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# THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. JANUARY 8, 1848. NO. 37.

## NOTICE.

THE subscriber, having a prospect of a change of situation that will suit him much better in some respects—most respectfully requests all those whose accounts are unsettled, *to call and close them* as soon as possible.

Many of his accounts have remained unsettled for six and eight years and it is important that they should be closed by payment, note, or otherwise.

*He hopes that no further notice will be necessary.* All know that services rendered for so long a time are often forgotten, and are often a source of dissatisfaction in their settlement.

C. H. WICKES, Esq., will attend in my absence, to the settlement of my accounts.

There are a number of *notes*, which have been due for some time, and to which it will be impossible for me to extend indulgence beyond the 1st of February.

T. H. WHALAND.

December 18—3w.

## REMOVAL!

MRS. S. FRANCIS,

WOULD embrace this opportunity of informing her friends and the public generally, that she has REMOVED to the commodious and convenient house, situated on High Street, recently occupied by Dr. Cruikshank, where she would be pleased to accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen with **BOARD**, by the week, month, or year. She will endeavor to please and render satisfaction to those who may favour her with their patronage. She returns her sincere thanks for past favors and would most respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

☞N. B.—*Her terms are moderate.*

December 25—3w.

## MORE NEW GOODS.

JUST open at T. W. ELIASON'S and for sale at *reduced prices for Cash.*

Good yard wide br'n muslin 6¼ to 12½; fine y'd wide bl'd muslin 40 to 12½; cloths, casimeres, sattinets, vestings, flannels, calicoes, oregan and casemere plaids, delanes, apron silks, alpacas, linen and cotton table dapers, and a general assortment of other

## DRY GOODS.

ALSO, a large stock of *Groceries*—good br'n sugar 6¼ to 9 cts., loaf sugar 11 to 12½ white refined and broken l'f sugar 10 to 12½; good Rio ank Laguyra coffee; superb'k, old hyson, young hyson, imperial and gun-powder teas, 75 to 1 25; very fine chewing tobacco 20 to 37½; molasses; candles; soap, pepper, starch, etc.

Saddles, bridles, collars, tin-ware, hardware, Queens-ware, brushes and brooms.

Shoes, boots, hats, cape and a great variety of other goods, at small profits and reduced prices for cash.

Chester Town, dec. 18, '47.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT OUTDONE!—Mr. J. T. Rowand—Dear Sir:—For four or five years I have suffered greatly from Rheumatism in my head, which, during the last year became worse and worse. For four or five weeks previous to the 15th instant, I had suffered without intermission, my general health was much impaired, my eyes injured, and my head so sensitive that I could scarcely rest it upon the pillow. Two days since, a *single application* of your "MAGIC LOTION" *relieded me entirely in two or three minutes!* I have applied it occasionally since, and the soreness is nearly gone. So great and sudden was the change that I can scarcely realize that I am the *same man?*

I have also cured one of my children, and a female friend of headache in two or three minutes.

So great is my confidence in the "Magic Lotion" that I would not be without a bottle for *"fifty times its cost."*

Yours respectfully,
JACOB W. SOUDER,
No. 350 Market st.

Phila., January 17th, 1846.

For sale by John L. Stam, Chestertown. July 24, 1847.

## Land Commission.

By virtue of a commission issued from Kent county Court, the undersigned commissioners appointed to divide the real estate of Araminta Frazier late of said county, dec'd, will meet at the dwelling house on the farm of the said A. Frazier now occupied by Mr. J. F. Yearley, on day the 7th day of January 1848, at o'clock, A. M., to proceed in the execution of the said commission.

All persons interested are requested to attend.

THOMAS STEPHENS,
JAMES BROWNE,
GEO. R. STROUD,
RICH'D SMITH,
ANTHONY SUDLER,
} comm'rs.

Kent county,
Dec. 6, '47. tm

C. HAUL'S sup'r shaving cream Champagne, Bears Oil, Beel's Marrow, Eau Lustral Hair Restorative, Tooth Paste. For sale by WILEY & PERKINS.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
*Is Published every Saturday by*
**Edward Mansfield.**

**Terms:**

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞All communications must be post paid.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Kent News,

### WINTER.

BY MISS M. A. REECE.

Stern winter with his icy chains,
Full soon hath breathed upon our plains,
Transforming flowing streamlets fair,
Which murm'ring sweetly fill'd the air
When Autumn winds were sighing.
To ice-bounds rivulets; and stream
Which proudly flow'd beneath the beam,
Of summer's sun, congeal'd now lay
As if no more their waves could play
When winter's winds are dying.

The flow'rs which deck the streamlet side,
With drooping heads doth strive to hide,
The frost-nipp'd buds, and outward throws
Their tints which faint and sickly glows
Beneath the chill winds blowing;
The verdure which so lately spread,
O'er earth a rich and fragrant bed,
Diffusing life and health to all,
Neglected frosted with'ring fall,
Our icy path now strewing.

The trees which wayed their fruitful limbs
Beneath the genial summer winds,
And gave their fruit 'neath Autumn sun
Whose growth is Spring was begun,
Now helplessly discloses:
That he who rules the bud and fruit
Who shield alike the man and brute
Who spread o'er earth a mantle sweet,
With which our senses each to greet,
Now from his work reposes.

The birds which sang the live long day,
Or twit'ring flew from spray to spray,
Now trembling seek the haunts of man,
Or hasten to some warmer land,
'Till winters storms are over;
When with the first approach of Spring,
They spread for home the pilot wing,
And ere the opening buds disclose,
The maids intent, some birdie shows,
Her coming to each lover.

*Baltimore, Dec. 22, '47.*

## MISCELLANEOUS

### BATTALION.

BY EUGENE SUE.

*Translated from the French.*

CAPTAIN DAVID was an old soldier of the Empire, riddled with wounds, and living as well as he could in his modest retreat. He occupied the ground-floor of a house on the Charenton turn-pike and had for his housekeeper an old woman named Madame Tolibois.

Captain David had been in twenty battles; his cool bravery was renowned among his brethren in arms, and attested by the most brilliant services; but the veteran trembled like a child before the bitter and despotic Madame Tolibois, who, however, was much attached to him in her own way.

She would have passed twenty nights in watching the captain; she never wronged him of a penny, though superintendent of his finances; she was incapable of purloining the smallest particle from the captain's modest larder, still less would she have been capable of sipping even a mouthful from the half-bottle of wine which she set by his side every day at dinner, filling up the deficit, as so many in her place would have done with water from the spring.

But alas! the housekeeper made the veteran pay dear for these rare and substantial good qualities, by showing herself to be of a detestable disposition, terribly despotic, and futiously jealous of any little liekings, or amusements in which the old soldier might venture occasionally to indulge.

Of this savage jealousy on the part of Madame Tolibois we are about to relate a terrible example.

One day, while taking his accustomed walk in the Plaine de Charenton, the captain had been obstinately followed by a griffin of a dog, ungainly, bristly, dirty, with a supplicating air, and intelligent eyes, and who had been deprived of one of his fore-paws. This poor *invalide* of the canine race interested the veteran, who esteemed it quite a little piece of good luck that he should in future have a companion in his daily excursions; and in memory of his ancient profession, he on the spot, baptized the griffin with the name of *Battalion.*

It would be difficult to paint the anguish of the worthy man when he returned to his dwelling, asked himself what sort of a welcome Madame Tolibois would bestow on the new inmate, so interesting an account of its friendless situation, and doubly so from its having been *amputated*, as thought the veteran to himself.

The *financial question* could not be seriously raised, the griffin being of a very small race; and although the most rigorous economy was imposed upon the veteran by the smallness of his pension, this new mouth could not reasonably be counted as an increase of expenditure; but in order that the admission of Battalion should be granted *unanimously*, he felt that it would be necessary to settle certain questions of convenience, of opportunity, and perhaps even of rivalry, for the umbrageous Madame Tolibois would perhaps be alarmed lest this new inmate might usurp too large a share of his master's affection.

At length the old soldier, on his return from his walk, arriving at his door, rang the bell in a very resolute style, after having fortified himself by another glance at Battalion, who waging his tail, and standing motionless on his three legs, fixed on his new master his gentle and timid eyes, in which a singular anxiety was apparent.

"Poor beast!" thought the simple hearted Captain David, "he is uneasy as myself about the sort of welcome *we* are going to receive."

The door was opened.

At the first embarrassed words stammered out by the veteran upon the subject of his meeting with the little limping animal, and the desire which he timidly manifested to bestow an asylum on the *invalide*; Madame Tolibois coldly replied:

"You are the master—you can harbor whatever you choose, if it pleases you, you can bring in all the vagabonds, all the thieves you meet. I hope it will amuse you."

The apparent ugliness of the house keeper astonished and alarmed the captain so much the more, that several times during the evening he espied the sullen glance of Madame Tolibois, directed obliquely toward Battalion, although the latter did his utmost to show himself humble, and to be as little in the wao as possible.

When night came on, the veteran wished that the griffin should sleep on the floor in one corner of his room.

"Ah! it seems that you have really a tenderness for him? this is becoming quite a passion," exclaimed Madame Tolibois, with a burst of laughter so cruelly sardonic, that the old soldier, fearing to exasperate the terrible woman, hastened to say:

"That, after all, the dog must not get into the habit of being too much petted, and that he could sleep in the garden."

This concession appeared to calm, in some measure, the griffin's dangerous enemy.

"Go to bed, Battalion, off with thee!" cried the captain in his roughest voice.

The dog hastened to obey, and left the room his tail hung down, not without having stolen a mournful glance at his new master.

Madame Tolibois opened a door which looked out on the little garden belonging to the ground floor occupied by her master, and, with a violent kick, sent the griffin into the middle of the grass-plat.

At this inhospitable proceeding, Battalion uttered not a complaint, not a cry; but guided by his instinct, he hobbled off, and lain himself down on the ground under the veteran's chamber-window.

A week passed.

Every day increased the captain's attachment to Battalion, who was really gifted with the utmost intelligence, and displayed many fine qualities.

When they walked out, Battalion would run backward and forward, but without quitting his master more than a step or two. Notwithstanding his small size, the griffin manifested an insane temerity whenever any other dog, were he thrice as big as himself, ventured even to look at his master. Battalion would throw himself with a bound on the impertinent stranger, and almost always forced him to retreat.

This bravery convinced the veteran that Battalion had lost his fourth paw in battle, and the dog became dearer to him than ever.

In the house, the griffin grew more and more charming. Did the captain drop his pocket handkerchief, Battalion picked it up and brought it to him. Another time, of his own accord, and without invitation, the griffin sat himself on his hind legs, and did the polite to his master, who, opening his tobacco pouch, and putting one of its edges between his teeth, took out the tobacco, filling his pipe at his leisure, while Battalion remained perfectly still; holding the pouch with all the strength of his jaws; and in fine, in very many other ways, Battalion knew how to make himself so useful and agreeable that the veteran would repeat twenty times a day in his enthusiasm:

"He wants nothing but words, this little devil of a Battallion! he is a real companion for me!"

But alas! these words, too flattering to the griffin, were fatally treasured by Madame Tolibois.

From day to day the housekeeper became more gloomy, more taciturn, more absorbed in her own meditations; unhappily, the captain, as devoid of suspicion as of clairvoyance, and occupied with the innocent joy with the innocent joy which he found in the possession of Battalion, did not perceive the troubled, almost desperate air, of the terrible woman.

Once, returning home earlier than his wont, the captain had found his housekeeper at the threshold of the door, in mysterious conference with a man who had a long beard, and a sinister aspect, and who disappeared with all possible rapidity at sight of the veteran; the latter, confidingly blindly, like all happy men, attached no importance to this incident.

One evening the captain returned to rest as usual. No mournful presentiment, no horrible vision troubled the sleep of the old soldier; on the contrary, the unhappy man dreamed that Battalion had beaten, at a game of dominoes, the famous Munito, who, having perfidiously insinuated that griffin's play was not fair, the latter had demanded a fair field, and had given the great domino-player the severest kind of a trouncing.

Day dawned; the captain, ravished at his dream, hastened to impart it to Battalion; and went into the garden, where he had industriously constructed a cosy little nook for the griffin. The nook was empty. The veteran called "Battallion!"

Battalion answered not.

The garden was ransacked, explored in every corner; no Battallion was to be found.

Captain David, very much trouble, reentered the house, and called Madame Tolibois.

She delayed, for some time, to answer the summons. And when she appeared, she was very pale.

"Where is Batalion? I have been looking for him, and calling for him this quarter of an hour," said the soldier, anxiously.

To these interrogations Madame Tolibois answered as did Cain of old. "You did not give your Battalion into my charge.' And the housekeeper grew paler and paler, and she dared not look her master in the face, and her voice trembled.

Not being much of an observer, and being little given to suspicion, the captain did not remark the trouble of Madame Tolibois; and after hasing Battalion in the house, as vainly as in the garden, he went out into the street, thinking that perhaps the griffin might have run out for an instant, a misdemeanor, however, of which the poor animal had never heretofore been guilty. The captain had proceeded only a few paces, when at about the distance of a pistol shot, he thought he saw a shapeless mass lying under his garden-wall.

He ran thither. What a spectacle!

In the midst of a pool of blood, yet streaming, lay the corpse of a dog, entirely stript of his skin.

A horrible suspicion darted through the mind of the old soldier. He stooped down; examined the paws of the corpse; alas! the right forepaw was wanting!

He could doubt no longer; it was *Battalion!* Raising his head in a stupor of grief, the captain saw at a distance, at the other extremity of the deserted street, a rag-picker making off quickly; turning round, from time to time, and glancing behind him with an air of alarm.

It was the man with the long beard and sinislook, with whom Madame Tolibios had been seen in mysterious confabulation

In spite of his age and his wounds, the veteran was still agile and vigorous; anger re-doubled his strength, he set off in pursuit of the rag picker, caught him, and beheld the skin of Batalion, a bloody trophy! lying lying the basket of the black-bearded man!

To seize the rag-picker by the collar, to wrest his crotchet from him and break it on his scull, was for the captain only the work of a moment, notwithstanding the resistance of his adversary, astounded at this unceremonious attack.

"Ah! you have stolen, killed, and despoiled my poor brave dog!" cried the veteran, redoubting his blows.

"But stop and hear me, citizen!" said the rag-picker, doing his best to parry off the blows, "I did not steal the dog, it was given to me by an old woman, at No. 6; I will make her say so in your presence, if you will not believe me, citizen!"

"She gave him to you, the dog?" cried the captain, thunderstruck by this revelation, "she gave him to you that you should kill him?"

"To kill him? no, citizen; but to take him away and lose him," replied the rag-picker, "and so, as a dog's skin is away well worth a shilling, and as all she wanted was to be rid of the beast, why, I *undressed* him; that's all my crime!"

The veteran's anger changed its object; he left the rag-picker to grumble and rub his sides, went rapidly back to his house, wiping away a furtile tear when he passed the bleeding remains of poor Battalion.

Returned home the captain called for Madame Tolibois, and said to her in a terrible voice.

"You are a wicked creature; get out of my house!"

Never before had the captain shown himself to his housekeeper under any other than a smiling and amiable aspect.—She, therefore, recoiled, terrified at seeing her master, for the first time in a passion; his white moustache quivering with fury.

"Mon Di u' monsieur, you frighten me," cried she; "what is the matter?"

"The matter is that you have given up this poor dog to a rag-picker, who has killed him for the sake of his skin! Evil woman that you are!"

"He has killed him! ah! what a shabby scoundrel! I swear to you, monsieur by the salvation of our *Holy Father*, that I only gave him that cursed cur that he might take it away and lose it."

"And why did you do so? what harm had done you?"

"What harm?" cried Madame Tolibois, bursting into tears, and at length giving free course to her resentment, so long repressed; "what harm had that cursed dog done me? I will tell you; yes, you thought only of him, you had neither eyes nor ears for any one but him, ever since he came here you looked at me less than at him, less than a dog! You called him your *comrade*, while I was only your serrant; yes, before me, who had served you for ten years, you preferred a new-comer, and intriguing and flattering vagabond whom you had known only a week?"

"Go to! you are crazed!"

"No, monsieur, I am not crazed; but I came very near being driven mad with vexation. Since that dog came here, I have not slept, I have not eaten, I no longer lived; twenty times I have been on the point of giving the cursed animal a bullet, but I did not dare, for I have not so bad a heart as you think! And then, besides, it was a *creature*, after all, that dog! At last, I could not contain myself, it was necessary that either he or I should leave here. I would rather it is he; and so I had an understanding with the rag-picker, that he should carry the dog to the end of Paris, and lose him. But as to telling him to kill him, never!"

However strange, however stupid, might appear the jealousy of Madame Tolibois, this jealousy of affection was so genuine, so sincere; it was based, moreover, on a devotion so real, although often unbearable in its form, that the old soldier ended by forgiving her.

The housekeeper herself went and brought in the remains of Battalion, which were solemnly interred in a corner of the garden, beneath the little nook which the veteran had constructed for his companion.

From that time, notwithstanding his regrets, Captain David had the generosity never to make the slightest allusion to the mournful fate of poor Battalion, and Madame Tolibois, gradually relapsed into her usual despotic, suspicious, and jealous ways.

* * * * * *

Give a tear to Battalion.—*Golden Rule.*

### ENLARAGED ELEPHANT.

In Philadelphia, on Wednesday the elephant Columbus, of Messrs. Warring & Co.'s menagerie, became exasperated against his keeper and committed various acts of violence.

The keeper, Wm. Kelly, of New York, whose acquaintance with Columbus was only short, was employed after 1 o'clock in paring his feet and otherwise preparing him for exhibition in the afternoon, when the animal becoming restive, Kelly left him procured a fork with which to chastise him, but the sagacious animal seeing him returning with the weapon, screeched, and instantly seized him with his extended trunk and threw him twice into the air, and then left him foaming with rage.

He instantly knocked down the cages in which were a hyæna and a wolf, both of which escaped therefrom, and ran several times round the ring before they were captured and secured, which was done without any injury to the persons who performed the daring and dangerous act—the animals being dreadfully alarmed at the screeches of Columbus and his unavernable fury. It was truly a fearful time; for all the animals, from the king of the forrest down to the most insignificant reptiles, were struck with consternation and awe, and each gave vent, in its own peculiar manner, to the dread that pervaded it.

This noble elephant, seeing Mr. Warring and his men taking measures to secure him, rushed towards them, when they escaped up the seats for the audience, partly followed by him, but he was compelled to withdraw, as the flooring and seats gave way under his ponderous weight.

Mr. Drisebach, Mr. Warring, and others then obtained a cable which was placed in the centre of the ring, and finally, after much manœuvring, they succeeded in noosing him by the legs; they then retreated towards the southerly corner of the menagerie, where the animal followed them—managing to elude him, they, after great efforts, and striking him severely with pitchforks: got iron chains on his legs.

The unfortunate keeper Kelly, we are sorry to say, had, it was rumored, his right hip and thigh dreadfully fractured.

"I SAY, master, what's butter to-day?"

"Wy butter, certainly!"

"Ah! well I'm glad of it, for the last pound I bought from you was more than half tallow."

## VARIETY.

### TO A VERY SHORT LADY.

You're exceedingly short! that no one denies;
But provident Nature is not in the *wrong*;
No matter how much you are lacking in size,
It is more than made up by your length of your tongue.

Col. HUGHES, of the Maryland Regiment has been appointed Military and Civil Governor of Jalapa.—On entering upon his duties he issved an Order, in which he offered a general and perfect amnesty to all persons who, having borne arms against the United States, might, within twelve days, (if they did not reside within twenty miles of the city,) and within six days, (if they did reside within twenty miles of the city,) report to him in person, and give there parole of honor not agin to take up armes against the U. States during the war, nor interfere in any manner with the existing difficulties. The Proclamation also contains other Orders, quite lengthy' laying penalties on those who may violate their parole, &c.

### THE MONKEY'S TRICK.

Lord Tyneam's French cook so trained a monkey as to make him useful plucking his poultry and winged game for the spit.—The monkey was one day following his occupation at the open window of the back kitchen, and had just plucked one of a brace of partridges, when a hawk pounced upon it and carried it off. Poor Pug was in a sad fright, well knowing the licking that awaited him. Nil desperandum, however, was his motto He plucked his courage up, and the remaining partridge, and laid the bird in the window. The hawk, pleased with the feast, returned for another tit-bit when Mun seized him, and in spite of his scraiching and screeching, plucked him alive, and laid him and the partridge down before the cook' and with a gesturo stronger than language, seemed to say, "It' all right; thes's your brace of birds—a fair exchange is no robbery."

THE EXCEPTION.—A gentleman boasted thrt he had drank two, three, or four bottles of wine every day for fifty years, and that he was as hale and as hearty as ever. "Pray," remarked a by-stander, "where are your boon companions?"—"Ah!" he quickly replied, "that's another affair. If the truth be told, I have buried three entire generations of them!"

"In the course of time," said one man lately, "the sea will be the only fence required." "What a bull!" said another, "you mean the sea will be the only landmark!"

A New York editor is such a stickler for the cash system that he will not volunteer for the war; because he says he never "changes"—not even a gun. Te recently refused a judgeship, because he would not agree to "charge" a jury.

☞The Washington Union talks about adopting "measures for relieving the treasury." The functionaries at Washington are the very fellows to do that. They will relieve the treasury just as footpads relieve men's pockets.—Louisville Journal.

MARRIED WOMEN IN VERMONT.—The Vermont legislature has passed an act proaiding that all real estate, and the rents issues, and profits which may have belonged to a woman befor marriage, or which she may inherit durinr marriage, shall be exempt from attachment or levy "for the sole acbts of her husband, and that no transfer nf either made by the hesband shall be ealid, unless she shall sign a deed.'. Married women are also authorized devise such property by will.

A maiden lady down east lately advertised for a recipe to make secrets, as she never yet had a good one that would bear keeping.

An old lady, who had numbered her 90th year, was asked by a sprightly miss in her teens, what period of life ladies lost all relish for gallantry? To which the ancient matron with a significant look, replied, 'Indeed, my child, you must put the question to some one "older than I am."

## JOB PRINTING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

—SUCH AS—

**Handbills, Circulars, Blanks, Cards, Labels, &c.,**

Neatly and expeditiously executed on the most reasonable and accommodating terms, at the Office of the "*KENT NEWS*," Chester Town.

NO CURE NO PAY.

DR. CULLEN'S *Indian Vegetable Remedy*—Warranted to cure, or the money returned. This Medicine is prepared from an Indian receipt, obtainad from one of them in the Far West, at great expense. Those who have been familiar with the Indians, know that they can and do cure Venerial without the knowledge of Mercury, Balsam, or any thing of the kind. The afflicted have now an opportunity of being cured without the danger of Mercury or the unpleasant use of Balsam. This medicine is pleasant to the taste, and leaves no smell on the breath.

For sale by John L. Stam, Chestertown. July 24, 1847.