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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. FEBRUARY 26, 1848. NO. 44.

A CARD.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has opened a

HAT STORE

in the room occupied by R. Hynson, Esq. and nearly opposite the Odd-Fellows' Hall where will be kept a general assortment o **HATS,** of every style and quality, at the very lowest prices—such as BEAVER, SILK, NUTRA, BRUSH, CASSEMERE, RUSSIA, SAXONY, SLOUCH, &c. &c.

☞Hats of any desirable shape or quality, made to order, at the Factory of GRIFFITH & ARTHUR, now established in the town.

☞The subscriber will continue his business of TAILORING at the above named place.

JAS. ARTHUR.

Chester Town, Jan. 29, '48. tf

A VALUBLE FARM FOR SALE

OR EXCHANGE, near George Town X Roads, containing

Three Hundred and Eighty Acres,

the improvements are very good. It is believed to be surpassed by none in the upper part of the county for health and productiveness.

Particulars given by

COL. JOS. WICKES, Chester Town, Md.

or

JOHN W. PALMER, Near George Town X Roads.

dec. 4, '47. tf

MARYLAND,

Kent county, Orphans' Court. Feb'y 8th, 1848.

On the application of James W. Skirven, Admr. De Bonis Non, Elizabeth M. Edwards, late of Kent co. dec'd.

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 Chester Town.

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 [*Seal*] hand and the seal of my office, affixed, this 8th day of Feb'y, '48.

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

In compliance with the above Order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Elizabeth M. Edwards, late of Kent county, dec'd. 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 August 1848, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 8th day of February, 1848.

JAS. W. SKIRVEN, Admr. D. B. N. Elizabeth M. Edwards, dec'd feb. 12, '48. 3w

A CARD.

G. W. MINNICK

(NOW RESIDING AT ROCK HALL.)

WOULD most respectfully inform all persons desirous of acquiring or improving in the SCIENCE OF VOCAL OR INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, that he is now prepared to give instruction in any part of Kent county. Terms moderate.

☞For further information enquire of Wickes & Bro.

Chester Town, Jan. 22, '48.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. *Leach No. 54 N. Charles Street, opposite St. Paul's Church, Baltimore.*

INSERTS the best Porcelain Teeth in every variety of style and in the most natural, agreeable, and substantial manner from $1,50 to $3, in each using *only* the very best materials.

Teeth extracted without pain whilst the patient is under the influence of theLetheon, price 50 cents.

Every operation warranted to suit the patient or no pay required.

October 30, 1847. 1y

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.

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.



POETRY.

The Wounded Vulture.

A kingly vulture sat alone
Lord of the ruin round,
Where Egypt's ancient monuments,
Upon the desert frowned.

A hunter's eager eye had marked
The form of that proud bird,
And through the voiceless solitude,
His ringing shot was heard.

It rent that vulture's plumed breast,
Aimed with unering hand,
And his life blood gushed warm and red
Upon the yellow sand.

No struggle marked the deadly wound,
He gave no piercing cry,
But calmly spread his giant wings,
And sought the upper sky.

In vain with swift pursuing shot
The hunter seeks his prey,
Circling and circling upward still,
On his majestic way.

Up to the blue Empyrean,
He wings his steady flight,
'Till his receding form is lost,
In the full flood of light.

Oh! wounden heart! oh, suffering soul!
Sit not with folded wing,
Where broken dreams, and ruined hopes
Their mournful shadows fling.

Out spread thy pinions like that bird,
Take thou the path sublime,
Beyond the flying shafts of Fate,
Beyond the wounds of Time.

Mount upward! brave the clouds and storms
Above life's desert plain,
There is a calmer, purer air,
A Heaven, thou, too, may'st gain.

And as that dim, ascending form,
Was lost in day's broad light,
So shall thine earthly sorrows fade,
Lost in the Infinite.

MISCELLANEOUS

FRIGHTFUL SITUATION

OF A YOUNG GIRL WHO WENT TO SEA WITH HER LOVER.

On the 13th of March, 1774, the beautiful frigate *Louise*, sailed from the Port of Brest, on a voyage to the South Seas. She was as lovely and neat a craft as ever rode upon the bosom of the deep. Her three tall masts tapered gracefully upwards, the mizen one slightly raking; and her rigging denoted the experience of the captain. She carried thirty-six guns; and her crew amounted to two hundred and eighty men, including sixty marines.

The first lieutenant was a handsome young man of about five-and-twenty. Descended from a noble race, the Count de Brissac had adopted a naval life through choice, although the death of his father when Adolphe (which was the Count's christian name) was yet a boy, had left him a handsome property. He had embarked upon the present voyage with the understanding that he was to be promoted to the rank of commander on his return to France at the expiration of the four years, during which it was presumed the expedition would last.

The ship had not been to sea many days, ere the behaviour of the Count de Brissac attracted some attention on the part of the captain and the other officers. Whenever duty did not compel the first lieutenant to be upon the quarter-deck, he was invariably cooped up in his cabin: and to that cabin no one was ever admitted, save himself. It was presumed that he made his own bed, and performed the domestic duties of his little chamber himself. It was true that he dined with his brother-officers in the gun-room; but he never remained at table to drink the social glass along with them: immediately the repast was terminated, he invariably rose from the table and retired to his cabin. His other meals he ate by himself in that retreat; and if ever any one joked with him upon his apparent misanthropy, he merely laughed, or gave an evasive reply.

One day the officer who commanded the marines, and who was an elderly man of severe countenance, harsh manners, and an inclination to sarcasm which frequently involved him in quarrels, pushed this system of taunting to such an extent, that the Count grew angry, and gave a cutting reply. High words ensued, but through the interference of the captain of the *Louise*, the dispute was settled by a mutual withdrawal of the irritating expressions which had fallen from the lips of each. The generous nature of Adolphe de Brissac induced him to forget the conduct of the marine-officer ten minutes after the settlement of the differences between them; but the other from that moment became the inveterate foe of the young count.

The voyage was remarkably propitious until the gallant frigate had passed Cape Horn, and continued its voyage towards the south. One night the weather suddenly changed; the sky was covered with dark clouds; the sea became a sheet of foam; and the wind began to blow in irregular gusts. Every thing portended one of those awful storms which, in those climes, come on with so little notice, and disappear almost as suddenly—after wreaking their vengeance upon every vessel over which the wing of their whirlwind fury sweeps. But the gallant frigate had plenty of sea-room; and all that was required was to prepare without an instant's delay for the approaching storm. The sails were taken in, the yards lowered, the top-gallant masts struck; and everything was made snug and secure in anticipation of the arrival of the tempest.

Scarcely were these preparations completed, when the rage of the elements swept with fearful force over the ocean. The vessel bent to its fury, almost turning upon her beam-ends, while her tops nearly touched the waves. Then she rose again, light and buoyant, and pursued her way, guided by the skilful hand of the pilot, and impelled only by a single sail. But in a moment a heavy sea came careering like a huge monster towards the frigate.

"Hold her off!" shouted the first lieutenant, who stood near the helmsman

The ship veered a point, and was borne back,—and the next moment the billow swept over its deck. The sailors clung to the ropes within their reach; they were firm; and they uttered not a murmur of alarm. Adolphe remained at his post, cool and collected, and with his eyes glancing direct towards the bow of the ship, in order to observe her course.

The storm continued for some hours; but towards morning its violence abated

In the meantime a strange scene took place in a certain quarter of that ship which was so nobly and successfully struggling with the waves. The marine-officer had retired to his cabin at midnight, but not to sleep. In spite of the storm, one idea, totally unconnected with the safety of the vessel or his own, was uppermost in his mind. He could not sleep, and, after tossing about on his couch for three hours, without having diverted himself of his garments, he rose, took a lanthorn in his hand and stole out of the cabin.

He proceeded stealthily to the cabin belonging to lieutenant Brissac. No one observed him; the officers, whom alone he had any fear of encountering in that department of the ship, were all on deck. He placed his hand upon the latch of the count's door: but that floor yielded not to his touch. He knocked gently—a bolt was withdrawn inside. "*Ah,*" he thought within himself, "*then there is some one there!*" He opened the door—and entered the cabin which was was involved in darkness, until the glare of his lanthorn illuminated it.

The moment he set foot in that little chamber, a faint scream met in his ears; and a form of low but beautiful symmetrical stature, and attired in male clothing, instantly rushed towards the couch. But the piercing eyes of stern and scarcastic man had already seen enough to convince him that the inmate of that cabin was a female in disguise—and he had then no difficulty in comprehending how she could originally have obtained admittance unsuspected into that ship. And very beautiful was the countenance of that young and mysterious being; her Grecian features, expressive black eyes, glossy hair (which by its arrangement would alone have betrayed her sex,) sweet mouth, and delicate complexion—all of which the intruder noticed as the cast an affrighted glance towards him—formed an assemblage of charms calculated to ravish the least susceptible heart.

"Ah! my bird of paradise," cried the marine-officer, with a diabolical smile of triumph, "have I discovered the secret of your existence?"

"Sir—do not betray me—do not say that you have seen a female here," exclaimed the lady, falling upon her knees at the marine's feet.

"Ho! as for that," cried the officer, brutally, "I do not know why I should show any civility towards de Brissac—"

"But to me, Sir? I have never offended you," said the beauteous stranger. "Oh! do not betray me! I have left home—kindred and friends—I have dared every thing to follow him whom I love! Oh! do not betray me!"

'You must know, young lady," returned the officer, "that this is a serious breach of discipline; and the punishment is—"

'Is what?" demanded the disguised fair one, turning ashy pale.

"Is death!" answered the marine, smiling vindictively.

"Death!—death to all traitorous scoundrels!" ejaculated a stern voice; and in a moment the marine staggered and fell stabbed with a sharp dirk in the back. He uttered not a word, but died almost immediately At the same instant Adolphe closed the door carefully, and snatching his loved one in his arms, said, "Tis thus that I punish those who dare to intrude upon thy privacy, dearest Marianne."

"Ah! what a fearful event!" murmured the lady, her countenance expressing emotions of unutterable horror.

"Silence—and courage!" cried the young man. "The storm still rages—the ocean roars: we can consign the corpse of that villain to the deep, without arousing a suspicion."

Then raising the lifeless form of the marine from the floor, Adolphe opened the port-hole of his cabin, and plunged his victim into the billows that boiled around the vessel.

At that moment a terrific burst of thunder echoed through the vault of heaven, and was prolonged for some instants.—Adolphe and Marianne exchanged looks of alarm and terror:—it seemed as if the voice of the Deity were proclaiming his indignation at the fell deed.

When the officers assembled in the gun-room at their morning's repast, the marine was missed. The stewart proceeded to his cabin; but he was not there. At length it was ascertained that he had altogether disappeared from the ship. It was then observed by the captain, that he had most probably been washed overboard by the sea that had broken. This opinion was immediately considered the most feasible; a few words of regret were uttered by those who thus discussed his probable fate; —and the crime of Adolphe remained unsuspected.

The storm died away; the clouds dispersed; the sea grew calm; and the pattering of the rain ceased. Towards four o'clock on the second day after the tempest, a man at the mast head cried, "Land to leeward;" and the captain gave orders to steer in that direction. By degrees a dark brown line of coast rose in the horizon; and in a short time the trees and green hills of a small island became distinctly visible. On a nearer approach the entrance to a beautiful bay was described; and the ship was running for that anchorage, when she suddenly struck upon a coral reef.

The gallant bark trembled, from stem to stern, with the violence of concussion; and—to the horror of all on board—immediately began to fill. Not a moment was to be lost. The boats were lowered; and scarcely was there time to throw into them a few weapons and some casks of biscuit, when the captain perceived that the *Louise* was sinking by the stern. One boat had already shoved off; the other was just about to quit the wreck, when some one exclaimed, "Where is the Count de Brissac!"

At that moment the first lieutenant appeared upon the deck of the frigate, bearing in his arms a female in man's attire. This was, however, no time for conjecture or surprise at this singular occurrence; for scarcely had the count, with his precious burthen, entered the boat, when the captain commanded the men to push off without a moment's delay. The order was only given just in time; for hardly had the shallop got clear of the wreck, when the latter gave a lurch windward, and went down stern foremost. There was a deep chasm opened for a moment in the bosom of the ocean;—then the waters rolled together again, and a terrific swell reached the boats. The one in which the captain Adolphe, and Marianne, together with nearly a hundred men, had taken refuge, rode gallantly over the billows; the other, although the larger of the two, was overwhelmed by the mountain waves; and nearly every soul on board perished. A few were picked up with difficulty, and dragged into the surviving boat.

The captain now ordered the men to row towards the shore, which was about a mile and a half distant. As they approached the strand, they perceived the natives hastening in crowds down to the coast; and, on advancing nearer, they found to their dismay, that those savage and half-naked islanders were making violent gestures to order the shipwrecked mariners to keep off. The boat was, however, brought in close to the shore; and a parley was attempted The only reply was a flight of arrows; and three men in the boat were killed. Two others were dangerously wounded. The situation of the unfortunate Frenchmen was so desperate, that they had no alternative but to attempt a landing. Accordingly the boat was run through the surf, and brought into calm water within a few yards from the land. There were not less than three thousand natives at that time upon the coast, most of them armed with bows and arrows, spears clubs, and wooden maces, or hatchets. The French captain ordered his men to fire a volley in the air to frighten the savages; they only replied with mocking shouts, and a fresh flight of arrows. These weapons did murderous execution. Seven sailors were wounded and three more killed, by this second attack. A volley was now fired upon the natives;—a third discharge of arrows was the rejoinder. More wounds—and more deaths on the part of the French. The captain seized a cutlass, and leaping into the water, rushed on shore, followed by fifty of his men, and accompanied by Adolphe, whom Marianne followed with her glances and her prayers.

A terrific combat ensued; the French, whose fate depended upon their success, fought like demons; and the stand was strewed with the dying and the dead. But the savages pressed upon them in overwhelming numbers, and actually forced the survivors back to their boat. The captain, Adolphe, and thirteen seamen a lone regained the shallop.

The boat was pushed off amidstflights of arrows; and those sixteen persons were now on the wide ocean, with only one cask of water and three of biscuit. They retreated from the shore until they were beyond the reach of those inhospitable savages; and when night came they coasted along the island, with a view to effect a landing in some spot where they might entrench themselves. But the natives evidently suspected their designs, and dispersed themselves along the shore in such numbers that the object of the unfortuate Frenchmen was completely frustrated.

Next day a violent storm arose, and the captain was compelled to put out to sea, to avoid being wrecked amongst the breakers which now raged along the coast of the island.

Several days passed, and no more land had appeared—and not a sail! The provisions of these unhappy persons, although sparingly doled out, were at length exhausted, and famine now stared them in the face. Four of the boat's crew died of exhaustation and fatigue; there were twelve remaining, and not a morsel of biscuit left —not a drop of fresh water! Nor was there a hope of succor.

We cannot depict the hideous, appalling suffering endured by those twelve persons. Adolphe supported his beloved Marianne upon his breast; and each hour he beheld her face grow paler and thinner, and her eyes more and lustreless. The men surveyed each other with ravenous look and canibal-glaring eyes! and horrid ideas filled every breast. At length hunger and thirst became intolerable, and a terrific proposal was passed around in whispers. Those starving creatures agreed to draw lots for a victim!

The lot fell upon Adolphe.

Marianne clung to him with all the agonizing fervor of that love which had already led her to dare so much for him;—she implored—she menaced—she offered to die for him. But, no: hunger and thirst had made all to whom she appealed inexorable. Adolphe accordingly prepared to die. But ere he surrendered himself to those who glared upon him with the tiger eyes of amine, he fell upon his knees to invoke the pardon of God for the fearful crime he had committed on board the frigate. He prayed aloud; and all heard with horror that confession of his guilt—that avowal of a murder!

One of the sailors brandished his knife, and was on the point of plunging it into the breast of the unhappy young man, when the captain exclaimed, "A sail! a sail!"—The knife dropped from the seaman's hands; Adolphe rose from his knees; and Marianne threw herself rapturously into his arms.

The hope aroused by the captain's words was not disappointed. In a few minutes the white sails of a square-rigged ship appeared in the horizon; and in a quarter of an hour another large ship was descried to windward, and both advancing in the same direction.

They proved to be two French ships of war, under the command of Commodore Leroux, and on their way home from the East Indies. The late storms had driven them far out of their course, to the southward of Cape Horn.

The moment the survivors of the ship-wrecked *Louise*, were received on board the commodore's ship, the captain, in the performance of a sad duty, was compelled to make a report of the Count de Brissac's confession of the murder of the marine-officer. He was accordingly placed under arrest; but the humanity of the commodore permitted him the company of Marianne.

On the arrival of the ship at Cherbourg, whither they were bound, Adolphe was handed over to the jurisdiction of the naval tribunal of the district. He was tried, and condemned to death; but in consideration of the sufferings he had endured, his previous stainless character, and the representation of the captain of the *Louise* and Commodore Leroux, he was pardoned by the king, on condition that he would for ever banish himself from France.

In compliance with this lenient commutation of his sentence, he repaired to the United States without delay. Need we say that Marianne was not left behind him?

THE QUEEN'S NEXT ACCOUCHEMENT.—It is hinted in the English papers that the Queen at her next accouchement intends to resort to the use of Chloroform for the assuagement of her sufferings on that occasion, that she has ordered Dr. Simpson of it, to be present to minister it to her. If the experiment goes well, the curse recorded in Genesis against woman in the world will be disposed to follow so illustrious an example as the Queen of the British Isles.

OCCUPYING TERRITORY.

Edward Flatwell was yesterday sent to the workehouse by the Recorder, for retaining forcible possession of a shanty in Girod street.

"Well, I'm blamed," said Ned, as he was taken out by the Police officer—"Well, I'm blamed if it ain't contrary to the constitution: it must be—its worse than martial law. There's Gen. Scott and old Zack; they may occupy as much of Mexico as they darned please—at least as much of it as they can, and the newspapers say, Bravo, Scott! Go it, Zack! Well done, old un —that's the ticket. Oh, it's all right—of course it is: but let Ned Flatwell only squat down for a single night in a cussed shanty in Girod street, and he is poked off to the workhouse—*nothin' shorter*. Squire," said Ned, particularly addressing his Honor, "*this is a great country and growing.*" —*N. O. Delta.*

TALLOW CANDLES.

This is the season of the year in which farmers' wives make up their stock of candles for family use. We give the following direction for making candles:—"Melt the tallow over a moderate fire—let the vessels into which the wicks are dipped be nearly full, so that the wick will take up the tallow nearly to the top—when the wick is lowered into the melted taller let the operation be performed slowly; when the wicks are out of the tallow, the operation should consume nearly a minute, in order that the tallow may cool on the wick in lifting. In this way the candles will be of the same size throughout, and there will be no waste or butt ends left below the wick when the candle is burned for light. It is the practice of persons unaccustomed to make candles, to have the tallow made boiling hot, not to keep the dipping vessels filled, and to raise the wick quickly out of the melted tallow, the consequence is, the candle has a long slender neck, with but little tallow on that part of it, and and a stream of hot tallow will run off, and leave the lower end almost a ball shape. If the wicked is raised slowly out of the melted tallow not a drop of tallow will tall from the candle. An experiment of five minutes will be most convincing. The melted tallow should be in that state the fingers can be dipped in without burning—in this state the wick will take up the tallow rapidly.

FATAL OCCURRENGE.—On Saturday last an occurrence took place at the Mill of Mr. John Stull near Peters' Corner, in the upper part of this county, which resulted in the death of Michael Arnold, who was employed at the time as watchman of the Mill. From the evidence on an examination before Judge Hopper, the following particulars are gathered On Saturday last, the deceased being intoxicated, entered the Mill about 1 o. clock and annoyed Mr Stull by continual and repeated demands for settlement and discharge. Mr. Stull declined doing so until the deceased became sober, and urged him to leave the Mill. This however he refused to do and when Mr. Stull placed his hand upon his shoulder and attempted to urge him out, he drew a knife upon which Mr. Stull seized a stick, knocked the knife from his hand and struck him a blow on the head. The deceasdd fell but recovered in the course of a minute or two left the mill, and walked th Peters, Corner, a distance of about a mile, and on the following day he died. Upon examination it wrs ascertained that the skull was badly fractured, and it was the opinion of the attending physician (Dr. Raisin) that ois death was produced by a blow. The accused was admitted to bail in the sum of $2,000.—Centreville Times.

OLD BUT GOOD.

Dan Marble tells the following story about a Yankee who lost his yellow dog. Approaching a wood-coopper by the way side the Yankee accosted him:

"Mister, have you seen a yeller dog goin, along here, about a year, a year and a half, or two years old?"

"Yes," replied the chopper, supposing the Yankee was quizzing him, "yes, I saw a yaller dog going along here, about a year, a year and a half, or two years old, and an hour, an hour and a half or two hours ago and you'll find him about a mile, a mile an a half, or two miles ahead, with a tail about an inch, an inch and a half, or two inches long."

"Hold on! that'll do, stranger! I calkilate you are into me about a feet, a feet and a half, or two feet.

TWO YEARS.—To some persons, two years are as nothing; mere spots in the wide ocean of eternity; yet to others how important! how full of events and feelings, and actions! How is it that, in the short spaces of two years' a life is crowded; so that when we look back at the end of mortal existence, there—gathered into those four and twenty months—stands out and while of active being, and all the rest is idleness and emptiness, the broad selvage of the narrow strip of cloth. Two years, too, viewed from different positions in the wide plain of life, how different do they appear! To the young, two years just passed stretch far away, filled with incidents and sensations all bright in their novelty, and vivid to the eye of memory. To the old they are but space, and that space empty. Say to the eager and impetuous youth, two years must pass before you can passsess her whom you love, and spread out an eternity before him full of disappointments Tell the timid clinger to life's frail thread, you can live but two years longer, and the termination seems at the very door.

☞The Bonaparte property at Bordentown, N. J., has been purchased for a long summer boarding-house.