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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

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THE KENT NEWS,

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

DWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

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POETICAL.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

Willie, fold your little hands;
Let it drop—that 'soldier' toy,
Look where father's picture stands,
Father that here kissed his boy
Not a month since—father kind,
Who this night may—(never mind
Mother's sobs, my Willie dear)—
Cry out loud that He may hear
Who is God of Battles—say
'God keep my father safe this day
By the Alma River."

Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk—
Right of nations—tramoled creed—
Chance-poised victory's bloody work,
Any flag i' the wind may roll,
On thy heights, Sebastopol!
Willie, or to you or me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word—
Stands—God sure the child's prayer heard!
Near the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells,
Ringing in the town to-day;
That's for victory. No knell swells,
For the many swept away,
Hundreds, thousands! Let us weep,
We, who need not—just to keep
Reason clear in thought and brain,
Till the morning come again;
Till the third dreid morning tell
Who they were that fought and—*fell*
By the Alma River.

Come—we'll lay us down my child;
Poor the bed is—poor and hard;
But thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home,
Or beneath the starry dome,
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries—Willie, mark!—
While *he buries* those who died
Fighting, fighting by his side,
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep;
God will help us, O my boy!
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy;
When I need not shrink to meet
Those great placards in the street
That for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes—child, may that prayer
Once again—a different one—
Say—"O God, Thy will be done,
By the Alma River."

MISCELLANY.

Scene in a Ball Room.

At one of the first balls of the season an incident occurred, the dramatic character of which was unknown to most of those present on the occasion. The first act threatened terrible consequences; but the finale was less alarming, and even amusing to some of the spectators. The fact which gave rise to the event are, and may, to many, be considered apocryphal.

Two years since, a young, beautiful, and rich lady of Bologna, married a descendant of a family well known to history, whose illustrious name was all the fortune which the bridegroom possessed, but the generous Bolognese, in the ardor of her attachment, overlooked the poverty of her lover, in the hope and expectation of a proper return to her disinterested love.

For a year all was happiness; but this summer, being on an excursion to Venice, they formed an acquaintance with a family from Paris. A young widow and that family, very gay, beautiful and fascinating, and possessing a profusion of golden tresses which might have been the honor to the head of Eve or an Othelia, attracted the attention of the Marquis Della R——. Her other charms might have failed; but her beautiful ringlets were irresistible, and, forgetting the attractions of his young and lovely marchesa, whose rich brown hair would have vied with a Cappella, a Cornaro, or even a Juliet of the Capulets, he became ensnared by the fair head of the lively Parisian.

After a month, the family, including the gay widow, returned to Paris, and in another "little month," the Marquis received a pressing call to Rome upon business of importance, and leaving his lady to return to Milan at her leisure, he took post for Paris with all possible expedition; where he had been for a fortnight before the neglected marchesa, who had returned home, discovered the singular error in the compass, by which her husbands course in Rome had been diverted, by means of a friendly letter, apprising her that her husband was incessant in attention to the blondest of beauties, and her constant escort to the Theatre Italian, and other places of amusement.

The lady called her brother to her counsels, and they concluded to follow the Marquis to Paris without delay.—Previous to her departure, the lady was busy in making researches of a singular nature. The troubled times of Italy during its intestine broils, had furnished traditions and memories of melancholy catastrophes by steel and poison, and not few were the modes by which sure and sudden death might be inflicted.

I myself was shown at Ravenna, in 1846, by the present Countess of Boissy (La Guicciola of Lord Byron) one of those poinards with blades of crystal, manufactured at the Lagunian Island of Murano, in the cavity of which was concealed a subtle poison, and which upon the blade being broken in the body, became diffused in the blood of the victim, and caused certain death.

In the archives of the family of the jealous lady, was notices of an heir loom, in form of a ring, concealed the setting of which was a small gold globe and in the interior of which was inserted a poison similar in its effects to prussic acid. This could be borne in the mouth without danger, unless crushed between the teeth, and then instant death would follow.

Secure of this valuable jewel, the deserted marchesa arrived at Paris, and was received into the house of her kind friend, married to a financier of eminence in the city, and a man of consideration; and amid many circumstances calculated to disturb her, she learned that her husband was, the next Monday, to attend the fair widow to a ball, to be given at the house of a former deputy of the Session which, with many other things, was broken up in 1848.

To this ball her friend consented to accompany her, and the hour impatiently expected at length arrived. Robed in black velvet, with rich laces, which set off to advantage her clear complexion, dark eyes and hair, she was superb—she was dazzling. With fire in her eyes, majestic in her deportment, the haughty beauty strode through the room, (the crowd opening as she advanced,) and proceeded to a little room lighted by lamps among flowers, and at some distance from the orchestra.—There she awaited her dread rival and her companion, intending to appear suddenly before them, confound the lady, freeze her incons ant husband by a glance, and then to complete the catastrophe.

The pair arrived. Taking her friend by the hand, the marchesa arose, putting into her mouth at the same time the fatal ball. The metal is thin, and at the least compression of the teeth the deadly fluid would be ejected, and she would fall a corpse before the thunder stricken pair. Behold this beautiful woman receiving attentions with a smile upon her countenance, and holding in her mouth the subtle poison which was soon to consume her; and yet with an aspect of apparent satisfaction!

The marquis was waltzing with beautiful blonde. Restraining her emotion, the marchesa chose a station where, in the turns of the dance, she would have the most favorable position to burst upon them, when a conversation between a neighboring couple attracted her attention.

"Do you *see*," said a young man, "the Barronne de——? How elegant she is this evening! how beautiful, how animated! Who is that with whom she is waltzing?"

"An Italian—a Roman, I believe—who, they say, adores her for her beautiful blonde tresses; satiated, perhaps, by the dark haired damsels of the eternal city."

"The fair tresses of the Barronne!" said a third, who had joined the other two as the conversation began; "truly they are very charming, but my sister who was in the same convent with her, says they are false; and if you examine closely the enormous covering, you will perceive it is not native to the head."

At this moment the breathless dancers halted near the group. The marquis was addressing some words to his partner, which caused his listening wife to think of the ball she carried in her mouth; while the barroness was readjusting her dress, and passing her hand carefully over the back of her head, as if to be assured that all was safe in that quarter.

Suddenly a new thought seemed to possess the injured marchesa; she dropped the poisoned ball from her mouth into her bosom; rushed upon her rival from behind, and seizing her by the hair detached the magnificent mass of ringlets from the cranium, and threw it on the floor!

The marquis whose eyes were for an instant diverted from his partner, turned as she shrieked aloud, with fury in his eyes prepared to avenge her, and beheld ——, his mistress like Samson of old, shorn of her conquering tresses, and his superb wife frowning in all the majesty of offended beauty!

The marquis was astounded and stupefied, and the lady recovering her good sense and good temper, took him by the hand and led him unresisting to the ante-chamber.

"Forgive me" she whispered in his ear, "for having disarmed my adversary and carried him away."

The Wednesday following, the reconciled couple set out for Milan, the best friends in the world, and withal, the most affectionate lovers. But for the discomfitted Baroness ——, she is a most amiable personage, and I am in despair that any one should have torn from her one of *our* most pleasing *illusions*.—*Home Journal.*

A Couple of Stray Leaves.

LEAF THE FIRST.

SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Well, my dear, will you go to the party to-night? you know we have a very polite invitation."

"Why, my love, just as you please, you know I always wish to consult your pleasure."

"Well then, Harriet, suppose we go—that is, if you are perfectly willing; now don't say yes because I do, for you know that where you are, there I am perfectly happy."

"Why my love, you would enjoy yourself there I am sure, and wherever you are happy I shall be of course.—What dress shall I wear, William?—my white satin in blonde, or my ashes of roses, or my levantine, or my white lace: you always know better than I do about such things."

"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in anything, now take your own choice to-night—but I do think you look very well in the white satin."

"There, William dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall be there to-night, and you must promise not to leave me a moment, for I shall be sad if you do."

"Leave thee, dearest, leave thee,
No, by yonder star I swear."

"Oh, William, dear William, how beautiful that is, you are always learning poetry to make me happy."

"And Harriet, my own prized Harriet, would I not do anything in this world to give you one moment's happiness. Oh, you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much heppiness to last."

"Oh, do not say so, dear William, it will last—and we shall see many years happier even than this, for will not our love be stronger, and deeper every year; and now dearest, I will be back in one moment, and then we will go."

"There she is gone, bright and beautiful creature that she is—Oh! how miserable I shoul be without her—she has indeed cast a strong spell around my heart, and one that can never, no never be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding me on to virtue and happiness, and can I ever love her less than now? can I ever desert her, can I ever speak of her other than in terms of praise.—Oh, no, it is impossible—she is too good, too pure—happy, happy man that I am."

LEAF THE SECOND.

SIX YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear, I'll thank you to pass the sugar; you didn't give me but one lump."

"Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough to sweeten a hogshead of vinegar. James keep your fingers out of the sweetmeat. Susan keep still bawling, I declare its enough to set one distracted; there take that you little wretch."

"Why, Harriet what has the child done, I declare you are too hasty."

"I wish, Mr. Snooks, you would mind your own business, you are always meddling with what does not concern you."

"Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who has a better right if I have not—you're always fretting and fuming about nothing."

"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspaper all up."

"Thomas, come here; how dare you abuse my paper? I'll teach you to tear it again—there, sir, how does that feel? now go to bed."

"Mr. Snooks, you herrid wretch—how can you strike a child of mine in that way—come here Thomas, poor fellow—did he get hurt?—never mind—here's a lump of sugar; there, that's a good boy."

"Mrs. Snooks, let me tell you, you will spoil all the children, you know I never interfere when you see fit to punish a child—its strange a woman never can do anything right."

"Never do anything right—faith, Mr. Snooks, if nobody did anything right in the house but yourself, I wonder what would become of us."

"Let me tell you madam, this is improper language for you ma'am—and I'll bear it no longer. You are as snappish and surly as a—a—she dog—and if there's a divorce to be had in the land I'll have it; you would wear out the patience of Job."

"Oh dear, how mad the poor man is—well good night, my dear; pleasant dreams."

"There, she goes. Thank Heaven I'm alone once more. Oh! unhappy man that I am to be chained down to such a creature—she is the very essence of all ugliness, cross and peevish! Oh, that I could once more be a bachelor! curse the day and hour I ever saw the likeness of her. Yes, I will get a divorce, I can't live with her any longer, it is utterly impossible."

THE MAN IN THE CHIMNEY.

The Syracuse Journal relates the following as an incident happening the other night at the Empire House (hotel) in that city:

"Help! help!—I'm suffocating!—Get me out. Quick! quick! or I shall die."

Such were the words uttered in sepulchral tones, that resounded through some of the apartments of the Empire House after the boarders had retired to their beds last night. Of course they struck terror to the souls of the sympathetic inmates and aroused their dormant energies to instant investigation as to the source from whence the sounds proceeded. Men soon rushed to the windows, and undressed women to the halls. Bells were rung and servants and guests joined in the search.

"Help! help! Tear down the house. Get me out," continued the same mysterious voice.

"Who are you?"

"What are you?"

"What shall we do?"

"Where can we find you?" were the interrogations uttered by the bewildered searchers in as many different parts of the house.

"Here in the chimney! choking, suffocating, headforemost down the chimney. Do get me out."

From room to room and hall to hall, the philanthropists rushed, calling to the unfortunate to be patient and they would extricate him as soon as possible. A dozen stove pipes were removed, and four mouths were applied to the smoke holes, inquiring the whereabouts of the helpless being, who could not be expected to hold out long in such a dangerous position. But still the voice was from a distance.

"It is higher up," said one.

"He must be lower down," said another.

"He is in the top of the chimney," said a third; and away they rushed to the stair case, and speedily the male members of the crowd were on the roof of the Empire, inquiring at the tops of several chimneys.

"Where are you," timidly inquired one of the females *en dishabille*, cautiously venturing near the chimney hole in her room.

"Down here close by these women," returned the voice.

The inquirer rushed down stairs, her steps hastened by the piteous appeals of the sufferer for help.

"He is not here," said one.

"Why don't they get him out?" uttered a delicate voice, whose owner had not dared to venture out of her room before.

"Is it a man?"

"Is it a woman?"

"Who is it?"

"What is it?" passed in quick succession from one to another, and general alarm and consternation prevailed, amid which the bewildered, women heard some one say, "Is it Phile Rust's ghost?"

"I'm dying, dying, dying!" faintly muttered the mysterious voice, and the death-rattle was heard, as though the poor victim was about to give up the ghost.

"Courage, man! we'll have you out! Here, take hold of this rope," and the searchers on the house top let down a long rope, procured for that purpose.

All was now in a state of excitement unsurpassed. The anxious searchers heeded not the cold night wind. Their work was one of mercy, and like true hearted men, they were determined that no effort should be spared to rescue a human being from such an awful fate if possible.

"I can't reach it," faintly echoed the voice, and lower went the rope.

"More rope, a little more, more yet!" and the hearts of the rescuers leaped for joy, and their spirits rose in anticipation of success, while all gathered closer, prepared to lend their energies for "for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether."

"A little more rope," implored the sufferer, but, alas! the whole length of the rope had been let down. A few minutes, however, sufficed to procure another, which after splicing, was let down till the voice responded:

"Enough! There, now pull!"

Cautiously and with palpitating hearts, the searchers commenced raising the rope—yards and yards of the fibrous manufacture were raised, but there was no weight at the end.

"What is the matter. He is not got hold!" remarked the director of ceremonies.

"He must be dead and let go," was the reply.

"Hello!" yelled some one down the chimney.

"Hello!" was returned from the lowest depths.

"Why don't you take hold of the rope?"

"I'm out! Who is sold!" came back accompanied with a loud laugh.

The searchers could not believe their ears, and some one remarked—

"We have been hoaxed—regularly sold!"

All hands at once gave up the search which had continued nearly an hour, and made their way down stairs when they discovered that a waggish fellow in one of the stores on the first floor had caused the "great commotion," "the Empire through" by poking his head into his stove and talking up the chimney until he got tired and thought it time to go to bed. A more successful hoax has never been played upon a household.

Important Correspondence.

SENATOR WILSON OF MASSACHUSSETTS.

The following correspondence between Judge Ellis, of the "American Organ," and Hon. Henry Wilson, U. S. Senator from Massachussetts, will be read with lively interest by every one south of Mason & Dixon's line:

Mr. Ellis says, if Senator Wilson's emphatic response to our inquiries does not check the progress of the enemies of the American party, in their mischievous attempts to identify our party with abolitionism, we underate the intelligence of the people of the South.

Opposed, as Senator Wilson and all the North have been and *now* are to slavery, we may at least reiterate our former opinions on the subject, that the Southern States have less to fear from him than from those Fortiey and Pierce democrats who resolved, in Columbus, Ohio, finally to eradicate slavery. We shall comment fully on the subject hereafter.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1855.

Dear Sir:—Referring you to my editorials for the last two weeks, I have to ask you how far I have correctly represented your views in my comments upon your letter of the 20th of January, and the articles in the Boston Bee, which I have copied? In other words, do you or not recognise the doctrine of State rights, so far as to permit the several States to regulate the question of slavery in their own mode within their State limits? Do you or not entertain the opinion that Congress has power to interfere with slavery in the States? Do you or not recognise that "higher law" doctrine, which permits you as a Senator to disregard the binding obligations of the Constitution? Does the "American organization" in Massachussetts embrace the question of slavery among those for the regulation of which that organization was formed?

Your answer at your earliest convenience will oblige your obedient serv't,

VESPASIAN ELLIS.
Editor American Organ

Hon. HENRY WILSON, U. S. Senate.

SENATE CHAMBER, Feb. 19, 1855.

Dear Sir:—My answer to your inquiries will be brief and explicit.

1st. I fully recognise the doctrine of *State rights* in its application to slavery, as well as to any other matter of public concern.

The Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, in the main, as I think, correctly set forth that doctrine.

The whole subject of slavery within State limits should be left absolutely to State legislation.

2d. My response to your second question, is included in my answer to your first. I do not entertain the opinion that Congress has any power to interfere with slavery as it exists under State laws.

3d. Every man who believe in a God must necessarily believe that there is a law paramount to all human law, and that this law is to be obeyed by men of public and private life, rather than any nothing in the Constitution of the United States, as I understand the Constitution of the United States, which requires me as a Senator from Massachussetts, to do anything to conflict with the law of God. If I thought otherwise, I would not take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

4th. The American Organization in Massachussetts does not embrace the question of slavery among those for the regulation of which it was formed.

The people of Massachussetts have fixed opinions, in which most of the members of that orgonization fully concur, against the support or allowance of slavery by national legislation.

They entertain the most profound conviction that the harmony and repose of the country, and the highest interests of the master and the slave demand that the national government should be relieved from all connexion with responsibility for slavery, and that this disturbing question should be left to the people of the States where it exists.

While they do not seek to impose these convictions and opinions upon their fellow-citizens of other States, or to proscribe them for not fully concurring in those convictions and opinions, they will submit to no dictation of proscription from any body of men, or section of the country.

I, as a Senator from Massachussetts, shall claim for the opinions of her people all the freedom of utterance, and all the influence upon the action of Congress, and the administration of the government, which a Senator from Virginia can claim for the opinions of the people of the ancient Dominion.

Yours truly, HENRY WILSON.

VESPASIAN ELLIS, Esq

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DEAF AND DUMB,

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