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THE KENT NEWS.

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

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

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THE KENT NEWS.

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POETRY.

(*Written for the Kent News.*)

THE FAREWELL.

BY MYRA.

Roll gently ye waters and lave the white shore,
As ye dance in the moon's placid light;
On your green, slooping banks I shall wander no more,
I take my last farewell to-night.
Yet murmur a requiem, sweet river, for me,
When thy vale I no longer may seek,
Oh! once I was bright as thy waters are free,
Though pale now and hollow my cheek.

Yes, sing ye sweet waters in notes soft and low,
Of her who once happy and gay,
Culled shells from the brink of thy silvery flow,
Or on thy green borders would play.
Ah! sing of a heart all joyless and cold,
Where happiness no more can smile;
The weight of whose sorrows remaineth untold,
With no hope its deep grief to beguile.

They tell me I'm sad and I know it full well,
Though sometimes I laugh as in glee;
But that laugh has the sound of a funeral knell,
For O! there is no joy in me.
'Tis vain to dissemble, no gaiety I feel,
Then why should I laugh with the gay?
Or join in their pastime, this never can steal
My heart from its anguish away.

Vain to dissemble, ah! yes 'tis in vain,
Though no tear from my eyelids now fall,
Their fountain is dryed by the fever of my brain,
Yet my life is but worm-wood and gall.
Then sing of me, waters, of one all forlorn,
No name to be coupled with mine;
There once was a hope, but the vision is gone,
To indulge it would now be a crime.

Adieu, gentle river, I shall see thee no more,
Yet cherished will thy memory remain;
For here on thy pebbles and sand bounded shore
I have experienced both pleasure and pain.
But pleasure has fled, and we too must part,
Sweet waters I love thy domain;
I know by the emotions that swell in my heart
I never shall see thee again.

In a far distant land they may make me a grave,
Remote from the scenes of my youth;
Strange waters roll near with their murmuring wave,
And sing of this heart-slighted truth.
Ah! sweet the repose I shall find in the arms
Of death, freed from life's rolling river;
There the pale face of sorrow with all his alarms
Can disturb that repose no more ever.

Kent County, Md., July, 1853.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTHONY MARTEL;
—OR—
THE DEATH WARRANT.

BY WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Anthony Martel was as brave a young soldier as ever bore arms on the battle field. He was an almost universal favorite in his regiment. He loved his country and a maiden named Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest girl in Viselle, and many were the hearts that beat with love and joy when the fair Cadeline turned her beautiful eyes upon them, and returned their salutations with a winning smile. There was not a brave soldier who would not have shed his last drop of blood to resent an insult to the star of Viselle. Many were they who worshiped at her shrine, but only one received any return to his passion, and he was the gallant Anthony Martel.

The Colonel of the regiment to which he belonged was a man of violent passion, insolent and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates, and was as universally detested as Martel was beloved.

On several occasions he had made infamous proposals to Cadeline, which she resented with scorn, but still he became more importunate, until, finding himself baffled in all his endeavors, he determined to adopt a new mode of procedure, hoping to be more succesful in his designs. Accordingly he called on Cadeline one evening when she was alone, and made an apology for his former rudeness, and asked her forgiveness, which she readily granted, persuming that he would trouble her no futher; but in this was disappointed, for he immediately made overtures of love to her, promising if she would listen to his suit he would load her with presents and also make her his lawful bride. But all these flattering inducements had no effect upon her, for she was true to her firt love.

"Consider, Cadeline," said he, "my rank and station, and that your position would be higher than the proudest lady in the village; besides, you shall have attendants, and all the luxury and refinement that wealth can furnish."

"Ah! Colonel Lavilier, what would these spendid gifts be without the heart?" said Cadeline.

"You would soon learn to love me"

"No, Colonel, we can never love but one."

"Then why not love me?"

"Because I already love another," returned Cadeline.

"Indeed, my fair charmer" said the Colonel ironically: may I be permitted to ask the name of the cherished gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent reply.

"What! a common soldier—a miserable hireling for a rival? By Heaven!" he exclaimed, in a terrible passion, "unless you instantly accept my suit and reject the beggarly churl, I will have him shot like a dog for his audacious presumption, and I will give you but a moment to decide his fate."

"O, sir" exclaimed Cadeline, "he is guilty of no crime; he has never injured you."

"Has he not dared to supplant a Colonel of the French Army, and he only a common soldier."

Nay, Colonel Lavilier—I loved him ere I saw you. He is generous, noble, and would not injure any one."

"Do not lose time in idle words: consent to be mine or ere the morning sun has risen an hour in the heavens, his heart shall have ceased to beat."

"Oh, heavens! spare him!" cried Cadeline in anguish

"You plead in vain"

"Give me but a single day to decide."

"Not an hour."

At this moment a majestic form cast a slight shadow in the doorway, but it was not observed by either of the persons within the room, so deeply absorbed were they in their own affairs.—Stepping a little aside so as to be unseen, the stranger remained a silent spectator of all that passed.

"I implore you to let me speak to Anthony before I give you a final answer."

"Not a word to him; therefore, instantly give me your consent to become my bride, or you sign the death warrant of Martel."

"Inhuman monster! I would rather die a thousand deaths than be your wife—even were you the proud Emperor of France Anthony fears not death, and would rather give his life than to have me prove false to him."

"Mad girl, you are in my power, and I will use you as I please since you have so insultingly spoken."

"Never."

"Do you defy me to my face? Thus, then, let me prove my words by snatching a breath of the sweet fragrance of your scornful lips."

And clasping his arms around the fair form of Cadeline Col. Lavilier endeavored to put his threat into execution.

"Help! mercy! help!" exclaimed she.

At this moment the report of a pistol, in the hands of the stranger whom we before mentioned, was heard, and the bullet shattered the arm of the aggressor, rendering him powerless, but from whence the shot came, both were unable to tell, for no sooner was the weapon discharged than the deliverer disappeared, and Anthony Martel rushed into the room by another door. Observing the wild appearance of Cadeline, breaking from the arms of the Colonel, in an instant he divined the whole, and with a powerful blow laid the base insulter at his feet. By this time the report of fire arms had brought a detachment of soldiers to the spot, who on entering, were immediately commanded to arrest Anthony for attempting to murder his superior officer. In vain Cadeline protested his innocence; they dragged him away and confined him under a strong guard.

On the following morning an unusual activity among the officers told that something of more than ordinary importance was to take place, as each one hastened to the quarters of the commander. Although a court martial is not an unusual affair, yet is sufficient rare to attract great attention in a camp.

Soon the quick roll of the drum told that the court had convened, and were ready to try a criminal. Within a spacious tent were gathered a large number of officers in full uniform Seated on a raised platform was General Lovack, acting as judge. Another roll of the drum announced the entrance of the prisoner.

"Of what is this man charged?" asked the judge.

With an attempt to destroy the life of his superior officer, Col Lavilier," said the advocate.

"Where is the accuser?" continued the court.

"Here may it please your excellency," replied the Colonel, whose arm was bound up with a sling.

"How came Martal to attempt your life?"

"I know not," said Lavilier.

"What provoked the insult?"

"A conversation with a young girl, with whom the prisoner is acquainted."

"Is that all?"

"It is, your excellency."

After a short consultation with the other officers, the judge turned to the prisoner and thus addressed him—

"Anthony Martel, you have been found guilty of an attempt to murder a superior officer of the French army, the punishment for which crime is death.—What have you to say why you should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law which you have offended?"

Martel, who stood as though unconcious until now, raised his manly form; standing erect, he bent his searching eyes upon the Colonel, and said in a firm voice—

"Your excellency, I am aware that any vindication which I may make would be of no avail, but being thus permitted, I will speak the truth, that my fellow soldiers may know that I die innocent of the charge which has been brought against me. I did not fire upon Col. Lavilier, and had no weapon when arrested. At the moment I entered the dwelling of Cadeline, I found her struggling in his arms. I stopped not to enquire his rank, but struck him with my clenched fist to the floor. This is all I have done, and had it been the Emperor himself, in his own palace, I would have done likewise, for the duty of a true soldier is to protect the innocent and defenceless. I am willing to die, but my death will not go unavenged, for the grass will not have covered my grave before the weapons of my comrades shall have found the heart of my murderer, for there is not one who will shrink when the hour comes. I am ready—pass your sentence."

"Martel your language does not become a man who is on the threshold of eternity."

"Truth becomes a man at all times, replied Anthony.

"Anthony Martel," said the judge "the sentence of the court is, that you die to-morrow morning at sunrise, and that you be shot by twelve of your comrades"

Again the roll of the drum told that the case had been decided, and they were about to conduct the prisoner to his quarters, when a young girl rushed past the guards into the tent, and prostrating herself at the feet of the presiding officer exclaimed—

He is innocent! spare him; he is not guilty, and did not shoot Colonel Lavilier. As the tears flowed down her beautiful face, every heart was touched with pity save one. He stood unmoved by her supplications. The judge informed her that it was impossible for him to alter the sentence of the court, and that the only hope that was left her was with Col. Lavilier, who was the injured party, and who alone had power to ask for his pardon or to recommend him to mercy. In vain Cadeline pleaded with him, he was inexorable, and she was borne senseless from the tent.

On the following morning, a little before sunrise, some soldiers were busily engaged in placing red flags at short intervals on a beautiful plain not far from the camp No sooner had this been accomplished, than the muffled drum and the band playing a dead march was heard. A company of soldiers now drew near accompained by a large number of officers, who came to witness the punishment of DEATH. Anthony Martel was walking with a firm step to meet his doom; arriving on the ground he took his place on the spot designated for him to die; he was calm and unmoved at the approaching crisis. Twelve of his fellow soldiers were brought up into line; every movement told their unwillingness to perform the odious duty which had been assigned them.

All being arranged, the commandant walked up to Martel and taking him by the hand, shook it warmly. Bidding him farewell, he gave him permission to address his companions in arms. This mark of kindness moved the condemned man, and a tear started to his eyes; but quickly regaining his composure, he brushed it away and addressed those who were to lay him low in death.—"Comrades, I have come here to die like a man and a soldier I am guilty of no crime; I have never dishonered my country or regiment; I have fought by your sides in the thickest of the battle, when the guns of the enemy poured hot lead into our ranks and swept our brave countrymen down like chaff before the whirlwind. But you can all affirm that I did not quail or falter when the grim monster stared me in the face and should I tremble now when I am to die by the hands of my loved comrades? No, I consider it an honor, and the last sound that will ever greet my ears will be the glorious dying music of your own true guns as I fall. I know that you will not suffer my ashes to rest unavenged. Let not your hands tremble, but with a firm, steady aim, level your piece at my breast when I give the word, *fire*, for I would have the mark of every man if you love me. Comrades, farewell, and may we all meet where the warrior rests from his battles and his victories."

The soldiers brought their pieces to their shoulders but stopped suddenly as frantic Cadeline rushed into the arms of her lover.

"Oh, Anthony, Anthony, you must not die, Col. Lavilier will have mercy; he cannot be so cruel as to murder you."

"Cadeline, there is no hope. I had prepared to die, but this meeting unnerves me. I could have wished you had been spared this scene; but calm yourself, and do not weep when I am gone. You will not want for defenders for my regiment will protect you, and it will go hard with him who dares to offer an insult to Cadeline, be his rank what it may."

"Commandant," said Col. Lavilier in an impatient tone. "it is past the time ordered for the execution; have them parted and perform your duty"

With great difficulty Cadeline was torn from the embrace of Martel and conveyed to a distance from the spot.

The word "READY" was given, and, quickly followed by the second command, "present."

"AIM," and the fourth, and last fatal word, "FIRE" was on the lips of the commandant, when a stern voice from a person who stood a short distance apart, and closely muffled up, gave the command to

"RECOVER ARMS."

So suddenly and abrupt was this order, that every eye was turned on the person who had dared thus unceremoniously to countermand an order on so important an occasion.

"Order that man under arrest," said Col. Lavilier, as the person approached rapidly to where he stood, throwing his cloak from his face, the astonished officers beheld in him Field Marshall Macdonald.

"Will Colonel Lavilier inform me for what crime the culprit suffers?"

"For an attempt on my life with a pistol," was the answer.

"Are you sure that he is the guilty one?"

"Yes."

"Will you not pardon him?"

"It has been decided by the Court Martial that he shall die."

"Still you have the power to pardon him."

"I decline all interference in the course of justice," replied the Colonel.

"I do not," said Macdonald, "and therefore I stop the execution Anthony Martel is not guilty."

"May I then ask your excellency who is?" enquired Lavilier, with an easy air.

"I am," said Macdonald.

"Will you please explain this mystery."

"Yes; having business of importance with you on the evening of the assault, I called at your quarters, but found you not. On inquiry I learnd the direction you had taken, and followed in pursuit. Finding that you had entered Cadeline's cottage, I arrived just in time to be the unobserved witness of your villany, and the ball which only shattered your arm was fired by me, and had it not been for endangering the life of the fair girl it should have reached your heart. Col. Martel, I greet you in behalf of the Emperor, to whom I have related your case; and who has been pleased to confer this honor and title upon you.

Col. Lavilier, your sword, henceforth you are no longer an officer of the grand army and now take Martel's place, and receive the fire of those guns which a few minutes since were aimed at the breast of an innocent man?"

Every heart beat with joy at this sudden change. Poor Lavilier, trembling with fear and shame, was led to the red flag; again were the fearful orders given, but the heart of the culprit sunk within him, and he implored for mercy.

"How can you ask for that which but a few moments since you refused to an innocent man?"

"I own my fault," was the reply.

"Then I refer you to Col. Martel, who has full power to pardon you or not, as he shall think proper" said Macdonald.

"Col. Martel," said the disgraced officer, "dare I hope for mercy?"

"I grant you a full and unconditional pardon. You are at liberty," was the willing reply of Martel, "and do not forget to show mercy, that you may receive the same."

By this time Cadeline had heard the gladsome tidings, which spread with rapidity throughout the camp, and hastily returning she was clasped in his warm embrace. That day was a glorious one to the regiment, and a grand celebration was given in honor of Field Marshall Macdonald and Col. Martel.

In the course of a few weeks after this event, the old church at Viselle was overflowed by those who assembled to witness the nuptials of Col. Martel and his lovely bride, Cadeline Dupey, and many were the little presents and keepsakes that the happy pair received from the regiment, who loved their generous and brave commander.

NEW MODE OF SETTLING COFFEE.

"Dear me! nothing seems to go right this morning. There are the children not dressed—the baby's shoe lost; breakfast not on the table—Abby just up—the hair brush mislaid—and—oh, dear me! and Mrs. K. drew a long sigh and declared "it was of no use, she might as well give up now!"

To add to her troubles, at this moment the door opened, and the servant made her appearance.

"Please ma'am, the boarders are waiting for their breakfast, and Mr. Johnson says he in a great hurry, for he must leave by the stage this morning."

"Well Mary, you may put the things right on the table, and I will be there presently. Have you seen the hair brush, or sis's shoe this morning?"

"No, ma'am. The last I saw of the brush, sis had it trying to brush her head;" and the girl having first taken a journey across the room to give "sis" a kiss, departed to get the breakfast in readiness.

Some ten minutes, after the servant left, were spent by Mrs. K. in a vain search for the lost brush and shoe, when the breakfast bell rang, and then making a hasty toilet, descended to the dining room.

Leaving her on the way to breakfast, we will give a few words of explanation. Mrs. K. was a "California widow," so called, and in order to obtain means of living while her husband, in the land of gold, she took a few boarders; and her daughters who were old enough, besides the work they did at home, passed most of their time in the tailor's shop. On the morning of which we have been speaking, nothing seemed to "go right." Little sis had been rather troublesome, and the loss of her shoe and the hair brush, had not added materially to Mrs. K.'s comfort, or good looks But as there was no help for it, she was obliged to enter the dining room in rather an untidy dress, but apologizing to the boarders for the delay, she took her seat at the head of the table, and proceeded to do the honors as usual.

The boarders evidently felt a little cross at being kept waiting so long for for their breakfast, and very little was said. Suddenly one of them, setting down his cup, with some emphasis, exclaimed—

"What in the world is the matter with this coffee? I should think it was settled with a hide?" (Poor fellow! he did not know how near the truth his words came!)

"It *does* taste queerly, that's a fact," said another of the boarders, and a third vowed it was vile stuff, and he could not tell what it tasted like, unless it was a decoction of shoemaker's wax and dish water!"

This last remark was more than Mrs. K. could bear. "Dish water, indeed.—To have *her* coffee called "dish water!" She could not stand that. A violent jerk of the bell brought Mary in, when her mistress exclaimed,

"Mary, did you make the coffee this morning as I told you to? Now, to be sure!"

Yes'm. I made it exactly as you said. One large spoonful of coffee, not ground to fine, a pint of water, and let boil, and then an inch strip of fish skin, and a little more water, and take it off——

"Very well, Mary. You see, gentlemen, the strange taste of which you complain must be in your imaginations."

"It would take a strong imagination to get up such a taste as that," said the one who had compared the coffee to "dish water." "I should like to see the fish skin she settled it with"

"Mary," said Mrs. K., "bring me up the coffee pot and let me see what it is that is the trouble with it. And, Mary," calling after her, "you may bring me the large spoon, too."

In a few moment Mary returned with the large coffee pot and spoon, both of which she placed on the table before her mistress.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mrs. K., "I hope you will feel satisfied when I prove to you that the coffee is the same as it always is." And taking off the cover, she put in the spoon and drew up——

Dear reader, don't anticipate me She drew up, I was saying, but she did'nt; for with a sort of scream, and dropping the spoon, Mrs K, without for her preliminaries, went off in a swoon. But Mary moved by the promptings of curiosity, was determined to solve the mystery; and taking the spoon, proceeded in her work of discovery.

"La, sakes alive!" was her exclamation, as she fished up the article that had so affected her mistress. "If here isn't that hair brush that missis couldn't find this morning, and here," she continued, as she gave another dive into the coffee pot, "I declare, here's sis's shoe! I remember now, she had it near the coffee pot this very morning, just afore I turned in the water, but who'd a thought she put it in there?"

No reply was made to this speech of Mary's; indeed the boarders had all disappeared, and Mary was left there "alone in her glory," holding out the spoon with the shoe dangling from it in one hand, and in the other the vagrant hair brush, now, alas! drooping and 'wilted.'

We have said she was left alone; but we forgot her mistress, whom she endeavored, and with some degree of success, to restore to consciousness.—Let us drop the curtain over the scene that followed. Suffice it to say, Mary never makes coffee now-a-days, without first turning the coffee pot upside down and carefully inspecting it.

As for the boarders, after recovering from the first shock, they thought the story too good to keep, and so it leaked out.

Signers of the Declaration of Independance.

Of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence, it is stated that 9 were born in Massachussetts; 8 in Virginia; 5 in Maryland; 4 in Connecticut; 4 in New Jersey; 4 in Pennsylvania; 4 in S. Carolina; 3 in New Nork; 3 in Delaware; 2 in Rhode Island; 1 in Maine; 3 in Ireland; 2 in England; 2 in Scotland; and 1 in Wales. Twenty-one were lawyers; ten merchants; four physicians; three farmers; one clergyman; one printer; and sixteen were men of fortune. Eight were graduates of Harvard College; four of Yale; three of New Jersey; two of William and Mary; three of Cambridge, England; two of Edinburg; and one of St. Omers.

At times of their deaths five were over ninety years of age; seven between eighty and ninety; eleven between seventy and eighty; twelve between sixty and seventy; eleven between fifty and sixty; seven between forty and fifty; one died at the age of twenty seven, and the age of two is uncertain. At the time of signing the Declaration, the average age of the members was forty-four years.—They lived to the average age of more than sixty-five years and ten months.—The youngest member was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was in his twenty-seventh year. He lived to the age of fifty one. The next youngest member was Thomas Lynch, of the same State, who was also in his twenty seventh year. He was lost at sea in the fall of 1776.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest member. He was in his seventy-first year when he signed the Declaration.—He lived till 1790, and survived sixteen of his younger brethren. Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, the next oldest member, was born in 1707, and died in 1778. Charles Carroll attained the greatest age, dying in his ninety-sixth year. Wm. Ellery of Rhode Island, died in his ninety-third year, and J. Adams in his ninety-first.

ANECDOTE.

Old mother Bender was pious but poor In the midst of extreme want, her trust and confidence were in God.

It was late one chilly night, in the autumn of the year, two rather wild young men were seen passing near her cottage on their way home. One of them had under his arm some loaves of bread, which he had procured at the village store A faint light flickered from mother Benders casement. Said the one who had the loaves, to his companion, "Let's have some fun with the old woman."

"Agreed," said the other. They approached the house, and peeping in at the window, saw the old woman upon her knees, by the hearth, where a few embers were smouldering in the ashes. She was engaged in prayer. They listened, and heard her offering earnest petitions for bread. She was entirely destitute of food.

In furtherance of their fun, one of them with the loaves, climed softly up the low roof of the cottage, and dropped one loaf after the other, down the chimney. As they rolled out upon the hearth, they caught the old lady's eye, and in the fullness of her heart, she exclaimed,

"Thank the Lord—bless the Lord for his bounty!"

"But the Lord did'nt send them!" shouted a voice down the chimney.

"Yes, he did!" cried she undaunted; "the Lord sent them, but the Devil brought them."

Marriage—what is it?—*Miss Lucy Stone.*

"Wouldn't you like to know?"—*Boston Post.*