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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet: —"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD, AUGUST 18, 1849. NO. 16.

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

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 postpaid.

COSTUME HALL
Spring and Summer Clothing!
WHOLESALE & RETAIL

ON hand and for sale the largest and best assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, at prices very much reduced.

COATS.

Coats of every variety, embracing all the latest styles, and of an improved cut and make, from 75 cts. to 1,2,3,4,5,6,8, $10, and upwards.

PANTALOONS.

Pantaloons of all kinds, from 75 cts. to 1, 1.50, 1.75. 2, 2.50, and also a very fashionable style, the Lamartine stripe, as low as 3, 3.50, $4, and upwards.

VESTS.

Vests of every variety, comprising Silk Satin, Cashmere, Marseilles, Valencia from 50 cts., 75 cts. $1, $2, $2 50, $3 and upwards.

BOY'S CLOTHING

Always on hand the largest and best assortment of Boy's Clothing ever offered in this city.

A splendid assortment of Cloths and *Cassimeres* of the best make, together with a large and handsome variety of Silk and *Marseilles* Vestings, which will be made up to order in the best manner, 20 per cent. less than the accustomed prices, and inn all cases a neat and beautiful fit guaranteed at

COSTUME HALL,
Corner of Pratt and Centre Market Space
H. H. COLE.

☞Attached to the above, is one of the largest and most extensive Shirt Factories in the country, embracing every variety and make, at prices which cannot fail to please any one wishing to purchase.

ONE PRICE ONLY!

March 31, '49—1y.

LUMBER.

THE subscriber has just received from Port Deposit a very large quantity of very superior seasoned *WHITE PINE BOARDS, HEMLOCK RAILING do. JOICE AND SCANTLING;* also a handsome assortment of

SHINGLES,

white pine $3 50—per m. cypress $5 50 per m. and Jamper $7 per thousand. I feel grateful to my friends and a liberal public for past favors, and assure them that I am [illegible] short credit.—I can and will [illegible] than they can be had from [illegible] the cash make a liberal discount. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine before they buy. I will deliver to the county wharf, Lumber sold by me to go to Queen Ann's county, or up or down the river without extra charge.

A. W. SPARKS

June 2, 1849.

Personal Discharge.

NOTICE is hereby given to the creditors of Hiram Bent, that a personal discharge hath been granted to said insolvent debtor, and that the 19th day of September, being the first Wednesday of our county Court next succeeding this date, hath been set apart for the final hearing in his case where his creditore may attend and shew cause if any they have why a final discharge shall not be granted said debtor.

Test; JOS. REDUE.
Clerk of Kent co. Court, Md.

June 16, 1849.

LUMBER SHINGLES, &C.

THE subscriber has just returned from Port Deposite with a large supply of seasoned 1, 1½ and 2 inch white pine Boards. Also a quantity of panel Boards, Shingles, Scantling, &c.

The above have been carefully selected—bought low, and will be sold accordingly.

NATH. WILEY.

May 26, 1849.

OSNABURGS AND DRILLING.

T. W. ELIASON has just recd. a large stock of heavy Osnaburgs, Drillings and Domestic for servants, which he is selling belowthe usual prices.

Mch. 10, 1849

☞ TO RENT.

FOR the ensuing year, the houses now occupied by Mr Jno. Ford, Mr Thos. Carroll, Mr B. F. Calder and Mrs Solomon Barrett, also the shop occupied by Mr B. B. Evans.

G. VICKERS,
Agent

Chester Town, July 7, 1849. 3w

WRIGHT & GORDON,
Commission Merchants,
No. 10, *Bowley's Wharf,*
BALTIMORE.

Feb. 24, '49.

Book, Paper, and Stationary
Store.
J. W. BOND & CO.
PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS,
No. 41, *Baltimore Street, Baltimore.*

KEEP constantly on hand, a large and well selected stock of School and Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Paper, Commercial and Law Books Stationary, &c. All of which they are prepared to sell, wholesale and retail, at the very lowest prices, on the most accommodating terms.

School Books and School Requisites.—A large stock of the most approved Works constantly on hand, at the very lowest prices.

Books Suitable for Premiums.—Colleges, Seminaries, &c., will find their stock of Books, in this line well worthy their attention, as they are selected with care, as regards contents, as well as style and prices.

Miscellaneous Books.—Comprising a well selected stock of historical and other standard works, kept constantly on hand and sold at very moderate prices,

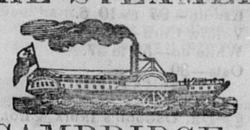
English, French and German Books.—Comprising a good assortment.

☞Orders from any part of the United States or Canadas will meet with prompt and strict attention.

☞The Lowest prices and most liberal terms may be relied on in all cases.

March 3, 1849. 6m

THE STEAMER



CAMBRIDGE.

For Annapolis, West River, Cambridge and Easton, Chestertown and Corsica.

The Steamer Cambridge leaves Baltimore every MONDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock for Chestertown and Corsica, and return the same day.

The Steamer Cambridge will leave Baltimore on TUESDAY MORNING, 20th inst., at 7 o'clock for Annapolis West River, Cambridge and Easton and return on Wednesday, leaving Easton at 7 A. M.

The Cambridge will leave Baltimore every THURSDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clk for Chestertown and Corsica and return same day.

The Cambridge will leave Baltimore every FRIDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock for Annapolis West River, Cambridge and Easton and return on Saturday, leaving Easton at 7 [illegible] of Baltimore.—

[illegible]tinued

Freight for the [illegible]ces taken at low rates.

J. THOS. TRAV[illegible]
Agent Steamer Cambridge.

July 21, 1849

NEW SPRING GOODS.

WE would respectfully inform our friends that we have commenced opening our **SPRING GOODS,** and will continue receiving all the *new styles* during the season. Our stock consists of every variety of ***Dry Goods*** suitable for the Spring and summer trade. We will name in part the following goods:

Hand'e French Lawns,	Swiss Muslins,
" " Barages,	cam. "
" linen Ginghams,	Jac. "
p'n col'd mos. d'lanes,	Mull "
French Chintz,	Book "
bl'k and col'd Alpacas,	Bishop Lawn
linen cambric hdk'fs	Linen Cambric
worked Chemizetts,	pl'd Muslins,
" Collars,	Long Lawn,
Lace Capes,	Demity.
" Veils,	

All kind of Edgings and Pursetvs in every variety. Also on hand a good assortment of domestic muslins which we are selling at the very lowest prices. As we do business entirely on the cash principle persons will find it [illegible]

[illegible] & [illegible]
[illegible] Gay st. Baltimore.

March 10, 1849.

Hats & Caps.
WM. S. GREENWOOD,

No. 40 Baltimore street, a few doors below Frederick street, has on hand and intends keeping a *complete* assortment of

HATS & CAPS

at Wholesale and Retail prices that cannot fail to please all who may favour him with their custom. Orders directed as above will be thankfully received and attended to with all possible despatch.

He would also state to his friends on the *EASTERN SHORE* that his attention will be given to a Commission Business, for the purchase of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FURNITURE, STOVES or any other article needed by the Merchants or private families, at the very moderate Charge of one per cent, from his known facilities in this business, he hesitates but little in saying that he can save to the purchaser at least 5 per cent—any orders by mail will be received in one hour after their arrival & all goods will be forwarded according to order.

Baltimore July 14, 1849.

POETRY.



THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A mighty and a mingled throng,
Were gathered in one spot;
The dwellers of a thousand homes—
Yet Midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there—
The mother and her child:
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
None spoke—none moved—none smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives
Years had swept darkly by;
After that heart-sick hope deferred,
They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,
The breeze's faintest sound,
The shiver of an insect's wing,
On that thick peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died
For the deep quiet's sake;
Your tread the softest moss have sought,
Such stillness not to break.

What hold the countless multitude
Bound in that spell of peace?
How could the ever-sounding life
Amid so many cease?

Was it some pageant of the air,
Some glory high above,
The linked and hushed those human souls
In reverential love!

Or did some burdening passion's weight
Hang on their indrawn breath?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?
Fear—the strong fear of death?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself;
Lay on each lonely heart!
Kindred were—yet hermits all,
Thousands—but each apart.

DAYBREAK AND PEEP OF DAY.

In [illegible]'s the grenadiers were all six feet [illegible] and the king's daughter used to stand at the window to look at them as they marched by in front of the palace, with their drums and fifes playing before them. To see them as they advanced, you would have thought it was a solid wall of heroes, moving along in a single piece. There was not one pigtail about them a hair's-breadth longer than another, and the buttons of their gaiters were as even as the lines of a book. And no wonder it should have been so; for the recruiting sergeants used to pick out the finest men from every province to form these companies, just as a body might pick out the handsomest flowers in a garden to make a nosegay for his sweetheart. In fact it was out of the veteran remains of troops like these, that, in later days, marshals of France were taken from the ranks by dozens.

Now, of all the grenadiers of the various corps, those of the king's regiment were out and out the finest. Superb fellows! and then their uniform! it was splendid; white, with azure blue facings and orange lace. If you had seen them on a review day, fresh shaved and powdered, you would have taken the soldiers for officers, and the officers for generals.

The king's regiment was then in garrison at Nancy, in Lorraine, the prettiest town in France with its streets all ranged as regularly as a battalion under arms. A likeable place it was, and pleasant quarters for the soldier, barring that wine is rather dear there. Now, as I have said, the grenadiers of this regiment had not their fellows in the whole army; and among these same grenadiers, the handsomest chap was Desœillets, who went by the name of *Daybreak*. He was a strapping lad from Languedoc, and a prime sample of the breed of the province—as brazen-faced as page, brave as a sabre, as ready at a lie as a quack doctor up to all sorts of fun, a capital dancer, a neat hand at the fife, and a first-rate swordsman. He would tell stories to keep the guard-house awake all night; as for singing, when he was in the humor, he could keep at it from now till to-morrow without ever singing the same thing twice over. I leave you to guess if Daybreak was not admired by his comrades, esteemed by his officers, and favorably regarded by the girls of Nancy. So finding the service quite to his liking, and thinking there was nothing finer in the world than to be a grenadier in the king's regiment he made his younger brother, Jean Desœillets, join the corps and become a grenadier like himself.

He was a handsome fellow, too, was young Desœillets, but he was, may be, a quarter of an inch shorter than his brother. He got the name of *Peep of Day*.—Nothing could exceed the polite attentions shown him by his new comrades; and with the help of their obliging instructions, he promised to become, in a short while, an honor to the regiment, like his elder brother.

Unfortunately for Peep of Day, the good will shown him by his comrades was the surest of all means to make him detested by his commanding officer, Major Lerpiniere, who after all was only a soldier of fortune. Nobody liked the major for he was an ill-conditioned, brutal tyrant, and the marks of friendship lavished on a raw recruit excited his mean jealousy to the highest pitch. Don't ask me to explain to you how it is that, in certain malignant dispositions, the smallest little pique imaginable goes on festering until it becomes a great venomous hatred; try, if you can, to comprehend the inhuman rascality that can take delight in a low sneaking, treacherous vengeance; these are things I can't pretend to explain to you. God forbid!

Nothing was easier for the major than to send a grenadier to prison. Peep of Day spent the best part of his time in the strong room of the barracks, and his name was never out of the black list. Things came at length to such a pass that the company could hardly stand it any longer and they combined together to help Peep of Day, in his duty, so as to obtain proof if possible, of the injustice with which he was treated. Daybreak was at the head of this league; but all its care and watchfulness were for a long while unavailing.

You don't any of you happen to know the barracks at Nancy? for that matter it would not signify much one way or the other, even if you did; for the barracks I am now talking of were the old ones, which were destroyed long ago. The armorer of the regiment worked in a little building one story high, at the end of the yard, and it was in front of that building that the company was every day inspected by the major at eleven o'clock. The grenadiers were drawn up in line, and if you know anything of the old strictness of military *tenue*, you will readily suppose that the first company of the king's regiment was in general faultless. From their lily white cockades to the jet black heels of their shoes, the brave fellows looked every day as if they had just stepped out of a box.

The major, with his cane in his hand, passed slowly along the front and the rear of the line, stopping opposite each motionless grenadier, and examining them one by one, with eyes endowed for the moment with the power of a magnifying glass.

Now, every day when he stopped behind Peep of Day, whose heart thumped against his ribs during that moment of suspense, the major stooped down in silence, and laying the forefinger of his left hand on some part of the young soldier's uniform, uttered these two words in a croaking half whisper: "A spot!"

The sergeant knew what that meant, and he marked down twenty-fours' confinement in his book, opposite Peep of Day's name.

When parade was over the grenadiers gathered round the unlucky culprit, and sure enough, they saw but too plainly the black spot on his snow white uniform.

Poor Peep of Day used to begin furbishing up his clothes and accoutrements at dawn, and sweat at it all the morning. His comrades invariably put him through a preliminary inspection before parade; but all to no purpose. The major's finger was sure to pounce upon the incomprehensible spot, which changed place, but not color, and always found means to fix itself on some part of the uniform.

One morning, Daybreak having twisted his bayonet in his iron gripe, went to have it repaired by the armorer during the hour of parade; and whilst the armorer was straightening the weapon, Daybreak moved softly to the window whence he could see the company drawn up in line, with their backs towards him, and the major alternately halting and striding forward with his heavy step. When he came to Peep of Day, the major stooped as usual, and ——and Daybreak, turning suddenly to the armorer, with his face as pale as a ghost's, asked if he happened to have a loaded musket by him. As the armorer naturally expressed surprise at the question, Daybreak fortunately recovered his self-possession and seemed to think better of the matter.

Guess what Daybreak had seen. He had seen how Major Lerpiniere, as he walked along the rear of the line, rubbed his finger slily on the blacking of his shoe, then laid it on Peep of Day's uniform, and so made the spot he pretended to discover.

When parade was over, Daybreak told his brother coolly what he had seen.—Steady, now, my lad," said he to him, "don't let your just resentment boil up too fast, and don't go and serve us up some mess of your hot southern temper, do you see. Your innocence shines as bright as your cartouche-box; your cause is just, so mind you don't spoil it. I will go and consult with the old heads; the colonel shall be made acquainted with the rights of the case; and see if we don't tip the major a passado that he won't get the better of in a hurry, that's all."

Soup time being come, the company assembled round the king's platters, and Daybreak harrangued them with an eloquence that would have inflamed all his hearers even upon much less provocation. One cry of horror burst from every lip as he concluded, and by a simultaneous moment every spoon was thrust into the massive government pottage and left stricking there.

But scarcely had the grenadiers begun their deliberation, when, alas! it was interrupted by a great uproar. The drum beat to arms; the guard turned out, and three or four fusilers came with tears in their eyes and informed Daybreak and his indignant comrades that Peep of Day had just been thrust into the black hole, and the major carried wounded to his room.—This was as good as saying that Peep of Day was a dead man.

The unfortunate Desœillets the younger having met the major in the first heat of passion had knocked him down with the butt of his musket, and would have finished him, but for the untimely interference of some persons, who ought to have come forward sooner or not at all.

Daybreak pulled off his gold-laced hat, and hanged it flat against the wall, exclaiming, in the highly expressive and figurative language of the barrack-room, which loses infinitely in translation: 'Peep of Day is flummoxed!"

And sure enough, Peep of Day was sentenced to be shot. I need not tell you anything about the proceedings of the court-martial: you know how these things are carried on. The major's rancorus thirst for vengeance raised him up from his sick bed in a manner, and quickened his cure. He gave orders that Peep of Day should be shot by his own company.

Daybreak went to the major and asked, did he mean to say he was to fire upon his own brother? whereto the major replied that the rules of the service made no mention of any exception, and that there should be none. Daybreak then said he would sooner blow his own brains out; and the major told him he was welcome to do so if he liked. On hearing of this, the grenadiers entreated Daybreak to submit.

Oh! if you had seen how sorrowful every man and thing in the quarters looked next day. As the drummer beat the morning call, the tears he dropped, as big as peas, pattered upon the drumhead in dismal concert with the roll of the sticks.—You would have thought he was beating the death signal of the whole regiment.

The grenadiers being under arms, Peep of Day was brought out from his prison, looking very pale, and placed in the middle of the column, with the provost by his side. The word was given to march; the drums beat mournfully; the grenadiers strode on in silence, with muskets reversed; and, what was very remarkable, considering the regard they all had for Peep of Day, not one of them shed a tear; but they never looked more grim and dangerous. The major marched at the head of the company, digging his cane viciously into the ground at every step, while his pig-tail kept time to the drum, and jerked from right to left and back again, in a way that was most aggravating.

They halted at the back of the cemetery, on the side of a hill, a little way out of the town, where they found a grave dug at the foot of the wall. Peep of Day knelt down at the edge of the grave, and the provost bandaged his eyes, whispering to him "Courage!" but very cautiously, for fear of being overheard by the major.

The latter watched the proceedings with great composure; and then, as though he were only putting his men through an ordinary drill exercise, he turned to the company, now formed in line, and stepping a little aside raised his cane. The drums beat at the signal and stopped when the cane fell again.

"Grenadiers! carry—arms!"

The command was executed with one sonorous metalic clash. The major ran his eye rapidly along the line.

"Make ready!—Present!"

All the musket barrels, like a great machine moved by a single impulse, came down with a slant towards the major.—Carried away by the force of habit, he had only time to call out,

"Fire!"

The major fell to the ground, riddled like a target.

Now, the town of Nancy, as you are aware, is not far from the frontier, and the emperor's army was then assembled in a menacing attitude on that frontier. What did the grenadiers of the king's regiment do? They threw the major's carcass into the grave; started off Peep of Day, and sent word to their colonel, by a trumpeter, requiring a formal acknowledgement that the grenadiers of the first company of the kings regiment had only done an act of justice; otherwise they would go over, with arms and baggage, like Peep of Day, to the service of the emperor.

What was to be done in such a fix? a state does not easily make up its mind to lose a company of grenadiers such as that. The colonel granted pardon, and the grenadiers returned to their quarters with drums beating just as they had left them.

But all this was far from satisfying Desœillets the elder, surnamed Daybreak.—He could not bear the thought that his brother, a Desœillets, a grenadier of the king's regiment, should be in the service of the enemies of France, however well they had received him; for you must know that the emperor had enrolled Peep of Day among his hulans, and even that in the first transports of his joy he had invited him to his table; but that fact has not been quite ascertained for certain. Daybreak, therefore, took it into his head to obtain a pardon for his brother, and made known his project to his comrades, telling them that he would apply to his captain.

"And if he refuse you?" said they.

"I will ask the colonel."

"And if the colonel refuse?"

"I will go ask the king."

There was no more to be said after that, and everybody admired such a noble resolution. So Daybreak went to his captain and asked pardon of him for Peep of Day. The captain refused it. Daybreak then had recourse to the colonel, but was again refused.

"Then I will go and see the king." said Daybreak.

Fixed in his purpose, he took leave of his comrades, slung his little bundle over his shoulder on the end of his sword, and off he set in double quick time, singing lustily all the way; for Daybreak was naturally so merry that all of his vexations could not extinguish his love song. And so he kept on, clearing the ground at a prodigious rate; and all who passed him on the road, cavaliers, merchants, monks, herdsmen and wagoners, admired the jolly soldier who stepped out so briskly and sang so well.

"Where are you going, *beau grenadier?*"

"Going to Paris to see the king."

"A pleasant journey to you, *beau grenadier.*"

One fine day towards evening it came on to rain in large drops, and Daybread, seeing the sky overcast with heavy clouds was anxious to find some place where he might put himself under cover. He quickened his pace, but do what he would, he could not match the speed of the rain and wind. At least he spied a little light proceeding from a little thatched house on the verge of a forrest. He went to it and knocked.

"Who's there?"

"A grenadier of the king's regiment, Desœillets the elder, surnamed Daybreak, in want of shelter for a moment."

The woodman opened the door, and seeing a smart soldier, with a frank and jovial face, he said to him:—You're come just in time, we are going to supper, and you shall sup with us."

"But," said Daybreak, "much obliged all the same for your politeness; I have scarce time to stop; I must go a good step yet before I sleep."

The woodman poked his head out of doors and looked at the sky:—"You can't do it, *mon brave militaire*, for this storm will last all night. We have a bed at your service, and after a nights sleep you will be fresh and hearty for your journey to-morrow."

"Corbleu, my worthy, in regard to obliging me, you don't do things by halves.—I accept your offer with many thanks," said Daybreak, cordially shaking hands with the woodman. He threw down his sword, shook the water from his hat, and fell a chatting with his host as he dried himself in the corner.

Meanwhile the woodman's wife spread a very clean gray cloth on the table, laid plates, and served up a good savory *soupe aux choux* that was a very balm to the nostrils. And as the storm howled through the forest the woodman said to his guest:—"Come, let us fall to. Better that than footing it through such weather as this."

So down they sat, with their chins bent over the table, and their backs to a fine crackling wood fire; but they had barely tasted a spoonful or two when some one knocked at the door.

"Who's there?"

"A poor traveller wanting shelter for a moment."

"Shall I open the door?" said the woodman's wife."

"Certainly," said her husband; "we need not be afraid of any bad people with this brave soldier to defend us."

The good woman opened the door and in stepped a man dripping wet. He was dressed in a hunting suit, and had the appearance of a gentleman. The stranger saluted the company civilly, and said he had lost his way in hunting, and had been compelled by the storm to seek the cover of a roof.

"Very good," said tha woodman, "you 'recome just in time, for we are just going to supper, and you shall sup with us."

The stranger expressed his gratitude for the hospitable reception, ate and drank with good appetite and without ceremony, and finally asked if he could not also be accommodated with a bed.

"*Ma foi,*" said the woodman, "we have only one bed, and I have just offered it to this brave grenadier; but if you have no objection to share with him, I warrant he will let you have the half of it."

The stranger replied, like a well-bred person, that he had a great respect for the military profession, that he had himself carried a musket, and that he should feel highly honored in having such a bedfellow; to all of which Daybreak made a suitable reply, as you may suppose. In the course of conversation, the stranger asked Daybreak if he might make bold to inquire what was taking him to Paris.—Thereupon the grenadier told his story, to the great satisfaction of the woodman and his wife, and wound up by saying:—

"I ask pardon for Peep of Day of my captain, and he refused me; I ask it of my colonel, and he refused me; so I am going to ask it of the king."

'And if the king should refuse you?" said the stranger.

Daybreak started bolt upright on his chair, cocked his eyes at the stranger with a look of invincible determination, and suddenly cleaving the air with a peremitory sweep of his hand, exclaimed:—"I will send him to—"

I will not say where Daybreak said he