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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

VOL. 13 SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1853. NO. 49.

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Agriculture,Politics & Gen'l News.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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

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POETRY.

From the Cotton Plant.

CAPITAL.

Ye men of merry England
Who for negroes weep and moan,
Who see all others faults so clear,
But blink at all your own;
You hypocrites, cast out the beam
Ere you begin to try
To wipe away the mote that dims
Your Yankee neighbor's eye.

Nay, Johny Bull, no longer roll
Your eye balls up to heaven,
Nor elevate your hands degrim'd
With 'pharisean' leaven,
Till you have given to the poor
A portion of your pelf,
And stopt the voice that cries—"For shame
Physician heal thyself!"

Who most encouraged slavery
Upon our Western shore,
And from the sands of Africa
The helpless negro tore?
Tha father that begat thee; John,
He did the deed commit,
And thou wast nourished on the spoil;
Thou canting hypocrite.

You say our land is frowned upon
For sins most huge and dark,
But see the crowds that quit you John,
In every Yankee bark—
Your toiling, starving, flesh and blood
By tens of thousands come,
And, that they may get negro fare,
Quit kindred, friends and home.

In Africa the negro man
May roam as free as air,
But native here, tho' much contemned
You cannot coax him there—
While free and merry England
Holds millions in her sway—
Who, could they quit their father graves,
Would land and bless the day.

The papers say that you have asked
Mistress and Mister Stowe,
To come and see you, and that she
Has said that they will go:—
They'll go and show their handsome knobs
And if you like their features
Pray send your invitation next
To them and all the Beechers.

We'll all confess then, Johnny dear,
You are more kindly grown
To shift this burden from our backs,
And lay it on your own;
But ere it has been long there
Trust me, you'll all agree,
That you resemble Sinbad; they
The old man of the Sea.

POPULAR NOVELETT

THE PEDLER.

THE SEQUEL TO THE MOB CAP.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

(Concluded.)

"I *will* leave you, dear Clara, since you desire it," answered she, with a calm sweetness that operated like a charm in soothing Clara's preposterous agitation, "and only remember that while you are just to yourself, you can never disgrace us. But for my sake, for Edward's sake, try to recover your self-possession, and give my kinsman, the welcome I have dared to promise him from the sister of my husband.

Clara felt the gentle rebuke conveyed in these words, as she followed with her eyes Gertrude's retreating figure, admiring that surpassing gracefulness which distinguished her above all other women, she could not but admire still more the kindness and forbearance she manifested towards one so untutored and wayward as herself. The soft evening air that flowed in through the open window, cooled her fevered cheeks, while the circumstance of her being permitted to remain quiet much longer than she anticipated, composed, while it mortified her. She dreaded observation—she equally dreaded neglect; and when she saw Washington Graham conversing with some ladies on the opposite side of the room, without making any effort to disturb her solitude,and by their pleased and attentive countenances knew that he was saying what seemed very agreeable and entertaining, she felt

"It were better to stand the lightning's shock,
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock."

She had but a partial view of his face, as it was somewhat turned from her, but his figure struck her as being remarkably graceful and gentleman-like. In a little while he changed his position, and her heart palpitated anew, for she thought he was approaching her; but no! he was drawing near his cousin, who, having been compelled to take her seat at the harp, (an instrument which still possessed all the charm of novelty with her guests,) was beckoning him to her side. Clara, like her brother, was passionately fond of music, and Gertrude's always thrilled her very soul. But now a manly voice of exquisite melody mingled its deep notes with hers, and both blending with the full, breeze-like strains of the harp, "rose like a stream of rich distilled perfume." Edward was leaning over the instrument in the same attitude she remembered to have seen him at Mrs. Clittons's never-to-be-forgotten party, but then his face was pale and his countenance dark; now it was lighted up with an expression of fervour and happiness as intense as the human features are capable of wearing; and Gertrude's eyes, floating in liquid radiance, were occasionally lifted to his, beaming with the love she no longer sought to hurry in the foldings of her own heart.

"Surely," thought Clara, "I have never loved Edward, or my nature is too cold to love as she does, and yet my very existence seemed bound up in his. Can there be a love stronger than that which binds together an only brother and sister, when that brother, too, exercises a father's tender guardianship, in place of him who is laid low with the dead?"

As she asked herself this question the image of Rover seemed to glide before her, and memory whispered, "The glance of Rover, when it bends on me, expresses the same depth and fire, and can it be that he loves me more than Edward? And will he ever fill, and more than fill a brother's place within my heart?—Dare I ever avow the interest he has inspired, to those who have woven my destiny with that of this dazzling stanger?"

At this moment the face of Washington was turned towards her, and though her vision was somewhat obscured by the tears that involuntarily suffused her eyes, she could observe its lineaments, and she thought she could trace in every feature the pride of wealth and conscious superiority. His fine figure was set off by a dress of aristocratic elegance; his hair was arranged in careless but graceful waves around his temples, revealing a forehead, whose unsunned whiteness plainly indicated that he at least was exempt from the primeval curse of earning his bred by the sweat of his brow.

The southern sun had given to his cheeks a manlier glow, so that the idea of effeminacy could never be associated with Washington Graham, who look exactly what he was, a gentleman by nature, by birth, by wealth, and by education. The music had so far subdued Clara, and carried her out of herself, that when Gertrude again approached her, accompanied by her cousin, she received them with less trepidation, and she ventured to listen and speak,though still with her eyes bowed down in "penetrative shame." Had Clara been conscious of her own attractions, she would not have suffered so much from self distrust. She could not know them, for when she saw herself reflected in the looking-glass in the act of dressing, her features were at rest, and there was nothing sufficiently striking, in their outline, or dazzling in their hue, to give her an exalted image of her own loveliness. She never saw the roses flitting over her cheeks, coming and going, and coming again, heralds of the heart's spring-time, or the warm and shifting lustre of her eye, when enthusiasm or sensibility stirred its peaceful depths. What if she had made a conquest of a poor wandering pedler, this magnificent Washington Graham was a very different kind of person, and the idea that he would look upon her with admiration or love, was too absurd to be admitted, and it would certainly expose her to the ridicule of all her acquaintances, if it were but known that it had ever entered into her mind. But when she was once more alone in her room, and reflected on the events of the evening, though filled with mortification at her own want of self-control, she rejoiced she had stood the ordeal without any open violation of decorum, and without incurring any visible marks of contempt. The thought that she had been seen,and that the illusion created by Gertrude was consequently dispelled, was very comforting to her. Another thought gave her a feeling of delight and self-approbation, why she could not define—Rover lost nothing in her estimation in comparison with the elegant southerner. She would rather live over again the moments passed with him in the midst of nature's loveliness, stolen and hurried as they were, and always accompanied with the dread of detection and the consciousness of acting a clandestine part, than spend a thousand such evenings as this—so cold, constrained and formal. Clara was a mystery to herself—foolish girl that she was, to find a happiness in contemplations which should fill her with sorrow and self reproach! The next day, Gertrude came to her with a congratulating smile.

"I feared last night, dear Clara," said she, "when you acted the part of the blushing automaton, that my character was more than endangered, that it was lost. But cousin Washington declares himself enchanted with that very bashfulness and simplicity that deprived you of your native grace. He is so sick of the artificial glare of fashionable society, so weary of glitter and display, his eye reposes with delight, as he expresses it, on the soft green of your character."

"Stop," cried Clara, "you do but mock me. His practised tongue may well utter the language of flattery, but do not, dearest Gertrude, solicit his admiration for me. To gratify your affection he may profess an interest I know he can never feel. You know not how wounded is the thought that I should be forced, as it were, upon the particular notice of a gentleman like him!"

"Believe me, Clara," answered Gertrude, earnestly, "I will do nothing to wound your delicacy or pride. I will say nothing more at present, leaving it for time to unfold events, which I trust will justify all I have ventured to express; one thing only let me ask, what think you of my vaunted cousin?"

"I have no distinct impression left upon my mind," answered Clara, so deep was the embarrassment that oppressed her. "He appeared to me like something bright, lofty and cold."

"Oh, said Gertrude, "you do not know him yet. Beneath that somewhat cold exterior, the result of a premature experience of the world's heartlessness, there is a depth of feeling known only to those who see him free from the restraints of society. Handsome, intellectuel and rich—romantic, too, in the best sense in which that oft perverted word is used. I should not think it possible that Washington Graham could fail to win a young and disengaged heart like yours."

The soft blush that had hitherto coloured the cheek of Clara, was pale to crimson that now dyed its surface.

"He leaves us to-morrow for a few days," continued Gertrude, "and when he returns, I hope to see all my fondest wishes realized."

Clara breathed as if recovering from a fit of the nightmare. She pleaded every excuse to be permitted to remain at home that evening. She had a nervous headache, she was unfit to appear in company, she did not like to leave her mother alone; in short, she gave twenty reasons, any one of which was sufficient in itself to answer her purpose.

"My head really does ache," said Clara, after Gertrude's departure, "and I think a walk in the fresh air will revive me; though unfit for company, I am not ashamed to be seen by the cattle and the birds." How she disposed of her objections to leave her mother alone, remained a mystery even to herself.—She had never met Rover in the path in which she now walked, and he could not know the direction she had taken; yet she started when the wind moved the branches or the birds flew rustling through the leaves, as if these accustomed sounds were the harbingers of coming footsteps. She was unwilling to acknowledge to herself the disappointment that weighed upon her spirits; but not finding in her walk the exhilarating influence she anticipated, she turned her face homeward.

"He has probably heard of the arrival of Washington Graham," thought Clara, "and believes me paying homage to his wealth and pretensions. He does me injustice, but it is no matter. Better, far better that we should never meet again—for he can never be any thing to me. Edward would not disdain his poverty, for he was himself once poor. But a pedler! Mrs. Clifton would not have married Edward had he been an intinerant pedler"

Just as Clara had finished these reflections, which breathed more of pique than she was aware of, she heard a sudden crashing among the boughs, and the pedler himself bounced into the path, his dark complexion glowing from the rapidity of his motions, and his eye sparkling with more than its wonted fire.

"I feared that I might be forgotten," said he; "but I see that I have wronged you—yet if village rumour is true, it is a hopeless devotion, an act of still greater presumption. It says that a stranger of wealth and distinction, conspicuous for the display and pride of his appearance is come hither for the sole purpose of addressing and wedding Clara Stanley. It says, too, that he will not address her in vain."

The characteristic openness and boldness of this address, left Clara no room for evasion. She did not wish to acknowledge its truth—she would not give utterance to a falsehood. Unpractised in the arts which could teach her the way of extrication, she stood silent and embarrassed; wishing the good people of the village would find something else to talk about besides tho Stanleys, whose concerns seemed to interest them so much.

"You are silent, Clara," cried he, in an altered tone; "you do not deny it, and Heaven forbid you should, if for once village gossip has spoken the truth. I have no right to reproach you—you have professed nothing—promised nothing—and yet I feel as if I were waking from the sweetest dream that ever gladdened the heart of man—the dream of imagined perfection."

Clara's heart swelled under the consciousness of injustice, and she would have made an indignant reply, but the deep dejection of his countenance and air inspired her with pity.

"If I deserved upbraiding from you," said she, "I should not at this moment be dreading the reproaches of all whom I love. Whatever may be said of this stranger's visit, his coming can never influence my feelings towards you."

The last words were uttered in a tremulous voice. She began to feel as if she had forsaken the "guide of her youth," and rashly given her happiness into a stranger's keeping. In the true spirit of a heroine, though true only to the impulse of nature, she covered her face with her hands, and sitting down at the foot of the tree beneath which they were standing, tried to think herself miserable; but strange as it may seem, a thrill of delight still penetrated her heart, from the conviction that she was beloved. Nothing was more natural, from the lowly position she had assumed, for Rover to kneel at her side; and he did kneel in exactly the same graceful attitude in which she first beheld him, when he bent to display his jewels to her admiring gaze; but Clara had forgotten all that, and soon forgot everything else but the words he breathed into her ear, and the looks that bore witness to their sincerity.

The next morning, as she was tying some wandering vines, that answered all the purpose of *jalousies*, to the window, she heard the tramping of horses' feet, and Washington Graham, on his raven black horse, accompanied by his black attendant, with the red saddle cloth sweeping so magnificently on either side, was seen passing by. He lifted his hat, and bowed till his hair almost touched his horse's flowing mane, then rode rapidly by. Clara thought of the Black Knight in Ivanhoe; of Ivanhoe himself, and almost expected to see the days of tournaments and queens of love and beauty revived.

"He is certainly very, very graceful," said she, shading her eyes to catch the last glimpse of his knight-like figure, yet vexed at being forced to bring in lordly contrast to the contemned Rover, assured that in every thing but outward show, Rover transcended the southern nabob. "But I dare say he is very proud. And the maiden that he will wed must also be proud and rich, as she will be beautiful and accomplished." And with a half suppressed sigh at the inequalities of fortune's gifts, she resumed her occupation, which naturally led her thoughts back to rural life and cottage scenes, and it was not long before she was indulging most heroic scorn for every joy dependent on wealth or fortune.

Clara sat one evening alone with her mother, her head bent over her work.—Whenever she was thus situated, her secret weighed heavily on her heart, and the dread of detection was never absent from her mind. If Mrs. Stanley addressed her suddenly, she would start and turn pale—if she looked upon her instantly, she would tremble and blush, and sometimes she would talk at random, and commit a thousand inconsistencies. She rejoiced at the entrance of a neighbour, for it saved her the trouble of talking, and left her to the indulgence of her own thoughts. Mrs. Morton, the lady who now made her appearance, was only desirous of listeners, for she came laden with news she was eager to impart before she could be forestalled in the office.

"This is a very unpleasant affair about that young pedler," said Mrs. Morton; have you heard of it?"

Clara's ears tingled at these words, and she held her breath to listen. Mrs. Stanley expressed her ignorance, and Mrs. Morton proceeded.

"You recollect that a shocking murder and robbery were perpetrated not very long since in an adjoining town, and that great rewards offered for the apprehension of the murderer. It seems they have discovered a gang of pedlers, who are going about murdering and plundering in every direction. Some one who knew the gentlemen who has been lately murdered, says he can swear to one of the watches among the jewels of the young pedler who has been sauntering about here. He says he has seen it in the gentleman's possession; and and has no doubt he is both a robber and a murderer. They have taken up the young man upon suspicion, and he is now confined in jail. The probability is he will be hung."

"It is indeed shocking to hear of such crimes," replied Mrs. Stanley, "when the actors, too, are brought so near our own homes. I thought there was something very suspicious about that young man, and I feared he might be troublesome to us."

She looked at Clara as she spoke, but she seemed to take no interest in the conversation, remaining perfectly still, with her head bowed, so that the lamp shone brightly on the ringlets that shaded her face, leaving her features in a still deeper shade.

While Mrs. Morton went on with earnestness and volubility, describing all she knew of the event in exaggerated colours, Clara rose softly and left the room. She stepped cautiously through the passage, and down the steps, opened the gate with a noiseless touch, and then ran like lightning through the street. It was a moonlight night, and she could see her own shadow flitting on every wall, lengthening into spectral dimensions, as she flew on; as if the avenger of blood was behind. She slackened not her pace, even while ascending the hill on which her brother's house was situated, nor paused till she reached the avenue of trees that stood in long stately lines in front of the mansion. For a moment she stopped, and looked back at the light that glimmered from her mother's window, like a solitary star, luring the wanderer home—then renewing her flight, she found herself all at once in the presence of Gertrude, who was sitting alone in her chamber, little dreaming of so strange an interruption. She rose in unspeakable alarm at Clara's entrance, whose appearance fully justified the feeling. Her face was of ashy paleness, her lips parted and quivering, and her long hair hung unbound over her shoulders in damp clinging masses.

"Clara, dear Clara," exclaimed Gertrude, "tell me what has happened!—You know nothing of Edward?—Speak!"

"Is Edward gone! Thank heaven!" uttered Clara, and sinking into a chair she burst into tears. Gertrude threw her arms around her, and held her sobbing head around her bosom, till, like a wearied child, she gradually ceased her tears. The hot pressure on her brain seemed loosened, but there was anguish in her heart. There was but one sound in her ears—"He will in all probability be hung!" There was but one image before her eyes—Rover, a dying victim to a false accusation. She believed him as guiltless of crime as her own brother was, and the one strong purpose of her soul was to liberate him, at the hazard of her own liberty, and life itself, if it were necessary. She had read of Helen Mar, who followed into captivity the Scottish chieftain; of the devoted Lavalette, who effected the escape of her husband from the walls of a prison, by clothing him in her own garments, and assuming his bondage instead. Impulse and action were almost simultaneous with Clara. She stopped not to think of the censure of the world, the reproaches of her friends. Rover in prison—exposed to an ignominious death, alone filled her mind. The circumstances of Edward's absence, who had been called away upon some unexpected business, was favourable to her design, for she was sure of the co-operation of Gertrude.

"Dear Gertrude," said she, "I cannot tell you the cause of my grief, but if you love me do not refuse what I am going to ask of you."

"I do love you, Clara, for more than your own sake, and mysterious as you are to-night, I am ready to promise that whatever you ask shall be granted, assured that it will be nothing but what justice may require and affection bestow."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," cried Clara. "Then, quick, dear Gertrude, lend me the cloak, hood, and Mob Cap, which you wore when Edward first met you, and say not a word of what you have done to a human being. Oh! Gertrude, you look as if you were going to deny me!" and Clara clasped her hands supplicatingly together, as if her life depended on the boon.

"I would do any thing but suffer you to expose yourself to danger" said Gertrude, a bright ray flitting over her face at meeting a spirit so congenial to her own. "Any thing that will not serve as a barrier to separate you hereafter from Washington Graham."

"Talk not of Washington Graham," cried Clara, impatiently. "I think not of him, I care not for him—nor is there danger to me. Hasten, I will do nothing but what your own generous; uncalculating heart would prompt me to do."

Gertrude withdrew a moment, and returned with her masquerade dress, which she kept as a precious memento of her life's most romantic scenes. "My Clara," said she as she entered, "the sight of these makes me almost wish I had again the task of winning the heart which I first learned to prize beneath their muffled shades. Never, never shall I forget the hour when Edward breathed into Aunt Bridget's ear the story of his love for the high and lofty Widow Clifton."

"Tell me," cried Clara, as she hastily wrapped her youthful person in the ancient cloak, "if Edward had been in danger before you married him, what would have done to save him?"

"What would I have done!" repeated Gertrude, passionately, "I would have died to save him. Had I ten thousand lives, I would peril them all for him at this moment; so entirely, so devotedly do I love him."

Clara could have worshipped her for this burst of enthusiasm, sanctioning as it did her own purposed devotion, and with firmer hand she tied the mob cap under her chin, put on the green spectacles, and drew the hood over her head. Notwithstanding Clara's distress, Gertrude could not forbear smiling at her antiquated little figure, wondering whether she had ever looked as obsolete herself. "Now speed the, dear Clara, and heaven bless thy purpose, whatever it may be," cried she, leading her down the steps of the piazza.

Clara was obliged to gather her cloak round her, as it trailed on the ground, and impeded her walking. Then she recollected; that if so aged a person as she appeared to be, were seen running, it would excite suspicion, and she tried to fashion her movements to the character she had assumed. She met several boys; who terrified her by hallooing in her ear, "Good-night, grandmother—what will you take for your spectacles?" Without turning her head, she walked on with quicker steps till she arrived at the prison. She had been there before to visit a poor black woman, who was very sick, and who had been accused of an attempt to poison a white family.—She died in prison, and her innocence was proved too late. She knew the jailer, too, a simple, kind hearted man; and when in faltering accents, which might well pass for the trembling utterance of age, she requested admittance to the pedler, (that hateful name almost choked Clara, for she had never breathed it aloud since she had first known Rover,) the good jailer immediately granted her admission. Rover was seated in a remote corner of the gloomy apartment, his head resting on his hand; the dim light scarcely defining the dark outlines of his figure. He raised his dark eyes upon her entrance, and they flashed with lamp like brilliancy through the shades that surrounded him. He was in danger and disgrace, and Clara felt that if she had received to act a heroic part, she would do it in the true spirit of a heroine. She drew near him without speaking, while he, with the courtesy which adorns a prison as much as a drawing-room, rose and offered her his seat, wondering what good old lady was so kind as to visit him in this extremity.—Clara sunk into the chair, and gathering courage now the critical moment had arrived untied the strings of her cloak and cap, and emerged from the disguise like the evening star from behind a gray cloud.

"Clara Stanley, by all that is lovely!" exclaimed he; and the graceful pedler knelt at her feet. A bright triumphant smile played about his lips. Welcome imprisonment, danger, and death itself, if they bring with them consolations like this. You believe me innocent, then," added he, "or deem me guilty, have come to pity and"—

"To save!" interrupted Clara, "to save, believing you innocent. In this apparel you can pass out undiscovered, and fly the wretches who seek your life. As for me, there is no danger. They will release me as soon as they learn I am here."

"What! leave you here alone in this dismal place, the long dark night exposed to present suffering and future calumny, that I may elude dangers, which after all, are imaginary, for my life is in no peril! I can produce such proofs of my innocence as will cover my accusers with shame. No! no! I cannot leave this cell. It is transformed into the garden of Eden—since I have here learned what I have hitherto dared to doubt, the truth, the tenderness, the heroism of woman's love."

"And shall I have braved every thing in vain?" cried Clara, imploringly.—"Your innocence will serve you nothing when law in its strength is once aimed against you. Even in this very cell I saw a poor creature breathe her last, accused, though guiltless, condemned and broken hearted. And I shall be as safe here as in my own chamber. The jailer knows me—my mother has been kind to his children, and he will be kind to me; I shall immediately be released. What! still unyielding? Have you upbraided *me* for coldness and pride, and fear of the world's censure?—but who now is cold and