msa_sc2901_scm2349-0304 ©Maryland State Archives

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. AUGUST 15, 1846. NO. 16.

Central Drug Store.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has taken the store formerly occupied by Duncan Stone, and is prepared to sell Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Groceries, &c. upon the most favorable terms, for cash or to punctual customers, and hopes by strict attention to business to receive a liberal share of *patronage*. Every article has been selected with the greatest care by an experienced chemist, from a very large and choice assortment of medicines, all fresh and genuine, and of the purest quality.—His extracts and chemicals have all been tested, and will bear a comparison with any in the cities.

Physicians Prescriptions compounded with neatness and accuracy. Having been five years in the employment of Mr. Geo. W. Carpenter, I have had ample experience in all the duties of an apothecary.

PETER BROES, Agent.

Gordon's Spring, Lower District, Kent county, August 1st, 1846.

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1846.

Chemical Warehouse, No. 301 Market street.

Peter Broes when in my employ conducted himself with great propriety, was honest, industrious, and of good moral character, and had a good knowledge of Pharmacy—and was qualified to take charge of and conduct an Apothecary or Drug Store.

GEO. W. CARPENTER & CO.

Sealed Proposals

WILL be received by the subscriber till the TENTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, for the execution of the following work, at the Jail in Chester Town. The materials are to be good and found by the workman, and the work to be done in a plain, neat, strong, and workmanlike manner, and in a reasonable time.

By order of the Levy Court,
JAMES F. GORDON, Clerk
to the Levy Court.

4 new North Carolina Floors
1 new 6-4 white pine Floor in Kitchen
Washboards in 5 rooms
1 yellow pine Window Sill
1 Door and 1 Window Cased
New Meat House, white oak logs, 10 by 12 feet square
Kitchen Floor to be levelled
1 Floor to be mended.

Chester Town, July 25th, 1846. t10thA

MONEY.

The undersigned informs all persons against whom executions have been placed in his hands, that he cannot, in any case, defer closing his business, beyond the first day of August next. He has already extended indulgence as long as he can, without violating his duty, and subjecting himself to responsibility and suit. Demands, pressing and urgent, have been made upon him to close the business in his hands by advertisement and sale, without respect to persons. These commands can no longer be resisted and he therefore notifies all persons interested, that from and after the first day of August next, he shall advertise and sell, in every case unsettled, without respect to persons, unless written indulgence from the Plaintiffs be handed to him before that day.

Defendants need not expect any further notice or call from the subscriber, but all unsettled claims will be advertised and prosecuted, as if a personal call had been made after the publication of this notice.

JOHN LEE, Constable.
Millington, June 20th, 1846.

WOOD

TAKEN at this Office, for subscription or advertising.
Nov. 1st, 1845. tf

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 of 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 despatch.

Chester Town, May 30th, 1846. tf

Butchering.

The undersigned, grateful for past favors, begs leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they will have on hand every day in the week (Sundays excepted) FRESH MEAT. On Saturdays and Wednesdays they will attend the Market, and on other days they will keep their meat at Jurney & Brother's store room.

The highest cash prices given for fat stock, and the cash paid before taking it away.

THOMAS ARROLL & O.
Chester Town, July 11th, 1846.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Summer cloths and cassimeres; linen drilling, and a variety other summer stuffs now open and for sale at very low prices, by T. W. ELIASON.

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.

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

There is a voice which haunts me still,
Where'er on earth I be;
In lonely vale, on lofty hill,
And on the distant sea.
I hear it in the silent night,
And at the break of morn:
And aye it crieth—dark or light—
Man was not made to mourn!

In ev'ry stream that seaward flows,
That voice salutes mine ear;
In every wind that round me blows,
It's thrilling notes I hear;
In ev'ry sound of Nature's heart,
The cheerful or forlorn,
This ever bears the better part—
Man was not made to mourn!

The sun that glads the summer noon,
The light that blesseth all,
The myriad stars, the quiet moon
The showers from heaven that fall,
The flowers which in our meadows grow,
Our mountain paths adorn—
All, all, in their own fashion, show
Man was not made to mourn!

All Nature cries aloud—but man
Regards not Nature's voice;
Perverteth her benignant plan,
Her workmanship destroys—
From her fair book the brightest page
With impious hand has torn.
Yet still she cries, from age to age,
Man was not made to mourn!

O gentlest mother! may thy child
Ere long thy lesson read;
Embrace thy precepts, loving, mild,
Thy fraternizing creed:
Then shall the blessed end be known
For which he has been born;
And all shall feel, from zone to zone,
Man was not made to mourn!

LIFE.

Life is like a summer's day,
As sweet and brief,
Quickly doth it pass away,
Like autumn's leaf.

Merrily the hours fly,
In youth's bright morn;
The rose-bud blossoms but to die,
And leave the thorn!

Manhood comes upon us fast,
And childhood dies;
The rosy tints of youth are past,
And so time flies.

Moving onwards still towards death,
We crawl along—
Ahe signal given, and our breath
Is quickly gone.

We die—the body turns to dust—
Thus ends the strife;
The spirit mingleth with the dust
In endless life!

☞The great popularity of Hance's Compound Syrup of Horehound and the length of time it has stood in the favor and confidence of the public, is the greatest proof of its decided superiority over every other preparation for the cure of all forms of Cough and inflammation of the Lungs. One bottle is a sufficient test of its efficacy. Price 50 cents per box.

Sold by Seth S. Hance, corner of Charles and Pratt streets, and at the new stand, 108 Baltimore st. Baltimore, and by the following agents:

Simon Wickes, Jr Chester Town
Gooding & Frazier, Geo Town X Roads
B C Wells, head of Sassafras
C R Hackett, Massey's X Roads
M V Boyer, Apothecary, Millington
Wm R Forman, New Market
Samuel H Cooper, Urieville
August 8th, 1846.

SELLERS' IMPERIAL COUGH SYRUP.

Pittsburgh Feb. 6th, 1846.

MR. R. E SELLERS:—Though I do not believe any further testimonials are necessary to establish the reputation of your justly famed Cough Syrup, I feel compelled as an act of duty, to mention several cases which came under my immediate notice in members of families whom I was in duty bound to relieve at any cost; complained of hard breathing, a severe cough and no expectoration, loss of appetite, with strong symptoms of pulmonary consumption. I mentioned your Syrup, and they begged I would procure some, which I did. I am happy to report that they are quite relieved, the Syrup having produced the desired effect in every instance. You are well assured of its good effects upon myself. Hoping that this may reach the notice of persons suffering from coughs and colds, I remain your obedient servant,

E. F. PRATT, Overseer of the Poor.

Prepared and sold by R E SELLERS, No 57 Wood st Pitsburg.

E M DAWSON & BROTHER, Druggists, Easton, Md. General agents, for E Shore.

☞For sale in Chester Town by Simon Wickes, Jr. Druggist.
August 8th, 1846.

Scrap Plates for Sale.

FORTY of the BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS, used in the Lady's Book, will be sent to any person on receipt of One Dollar. They are all from Steel Plates, and are a handsome addition to a Scrap Book. Address, L. A. GODEY,
ublishers' Hall, Philadelphia.
June 13th, 1846. 6w

THE LAST DAYS OF MARSHAL NEY.

FROM HEADLEY'S NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS.

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed in the field of Waterloo, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blucher and his Prussians had come, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold them in check followed after. In a moment Napolean saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guarde—and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. For this purpose, the Imperial Guard was called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre—That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, the "bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given.—Napolean accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He told them the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor. "*Vive l'Empereur!*" answered him with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle.

He then left them to Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry the guard so far, or hold thew so long before the artillery, as Ney. The moral power the latter carried with bim, from the reputation he had gained of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole division. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew that it was to be victory or annihilation.—With the exception of Macdonald, I do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he.

The whole Continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle that this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire.—Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke af battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung on every side, "*la garde recule*," "*la garde recule*," makes us for the moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battallion disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth, Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till *five* had been shot from under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they press, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen on his footsteps.—As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army way flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares, stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed.—The star that had blazed so brightly over world, went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

We now come to the expiation of his treason by a public execution. The allies, after they assemblied in Paris, demanded some victims to appease their anger. Many were selected, but better counsel prevailed, and they were saved. Ney was a prominent example; he had routed their armies too frequently, and too nearly wrested their crowns from them at Waterloo, to be forgiven. It was intended at first to try him by martial law, but the Marshals of France refused to sit in judgment on so brave, generous, and heroic a warrior. By a royal ordinance, the Chamber of Peers was then directed to try him. Scorning to take advantage of any technicalities of law, he was speedily found guilty and condemned to death, by a majority of one hundred and fifty-two. Seventeen only were found to vote in his favor. That he was guilty of treason in the charge, is evident; but not to that extent which demanded his death. No man had done more for France than he, or loved her honor and glory with a higher affection; and his ignominious death is a lasting disgrace to the French nation. Justice was the *excuse*, not the *ground*, of his condemnation To have carried out the principle on which his sentence was based, would have ended in a public massacre. Ney and Labedoyere were the only victims offered up to appease an unjust hatred. Besides, Ney's person was sacred under a solemn treaty that Wellington had himself made. One of the articles of that treaty, expressly declared that "no person should be molested for his political conduct during the hundred days." On such conditions was Paris surrendered, and there never was a more flagrant violation of national honor than the trial of Ney The whole affair, from beginning to end, was a deliberate murder. committed from the feelings of revenge alone. Napoleon never did so base an act in his life—and on Wellington's forehead is a spot that shall grow darker with time, and cause many a curse to be uttered over his grave. He should have interfered to have saved so gallant an enemy at the hazard of his life; but he let his honor go down before the clamor of vindictive enemies, and became a *murderer* in the sight of the world. *Ney was publicly shot as a traitor!*

His last moments did not disgrace his life. He was called from his bed and a tranquil sleep to hear his sentence read.—As the preamble went on enumerating his many titles, he hastily broke in—"Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?" The last interview with his wife and children shook his stern heart more than all the battles he had passed through, or his approaching death. This over, he resumed his wonted calmness. In reply to one of his sentinels, who said—"Marshal, you should now think of death," he replied, "Do you suppose any one should teach me to die?" But recollecting himself, he added in a milder tone, "Comrade, you are right; send for the curate of St Sulpice; I will die as becomes a Christian!" As he alighted from the coach, he advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up as executioners, with the same calm mien he was wont to exhibit on the field of battle. An officer stepping forward to bandage his eyes, he stopped him with the proud interrogation, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullets?" He then took off his hat, and with his eagle eye, now subdued and solemn, turned towards heaven, said with the same calm and decided voice that had turned the tide of so many battles,—"*I declare before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy, vive la France!*" He then turned to the soldiers, and gazing on them a moment, struck one hand upon his heart and said, "*my comrades fire on me!*" Ten balls entered him, and he fell dead. Shame upon his judges, that for a single act could condemn one braver, and nobler than them all, to so base a death. A sterner warrior never trod a battle-field—a kinder heart never beat in a human bosom—and a truer patriot never shed his blood for his country. If France never has a worse traitor, the day of her betrayal will be far distant; and if she has no worse defender, disgrace will never visit her armies. Says Colonel Napier, in speaking of his death, "thus, he who had fought *five hundren battles* for France—not *one* against her—was shot as a traitor."

His wife was on her knees before the king, praying for his pardon, when the fatal news was brought to her, and immediately fainted away, then went into convulsions, which well nigh added another victim to this base murder. His father, who loved him tenderly as the son of his pride and the glory of his name, was never told of his ignominious death. He was at this time eighty eight years of age, and lived to be a hundren years old. He saw by the mourning weeds on his family, that some catastrophe had happened, and his father's heart told but too well where the bolt had struck; but he made no enquiries, and tho' he lived twelve years after, never mentioned his son's name, and was never told of his fate. He knew he was dead, but he asked not how nor where he died.

IMPORTANT FROM SANTA FEE.

Advance of Gen. Kearney.

Major Howard and Lieut. May, who were despatched by U. S. Government to New Mexico last Spring, arrived at St. Louis, says the Republican, on the 3d instant, on the steamer Amaranth. We learn from them that they left the settlements on their return about the first of July, and Santa Fe the sixth. With the exception of rumors, in relation to the war between the two governments, one of which was, that Gen Taylor had surrendered to Gen. Ampudia, which occasioned some rejoicing—all was quiet on their departure. Through an express, which reached Major Howard at Taos, the day before he left, they were first informed of the approach of Gen. Kearney, and the intelligence created great excitement. The Governor issued his proclamation, calling upon the Mexicans to prepare to meet the invaders. A small body of Texans, emigrating to California, thirteen in number, who had lost their way, were taken prisoners, under the supposition that they were spies, or the advance of the Americans, but they were finally released.

The Effect of the Tariff.

We insert below an advertisement of Mr. R. T. Shepherd, of Philadelphia, a merchant tailor. From the tenor of this notice, it wou'd seem that the New—or Polk Tariff, is about to affect very seriously one of the laboring classes of the community. We presume that shoe-makers, &c. will be similarly operated upon. However, as Free Trade, Polk, Dallas and Texas, seem to be inseparably united, we must submit to the measures which are forced upon the country.

THE TARIFF—CLOTHING.

I am about making arrangements to purchase my cloths and manufacture my clothing in Belgium. Before I leave for Europe, I must close out my entire stock in both cities, Philadelphia and Baltimore.—Great inducements are offered to all who may wish to purchase, either wholesale or retail. Gentlemen can suit themselves with coats, pantaloons, or vests, at one-third the usual prices. Summer coats, pantaloons and vests of every description, and the latest styles cloth dress and frock coats.—Superfine and beautifully made, all of the latest patterns, from $10 to $12; cloth pantaloons and vests at all prices.

R T. SHEPHERD.

Merchant Tailor, next door to the corner of Third and Chesnut street.

VETO OF THE FRENCH SPOLIATION BILL.

We learn from Washington that on Saturday evening the President returned to the Senate the French Spoliation Bill, with his reasons for refusing to give his approval to the measure. We have not yet received a copy of the message, and are therefore unable to say on what grounds the President has deemed it his duty to crush the long deferred hopes of the claimants.—Of the five millions contemplated to have been paid to the sufferers and their descendants under the French Spoliations, we learn that nearly a million and a half would have come to residents of Baltimore, some of whom are in quite indigent circumstances.—*Balt. Sun.*

Governor Henderson was lying dangerously ill at Matamoras at the latest dates—very little hope was, if any, entertained of his recovery.

We learn verbally that nothing of especial interest has occurred since our last advices from the Rio Grande; that the movement up the river was going on as fast as means of transportation could be had: and that no extraordinary sickness had broken out amongst the volunteers.

CHILD KILLED.

A child about three years of age; a son of Mr. Ebenezer B. Osgood, was killed on Monday evening last, at Salem, Mass., by falling from a chamber window. The child was playing with a little sister, when he accidentally fell out of the window, striking his head upon the ground, and injuring him so as to cause his death in a few hours.

DEFICIENCY IN THE WHEAT CROP OF MARYLAND.

The farmers in this and the adjoining counties; says the Upper Marlboro Gazette, are now, and have been for several weeks past, engaged in threshing out their grain. We have received accounts, says the Gazette, from very many of them, and all confirm the impression which had very generally prevailed, that a half crop would not be realized. The largest yield which has yet been heard of has been about six bushels to the one of seeding, while in many cases not three have been realized.

The Razor Strop Man is in New Haven. A man got angry with him and called him a fool. "Well," said he, "if I am, there is one more left of the same sort."

A WITTY REBUKE.

The Abbe Coyer, who was often a self-invited guest, and made himself more welcome at the houses of his friends, once met with a rebuke not less severe than witty from Voltaire.

"Do you know the difference between yourself and Don Quixote?" inquired the philosopher. "He took inns for chateaus, and you take chateaus for inns."

VARIETY.

One of the neighbors of Mr. Wiggin, whose wife lately gave birth to four children, congratulated him on having such a blessed kind wife. "Oh, no," said Mr. Wiggin, "she's a most overbearing woman."

An affected singer, at the Dublin Theatre, was told by a wag in the gallery, to "come out from behind his nose, and sing his song like other people."

"Sambo, are you afraid to work?"

"Bress you, Massa, I no 'fraid ob work, I'll lie down and go asleep by him side."

There is said to be an old fellow in N. York, who snores so loud that he can't sleep in the same room with himself.

"I never knew," said Lord Erskine, "a man remarkable for heroic bravery, whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity."

John Smith has said many good things; among the rest; that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man ought to have one of his own.—*N. Y. Globe.*

A gentleman recently travelling in the country, called to a boy, "Where does this road go to, my lad?" "Where does know where it *goes*, but it's *always here* when I come along."

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," as the boy said when he couldn't recite his lesson.

A woodman from the interior of Arkansas, who had never been on board of a steamboat, had occasion to go to St. Louis a short time since. From the bank of the river he hailed the "Harry of the West with—"Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis?" "What part of the boat do you wish to go on?" asked the captain; "cabin or deck?" "Darn your cabin," said the hoosier; "I live in a cabin at home—give me the best you've got."

Du Solle writes amusing letters from Ireland. Riding on the mail coach he says—"We began to grow weary, and turning to the guard, we observed that Irish miles were very long." "Yes," said he, "they are, very, but then they're very narrow."

The bucks in Iowa are said to go to meeting in a pair of pantaloons made of hemp and hop vines, a vest made of hornets' nests and paste, a shirt manufactured of milk weed and cotton, and to crown all, they wear wolf skin caps, and go barefoot.

Said an old man, "When I was young I was poor, when old I became rich. But in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were bright, I had not the means; when the means came, the faculties were gone."

The smallest song in the world:

We three
Brothers be
In one cause;
Bill puffs,
Tom snuffs,
And I chaws.

PRETTY FAR GONE.—During a heavy fall of rain, a fellow who had taken a drop too much, happened to deposit himself underneath a water spout. He thus "lying alone in his glory," ever and anon exclaimed—"Not a drop more, gentlemen—not a drop more."

QUAKER MEETING.

A young man from the country lately on a visit to a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one. When he left the meeting house with his young friend, he asked him, "How didst thou like the meeting?" to which he pettishly replied, "Like it! why I can see no sense in it, to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word. It is enough to kill the devil!"—"Yea, my friend," rejoined the Quaker; "that's just what we want."

TO WINE DRINKERS.

It is not generally known that wine *baths* are quite common in France—nevertheless, such is the case. The duke of Clarence is not the only gentleman who has enjoyed an immersion in Malmsey.—Punch has tried it with the very best Sherry. Only imagine! Punch—the veritable English Punch—swimming in French wine, and kicking, and plunging, and laughing, until the tears ran down his cheeks; and never thinking of the expense—a five franc piece.

"What! a five franc piece for a tub full of wine? Hurrah! *Vive la* France!"

"Gently—gently. At least *fifty* others bathed in the same wine—*after* Punch.—The keeper of the *bagne* had a preference for Punch, and gave Punch the first dip.—*After* him came fifty others—making in all *fifty* five franc pieces."

"The wine was then thrown out?"

"Not at all. Not so by any means."

"What then?"

"Bottled! Bottled, of course."

"Bottled! And for what purpose?"

"Why, for drink, to be sure."

"Drink! Who would drink such stuff?"

"Why, the English do—the Yankees do. The latter import it in large quantities. It is a great favorite in Yankeeland."

Now, dear drinking friends, anti-temperance friends, when you next smack your lips over a glass of Champaigne or Burgundy, reflect that a Lyonese alderman may possibly have bathed in it, and see if the reflection will assist you in appreciating its flavor.—*Sunday Times.*

REPEAL.—On the 23d of July, in the House of Commons, Mr. O'Connell gave notice for the next session, of a motion for a select committee on the subject of the Legislative union between England and Ireland.