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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. 14. SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1854. NO. 26.

Dry Goods.

MUSLINS at 6, 8, 10, 12½ cents per yard, Flanells at old prices (without regard to the advance in Wool,) Sattinetts, Cassimers, Vestings, Ladies Dress-goods, Canton-flanels, Stripes, Ky, Jeans, Shawls &c. Fancy Goods Trimings &c. A general assortment of Ribbons, Edgings, Laces, Ladies worked Collars, Handk'fs &c. Hosery, Gloves &c, a great variety dress Trimmings, Gimps, Buttons &c., &c. PERFUMERY: Essences, Extracts, Oils, Eau De Cologne &c. FANCY SOAPS for Toilet Shaving &c,—just received and for sale by ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner Sept. 17, '53

Clothing.

WE are now opening a large lot, consisting of: Black, Blue and Brown Dress and Frock Coats, Sack Coats—our Coats. Business Coats, short Coats, Pants of all kinds and qualities—Black and Fancy Satten Vests, silk Vests, worsted cotton Vests, also a lot of Kersey Pants and fine kersey Coats, Sacks and Pants, all of which are made up expressly for my own sales—and will be sold at the old prices which we are enabled to do by having the stock lade in before the advance in prices—call and examine for yourself.

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, Sept. 17, '53.

Hardware.

THE largest and best variety ever before opened—consisting of Cumberland Nails, wrought Nails, Ribetts, Screws, brass and common wide and narrow bitts, window Blinds Bolts, Knifes and Forks, cutlery, edge Tools, Axes, Planes Chisels, adze, Patent window fastenings, Levels, Wardrobe hooks, Coffee mills, Gimlets, Augers, Braces, Bitts &c., in fact we can furnish almost every thing useful in this line, also Shovels, Spades, manure, hay Forks, Grain Shovels, Hames, Chain Traces, Hoes, Cut-Saws Tea kettles &c.; also 1000 Holloware, —Just received and for sale by

A. J. REES.

Rees' cor. Sept. 17 '53.

ABEL J. REES

HAVING just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore—is now opening at "REES' CORNER" a large stock of Staple and Fancy Goods which he offers to the citizens of Kent County low prices, for cash—country produce Stock. My assortment is very large consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Wagon and Cart Gears—Drugs, Paints, Oils, Medicines, Looking-glass Window-glass, Sash—Baskets, Buckets, Stone-ware, Hollow-ware, Castings, Clothing &c., &c.,—call and see them—no ttouble to show goods.

Sept. 17. '53

Kersey! Kersey!!

MANUFACTURED by Messrs Mallalieu & Bro. of Maryland and not surpassed by any goods of the kind also All Wool Kersey at 65 cts. per yard not a mixture of foreign wool and old rags) but a good article of goods manufactured in Q. A. Co. Md., for my own sales, and for sale by

ABEL J REES

Rees' Corner, Md., Sept. 17, '53.

NEW FALL GOODS.

I HAVE just received and now opening a large and general assortment of

Fall and Winter Clothing,
GROCERIES, FLOUR AND
PROVISIONS, & c.,

consisting in part of the following:—Black, blue, gray and fancy frock and sack coats; Doeskin cassimer, tweed and fancy pants; Boys and Youths' coats and pants; Servants' jackets, pants and hats; Men's knit and wove shirts and drawers, Muslin and Canton flannel; Hats, caps, suspenders, handkerchiefs, silk and cotton; with a general assortment of groceries, Wares, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, &c., all low for cash or produce. My friends and the public are invited to call and examine and judge for themselves.

WM. BACCHUS.

Oct. 8, 1853.

Groceries.

CONSISTING in part of Brown Sugar 6¼ cts., a beautiful article White Sugar, Loaf Brushed &c., No. and W. I. Molasses, Oils, Lamp Oil, Linseed Oil and Etheriel Oil, vinegar, Brooms Buckets, Tubs &c., Bacon and Lard, on hand and for sale by

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' cor. Sept. 17, '53.

WM. P. FRANCIS

HAS just returned from the city with a splendid lot of new and SEASONABLE GOODS. He invites his customers and friends to call and examine them if they wish to get good bargains. "A word to the wise," &c.

July 30, 1853

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.

ADDRESS
OF
THE CARRIER
OF
THE "KENT NEWS."
TO HIS PATRONS.

AGAIN hath Time his annual circuit gone
Another year hath passed into his tomb;
Old Fifty-three hath had his day,
And joyous bounding o'er Time's way
Comes Fifty-four in jocund glee

Once more the newsboy makes his yearly call,
With happy New Year's wish for all;
For many weary days through frost and snow,
He's trudged to bring the "NEWS" to you,
And now his humble claim you'll sure allow.

A half, a quarter, levy—what you will,
He'll thankfully accept, and serve you still;
Or if a "yellow boy" should drop into his palm,
'Twould do no more than pay his claim,
For faithful services done through sun and rain.

But who shall tell the changes of the year,
And count its events fast as they appear?
Young America's now the word,
And rampant locos hold the rod
O'er Whigs and 'softs' and 'fogies' old.

No Fillmore guides the ship of State,
With careful hand 'mid dangers great;
His prudent counsel's not the thing,
For Young Democracy's lofty wing
Would soar and take Antillas Queen.

Again has the Death-angel flapped his wing,
And stricken down our Atcheson and King;
Full of years and honors rare,
Their names on hist'ry page appear,
Who stood among the best and noblest here.

To Austria's despotic shore
Hath our good right arm bore
Defiant threat in liberty's cause,
Koszta is free. The tyrant's claws
Ne'er could break down freedom's laws.

Our gallant Ingraham hath raised, his name
High upon the rolls of fame
And taught to Austria's haughty king
That 'neath Columbia's Eagle wing
Th' oppressed are safe in every clime.

What dismal clouds are these that ride
O'er Danube's dark and flowing tide
The Northern bear with grasping might,
Hath rudely struck against the right
And would the Crescent sink in night.

But no. The cimetar is quickly drawn,
And brightly gleams the ranks among;
On Olmemitza's glorious field
The Russian serf his life doth yield,
While nations show the joy they feel.

And yet again the eagle bends
His glorious wing to distant lands;
Proudly the stars and stripes stream out
O'er Japan's sons of heathen night,
To teach them Freedom's power and might.

Another son of Erin's land
Hath 'scap'd the tyrant's oppressing hand,
Mitchell is free, and wings his way
To freedom's shores from British sway
Whence he shall ne'er be ta'en away.

And now kind friends, adieu;
The Newsboys tale is o'er,
He humbly asks a few
Dimes for his trouble sore.

And when old time shall roll
Once more his car around,
He hopes to greet you all
Where smiles and mirth abound.

THE CARRIER.

January 1st, 1854.

ORIGINAL TALE.

(Written for the "Kent News.")

MIRA
THE POOR BUT BEAUTIFUL WIDOW.

BY MINNA.

CHAPTER I.

"Glorious beautiful! Loraine, don't you think so?" said Agnes Glenville, raising her fine expressive blue eyes to the western sky where were hung suspended in ether clouds of glowing crimson, purple, and blue gilded resplendantly by the golded beams of the departing monarch of day: while far to the north east might be seen the snow capped summits of the distant mountains lifting their tall heads, and seeming to pierce the very sky with their towering tops, and lending a grandeur and sublimity to the scene at once gorgeous and indescribable.

"Yes, very beautiful, truly," replied Loraine; "but Agnes, lovely as is this scene, there is something yet more beautiful to my eye than this fine and glorious prospect upon which thou now gazest with so much rapture and delight."

"There is to me certainly," respondded Agnes, "nothing more magnificent and sublime and often have I wished while contemplating the bright glories of the setting sun, that I could rise on one of those luminous rays of light and soar high, high above this cold dark world, through this vista of clouds and vapour, to those regions of ineffable splendor to dwell on that planet which shines with its own unborrowed light, independent of other spheres, and contains within itself that warmth so congenial, cheering, life-giving and vivifying to all created nature."

"Agnes, all this is very fine, but at the same time it is not very sensible.—Imagine the sun to be an immense ball of fire, as is supposed by some. Do you think you could live or even breath upon its fire surface? when at the amazing distance of ninety-five millions of miles from this glorious orb, we sometimes feel his heat so oppressive as scarcely to be endurable; while at Mercury, which is the nearest planet to the sun, and which receives but seven times more light and heat from him, than our earth; water is supposed to exist only in the shape of steam. And if the heat at such immense distances from the sun is so great, how would you find it, do you think, could you mount on one of those bright golden rays, and with the velocity of your imagination, scale his flaming Zones?"

"You no doubt think your argument very plausible, Loraine," said Agnes; "but to me at least it is not conclusive; for if the sun is a great habitable world, as some think it to be, and of which I can see no reason to doubt. Could not the God who created this great globe of light and heat, have attempered its atmosphere to the physical constitution of the beings by whom he had inhabited it?"

"The omnipotence of God I have never denied, my dear Agnes. He may have formed the sun a world, and he may have constituted its inhabitants congenial to the fiery elements around them. But my own opinion is that the sun is a prodigious mass of matter surrounded by a peculiar luminous atmosphere, and this atmosphere, when mingled with the air on the surface of the earth, produces the warmth and animation which renders our little planet habitable: but be this as it may, as you were not peculiarly constituted for that peculiar globe, I cannot believe that you could continue to exist in a climate so uncongenial to your nature. But all this is mere speculation, Agnes, with nothing definite in it; so let us waive the subject and discourse on other matters; and in the first place I have a request to submit to your acceptance or otherwise in the name of my sister. Do you hear, Agnes?"

Ah! I hear you, Loraine, yet methinks when I am wrapped in such sublime contemplations, it were rather unkind in you to break the spell of those glowing influences, and clipped the wings of my towering imaginations by telling me that the theme of my meditations is all a mere speculation, with no reality in it. Oh! why can I not take the wings of the morning and soar from this gross, dull planet to those bright luminous worlds above me and be at rest? But state your request, Loraine; I am ever willing to oblige my dear Emilie?"

"Pardon me, Agnes, but I much fear that your wild imagination seeks for rests in such things as are altogether incapable of bestowing it. The sun is brilliant and glorious, but oftentimes a dark, portentious cloud intervenes and obscures his brightness and hides his glories from our view. What good can you accomplish in this life, Agnes, if you spend your time in gazing on the sky and fancying yourself sailing on a sunbeam, to visit worlds beyond the span of finite minds? instead thereof, why cannot you place yourself at the bed of the sick and dying, smoothing the pillow of the afflicted, and pouring the balm of the gospel in the lacerated hearts of suffering humanity; those works of philanthrophy and benevolence need not exist in the imagination alone, dear Agnes; they are practicable, and you possess the means, if you will only cultivate the disposition of putting them in successful operation."

"Well, Loraine, I have been waiting very patiently to hear Emilie's request, but must own my inability to make it out from your philanthropic haranguе. It may be for the want of penetration in me, but I really see no analogy between your sermon on benevolence and a request from Emilie."

"Be not offended, Agnes, I really have your welfare at heart, and should rejoice to see the meditations of your contemplative mind turn into a steadier and surer channel for doing good. My sister's request is stated in a few words, viz—that you will meet her at the house of Mrs. Bayard, in the morning; for reasons she will then and there explain."

"I will oblige her, Loraine; but please do not torment me again with your grave treatise on benevolence, &c; nor speak of dark portentious clouds. I love to gaze on beauty and brightness, and cannot bear to behold murk and deformity."

"Ah! Agnes, this world is a world of vicissitudes; life is a checquered drama—its scenes are diversified with sunshine and clouds—light and darkness succeed each other in rapid rotation—sorrow treads upon the heels of joy;—and death's soon puts an end to the brightest visions of life. You should remember, Agnes, that our race on earth is short, and while we live below we should be employed for the glory of our father in heaven. The Saviour of men did not find his path on earth strewn alone with flowers—thorns and thistles beset his way. Yet he wept not but for the woes of others."

"Notwithstanding all this, Loraine, I love to look and meditate upon the glowing beauties of nature alone, and am often lost in rapture while enjoying my imagined migrations from star to star; for such studies, reflections and meditations I am constituted; they are congenial to my natural temperament: but not to gaze on human misery—my nerves are too delicate, my mind far too sensitive to withstand the shock with which such scenes would convulse my system, were I to behold them; for this reason I always keep aloof from sights of suffering and distress; I never go where pain and sickness is if I can help it: lightnings may flash and thunders rattle, but I fear them not, and see in them no signs of misery, but only the powerful and sumblime operations of nature. But now good morning, Loraine, and tell Emilie I will meet her at the place designated in the morning."

CHAPTER II.

The morning came and Agnes repaired to the house of Mrs Bayard, where she met Emilie Morton, who said:

"I am happy to see you, Agnes, and have a visit to make this morning, in which I am very desirous for you to accompany me."

"Well, I have no particular engagement," answered Agnes; "and shall be pleased to oblige you, dear Emilie; but I hope you are not going to extend your walk far, for I think it will rain before noon."

"Oh no, our walk will not be long, and, if nothing prevents, we shall return before the middle of the day."

The two friends then started on their visit; but of what nature or where to Agnes was entirely ignorant. They had proceeded about a mile on the highroad whem Emilie turned into a little bypath, and walking leisurely for near two hundred yards, they came to a thicket of young pines, and with difficulty passing through them, stood before a mean, miserable looking hovel, constructed of logs and mud; within a few paces of this low hut stood the blackened ruins of what was once a comfortable dwelling. Two little children were amusing themselves among the ruins, childlike, unconscious of their misery; for their pale, thin and squalid appearance bespoke the extremes of poverty and destitution. Emilie beckoned with her hand to them, but the little creatures perceiving they were strangers dodged behind the old chimney and disappeared.

"For heaven's sake, Emily, where have you conducted me?" said Agnes, as she drew back from the door. "I cannot, indeed, inter that hovel with misery replete; I am completely horrified at the idea!"

"Oh Agnes! throw aside your unchristian antipathy to poverty and distress, and enter this house of mourning. You may learn here a lesson of which you have never even imagined."

"Pray, Emilie, do not call that den a house; why there is no slave on my father's plantatation who has not a far superior dwelling."

While she was speaking a pale, care-worn looking woman came to the door, but seeing the two young ladies, she stepped quickly back for a moment, and then again came forward and begged to be excused for her rudeness, saying she was so much surprised at seeing them that it caused her to behave awkwardly. She then invited them to enter "We have but a sorry house," she continued, "to ask you into; and sorry hearts are under its lowly roof."

The girls went in, but what a spectacle of horror caught their vision! Upon a low bed in one corner of the hut lay the remains of a young man; in the chimney corner, opposite to the corpse, sat an old decripit woman, her aged head buried in her hands, and sobbing bitterly. But what most riveted their attention was the figure of a young and beautiful woman, notwithstanding the poverty of her appearance, kneeling at the side of the remains of the young man, whom they immediately conjectured was her husband: her long black hair hung like a sable veil over her shoulders, partly concealing her marble like features; her hands were clasped across her swelling bosom; her eyes were closed but raised to heaven; no tear bedewed her pale cheek; her lips moved, but no sound issued therefrom;—in short, her whole demeanour portrayed the intensity of mute despair. Emilie approached the sufferer and laid her hand on hers—they were almost as cold as those of the inanimate body before her. She then spoke in a soft low voice to the woman, whom we shall call Mira, and said: "It is the work of the Lord; just and righteous are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

The wretched Mira opened her eyes for a moment, and then closing them again, as if to shut out the cause of her misery, in a tremulous voice replied:

"He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow. He hath caused the arrow of his quiver to enter into my veins. Ah, into my very soul?"

"Yet remember my friend," said Emily, "though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies; for he doth not willingly grieve nor afflict the children of men."

"O, trouble me not! trouble me not! she cried. The Lord is against me; he hath brought me into darkness, but not into light, he hath filled me with bitterness; he hath made me drunk with wormwood. My soul is overwhelmed, for my troubles are greater than I can bear. Alas! my morning sun has set even before it was noon, and the remnant of my days must be shrouded in clouds and darkness, my staff is broken, and what will become of my poor little, impoverished, fatherless babes?"

"Has not thy God promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the orphan? When the afflicted call upon him, his ear is open to their supplication, and he will not lay upon them more than is right."

"O! that I had never been born!" she exclaimed, "or that I could die now, even now, for to me there is neither justice nor mercy in heaven or on earth. I had but one only prop, one only support, and that, with unrelenting violence, is torn from me."

"This murmering and repining cannot alleviate, but adds to your sorrows and suffering," said Emily, "draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you; humble yourself in the sight of the Lord, and he will lift you up; have faith in his promises and you shall reap in due season, if you faint not."

"Ah! young lady, it is easy enough for you to talk thus, who have never experienced any of the troubles and calamities of life; had you, like me been tried in the fires of affliction, your faith like mine, would have grown weak. I too thought in moments of prosperity that were sorrow and affliction to come, I could bear them with fortitude and resignation, and humbly kiss the hand that oppresed me; but oh! how widely different do I find my feeling now, that I am suffering under real misfortunes, than when merely imagining such an event. I saw our substance, our clothes and our commodious dwelling consumed in the devouring flames; and knew that in one brief hour we had been reduced from ease and plenty to pecuniary and all I saw all this, and yet I murmured not for O! my Harry was with me! what though we were reduced to poverty, yet having him I could bear up under the stern dispensation for his love, his tenderness was my solace and consolation; the trouble of that hour was joy, was happiness supreme to my present misery; my husband, my Harry is gone, and this world contains no joy for me; dark is my path, still darker the cloud that rests upon my heart. Nay, nay, young lady, when you can renovate and clothe with foliage, your sered and withered tree, then can my blighted heart again be made to sing with gladness."

"Ah!" cried the old lady, who had until now sat with her face buried in her hands exhibiting no signs of consciousness, save those long drawn sobs which seemed to rend her very soul,—"Ah! call me Mara for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me; he hath snatched from me the staff of my old age. My son, my only child is gone to return no more; soon the cold clods of the valley will rest upon his youthful bosom. O! rending, heart rending is my woe; would to God, my daughter, for your sake and that of your two little innocent babes, I had died in his stead. What is mercy and kindness but a shadow, a phantom that continueth not."

"Art thou wiser than the great God, the Creator and disposer of all things?" exclaimed Emilie, "be submissive to his will, and remember, that the light afflictions of earth, which are but for a moment, may work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"God forgive me," ejaculated the old lady, and sighing deeply, she leaned her head upon her unsteady hand, while the burning tears coursed down her furrowed cheeks. At that moment the pale faced woman who met the young ladies on their arrival at the hut, and who was a sister to the aged mother, entered the house, leading the two little children by the hand—the oldest a boy between three and four years old, the other a beautiful little girl some twelve or eighteen months his junior. Agnes for the first time in her life felt her heart drawn out in sympathy for the woes, 'real, not imagnary,' of others. "I have read of scenes of this kind," she whispered to Emilie, "but never before did I witness anything so distressing; tell me, Emilie, can I do aught to alleviate these distresses?"

"Your means are not limited, Agnes," replied Emilie, "think if what pecuniary aid which you are able to bestow cannot greatly contribute to the comfort of those who are now suffering grievously beneath the heavy hand of poverty and bereavement, remember that in giving to the poor you lend to the Lord, and will have it all returned to you with ample interest."

"Well Emilie, I have nothing about me at present to give, but let us return home now, and I will take care to send such help as shall greatly enhance the comfort of these poor creatures, and will try also to interest my father and uncle in their behalf."

After a few more words of consolation from Emilie, and a promise to see them again on the following morning, the girls took their leave and departed.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

A Beautiful Extract.

I saw the temple reared by the hand of man, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain; the stream beat upon it—the God of Nature hurled its thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in its hall—the young, the gay, the happy and the beautiful were there.

I turned and it was no more—its high walls scattered in ruins, and moss and ivy grass grew wildly there, and at midnight hours the owl's cry added to the desolation of the scene—the young and the gay who had reveled there had passed away.

I saw the child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his father. I turned and the child had become old. Trembling with weight of years he stood, the last of his generation—a stranger amid the generation around him.

I saw an oak stand in all its pride on the mountain, and the birds were carroling on its boughs. I turned and the oak was leafless and sapless—winds were playing their pastimes through the branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is TIME," said he. "When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new made world, he commenced his course: and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea; when he shall roll the Heaven and Earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth and with one foot upon the land and one upon the sea, lift up his hand towards Heaven and Heaven's Eternal, and say:—

"Time is, Time was, Time shall be no longer."—*Paulding.*

☞An old Dutch lady at a religious meeting became very much concerned for her soul, and went about sighing and sobbing, and would not be comforted.—Upon being asked by the minister what the matter was, she replied, that she couldn't pray in English, and she was afraid that the Lord couldn't understand Dutch.

☞"Jim," said one fast man, to another, "it is reported that you left the East on account of your belief—an itinerant martyr."

"How's that?"

"Why the police officer told me that you believed that everythig you saw belonged to you, and as the public didn't, you left!"