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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet:—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. FEBRUARY 6, 1847. NO. 41.

MARYLAND,

Kent county, Orphan's Court,
January 19th, 1846.

On the application of Mary P. Turner, Ex'x William Turner, late of Kent county, deceased.

Ordered, that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chestertown.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand [Seal] and the seal of my office affixed, this 19th day of January, 1847.

Test, EBEN'R WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give nouce, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Willam Turner, late of Kent county, deceased.—All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 30th of July, 1847, they may otherwise be excluded from a benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 19th day of January, 1847

MARY P. TURNER, Ex'tx
of William Turner, dec'd.

January 30, 1847. 3w

NOTICE.

The subscriber informs the public that he has opened a shop as a

House Carpenter,

at the corner House in Chester Town, on this front street, near Mr. Jas Jurney's where he will be prepared to receive all orders in his line of business. In addition to such work as can be executed in his shop, he will be glad to receive orders for county work. His terms will be moderate, and in accordance with the scarcity of money and the 'hardness' of the times.

☞Coffins will be made on the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN MANSFIELD.

Chester Town, }
Jan'y 23, } 4w

In Chancery,

6th Jan'y, 1847.

ORDERED that the sale of the property in the cause of David W. Joiner, against Thomas P. Sappington, and others, made and reported by the trustee, George Vickers, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shewn to the contrary on or before the 6th day of March next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 17th day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $402 50.

True copy, Test,
LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Jan'y 16, '47. Reg. Cur. Can.

Carriage and Harness MANUFACTORY.

T. & O. P. JONES,
Fashionable COACH MAKERS,

Would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they are constantly manufacturing CARRIAGES of almost every description, style and patern, all of which they will sell cheap and on accommodating terms.—Persons in want of good Carriages are invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere. Old carriages taken in exchange.

N. B. Repairing executed with neatness and dispatch.

Chester Town, May 30th, 1846. tf

NOTICE.

Bricaud has removed his residence to Corner and will continue the practice of medicine and surgery. Special attention will be devoted to diseases of women and children.

Office hours 8, to 9, A. M. 1, to 2, P. M. and spring. do do 6, to 7, A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. summer and fall.

N. B. All persons indebted for professional services are requested to make immediate payment.

Jan. 16, 1847.

GROCERIES.

T. W. ELIASON,

Has a stock of Groceries, received at Philadelphia and Baltimore for sale at the price for cash or produce.

Sugar, 9 to 11 cts.; best double refined Sugar; good molasses 31 cts; 5 to 1 00. Best mould Candles; best hard soap 5a6 cts. Laguira coffee, spices, rice, starch, tobacco, segars, bacon, etc.

1846.

DRIES AND VESTINGS.

French and Belgian "doeskin" and other cassimeres; handsome styles of velvet; fine silk, satin, cash, merino vestings; an assortment of goods that are rarely brought out. Gentlemen are requested to examine.

WICKES & BRO.

1846.

Just received and for sale by

WICKES & BRO.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months

☞For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.

POETRY.

I LOVE THE LADIES EVERY ONE.

BY JAMES STILLMAN

I love the ladies, every one—
The laughing ripe brunette—
Those dark-eyed daughters of the sun,
With tresses black as jet.
What raptures in their glances glow,
Rich tints their cheeks disclose,
And in the little dimples there,
Young smiling Love repose.

I love the ladies every one—
The blonde so soft and fair—
With looks so mild and languishing,
And bright and golden hair;
How lovely are their sylph-like forms,
Their alabaster hue,
And their blushes far more beautiful
Than rose buds bathed in dew.

I love the ladies, every one—
E'en those whose graceless forms
As rugged as the oak that borne
A hundred winters' storms—
The young, the old, the stout, the thin,
The short as well as tall,
Widows and wives, matrons and maids,
O, yes, I love them all.

I love the ladies, every one—
None but a wretch would flout 'em,
This world would be a lonely place
If we were left without 'em;
But lighted by a woman's smile,
Away all gloom is driven,
And the most humble home appears
Almost a little heaven.

I love the ladies, every one—
They're angels all, God bless 'em!
And what can greater pleasures give,
Than to comfort and caress em?
I call myself a temperance man,
So I'll drink their health in water—
Here's to the mothers, one and all,
And every mother's daughter.

SELECT TALES.

REIGN OF THE PEOPLE.

A SCENE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

All Lyons was astir. The public halls and the places of amusement were thrown open, and the happy multitude turned their steps alternately to the scenes of rejoicing for the success of the people in the past, or to the tribunes when revolutionary orators communicated their own wild ardor to their hearers, in the contemplation of the future. And how could Lyons avoid sharing in the general intoxication of France, induced by one word, so universally misunderstood—A Republic!

It was September, 1791, and the choice of primary electors had just been followed by the election of national representatives to succeed the constituent assembly. There were not a few, however, who could not sympathise in the general joy, for their sagacity caught a glimpse of an unhappy future. But among the successful candidates for the assembly, was Pierre Auguste de Chabotte, who was descended from a noble family, and was the presumptive heir to their possessions. Legitimately, therefore, he seemed to belong to the party of the royalists. But he had enjoyed a liberal education, and the lives of the classic heroes had inordinately excited his imagination, while the vicious philosophy of the day had biassed his judgment. Early sent to Paris, he had listened with enthusiasm to the harangues of Mirabeau, and the conversation of La Fayette had confirmed his adhesion to the popular party. The city of Lyons, never jacobinical, although republican, had welcomed his accession to them, and he, on his part, rejoiced in a victory which seemed to him the presage of a renewal of the interrupted national prosperity.

But while these feelings were active in his mind, others of a less agreeable character forced themselves upon him; and as he rode slowly away, amid the cheers of the populace, towards his chateau, a league from the city, the apprehension of his father's anger made him almost regret a course which nothing but the conviction of a high toned mind could have induced him to adopt. It was not, therefore, without painful forebodings, that he entered one of the old mansions which adorned the environs of the city. Built a century before, the loyalty of the owner had made the internal arrangements accord with the style of the architecture, and both carried the mind back from the scene of revolutionary excess to the serene splendor of the monarchy, in the days of Louis le Grand. The young heir sighed as he thought of the necessity of change, and for some time he wandered through the long corridors alone, until opening a side door he found himself in a little oriel, by whose curiously carved window sat a lady. She raised her head, and the traces of grief were clearly manifest. "Sister," he said, sympathisingly; but as he approached her, she rose. The pride of the daughter of nobles was in her mein, and, as she vanished, she said:

"Dishonorer of your house, soon to be the betrayer of your king, go! I love you, but I leave you; thus will all forsake you."

He did not answer; for a moment he staggered, and the floor seemed to glide away from under him. Then his own pride came to his aid. It nerved as well as conquered him, and his first impulse was to seek his father and upbraid him, for thus casting him off. Thus impelled, he strode hastily to the more retired suite of apartments occupied by him. He paused in the ante-chamber to collect himself, and better thoughts came over him. Filial love, and the habitual deference of education, softened his injured pride a little and he resolved to part in peace, if not in love.

It was a scene for the pencil of a genius. The mellow light was streaming in through the gilded and partially darkened windows, lending a soft hue to the antique tapestry which covered the walls. The setting beams rested mildly on the venerable forehead of the old Baron. He leaned upon his sword. He did not speak, but his whole bearing told of the haughty, high-bred noble, who, trained in the palaces and battles of France, had been accustomed to sustain her honor and his own in both.—Age, while it had diminished his physical vigor, had not dimmed his eye, yet had increased the dignity of his aspect. That eye now rested clear and full upon the intruder, and the severe but dignified displeasure visible upon his features gave them an expression much more stern and commanding than they were wont to exhibit. Unaccustomed to govern his feelings or restrain their expression, his son stood before him destitute indeed of his self-command, but sustained by his own convictions of rectitude and his own pride. In the younger as in the elder descendants of the family could be easily discovered the indescribable manner, of which no situation can deprive its possessor, and which a mere familiarity with refined society cannot of itself produce.

Thus they confronted each other in silence. At length the armed heel of the young Count rung on the oaken floor as he advanced a step. Kneeling, he commenced, "My father!"

"Call me not 'father,' boy!" interrupted the baron. "When your assembly abolished the old realm upon inheritance, they cut you off from property, as the previous acts robbed me of title. This very morning, as I heard the shouts of the rabble heralding your victory, I swore to Heaven that you should cease to be my son!"

While the old man spoke, the youth had risen, but his emotions had vanished. Strong minds, often weak before, acquire unwonted fortitude in the moment of crisis, and his eye now flashed, as he replied—

"I seek not your title, Sir; I do not want your possessions; let them solace your old age, and then go where they belong, to the people. I sought you only that we might part at least in amity. The Heaven to which you swore is witness of the purity of my motives. I have, indeed, adopted a course which I feared would deprive me of your favor, though I could not anticipate the extinction of your love. The honors of high lineage, too, I knew must perish in the march of the revolution. But I saw France burthened by oppression; a privileged order monopolised her honors and emoluments; under the insolence of aristocratic pride and unscrupulous exaction, the interests of the multitude were neglected and their energies crushed. Industry was paralyzed and commerce languished, while even philosophy and letters struggled to rise, and gained but a precarious eminence by a purchased title. Then I looked to other lands and other times, and in the glories of ancient Athens I read a testimony to the power of the people's energy released from restraint. Thus I saw that France would be happy only when, in giving freedom to all orders of the state, she should imitate the republic for whose liberty she so lately fought; and then from universal activity she might derive unlimited prosperity."

The Baron's face flushed as he spoke, and pointing to his armorial bearings suspended above them, he rejoined:

"On the field of Ivry my ancestor won his spurs, and as King Henry dubbed him knight, he bade him strike boldly for king as well as kingdom. This sword in my hand the Regent Orleans gave your grandfather as a tribute to his loyalty. But before he died he warned him that the youthful monarch would soon need all his true friends. The catastrophe he feared has been averted until now; and now his son, like his fathers before him, will live or perish with his sovereign, and with him the name of a loyal and ancient house shall be extinct."

"Let it become extinct!" warmly replied Auguste; "I too will peril all; but it will not be in the cause of a false man, but of an injured people. I may strive to emulate the deeds and the virtues of a Hamodias and a Brutus; and when in the support of a falling dynasty your fortunes too have fallen, I will win a historic name from nobler sources—from a grateful Nation!"

"Say rather, vain and thoughtless boy!" replied his father, "that when your freed rabble have overturned the throne and trampled on the altar, they will signalize your name as one of the first victims of your boasted energy of the people. So, traitor to the memory of your ancestors; so, representative of the canille, the success of your party will be the seal of your doom."

Deeply wounded by the contemptuous tone of his father, although sensible how keenly the old royalist felt the destruction of the hopes he had reposed in him, he only answered, "May God pardon you, my father, as I do!" And thus they parted.

As he passed the little oriel to which we have referred, he heard his sister's voice, and he lingered long enough to catch her broken tones, supplicating the blessed Virgin to pardon and preserve him. Then he turned away; he was firm, though his heart was beating and his pulse throbbing with deep emotion. Possessed of all his father's character, although without a particle of his loyalty, he looked back on the turrets of his house, and felt conscious of a resolute determination, not unlike that which animates the leader of a forlorn hope. It was the last time he was destined to see those towers, for ere long the silver hammer of Collot d'Herbois levelled the ancient mansion to the ground.

—

At the corner of the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Honore in Paris, there stands a small three story house. It appears to be built upon the delapidated walls of its predecessor, and showmongers point with avidity to balls embedded in its more ancient parts, which have been there, they affirm since the tenth of August, '92. The present building, however is nothing to us; but the evening before the tenth, a man was in the naked atelier of the house which stood there then, alone. The faint light which struggled in thro' the slanting window showed him to be young; and as he walked impetuously up and down the creaking floor, the full development of his ample chest and swelling muscle contrasted happily with his otherwise light and graceful form. His features were regular, but they seemed rather too bold and prominent for his native district, the Lyonnois. The approach of darkness did not cause him to intermit his walk or cease his irregular gestures. Now and then his breast heaved and muttered words escaped him unwillingly: "Aristocrat!" "Sans-Culotte! Die, fool!" and the like. Anon other considerations seemed to present themselves, and in a moment of tranquility he murmured a woman's name: "Emilie! Emilie! for her sake, for her sake live!" Thus the contest of love and hate continued until the belles of the neighboring St. Roche struck. He listened. The eleventh stroke warned him of the approach of midnight and aroused him to other things. He went to the window, and leaning his body out, looked over the eaves far down into the street. It was filled and noisy as at noon day. Alas! it was not the activity of a peaceful toil. "One hour more," he said, gloomily; and then taking a mouldy bit of candle from a decayed shelf which seemed scarcely able to sustain it, he struck a light and sitting down on his little cot, placed before the fire place, he thrust his hand up the chimney and drew out some papers, a book and a portrait. One by one he burned the papers: "Thus let all property perish!" he exclaimed, but that of the people." He opened the book. It was one of the inflammatory productions of the day, a parallel between Brutus and Cromwell.—For some time he continued absorbed in in its perusal; at length his eye glanced to the portrait which he had kept in his hand. With a shout, he started up! "Jacque Clement, king-killer; immortal!" No name, ha! ha! Cromwell, I follow thee!" And so saying, he sprung out of the room.

He had hardly gained the street when the clock struck twelve; midnight; there was stillness for an instant. The pause presaged the earthquake; the next moment the thundering report of a cannon shook the air. The clang of the tocsin followed quick and sharp. Drums beat in all quarters of the city, and the men of the section hastened to the various rendezvous of the faubourgs. Amid the general confusion, ferocious bands of swarthy and half-naked men rushed through the streets, trampling down whatever opposed, and drowning by their clamors the rattling of the heavy artillery wagons, whirled along with them.

A vast crowd soon choked up the Rue St. Honore, while a tumultuous mob forced their way slowly to the house of the Jacobins, whither Henri Grubner directed himself. It was not far from the Rue Richelieu, but it took more than an hour for him to get there. The spectacle there presented to the eye was a remarkable one. The building was vast, it had been originally a church. All vestiges, however, of its consecrated character had disappeared except the broad and sweeping galleries, extending the whole length of the edifice. The few lights which glimmered here and there in the expanse could not dispel the thick darkness above, or even render the dome visible; and the gloomy feelings naturally excited by this funeral pall were diminished by the unharmonious voices proceeding from it; for the bats, scared by the tumult from the vaults, had taken refuge in the decaying cornices, and flitting about in terror, mingled their scream with the din below. The massy pillars were adorned with bruised and scorched busts of revolutionary heroes, and the faded flowers encircling their brows evinced their respective popularity. Behind the fragment of black marble on which the president sat, two large pictures of Clement and Ravaillac could be indistinctly seen, though the names of the victims and their eulogies, contained in the inscription below, were hardly discernible. The frames of these paintings had been appropriately fabricated by some ardent Jacobin from the instruments of torture which hung neglected on the wall. Two thousand members were now assembled on the floor, and their numbers were momentarily augmented by the more audacious of the people, who, refusing to be restrained to the galleries, either burst in the gates or clambered down the great pillars at the hazard of their lives.

For a long time the cries of the mob in the galleries, composed of the lowest of the populace, prevented all action, and the outrageous bellowing of the chorus of "Ca Ira" stunned and terrified the deputies themselves. The president and deputies strove in vain to still the clamor, and the last resort, the discharge of muskets into the vaulted dome, procured no cessation of the tumult. At length the great gates were thrown open. The already dense multitude crowded still closer, and an alley was thus formed through which a hundred of the revolutionary Marseillois troops marched in. They came from the club of the Cordeliers, and they bore with them one whose voice had never yet failed to be heard. Ranging themselves behind the rough scaffold which served for a tribune, their torches illumined the surrounding space and brought clearly into view the atrabilious countenance of the sanguinary Jacobin chief, the president Robespierre. He did not need to command silence again, for Danton had mounted the tribune, and his stentorian voice was echoing in every part of the house: "Men of France!" he said, "we are betrayed? the traitor La Fayette goes free. Already the Austrian armies are on our frontiers, and this night the perjured Louis gives your capital to carnage and conflagration, while you and I perish as he embraces his allies. To arms! to arms!—no other chance is left us!"

"This night Louis dies!" shouted a voice in the galleries; "Jacques Clement?"

Henri's voice was lost in the answering cries of thousands: "To arms. Let us march!"

The drum of the Marseillois beat the "Generale," the mob struck up the Marseilles Hymn, and the cannon led the way to the Tuilleries.

THE YANKEE PEDLAR.

Written for the Frederick Herald,

BY FRED MARYLAND.

In the fall of 18—, on my way from N. York to Washington, I stopped for a couple of days in the pleasant city of New Brunswick. On the afternoon of my arrival, six or eight of the townsmen were congregated in the White Hall Hotel, discussing the character and animadverting upon the habits of one of their citizens, a Mr. D——s who was notorious for his cunning at a bargain and closefistedness in money matters. As the conversation was carried on in a pretty loud key, I may as well let the actors speak for themselves:—

"Close, did you say," remarked one, "why you might as well try to fish a dollar out of the ocean, as get fairness out of him in a bargain."

"A perfect skin flint!" uttered a little, dissatisfied looking fellow. "I knew him when he wasn't worth a dollar, and now he counts thousands where I do hundreds, and all made by note shaving and taking advantage of the necessities of others.—Oh! he's a sharper!"

"True," said another, "he's the keenest fellow I ever knew. Look how he did Smith in that House and lot business—and Smith's not slow at a bargain, either. A man should rise early to trade with Smith, I can tell you!"

"There's no mistake about D——s, being a sharper!" added a third.

"He would out yankee yankeedom, and not half try," put in a plethoric individual, who seemed determined to add his testimony.

"I would give ten dollars to have him handsomely taken in," said one of the party.

"So would I," repeated two or three.

During this conversation, I had observed an individual with a strongly marked yankee face, who was paying strict attention to the speakers. He was a tin pedlar, and had three wagons loaded with tin lanters, then in the tavern yard. When they began to talk of giving money to have their neighbor out-witted, he arose, and putting on the yankee pretty strongly said:

"Gentlemen, I don't know that ere individual about whom you are speaking—I say I don't know him—but if you've a mind to subscribe a little grain of something, just to pay the ventur' like, why I would'nt mind tryin' it on—I say I would-'nt mind it. I calculated it might be done. I've hearn on such people afore, and I don't know but what I might be able to fetch him. I'm mostly in the tradin' line, and its all the way of trade with me—I say its it's all in the way of trade."

"Just the dandy, gentlemen," exclaimed one of the party, this is the "ticket for soup."

"You're in the trading line, are you?" enquired another.

"Yes, gentlemen—trading's my occupation. I clean from Bangor, way down in the State of Maine. I can do a little of most anything. In the summer I stay to hum and help the old folks—in the fall and winter I peddle tin ware; mostly lanterns—"

"You don't sell lanterns?" said the plethoric citizen, inquiringly.

"I'd like to know if I haint got three hundred of them in my wagon in the yard?"

"Oh! you have eh? Well you're the very man we want."

"Ye'es," said the yankee.

"We will make up a purse of twenty dollars for you, if you will bamboozel our friend D——s."

"I shouldn't wonder if I could strike a trade with him."

"When will you do it?"

"I calculate it can be done to-morrow."

"Very well—if you succeed, the money is yours."

"Sartain sure?" said the yankee.

The twenty dollars were immediately collected and given to the landlord, as an earnest of ther seriousness, and the party broke up to meet the next evening. On the following morning, our Yankee acquaintance, who was a shrewd intelligent fellow, put on a genteel suit, and after having made a good many inquiries respecting the habits, manners, appearance and residence of Mr. D——s, mounted a horse and took a roundabout course for his house, with the intention of stopping there on his return, as if just from Philadelphia. As good luck it, old D——s was standing in his front door as the Yankee approached.

"Sir," said the latter, "will you be good enough to inform me how far I am from Brunswick?"

"Two miles, sir," replied D——s.

"And how far is it to New York?"

"About forty miles, I suppose, by stage."

"Are there any tin-smiths in New Brunswick?" continued the Yankee.

"Why, yes, there are two or three small affair."

"I am sorry they are small—I was in hopes of being able to fill an order there which our house has received for lanterns."

"Lanterns?" said the old fellow quickly, eagerly taking the bait, for he had seen the three wagons loaded with them only the day before.

"Yes," added the other carelessly, "we have a heavy order, and I was told that the article could be had in New Brunswick."

"You are from Philadelphia, then?"

"Yes, we do business there. You have probably heard of our firm—Hype, Cook, Sage, Donnelly & Co?"

"I can't say that I've heard of that firm, but there appears to be a good many of you!"

"Oh! yes! it's a large house!"

"How many lanterns do you want?" enquired old D.

"Three hundred will do."

"What do you pay a hundred?"

The Yankee stated the sum considerably above the marketable value of the article.

"Do you wish them delivered in Philadelphia?"

"No, I will attend to that."

"Add another dollar a hundred, and I will furnish them for you," said the greedy sharper.

"Agreed," replied the Yankee—"now when can you procure them?"

"In two days."

"All right. I must go on some ten miles further; and I will pay you for them on my return."

After some other conversation about the size, make, and quality of the article, of which served to impress old D——s with the legitimacy of the transaction, the Yankee returned to town, put on his old clothes and otherwise altered his appearance, so that he was fully prepared to supermtend the sale of his own lanterns when old skin-flint arrived. In due time D——s reached the tavern, and after much screwing and jewing, the bargain was struck—money paid down and the tin-ware delivered.

A broad grin of satisfaction might have been observed all this time in the faces of some six or eight bystanders, but nothing was said. The Yankee got a full price for his lanterns, pocketed his twenty dollars, and that night started homeward.

Old D——s waited all the next day, and the following one, and two more, but the Philadelphia Merchant came not. At length the lanterns began to grow hateful in the old man's sight, and with a dozen round oaths, reflected severely upon the Mercantile community in general, the tin-ware was ordered to be put in the garret. The joke got wind, and soon every body in the town knew of it, and from that day forth the miser was known by the cognomen of "Old Lantern." Many years afterwards the old man died, and the handbill that announced the sale of his effects contained the following *nota bena*—

"Also, at the same time and place *three hundred lanterns*, almost as good as new, which will be sold a bargain."

ENGLISH VESSELS UNDER FRENCH COLORS.—Lord Chesterfield being in Paris, was at a party with Voltaire, when the latter said to him:—

"My Lord, which are the most beautiful, the English or French ladies?"

"Really, I cannot tell," replied Chesterfield, "I am not a good judge of painting."

Soon after, Voltaire, happening to be conversing with an English lady, highly rouged, Chesterfield approached him and said:—

"Sir, take care that you are not captivated."

"My Lord," replied Voltaire, "I have no fears of being taken by an English vessel carrying French colors."

☞A learned young lady being asked at a tea table if she used sugar, replied:—I have a diabolical, invincible repugnance to sugar, for to my insensible cognitions upon the subject, the flavosity of the sugar nulifies the flavority of the tea, and renders it vastly obnoxious!

☞Sam Slick says he would rather break a yoke of steers any day, than to try to make up a quarrel between two women when they have got their dander up.

"I go for a dissolution of the union," said the man said when he applied for a divorce.