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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.

LUMBER.

THE subscriber has just received from Port Deposit a very large quantity of very superior seasoned *WHITE PINE BOARDS, HEMLOCK RAILING & 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. Feel grateful to my friends and a liberal public for past favors, and assure them that I am determined to dispose of the above mentioned articles on reasonable terms, for the cash or on a short credit.—I can and will sell them lower than they can be had from the city, and will for 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.

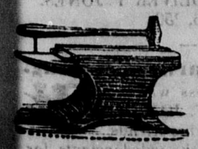
NOTICE.

I REGRET that because of the inattention to my former notice, in which those persons who are indebted to Doct. Thos. H. Whaland, on *ACCOUNTS and NOTES that have been standing from 2 to 10 years* and requesting them to call at my office and settle; obliges me again to notify all such, that unless *some satisfactory arrangement is made for the settlement of those accounts and notes, on or before the FIRST day of MARCH next ensuing*, I shall be compelled to put them in a legal train for collection.
The undersigned will also expect while he has the management of the Doctor's books accounts closed regularly at the end of every year, either by cash payment or notes.
RICH'D HYNSON,
Agt. for Dr. T. H. Whaland.
December 15, 1849. 11w

Taxes.

THE undersigned will continue to meet for the collection of the **TAXES** on the following days, at his office in Chester Town, on Tuesdays; Hales's Corner Thursdays; Millington, Saturdays, and at George Town X Roads Mondays; until the close of the present year, when he will only attend at Chester Town as heretofore. All accounts thereafter remaining unpaid must be attended to without delay as it is absolutely necessary that the Collector should be in the receipt of funds to meet the demands which will then be made most of which will be due to individuals who cannot afford to wait without serious inconvenience; it is therefore earnestly hoped that all who may be in arrears will avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered to settle their respective accounts before that time.
DANIEL JONES,
Collector.
Dec'r 1, 1849. tf

Blacksmithing.



The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has taken the Shop recently occupied by Mr Simms where he will carry on the above business in all its various branches. Horse-shoeing done in the best manner.—He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a share of patronage.
HENRY A. WISE.
Dec 22, '49—1m

EDWARD A. MOORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
TENDERS his professional services to the public. Office with B. C. Wickes Esq.
Chester Town, No. 3d, 1849.

TO RENT
For the ensuing year the house occupied by Mr. Samuel Tomlinson as a shop. For terms apply to
G. VICKERS.
October 20, 1849.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!!
VERY CHEAP.
FASHIONABLE square and long Shawls just received and for sale below the usual prices, by
T. W. ELIASON.
Nov. 24, '49

T. W. ELIASON keeps a constant supply of that very superior Chewing Tobacco 20 cts. lb.; also good Cavendish 37½ cents.
Nov. 3, '49

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JANUARY 26, 1850. NO. 38.

POETRY.

AN EVENING SONG.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Father above! I pray to thee,
Before I take my rest!
I seek thee on my bended knee,
With warm and grateful breast.

First let me thank thee for my share
Of sweet and blessed health;
It is a boon I would not spare,
For worlds of shining wealth.

And next I thank thy bounteous hand,
That gives my "daily bread,"
That flings the corn upon the land,
And keeps out table spread.

I thank thee for each peaceful night,
That brings me soft repose,
I thank thee for the morning light,
That bids my eyes unclose.

I own thy mercy when I move
With limbs all sound and free,
That gaily bear me when I rove,
Besides the moth and bee.

I thank thee for my kindred friends,
So loving and so kind;
Who tell me all that knowledge lends,
To aid my heart and mind.

Ah! let me value as I ought,
The lessons good men teach,
To bear no malice in my thought,
No anger in my speech,

Father above! Ah! hear my prayer,
And let me ever be
Worthy my earthly parent's care,
And true in serving thee.

COURTING DAYS

BY GEORGE SEAWORTHY.

A Yankee lad a courting went,
A sprightly lass to see,
Determined quite to marry her,
If they could both agree.

CHORUS.

O! the courting days are happy days,
The courting days for me!

"Says Jenathan, to break the ice,
Miss Nancy, how du yu du?"
"Pretty well, I thank you thir!" quoth she
"Mister Cornthalk, how are you!"

"A very fine day!" quoth Jonathan;
'Twas all that he could say;
And Nancy thought, as he twirled his thumbs,
He'd surely stay all day.

The sighing swain was at a stand
What he should say or do;
Quoth he, "Du yu like *music*, ma'am?"
Quoth Nancy, "Yith! don't you?"

"'Tis almost night," thought Jonathan,
"And this will never do,
What *shall* I say? I have it now—
The beauty of the view!"

He gave a short convulsive wheeze;
To make his voice quite clear,
And said, as he leaned o'er the window sill,
"It looks—rather green—out here."

Now, with her lover to agree
On the beauty of the view,
"Yith, thir!" quoth she, "and it seemth to me
Ith rather green IN *here too!"*

UGLY EDITORS.

Prentice of the Louisville Journal and Harney of the democrat are disputing which of the two are the ugliest.—If the following from the Journal be true the democrat must indeed have a very outlandish editor.

"We went to the managerie on Saturday and after a while we observed a general rush of all the little boys and girls towards a certain point near the entrance. At first we did not know what to make of it, but we soon found that the little folks were gathering around our neighbor of the democrat under the impression that he was an ourang outang, it was amusing to hear their questions and remarks, which part of him is his face said one. Isn't the ugly thing making mouths at us said a second. What did they cut his tail off for said a third. I wonder why the lord createth such a nasty beast said a fourth. He never was created at all, he was only guessed at said a fifth.

FAT AND LEAN.—An Albany editor speaks of a man who is so fat that his family use his voice to burn instead of lard oil The Yankee Blade says there is a man in Boston so fat that people slip down looking at him—one individual was even tripped by standing on his shadow. They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake stuck six times at his legs in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him; and when children meet him on the street they run home crying for bread.

POPULAR TALES

[From the New Orleans Delta.]

WILKINSON'S BLUFFS.

A STORY OF

LOVE, MURDER AND SUICIDE.

The fact I am about to relate are not the less true, because they wear the air of romance, and resemble many of the groundworks of the fiction which fanciful writers weave from their immagination. Not only the incidents of my story are familiar to the people of this venerable town, but there are now living here descendants of those who played prominent parts in the events which I shall relate.

At the period of my story, which was shortly before Burr's attempt to raise an expedition against the Spanish possessions in Mexico, this country presented some of the most sublime and romantic scenery in the world. The valley of the Red river rivalled in richness and variety of views the famous vale of Avoca, and far exceeded it in grandeur and sublimity. The dark waters of the Red river meandered without a murmer, through a country beautifully diversified in hill and dale, now gently stretching through broad prairies and spreading out into wide lakes, then gathering its waters within narrow banks, and rushing like a torrent down a precipice madly foaming along some high bluff, and then boldly pushing its onward course through a dark primeval forest, where the sound of civilization had not aroused the slumbering echoes, or disturb the wild beasts in their lairs. Amid all this rich and beautiful scenery, there is not a more attractive and romantic spot on Red river than Wilkinson's Bluffs, near the town of Natchitoches. These bluffs ascend to an immense height from the river, and are perfectly perpendicular. The river moves in a quiet and steady current at the foot of the heights, and the scenery around is full of sombre sublimity and impressive grandeur.

On the top of the bluffs, and not far from their edge, there stood, at the time of my story, a plain and rough, but strongly built house, the domicil of a Frenchman of the name of Jean B. Villemot. This Villemot was about forty years of age and was a man of strong passions and terrible wrath. He had emigrated from France a few years before, bringing with him his wife and lovely daughter, just fifteen, and fresh and blooming as a May flower. Shortly after his arrival at Natchitoches his wife died, and thus was the principal restraint removed from his passions. At this remote period of the settlement of Lousiana, there existed all through the frontier portion of the State, organized bands of robbers, who kept the settlements in continual terror by their violence and depredations The individuals consisting these bands were well known to consists, few of whom had the boldness to incur the awful revenge which usually awaited those who informed upon these malefactors. No settlement suffered more from these depredators than Natchitoches, which at this time was the principals trading point of the north west portion of Lousiana.

A man of evil passions and restless character of Villemot could not long resist the inducements which were offered to join the robbers of Red river, (who were then commanded by a celebrated Spaniad) He applied for admission into their society, but found much oppression from he fraternity. The ground of this opposition was the fear that the secrets of he band might leak out through the beautiful daughter of Villemot, at whose shines all the young colonists were accustomed to worship. This opposition was however, so far satisfied, that it was agreed to admit Villemot on condition of his giving earest of his valor and determination by dispoing of some of the numerous enemies of the band. He willingly accepted the condition, and took a most horrid oath to destroy whatsoever the chief might desigate.

"Name him!" exclaimed Villemot, grasping a knife, and grinning with ferocious desire to prove a valor which had sen called in question—"and if he were my own father, brother, or son, this knife shall find his heart!"

"The man you are to kill is Auguste Prudhomme!" slowly and oracularly pronounced the grim captain of the robbers

At the mention of the name of Prudhomme, the face of Villemot grew ddly pale—his eyes began to wonder, and his ips to quiver.

"What! do you tremble?—do you hesitate?" exclaimed the Spaniard, with fury flashing in his eye.

But the struggle was over. The lingering humanity, the hesitation, the doubt had passed away from Villemot's face, and an expression of savage ferocity and determination darkened his countenance.

And who was Auguste Prudhomme and how had he rendered himself the object of the hate and revenge of the robbers Red river?

Auguste Prudhomme was one of the bravest and most gallant of the young Frenchmen who had remained in Natchitoches after the cession of Louisia to the United States. His courage, skill in arms, coolness and sagacity, had given him a leading position among the colonists, and thus had he been compelled to take a decided part in exposing and punishing the perpetrators of the numerous murders and robberies which occurred so frequently in that neighborhood. The robbers, however, feared as well as hated Prudhomme. His undaunted bravery and great strength kept them in continual bravery and great strength kept them in continual awe, and eluded many attempts which had been made to waylay and assassinate him.

But it was not fear that caused Vilemont's face to grow pale at the idea of destroying young Prudhomme. Amid the desolation which evil passion had left in the moral sentiment of the Villemont, there grew a single flower of humanity, a single virtue, linked to a thousand vices. It was love of his daughter—his gentle beautiful Eugenie—the only momento of affection of her whose virtues, whilst she lived, held in restraint the savage inclinations of the passionate husband. Eugenie had long been the belle, the adored of the young men of Natchitoches. Among others who had yielded to her charms, was the gallant and handsome Prudhomme.—A warm and mutual affection soon grew up between them, and they became affianced lovers.

Rarely did a day pass over that the lovers did not meet in Vilemont's little hut, near the bluffs, and spend the swift flying hours in delightful interchanges of vows and pleasant dalliance of love. The absence of the father, who was seldom at home, afforded the lovers frequently opportunities for these delicious interviews Vilemont, however, was not ignorant of the attachment of Prudhomme to his daughter, nor could he be considered as entirely insensible to her happiness. But his passions, his misanthropic hate of the world and brutal selfishness, prevailed over all the natural feelings of the father, and he cheerfully prepared to execute the command of his chief. Two of the boldest of the robbers volunteered to accompany him.

It was 12 o'clock at night. The two lovers were sitting together in the little parlor of Villemont. The night was cold and the windows were up Presently, Auguste arose, and was preparing to take leave of Eugenie, when, looking out of the window, he perceived three persons creeping stealthily along the edge of the woods, in the direction of Villemont's hut. Accustomed to danger, to constant exposures, and ambuscades, Prudhomme's suspicions were aroused, and shading himself with a slight curtain, which hung by the window, he watched the movements of the suspicious individuals. He observed that they came to a stand, and seemed to be holding a consultation. By their gestures, they plainly indicated that their purposes had reference to some individual in the hut. "We are in danger, my beloved," remarked Prudhomme, turning to his beautiful betrothed, "we must prepare for it."

Eugenie, as heroic as she was lovely, rushed towards the mantel-piece, and took from it a rifle. Prudhomme drew his sword, and thus the lovers psepared to make a gallant defence. They had scarcely prepared for the encounter, when there was a knock at the door. No answer was given. Another, and another knock and still there wis no response. Then there was a passe of nearly a minute, which was followed by violent blows, as of a battering ram against the door. This force prevailed, and soon the door was broken through, and three savage men came rushing in the room. Awed by the heroic attitude of Prudhomme and Eugenie the ruffianst sopped, and seemed to hesitate for a moment. Soon however, one of them sprang forward, nearly on the point of Prudhomme's sword, and in a voice of passion, exclaimed:

"How came you here—how dare you violate the sanctity of my house?"

It was Villemont. Though disguised in robbers' garb, Eugenie did not fail to recognise her only parent—her father.—Her heart sunk, her lovely frame trembled and but for the left arm of her lover, which encircled her waist, she would have fallen to the floor. Quickly, however, was she aroused, when perceiving one of the robbers aiming a pistol at Prudhomme, she raised the rifle and shot, him dead. Almost at the same moment she was struck down by her father. Prudhomme stooped to raise her prostrate form, when both Villemont and the other robber rushed upon him and levelled him to the floor, by blows of their guns.

Seizing the insensible form of his daughter, Villemont directed the other robber to take that of Prudhomme, and thus they dragged the lovers to the edge of the bluff, a few yards from the house. Casting a glance down the fearful descent, Villemont threw his eyes towards the sky with a hellish laugh, as if defying the vengeance of heaven, and gave the body of his daughter a push down the awful abyss. Quickly the robber followed the example, and threw the body of Prudhomme over the bluff The father cast a look down the fearful precipice. The white figure of his daughtar was discernable in the waters below, and her arm appeared to wove him towards her. It was then tha pang of remorse, the gleam of conscience, flitted across the dark soul of the murderer—the weakness of humanity came over him, darkness seemed to close around him.—Casting an imploring look to heaven, with a terrific scream he rushed to the edge and leaped down the precipice.

Several days afterwards, three bodies were taken out of the river at Clouterville thirty miles below. They proved to be those of the murderer and suicide, and his innocent victims. They were buried in the same grave, in the cemetery of this little village.

As for the robber companion of Villemont, he led a life of bloodshed, violence and drunkenness for a few years, until one day he was mortally wounded in a drunken brawl. On his death-bed he confessed his participation in the terrible scene we have attempted to describe, and furnish the facts upon which this "o'er true tale" is founded.

Natchitoches, La.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

At the New England Supper, as "the wee hours" approached, the following toast was proposed:—

"THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI—She has sent us her best *apprentice*."

Judge Bullard moved as an amendment the addition of—

"And we have made him a master workman."

It is needless to say that the toast was drunk with all the honors. Mr. Prentiss replied in his happiest style. He spoke with deep feeling of his attachment to Mississippi, of the honor and chivalry of its many gentlemen of all parties; in fact we quite forget that beautiful polysyllable representative in his eloquent eulogium. In the course of his speech he told two of his electioneering reminiscences which "set the table in a roar." He said that six, or eight, or twelve years ago, he did not like to be particular about, dates, he went to Washington thinking he was a member of Congress, but he found out his mistake and came home as fast as possible to get right. He made speeches in fifty-four out of the fifty six counties in the State. He sent printed bills containing his appointment twenty-six days ahead of him. Now there was a caravan just at this time perambulating the State State, and the proprietor availed himself of the gatherings collected by Mr. P.'s notices. This, by the way, said Mr. P., was quite in the ordinary course of things, as any observer of political excitements must have remarked, that a caravan of some kind or other usually follows in their wake.

The first time Mr. P. saw the elephant was in —— county, in the northern part of the State, near the Alabama line. It is one of the most beautiful counties in Mississippi, its population chiefly from South Carolina, and though they had voted against him on the previous election, he hoped their State rights notions would bring them into his support at this contest, when he did not run so much the candidate of a party as the representative of the State, whose dignity and sovereignty had been outraged in his person. At the appointed hour he found over three hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled to hear him. He was in "high feather," and began to speak with more than usual energy. The audience listened with marked attention, and he felt sure of bagging his game, When he had spoken about an hour he began to observe some of the outsiders looking over their shoulders, and this movement was gradually followed by more of his audience He began to think he was growing dull, and endeavored to rouse himself up to more animation; but it was no go. He at length looked in the popular direction and there, to his horror, just coming over the hill, was the *elephant*, dressed in his scarlet trappings oriental splendor, with a howdah on his back, occupied by the musicians, and in the rear came a long line of wagons and cages. A foolish feeling of vanity to be outdone by the elephant came over him, and he continued to talk, appealing to the people in the name of the State, their patriotism, &c. &c.; but all in vain. A few well mannered persons remained, but evidently they were retained only by their politeness.

He found it was no use. So he said: "Well ladies and gentlemen, I am beaten; but i have the consolation of knowing that it is not by my competitor. I will not knock under to any two-legged beast, but I yield to the elephant." To be sure, he was at first provoked by the preference shown to the beast over himself, but on reflection he was inclined to think the people were right. A Bengal tiger or an India eleghant was an animal to be seen once in a lifetime, but politicians they could see every day.

He said, however he had his revenge a few days after. He found that he must come to some understanding with the caravan. So he agreed with the proprietor that at Holly Springs he would address the people under the great awning for one hour and then he would give way to the monkey and the clown. He hoped this would not be charged on him as "bargain and corruption." At any rate, it was the only political bargain he had ever made; and it was honestly carried out by both parties. Between himself and the caravan, a large assemblage was gathered under the immense awning. One of the cages was converted into a rostrum. He heard a low sound, which resembled a growl, and learned that the hyena was his nearest listener. There were large auger holes in the top of the box, for the admission of air. He commenced speaking, and when he reached the blood and thunder portion of his speech, he ran his cane into the cage and called forth a most horrid yell from the enraged animal, and at the same time he gesticulated violently with the other hand. The effect was electric; he called down the house in a perfect tempest of enthusiasm. From this time he had it all his own way. He hurled his anathemas at his foes, and enforced them by the yells of his neighbor. The hyena was good for a hundred votes, and he thus converted a mischief into a profit.

Violins and Fiddles.

Or, How Jacob lost Money by not going to School when a boy.

Near Pittsburg there lives an aged Dutchman, named Jacob Heinman,—who has by his industry accumulated a large property The old man is, at all times, ready to yield up his substance liberally, for the support of schools.—He regards it his duty to do this, feeling the want of early education in his own case.

A gentleman called upon Jacob, not long ago, to ask his aid in establishing an academy in an adjourning county, in the course of his appeal to the old man's philanthropy, he casually observed that there were many words in the English language, which signify the same thing, and that it was necessary for boys to learn them from *books*.

"Schton—schton—I knows dat," said Jacob. Now I dells you how I knows dat. Soom dwenty years ago, I goes down on to Filadelfy mit my vagon, to kit soom koots for de Bittsburk merchants. Vell I kits him, and up in de dop of de mountain, my vagon he sticks fast in de moot. Den I dakes off all mine koots and put him py de site ov de road. Vell, mishter school-master, I feel one *light* parrel, and I say to mineself,—"Dere den tam pops in Macalester's store in Filadelfy, play on me annuder drick—dey send one *empty* parrel py me clear to Bittsburk." Vell, I takes de parel and I puts him on his het up and I sees him marked "Violins." Den I *swear* it was von drick, because I knows dere was no such a man, in all Bittsburg, as Mishter Violins; and I kitts so mad mit mineself for being made such a tam fool of, dat I shoost take mine axe and I prakes de *empty* parrel all into leetle smashes. Now, Mishter School master, wat you drink vas in that partel marked to Mr. Violins? *Fittles, sur*, (fiddles,) *all full of fittles* by tam. Vell den when I kits to Bittsburk I hape to pay Doo hundret doollars to von Frenchman, shoost because I did not know dat violins and fiddles vas de same ding. Now I gives you One Huntret tollars for your pig school. Here ish de money?

IRISH WIT.

One of our eminent lawyers, of Irish descent, was engaged some time since to defend an Irishman who had been charged with theft. Assuming the prerogative of his position, the counsel, in a private interview with his client, said to him.

"Now, Patrick, as I am to defend you I want you to tell me frankly whether you are guilty or not. Did you steal the goods?"

"Faith, then," says Pat, "I s'pose I must tell yez. In troth *I did stale 'em.*'

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to come here and disgrace your country by stealing," said the honest counsel.

"In troth, Mr. B——, maybe I ought, but then *if I didn't stale, you wouldn't have the honor and credit of gettin' me off*, d'ye see."

INTERESTING.—To see a spoony young man prowling around the house of his lady love, hours after the whole family have gone to bed, and wondering in what room his Snivellikin lies; till finally grown desperate, he madly wishes "that a fire might break out, that the assembly crowd might stand appalled, that he, dashing through them with a ladder, might rear it against her window, save her in his arms, go back for something she left behind and perish in the flames."

"Willie," said a doting parent at the breakfast table to an abridge edition of himself who had just entered the grammer class at the high school, "Wille my dear, will you pass the butter.

"Therthainly thir; I liketh to parth anything; butter ith a common thubthantive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot rollth, and in London ith governed by hogth lard uncertbood."

☞A cross-grained, antiquated maidan vixen, went to a physician for advice.

"Madam," said the doctor, "it seems to me that it would do you good to have sun and air."

"Oh you abominable critter! a son and heir! Oh, dear! will so nebody fan me?—I shall go off! The outrageous brute! a son and hair!"

The old maid vamosed, and has not since been seen.

☞The papers says a woman in Ohio, put her baby into the washing-tub, and its dirty frock and pettycoat into the cradle, and set her little boy to rock it. She did not discover her mistake until the baby cried when she pinned its left leg to the line, as she hung it in the yard to dry.

☞A printer, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it. "In printing," answered he, "all the faults are exposed to the eye—but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets more easily off."

HEAVENLY.—The sensation that passes "up the leg of your trowsers and then out of your hair," on first taking into your hand the hand of the girl you love. Getting drunk on Yankee Doodle is not a circumstance to it.