msa_sc2901_scm2353-0210 ©Maryland State Archives

THE KENT NEWS.

Fortis, 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. 14. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1853. NO. 31.

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.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications must be post-paid.

POETICAL.

(Written for the Kent News.)

THE SEPARATION.

We met as strangers, and we'll part
As strangers too, without a tear;
The coldness of a selfish heart,
Inflicts no pang I cannot bear.

We met as strangers, let us still
Be strangers to each other yet;
And so continue as we were,
In days that passed before we met.

Since dark dissensions pain the heart,
And break the silken bands of peace,
'Twere better far to separate,
And all our intercourse to cease.

I cannot grieve to say farewell,
Pleasure will mark the parting hour;
Peace, too, return, and this dark spell
Vanish as dew-drops from a flower.

The smile once more light up the brow,
The heart with warm in again expand;
Those clouds that hover o'er it now,
Be swept away by friendship's hand.

I wish no ills to wound your breast,
May peace and joy from heaven be thine,
And pure repentance bring its rest
Unto your heart as well as mine.

And now again, a last adieu,
Strangers we'll be till time is o'er;
Then at the judgement seat of God,
Both face to face we'd meet one more.

EVA.

Rock Hall, Md.

POPULAR TALE.

From the Star Spangled Banner.

THE UNKNOWN; OR, THE EXILE'S RETURN.

BY TRAMILTON VANANDA,

CHAPTER I.

"O, Emily, are you going to the party at Sumner's on Tuesday evening next?" asked a young lady in walking apparel, of Emily Carlton, upon whom she had just made a 'call.'

"Well, I really do not know Adelia. I have not much acquaintance, you know, with the Sumners, and I have as yet, no invitation; this is, in fact, the first intimation I have heard of it."

"Indeed! why, have you not heard of the arrival of Mr. Melton, the celebrated traveller, and do you not think the party Sumner's is got up in compliment to him, in the vain hope of making a conquest?"

"I have never heard of Mr. Melton, or the party before; but Adelia, do you think the Misses Sumner will have their desire gratified?"

"Goodness! how can you ask such a question? Do you suppose there is any attraction about Jane and Annie Sumner to such a gentleman as Mr. Melton? They are neither handsome nor graceful, nor have they that which makes deformity pretty, intelligence.—And what if they can boast of being *millionaires*, there are others, who, though they may not be quite as wealthy as the Sumner's, would make a far more desirable match for such a gentleman as Mr. Melton."

"I suppose you are invited, Adelia?" asked Emily.

"Yes, and I intend to go, though not with any desire of catching Mr Melton, as you know. I must confess, however, I have a secret desire to see him, after all I have heard about him."

"Why, from the way you talked I thought you were well acquainted with him," said Emily, somewhat astonished.

"Oh, no, only from the recommendations of the Sumners, which are long and loud."

The door opened, and a servant entered, bearing a small *billet doux* in his hand; it was an invitation to the party.

"I suppose you will attend, will you not?" asked Adelia, preparing to go.

"I cannot say positively, but it is more than probable I will, said Emily, in return.

"O, yes, we must go, and see how these simple-hearted vanities put on their 'swimming ways,' and with what success," said Adelia laughing and then bidding Emily 'Good-bye, until Tuesday night,' she left the house.

* * * * * * *

About the same time the conversation above was going on two finely dressed young men, with rather a foreign appearance, might have been seen sitting in the reading room of the Astor, engaging themselves with that greatest of *solo* enjoyments of the traveller, a good Havanna. One of them, though fine looking, had nothing very striking or prepossessing about him, looked as though he was fonder of whist and champagne, than the galleries of the Tuilleries or Fountainbleau.

His companion, on the contrary, bore all the marks of frank and noble genius, and the light that burned like the dim lustre of thought, in his dark eyes, told plainly there was a depth of soul below. His hair was dark and curly, and his features seemed to blend the Saxon with the Italian, and presented a most classic appearance.

His cigar growing short, he threw it away, and turning to his companion, said—

"Watson, you and I have crossed the ocean together, in which time we have become pretty good friends; can I ask a favor of you?"

"Why, certainly, Melton; what is it?" answered he addressed as Watson.

"Do not promise too quick, as you may repent it. What I wish you to do may take months to perform, though it may afford much romance for your amusement, and also some profit in the end."

"Well, my life has been a pretty romantic one, and in truth, I am fond of it,—it kills the monotony of life. So go on;" and he twirled a column of smoke from his cigar, with an air of *nonchalance* that seemed to say he was ready for anything.

"Well to begin at the right place, I must relieve you of an error in which I placed you."

"What is that?"

"I told you my name was Carl Melton, and you believed it; so has everybody else for the last six years. I have passed under that name through all my travels, but it is assumed."

"Umph! what then is it?" exclaimed Watson, gazing at his companion, with a half surprised, half careless glance.

"That matters not, now; you shall know at the proper time. For the present I desire to remain wholly unknown. Now to business. You were introduced to the Misses Sumners as Mr. Melton through mistake for myself, by that chap, who, by accident, formed our acquaintance a few evenings since. Our both of said Misses S——, have fallen in love with you, and have tendered you a complimentary party. What I have to propose is this—Instead of my going in your place, as you desired, I wish you to carry on the deception, and personate me. Get an invitation for a friend, and introduce me as Murray. Throw around me a deal of mystery, by telling the truth, namely—that my real name is unknown to any one. Say you came across me in your travels; that I was a clever fellow, and you liked me on account of the mystery and romance that enveloped me. This is all that I have to propose at present; and, as a reward for this, I offer you the hand of the fairest of the millionaire daughters."

"Thank you, it's a bargain," said Watson, in high glee at the mention of the reward. "But how can I play my part? How can I talk of Rome, and the countless cities of the plain," when I have never been as far as Switzerland, in the interior in my life?"

"Oh, you can speak French, and are accustomed to all the rules that govern fashionable life, and you can avoid all questions that would prove uncomfortable; and if it does become necessary, put on your best face and *gas* a little."

"Well, I will risk it," said Watson, rising; and here the conference broke up.

CHAPTER II.

The *fashionable* life of the Empire City were in the highest enjoyment at the *soiree* of the Sumner's. The *pretended* Melton moved about among the great company, with all the grace and majesty of a connoisseur, and none suspected the deception. Often he was asked to describe some ancient ruin, but flinging it off with a snatch from Volney, or the inimitable Steven, he turned the topic of some more familiar topic. He introduced his friend, Mr Murray, and enveloped him in such mystery, that he came well nigh losing his own novelty, by the romantic character of Murray.—And then there was a fascination about the *unknown* that impressed the audience with more than usual interest. His strange beauty and commanding mind soon swayed an influence over those who had formed his acquaintance, and particularly Adelia Mason and Emily Carlton.

These two young ladies were more than usual interested in him, and were ever by his side. It was difficult to tell in which he seemed the most interested. Adelia Mason was the most beautiful of the two, possessing all the charms and graces equal intelligence and a most amiable disposition. Murray (or so we shall call him for awhile,) observed her manners very closely, and marked with evident delight, the rich stores of her mind.

But there was a peculiarity about the manner in which he treated her, that demands some notice. As he looked into her dark eyes, and observed their varying expression, and marked the outline of her beautiful features, he would muse thoughtfully for a minute, as though comparing them with some he had seen before.

Adelia, too, looked into the dark depths of his eyes, and seemed to be wrapt in the mystery and majesty that held in their lustre such a magic influence.

Emily Carlton was alike interested in him; but hers was an interest that deepened in its sad effects, into a mystery itself. She would meet his gaze, and her soft glance would fix in his like a needle to the magnet, and, at last, sink away into its own familiar depths, as if to commune with the angel of memory. There seemed to be a familiarity in his looks, that perplexed her sorely, and she was unable to divine the cause.—She prompted inquiries, intended as the instruments of unravelling the mystery; but his discerning mind detected it, and he invariably gave evasive answers. The three conversed together for some time, occasionally interrupted by some of the inquisitive of the company.

The dancing finally commenced and Murray and Adelia took a part in the first set.

Many eyes were turned on the mysterious unknown, as, with Adelia by his side, he passed through the mazes of the dance, with all the grace and dignity compatible with his romantic character. And the spell-like mystery that sat in his dark eyes, held their attention by a power they knew not of.

The set was over, and another took the floor. Murray and Adelia commenced a promenade through the spacious apartments and passing through folding doors, and winding passages, they unexpectedly found themselves on the piazza, that wound around the back and wings of the house.

Adelia turned to go back, but Murray gently checked her.

"Stay, Adelia," said he. 'I have long desired an interview with you, where we would not be likely to be interrupted. Fortune has led us to this place. I appear a stranger to you, but you need not fear to be alone with me. Will you remain?" and he looked down into the deepest depths of her wondering eyes until she trembled on his arm.

But it was not with fear that Adelia trembled. There was an emotion strong as her existence shook her frame. A picture from the page of memory rose up before her—one word rang in her ears—Adelia! how sweetly he had pronounced it—so like one of song; and memories thick and fast crowded on her mind.

Murray, observing her trembling and silent, turned to go, saying—

"I would not have you remain, contrary to your wishes, Adelia."

"I will stay," she said in a husky voice.

"Thank you," said Murray, and they sought a seat on the piazza.

The stars were out on their vigil keeping, and bespangled the dark back ground of the sky with many a glittering gem; and ever and anon, a meteor shot across the argent fields, leaving its faint trace like the memories of dying love, to go out in night.

Murray gazed up into the deep vault overhead, and mused, as if communing with the vigil spirits of the night.

Adelia, in the meantime regained her self possession, and resolved on solving the mysteries that surrounded her companion.

"Allow me to ask you" said she, "what it is that make you so mysterious?"

He took her hand in his.

"Adelia," said he, "before I answer your question, allow me to ask one: Have you ever loved?" and his voice fell into a deep and thrilling tone, as he asked the question.

Adelia started. She looked up into his face, and a blush deep as crimson, mantled her cheek. She would have answered him in a harsh voice, but he anticipated her.

"I know it is an abrupt question. I am aware; but I assure you I do not intend to wound your feelings. If you do not wish to answer it, do not do it."

"I felt at first," said she after a pause, "like resenting it, coming as it did, from a stranger; now—strange is your power—I feel a desire to answer you."

"Go on, then," said he, not noticing her allusion to his power.

"I *have* loved, sir."

"You *have* loved!" exclaimed Murray "and do you not *still* love?"

"The object of my affections was forced to leave me, years ago. Perhaps I should not tell you, but I cannot well give you the state of my feelings without it. Six years ago, I loved a young man in this city; and pledged to become his bride, as soon as he arrived at the age of maturity. He was, unfortunately for himself and me, a youth of dissipated habits, and mingled with society far below his rank, not only in worldly possessions, but in all the honor and virtue that belonged to his noble soul. His father, though not among the richest in the city, was yet wealthy, and moved in the highest circles; and more than all, he had those aristocratic notions that characterize the nation from which he sprung. He boasted of being of the *noble blood of England*. When he discovered his son's dissipation, his anger was unbounded, and the consequence was, he disinherited him; and, giving him a purse of gold, he bade him "go and seek his own fortune; but never pass under his *real* name, and thereby, disgrace the proud name of his family."

"And he has done so!" hissed Murray, between his set teeth; though Adelia did not understand what he said, and thinking it an indignant expression against the cruelty of the father, she went on.

"He went to Europe, leaving a letter to me, informing me of the difficulty, and vowing his love, said he would never return until he was worthy of me.—Since that time, I have never heard from him. I—"

"And what has become of the father?" asked Murray, interrupting her.

"He died two years ago."

"Pardon my interruption, and go on," said he in a trembling voice.

"I have since then, had many offers to marry, but I could never love any of my suitors, and I will never marry, if I never love."

Murray mused a moment, and asked—

"Do you think you *could* ever love another?"

"Mr. Murray, it is doubtful, unless I were assured that the object of my former love was dead. I must confess that I feel more deeply interested in *you*, than any person I have yet met since he departed, for you seem to be his counterpart; but, I pray you, do not press your questions any farther. We may be friends—we may be brother and sister: let that suffice. His brother loves me; but I despise him for his haughtiness as well as his carelessness."

"Adelia then constant and faithful art! then love him who shared your first love, and behold him in me!" exclaimed Murray, as he pressed her to his bosom and tears of joy sparkled in his deep, dark eyes.

"Carl!" broke from the lips of Adelia as she started back, and looked into his deep and loving eyes; and then, as she read the truth in their liquid depths, she fell fainting on his breast.

"Who is that?" demanded a gruff voice behind him.

Murray looked up, and beheld a face that he easily recognized, but wishing to remain in unknown himself he said—

"What authority have you to know?"

"You shall see villain! I command you to lay that lady down instantly, or I shall throw you over the piazza!"

Murray gently laid the insensible form of Adelia on the floor, and springing to his feet, with one blow of his fist, he laid the young man on the floor.

"Be careful who you address thus!" he hissed through his teeth.

The man got upon his feet again, utterly discomfited, and with choking curses said—

"Villain! you shall pay dearly for this blow! I challenge you to meet me tomorrow, at ten o'clock, to give me satisfaction for this insult!"

"I shall do it willingly," said Murray with much coldness. "My address is Murray, and you will find me at the Astor at any time."

"You shall hear from me by eight," said the duelist, turning away in a rage.

CHAPTER III.

Murray, unwilling to arouse curiosity within, applied such restoratives to Adelia as he had about his person, and had the satisfaction, in a few moments, to see her revive.

"Is this a dream?" she asked, as if waking from sleep.

"What? dear Adelia?"

"Oh Carl! it is you! I feared to open my eyes for fear I had been dreaming. How happy I am once more!"

"Yes, my love, it is your own Carl Carleton, that you loved of yore. Be happy now, for another storm may soon break over you."

Adelia heaved a sigh, and threw her arms around his neck. He imprinted a kiss upon her rosy lips, and then told her how, after she had fainted, Henry, his *brother*, whom she had said was wooing her, had come upon them, and what had resulted from it.

"And you are not going to meet him Carl?" said Adelia.

"Yes my love, I will meet him but I will not kill him. Did I not accept his challenge, I would be branded as a coward. If he kills me, he will not mourn, even when he discovers me to be a brother. He has the pride of his father."

"Then you did not tell him you name?" asked Adelia finding it would be in vain to pervert him from his predetermined course.

"No, I told him my name was Murray and as any other he shall not know me for a while yet. For the present, I charge you not to mention a word to my beloved sister Emily. (O, how I long to embrace that girl again!) Let no one know who I am. After to-morrow, I will see you again. We must now return into the house, as it is near time to close the amusements of the evening," and Carl pressed his new found love to his bosom again, and then returned to the gay halls of festivity, where he again assumed his mysterious mien, and was once more Murray, the strange unknown.

When the party was over, Watson, the pretended traveler, returned with Murray to the Astor, the former having made a wonderful demonstration upon the heart of Miss Annie Summer, and the latter having found to his evident satisfaction, that his former love was still true to her pledge, and that there was still one green oasis in his desert of life.

After they had gained their room Murray turned the current of the conversation from the various interests of the party and addressed his companion on a different subject.

"Watson," said he, "I will now tell you, in as few words as possible, who and what I am. This is not the first time I have ever been in New York. I was born here. My father was once a wealthy merchant in this city. In my youth contrary to the general tenor of my family, I was dissipated and profligate; and six years ago when my father found out the extent of my dissipation, instead of reprimanding me, as he should have done, he called me into his counting-room one day, and giving me a purse of gold, bade me leave him.

"Take this" said he, "and go and seek your own fortune. But never for the sake of your family, pass under your real name and bring it disgrace."

"I told him he should be obeyed, and left him—left the house of my youth, the home of my love, with a father's curse resting upon me—a lonely exile! Dark were my thoughts for awhile, but they at last cleared down, and I began to think more soberly. I at last made up my mind to go to Europe, and making hasty preparations, departed for Liverpool. I went to Paris, and there showed some specimens of my college paintings to a celebrated artist, who, being very much pleased with them, requested me to study with him. I gladly accepted his offer and in a short time became master of my profession, and even excelled my tutor. I travelled long amid the ruins of the Old World, and at last resolved to visit America. You know the rest. Last night was the first time I have seen a member of my family for six years. Emily Carleton, the lady you were speaking of, is my *sister*. Adelia Mason, the lady you saw me dance with, I have loved from boyhood; and I found out last night, that her affections are still true to her first love. I made myself known and from her I learned that my father is dead. But, unfortunately, my younger brother, Henry Carleton, has formed a boyish attachment for her, and although he has been rejected, he still hopes to win her hand. Last night when I made myself known to Adelia, she fainted; and while I was endeavoring to restore her, he came suddenly upon us, and commanded me, in a harsh manner, to lay her down. I sprang upon my feet, and with a blow of my fist, stretched him upon the floor, when he arose in great anger and challenged me for a duel. I accepted it, and we fight to-morrow, at ten o'clock. He does not know me, and I do I wish myself known, until the proper time.—Now I have another request to make of you. Will you be my second? I do not intend to kill him for even shot at him; but he must shoot at *me*. If he kill me, I suppose he will be satisfied; and my uncle always contains money enough to bury me."

During his strange revelation, Watson stood mute with astonishment. He did not speak a word during the whole time but stood with his brow knit, and his eyes fixed on Carl. He mused for a moment, when he had concluded and then said—

"Well, I must say, this is the rarest romance I have ever yet experienced.—As for being your second, I answer yes."

"Enough," said Carl "for the present, let's to bed, for it is late, and I am tired and somewhat nervous."

CHAPTER IV.

At ten o'clock the parties met at the appointed place, and the distance being measured, the opponents took their stations. Carl was calm and collected, and scarcely an emotion was visible on his countenance, while his opponent was excited, and seemed to be anxious to have the affair over. The word to fire was given, and Henry Carleton discharged his pistol, and *missed his mark*.

"Why don't you fire, sir?" he cried angrily, to Carl, who had not yet discharged his pistol.

"I will, directly," he replied, calmly.

At the same time, Watson was observed putting a small paper mark to his right, at the distance of his antagonist. This done to the surprise of all, Carl raised his pistol to the mark, and fired. The paper fell to the ground, with a bullet-hole in its centre!

An exclamation of surprise burst from all present, and Henry Carleton bit his lips until the blood trickled down his chin.

"Death!" he muttered through his clenched teeth, "why do you do that sir?"

"You shall know that at some other time sir. Have you satisfaction?"

Henry, pale with excitement, and trembling from head to foot, stammered an assent, and the parties left the ground.

* * * * * * *

A few weeks had passed away, and Carl Carleton, the unknown was to be married to Adelia Mason. The company were assembled in the spacious halls of Mr. Mason's mansion, who, I would say *en passant*, was a wealthy merchant.

Emily Carleton was Adelia's waiting-maid.

There was not one in that brilliant company, however, that knew Carl by any other name than that of Murray.—Imagine then their surprise, when the minister pronounced in a loud voice—Carl Carleton and Adelia Mason, 'man and wife?'

Emily started back, gazing for a moment in her brother's face, and then with the simple exclamation, 'brother,' she fell on his neck.

Henry Carleton walked forward, and understanding it all at a glance, while a tear sparkled in his eye, he extended his hand to his brother saying—

"And was it for this you refused to kill me?"

"It was because I did not wish to have the stain of my own blood upon my skirts," answered Carl, and lowering his lips to his ear, he continued "and because I prized you higher than your *father did his son!*"

Henry was too full of emotion to venture a reply; and after many of Carl's old acquaintances had welcomed him with a friendly greeting, the party continued their amusements.

Deep were the emotions of that pious mother, when she pressed to her bosom that exiled son—Carl Carleton. Long had she mourned him as dead, and now that he stood before her, in the prime of manhood, she sent up the gratitude of her heart, in a prayer to Him who is a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God.

Henry scarce ever forgave himself for his attempt to take his brother's life.—They afterwards, however, condensed their fortunes, and established one of the largest mercantile houses in the city.

When Miss Anna Sumner, the millionaire daughter, was made acquainted with the deception that had been practised upon her by Watson, she cast him off, but he minded it little, as he soon found a far more lovely, amiable and agreeable companion in Emily Carleton; and he took her to wife.

For aught we know, they are happy now, all happy; and each interested in the history of the other, as we hope kind reader, you are in all. Adios.

We heard a lady, the other morning trying to tell an old joke, a quizzical one by the way, quizzing our cockney folks:

A market woman who, last fall, was holding some pumpkins in her apron, when a fresh-caught cockney came along, and went to poking them with his cattan, exclaiming.—

"I hope you don't call them large happles; they ain't 'alf as large as we 'ave them in hold Hinglan'."

"Apples!" replied the woman, "they ain't apples; them is only huckleberries."

An honest old Dutchman, who lived at Fishpondcalled at a hotel of Bucyrus, and passed the compliments of the day with the Landlord, who asked him the news?

"O coot newish for Calion yet."

"What is that?"

"Vy, yousch going to get the Juli Ann Railroat!"

"What! the Julia Ann Railroad! what is that?"

"Yaw—the Julia Railroad—Air-tight line not a ten foot yangel."

☞ An old lady, in Iowa, while recently in the woods, was bitten on the end of her nose by a rattle snake. The old lady recovered, but the snake died! The Coroner's verdict—"Poisoned by snuff!"

A person was boasting that he had sprung from a high family in Ireland.

"Yes said a bystander, I've seen some of the family so high that their feet couldn't touch the ground."