old age reaping the reward of a well spent, virtuous life.

The mother of James and Bell had now been dead for three years, and the property of which she died seized had been divided between her two children, though Bell had neglected her from the time her brother was married because she gave her consent to the union, nor would she even go near her mother during her long and severe illness; no indeed, not she, the plebeian Louisa lived there, and Kate Ross and Mary Turner, those two girls who had no more respect for themselves than to visit the houses of the poor and afflicted, to minister to their wants, and with their own hands to smooth the pillars of the suffering, and read and pray with such as were inquiring the way to eternal rest Yes, those girls who had much rather be engaged in such, (in the eyes of Bell) humilitating employments than figuring in the halls of mirth and folly, visited the house of James Roberts where they, with the lovely Louisa, were hovering like angels of mercy and love around the bed of the afflicted, pouring the balm of consolation into the lacerated heart of the sufferer, binding up its wounds, pouring in the oil of joy and gladness, and leading it by the sweet voice of love and christian faith gently step by step as a fond mother leads her little one when first directing its unformed and tottering steps, to lean upon the atonement which a crucified Saviour had made for it, until at length, by patient laboring in well doing, the devoted daughter and friends had the inexpressible comfort of seeing the aged and infirm mother lay hold of the hope contained in the gospel and depart in peace, leaving behind her the full assurance that she was accepted of God.

The property inherited by Jones at the death of his wife's mother was lost at one single stroke at the gaming table. And now his affairs had become so desperate that it was impossible for him to hold out any longer; his house and furniture was seized and sold by his creditors, and his wife and children were turned out of their splendid home and obliged to seek shelter in a miserable house in the suburbs of the city, where Jones abandoned all thoughts of endeavoring to provide for his family and gave himself up to that most miserable and disgusting of all habits, drunkeness.—And now behold the proud and imperious Bell—she who so lately looked down with scorn and disdain upon those who thought it no degradation to work with their hands or to associate with honorable and respectable mechanics—behold this same Bell now reduced to the painful extremity of taking in sewing for the maintenance of herself and children, while her worthless husband, whom she had married because he was a professional character and was always dressed in the extreme of the fashion, was loafing about low grogeries and oyster cellars, where every cent he could lay his hands upon was spent for rum. But, who now came nigh to aid and assist the wretched wife and mother in this her dark hour of adversity?—Was it those in whom she had confided as friends, and who had fluttered around her in the days of her prosperity? No, they turned from her now with the same contempt that she had formerly shown to others. Was there none—not one would have compassion upon her? Yes, there were some; the despised, the vulgar; low-bred Charles Endicott and his wife now stepped forward to her relief, and offered her all the assistance which it was in their power to bestow. And the gentle Louisa, she who had been so persecuted by the proud, haughty Bell, did she forget her now that dark clouds of penury and distress had burst upon her devoted head. Nay she with her two companions, Kate Ross and Mary Turner, flew on the wings of warm hearted benevolence to offer her acceptance, not only assistance in pecuniary matters; but also that consolation which religion alone can impart.

Bell is now a poor widow, dependent on the bounty of those very persons whom in the days of her affluance she so much despised: her children are, two of them, with their uncle; the other two live with Charles Endicott, under whom the eldest son is learning a trade.—Lawyer Jones was killed in a drunken brail, and bourn home to his wretched family a mangled and disfigured corpse. Letitia and her husband still live in the utmost harmony and prosperity; their children are growing up as blessings around them; and who will say that the choice of Letitia, though a mechanic, was a far more judicious, wise, and happy than that of Bell.

And now, my dear young ladies, listen to a few words of advice; and let not your hearts be fascinated by a fine coat which often covers a deceitful heart; or a luxuriant moustache which may be worn by a brainless head. And above all when you marry endeavor by all the means in your power to make the home of your husband pleasant and agreeable. Has he formed vicious habits—try by gentleness, kindness, and love to win to the paths of virtue, sobriety, and religion—without which there can be no happiness for time or eternity. And suppose not for a moment that you can, by harsh and illnatured lectures, cure the evils of which you complain—such is not your province, the power of a wife consists in meekness, not in force; and the man who can resist the gentle, kind endearing, and modest affections of a wife, is a brute, and not worthy the name of man,and deserves to be condemnen to the life of an old bachelor. Marry, girls, but let your choice be directed by wisdom; and your conduct after marriage founded on the rules of the Bible.

ROCK HALL, Kent county, Md.

VARIETIES.

RECIPE FOR TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water over the tematoes, in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar with as much sugar as you have tomatoes,and let them stand two days then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days as before; then boil and skim again. After the third time they are fit to dry if the weather is good if not let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week,after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

A few apples cut up and boiled in the remainder of this syrup make a very nice sauce.—*Mrs. Eliza Morsh.*

BE SOMETHING.—Don't be a drone You rely upon your present possessions, or on your future prospectsbut these riches may fly away, or hopes may be plighted; and if you have no place of your own in such cases, ten to one, you will find your path beset with thorns. Want may come upon you before you are aware of it, and, having no profession, you find yourself in any thing butan enviable condition. It is, therefore, important that you should be *something*. Don't depend upon fortune, for she is a fickle support, which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trus to your own exertion.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Don't rely upon friends Don't rely upon the good name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime fo life in vain hopes of those whom they called friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father Rely upon the good home which is made by your own exertions, and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination united with decision of character. And remember that without God's blessing you cannot truly prosper. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he will direct thy paths.

☞A Detroit mercantile gentleman, who, traveling Eastward a short time since, went to the clerk of one of the Ontario boats to be shown to his stateroom. The clerk handed the applicant a key, at the same time pointing to a door at some little distance, marked 'B.' Our friend went in the direction indicated, but opened the next door to his own, marked 'A,' where he discovered a lady passenger making her toilet, who upon the stranger's appearance uttered a low scream.

"Go away! go away!" screamed the lady.

"Letter B," yelled the clerk.

"I am not touching her at all!" shouted the indignant merchant.

GOING IT STRONG.—A facetious gentleman traveling in the interior of the State, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, was met by the hostler, whom he thus address—

"Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, denote him an aduquate supply of nutricious aliment—and when the Aurora of morn, shall again allume the oriental horizon, I will award you a peculiary compensation for your amiable hospitality."

The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying—"Master, here's a Dutchman wants to see you."

A man called to consult a physician, with regard to a rheumatism, which caused him much pain The doctor immediately sat down and wrote him a prescription; as the patient was going away, the doctor called him back:

"By the way, sir, should my prescription happen to afford you any relief, please let me know, as I am myself suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it."

FOUND, in an omnibus, by a gentleman who was seated with his back to the window, a severe cold.' Anybody, desirous of having the same, can have it by going to the same place and paying the usual expenses.

LOOK OUT.—When cold the wind blows, take care of your nose, that it does'na get froze, and wrap up your toes in warm woolen hose. The above we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows the effect of cold snows.