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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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EDWARD MANSFIELD,

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POETRY.

DEATH.

BY T. R. TRIPP.

Will death e'er still this brain of mine,
And cause its motions to decline?
Or will he it only refine,
And fit it for another clime?
A clime where sin will not oppress
It more with sadness or distress,
And where it may forever rest
In the bright regions of the blest,
And there in calm and sweet repose,
Be free from all its cares and woes,
With joy, and nothing to oppose
The holy thought that through it flows,
If this is all that death will do,
Why should so many fear him so?
Oh! if that fact they did but know,
How they would long to die, and go
Unto that clime beyond the sky,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And ever to his throne draw nigh,
And praise the God that rules on high.

NOBLEMEN.

BY C. D. STEWART.

The noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the wood and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows king or warrior's fame.

The working men! whate'er their task,
To carve the stone or bear the hod—
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God!
And brighter are the drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet!

God bless the noble working men!
Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines, and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Flag of Our Union.

The Misdirected Letter.

BY SIDNEY E. CHURCH.

Adolphus Lester, Esq., (he always wrote it *Esq.*) was a very flashy gent,—(he was not a *gentleman*)—and his greatest ambition was to create a sensation. No matter what the occasion was, he was bound to make himself conspicuous; or in other words, to "shine," and was often supremely ridiculous in his performances. Many were the kicks, cuffs, and curses that assailed him, but he bore all like a martyr, thinking all the while that if it only brought him into notice his end was accomplished. He was not overburdened with really cash; and, as he had no rich uncle or aunty to help him, his prospects for the future, he acknowledged to himself, to be rather dark, considering that his landlady had hinted to him, that unless his board for the last quarter was paid immediately, he must move. His tailor was after him with a sheriff, his credit was all gone at the shoemaker's, the washerwoman was in the habit of presenting her little bill three time a week, and his hatter had told him that he was in need of money and must be paid. Therefore Mr. Rodolphus Lester, or Adolphus Lester, *Esq*, was in a place, where, in order to save himself from jail and dishonour, he must 'make a reise.' He had long entertained an idea that the most expeditious, as well as the easiest way of 'raising the wind,' would be to marry an heiress. Therefore, acting on this principle, he made his most graceful bow, and lisped his most flattering compliment to Miss Maywood whom he met on Washington Street the next day.—Miss Maywood was a very dashing maiden, very good looking and very rich, consequently, she was run after by half the young bloods of the place. Adolphus had a genteel address, aad a 'very dignified' deportment when he chose; therefore he resolved to play the gentleman for once, and see if he could not make an impression. He was well stocked with he small talk of the town, had a good knowledge of the theatricals; talked of the money market and the rise and fall of stocks with the father, of his vast tracks of land in Texas with the old lady, and of balls, parties and operas to Virginia, on whose impressible mind he was making a deep and earnest impress of his greatness. Things were progressings finely, when an unfortunase accident destroyed all his hopes in that quarter. But for that unlucky mishap he would now have been the envied husband of the adorable Virginia Maywood, instead of being what he is—a seedy gent with pockets to let. We will relate the incident as it was told to us 'by one who knew.'

After he had make considerable progress in the affections of Virginia, and was congratulating himself on his good luck, we find him seated in the bar-room of a little hotel in the metropolis, in company with another of his stamp, conversing on the probable amount of 'tin' he should finger as soon as he had won the maiden, and speculating as to the best way of keeping up appearances till that time; for he had, while discussing the gravest questions in respect to money matters, experienced a most inconvenient tightness in the money market. We find him now a committee of one on ways and means to supply him cll for a short time with the 'needful.'

"I say, Jim," he began, 'could you spare me a hundred this morning?'

"Well, Dolph, I *could*, I s'pose, but—you know that—"

'Fire and furies, Jim, you are not afraid of my running away, are you?" sputtered Adolphus, very much excited lest his credit was declining.

"Why—no—not exactly—but you know that you have borrowed three hundred already.'

'Zounds, man, havn't I told you that I have ben disappointed in receiving my remittance from the sales of my lands in Texas. Besides, you *must* know that I expect to be spliced to the handsomest girl in town very soon."

"*You*, Dolph," exclaimed Jim in amazement "Who can you have found to pay particular attention to, I'd like to know?"

"Her name is Virginia Maywood"

'Whew-w-w!" whistled Jim, "you've did it *now*. Why, old fellet, her father's worth a mint of money!"

"I know it," returned Adolphus with a consequential air—"and Virginia is dead in love with me; but if you will not let me have the money, I must look elsewhere."

"Take my hat, Dolph—give me your hand. Gad—old fellow, do you think I care about a hundred? Here it is—take it, and remember the bargain between us in respect to the wedding, I'm to be invited, you know, and have the first kiss of the bride."

"I remember, Jim—but halloo, where are you going?"

"I'm off to New York for a few day's. Write me in a week all the particulars. You'll not go off before then I suppose"

"Not for two weeks, yet; and I hope to have some lively, old fashioned times before them. Good morning Jim."

'Good morning, Dolph."

And Jim started for the Worcester Railroad Depot. One week later Adolphus Lester, Esq, wrote to his beloved as follows:

"MY DEAR VIRGINIA:—Will you excuse me for a day or two. I am going to leave town to-morrow on business connected with my lands in Texas; business that demands my immediate attention, and that which is very urgent else how could I leave you so long! Remember next week, dearest, we are to be united. Then we never need to part, and my love, shall we ever wish to? I think not Our days shall be all happiness and love. Till you see me again, believe me,

Yours ever, ADOLPHUS"

And to James Jenks another, after this style:

"JIM, MY BOY:—Give me your congratulations, I'm going out of town on a regular bust with Ned and Sam, and Jo Bryant. I'm bound to have *one* more break-down before I get spliced, which happy event will happen next Thursday. Come to the wedding, and kiss Virginia. As soon as I can finger the dimes I shall pay you. My funds are running low, but I made a hundred dollar raise to day on old Maywood's bank stock. I expect Virginia will scold when she finds I'm not overstocked with the filthy, but I shall conceal all till I get hold of a respectable pile of her dear daddy's bank notes. I almost fear for my head, then, but we shall be spliced before that time, and all the world cannot change it.

Yours forever, DOLPH."

Mr. Lester went on the spree, performed innumerable tipsy operations and returned sadly the worse for wear to his dear Virginia.

'I shall tell her," he said to himself "that I worked night and day to finish the Texas business, that I might visit her again,' and armed with this excuse he rung the bell of Mr. Maywood's residence, and was ushered into the drawing room. To his surprise no one excepting Mr. Maywood was there.

'Good morning; Mr. Maywood. Can I see Virginia for a moment?"

"I think not sir, after what has passed," was the chilling reply

"W-w-what do you mean, sir- not see *me*?' was the excited question of Adolphus.

"You speculate in Texas Lands, I believe?" asked Mr Maywood in the same cold scornful tone.

"Why-a-yes I own lands there."

"You no doubt expect to realize a fortune from their sales."

"I do, sir."

"Then I think you will not need to finger *my* dimes. Your friend Jim will not kiss my daughter, and you can have a good many more sprees before you are married."

"What—*do—you—mean?*" yelled Adolphus, as a fearful suspicion shot across his mind.

"Is this your handwriting?" asked the old gentleman, calmly throwing a letter on the table. Dolph seized the sheet, read *Jim, my Boy*, and dropped it as if he had been struck by a rattlesnake.

"My dear sir," he began, "It's all a mistake; and—"

"It's a mistake for which I am very thankful."

"Let me assure you, sir, that—"

"Stop, sir," shouted the thoroughly incensed old man. "These excuses may be well enough but henceforth, we must be strangers. You will see the propriety of this, if you reflect upon it. Good morning, sir!'

Adolphus left the house more dead than alive. His hopes were all dashed to the ground, and he was forever, as he expressed it—smashed. Going to his hotel he met Jim Jenks, who shook him cordially by the hand

"What the deuce did you send me such a letter as this for?" began Jim, showing him a gilt edged note which began like this:—'My dear Virginia—

"I see it now," groaned Adolphus; "I changed the envelope and sent one I wrote to you to her."

"What was there in it?" asked Jim, wonderingly.

"Enough to spoil everything in that quarter."

'Thunder!" ejaculated Jim, 'and where is *my* money to come from?"

"You must wait till I sell my lands in Texas," was the reply. And Jim is waiting yet!

How I Lost my First Love.

I was in love—deeply, passionately in love. It was my first plunge, and it was a deep one. The lovely, enchanting, peerless Amanda Louisa Smithers, had conquered my virgin affections, and made them the slaves of her will.

I was not rich in the world's goods; my income was inconveniently limited; but I was rich in hope. Like Mr. Micawber, I felt confident that 'something would turn up,' and in anticipation of this something, I determined, on the first opportunity, to propose to the object of my adoration, that she should share with me in the enjoyment of my expected good fortune. The opportunity at length offered itself.

It was a cold frosty evening that I brushed my carefully preserved dress-coat and particularly tight 'unwhisperables,' and then gently dusted my hat with my own handkerchief.

I then studied my appearance in the cracked mirror, with considerable anxiety, pulling up my vest collar, and twitching my neck-tie around in order to conceal the fact that I wore that ridiculed article of attire—a dickey.

It must not be supposed that I boasted of only one shirt. Far from it. The fact was, the laundress and myself having had some difficulty about the payment of some washing money—alleged to be her due—she had for the last fortnight kept my other shirt as a pledge for future payment; so I was fain to hide the dubious hue of my linen under the aforesaid dickey.

At length I was satisfied as to the integrity of my breast-work, so gently stroking my moustache, purchased a few days previously at a hair dresser's, I strutted out to meet my Amanda.

On that very night I had determiend to 'do or die!' and the hapless swain who has at length made up his mind to 'pop' the fatal question, can alone appreciate the excessive nervousness I felt as I approached the appointed place of meeting—her father's garden door.

She was there awaiting me, and, with a sinking at my heart I had never before experienced, I offerred her my arm—As we strolled along, I cast about in my mind for some means to declare my love to her; but as often as the words came to my mouth, I 'gulped' and swolled them, once or twice nearly strangling myself with the attempt.

At last, just as I had almost decided on postponing it to some other time, she stopped abruptly and asked me if I was ill.

I plucked up my remaining courage for the attack.

'My—my *dear* Amanda—I am not sick, thank ye,' abruptly breaking down in the speech I had commenced making and feeling all over very much as if I was a confounded goose.

'You certainly *must* be sick,' persisted Amanda.

'The fact is,' I said, with desperate energy, that I—I—*I love you*'

I felt now as if I was still a goose, but with the added sensation of roasting before a very hot fire. Finding that she made no reply, I was determined to go through it if I lost my life in the attempt.

'Yes, my dearest Amanda Louisa—I love you passionately—devotedly.' I was about dropping on one knee, but a reflection on the tightness of my dress, at *that point*, deterred me. 'Without your blessed society I should die. Shall I have the—can I hope that—*you will be mine?*'

As with a huge effort I jerked forth the awful question, I felt as if I had been plunged into an icy bath, and that the cold liquid was running through me, from the top of my head to the toe of my boots. I was the decisive 'splurge' of my life, and it almost deprived me of my breath.

Amanda Louisa blushed, and leaned rather heavily on my arm. At length she whispered that she would 'see to-morrow."

The ice being now broken, my old boldness returned, together with my confidence in the future. I rattled away where we could get a first-rate house; speculated on the advisability of keeping a carriage; promised Amanda an infinitude of dresses and jewelry; consulted as to the best place for a tour during the honeymoon, and, in fact, talked her and myself into the belief that I was a man of property.

I had got so far as to arrange who should be present at the ceremony, and what I should wear, when—confound all icy paths and walking—I suddenly found myself seated in the lap of mother earth, and was as suddenly concious of the actual contact of a sensitive portion of my frame with the frozen ground.—Those tight pants!

I sprung up and hastily endeavored to conceal my mishap by grasping my scanty coat tails to keep them together The fates were against me. In the expressive language of the multitude, 'it was no go.'

The too sympathizing Amanda insisted on it that I was hurt, and then *would* brush the dirt from my coat. I declined the offer, but she was resolute.

'I will take your pocket handkerchief to brush the dirt off. You surely ought not to wear it sticking so far out of your pocket; some day it will be stolen.'

'Oh!' I loudly exclaimed, as I felt a twitch; 'Oh, don't!'

'Bear me,' she remarked, as she made another tug, 'do you keep your handkerchief pinned to your pocket?"

Just then the moon, which had been playing bopeep behind a cloud, shone out to thoroughly expose my misery.—The true state of affairs at once flashed across her mind.

The contrast between the lower part and the supposed upper part of the same article of dress also revealed another unpleasant truth. With the dignity of an offended queen, she remarked, cutingly—

'If your heart is as false as your shirt bosom, sir, it would be a piece of folly for me to repose confidence in you. I can find my way home alone, sir!'

I turned to her with an imploring look and was about to commence a deprecatory speech, when the anger of the faithless Amanda gave way to a sudden explosion of merriment, and she skipped homeward like a swallow.

Startled at her behaviour, I gazed after her like one petrified.

Another suspicion quickly crossed my brain, leaving a burning flush as it passed. I clapped my hand to my upper lip.

It was even so!

With the shock of my fall, one side of my moustache had fallen off.

I fled from the village, and did not return until I heard that Amanda Louisa had married a military officer, whose wardrobe included twenty-five *ruffled bosom shirts, of unimpeachable integrity*, and who sported a splendid moustache—*of his own growth!*

THE GIRLS.—They think of Hymen, and they cant help sighing. When their lovers forsake them they can't help crying. They sit at the window and can't help spying They screw up their corsets, and can't help dying.

☞A Western editor puts above the door of his sanctum, "Lady visitors are requested to go to the devil when they wish to obtain an interview with the editor."

Sunshine and Matrimony.

It is folly for girls to expect to be happy without marriage; every woman was made for a mother; consequently children are as necessary to their peace of mind as health is. If you wish to behold melancholy and indigestion, look at an old maid; if you would take a peep at sunshine, look into the face of a young mother.

"Now, I wont stand that," replies my aunt. 'I'm an old maid myself, and I'm neither melancholy nor indigestible. My piece of mind I'm going to give you in a minute; I never would touch a baby, during my existance, ezcept with a pair of tongs. Young mothers and sunshine, indeed! why, they are worn to fiddle strings before they are five and twenty. When an old lover steps in, he thinks he sees his grandmother, instead of the dear little Mary, who used to make him feels as if he should crawl out the toes of his boots. Yes, my mind is fully made up about matrimony But as to babies; (sometimes I think, and then again I don't know;) on the whole, I believe I consider them a decided humbug. Its a one-side partnership, this marriage; the wife cast up the accounts. The husband gets up in the morning and pays his devoirs to the looking glass, curls his fine head of hair, puts on an immaculate shirt bosom, ties an excruciating cravat, sprinkles his hankerchief with cologne, sows away a French roll, an egg, and a cup of coffee, gets into an omnibuss, looks slantendicular at the pretty girls; and makes love between the pauses of business in the afternoon. The wife must hermetically seal the windows, and shut out the fresh air, (because the baby had the snuffles in the night,) and sits down gaping more dead than alive, to finish her breakfast. Tommy spills a cup of hot coffee down his bosom; Juliana has torn off the string of her school bonnet; James wants his geography covered; Eliza can't find her satchel; the butcher wants to know if she'd like a joint of mutton; the milkman wants his money; the ice-man wants to speak to her just a minute; the baby swallows a pin; the husband sends the boy from the store to say that his partner will dine with him; the cook leave all flying, to go to her sister's dead baby's wake, and the husband's thin coat must be ironed before noon. Sunshine and young mothers? Where's my smelling bottle?"

Parson Brownlow's Opinion of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The redoubtable Parson is out upon Harriet after the following fashion:

'This long-tongued visionary woman, and calumniator of the South, is now in Europe where she is being lionized by the haters of American institutions, and Republican liberties. She is the daughter of old Lyman Beecher, a Presbyterian Minister, and has two brothers who are Ministers of the same Church. Her husband is also a Minister, and at present we believe is a Professor in Andover College. They are all Abolitionists, both male and female, and the lying book styled "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is believed to be the joint production of the entire family; manufactured for the occasion and as a means of raising the wind. Her Ladyship, it is well understood, is the most talented member of old Lyman's family. But, merciful God! she presents to the world the most hideous physiogomy ever gazed upon by the eye of man! She is as ugly as Original sin—an abomination in the eyes of civilized people! A tall, course, vulgar-looking woman—stoop-shouldered, with a long yellow neck; and a peaked nose—through which she speaks—an abomination in the ears of Southern negroes, who instinctively turn up their flat noses at the idea of using the nasal organ to aid the organ of speech. A daguerreotype of her Ladyship, which we have seen, sours the stomach of a Southern gentleman: but lay aside art and present the reality, and a big black negro is affected with the intensest horror! Pigeon-toed, knock-kneed, with a big foot and ankle, added to her long broad side and flat chest and other personal charms, she may pass through the Southern negro kitchens at all times without impressing a rude negro man that he will offer the indignity sometimes offered to white women who travel beyond their proper limits!"

☞A man had just received a large lot of lobsters, fresh and lively, when a boy stood looking at the critters, accompanied by his dog.

"Suppose you put your dog's tail between the lobster's claw?" said the man.

"Agreed," said the boy.

The peg was extracted from the claw, and the dog's tail inserted. Away went the dog off home, howling at the squeeze his tail got from the lobster.

"Whistle your dog back, you young scamp," said the man.

"Whistle your lobster back," cried the boy, and absquatulated.

That boy had a lobster supper that night.

THE STOLEN KISS.

Oh, quit—get out—now don't you—
I really wish you wouldn't:
Oh, quit—will you? Oh, get out—
You know you ought to shouldn't.

I'll cry now if you don't let me go—
I will, I declare I will—
Oh, quit now—behave—get out—
Come now can't you be still?

I'll get mad now, if you don't,
I'll slap your jaws; you elf;
Pop—now take that—and that—
And go and behave yourself.

There now you've got it—oh, be still—
You shant have any more;
You've got—(oh, take your face away)—
What no man's got before.

ONCE MORE—that will do—oh, don't—
You've rumpled up my hair—
If you quit—I'LL GIVE YOU ONE—
Now take it—there—there—there!

☞When a man refuses to pay a debt among the Mormons, they send three officers called *whittlers*, who take their station in front of the debtor's house, each with a jack-knife and a bundle of sticks, and whittle away, day after day, till the delinquent knocks under. It is said the remedy seldom fails."

This may be a very good plan among the followers of Joe Smith, but it would not answer in these parts, a set of "whittlers" might surround some folks doors and cut away a cord of wood, and would then be more apt to have an offer from the man to furnish them another cord for the same purpose than to receive the amount of the bills they were whittling for, particularly if they were PRINTERS' BILLS.

AN ILLUSION DISPELLED.—A lawyer built himself an office in the form of a hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop, and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted by their curiosity, lifted up the window, put out his head and addressed them:

"What do you stand here for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?"

"Faix," said one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy!"

☞An Irishman who was near-sighted and about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and that they were both to fire at the same time! This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one, that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside the line, it was to go for nothing.

☞Some person whom Quin had offended, met him one day in the street and stopped him;

'Mr. Quin,' said he, "I—I—I understand that you have been taking away my name."

"What have I said, sir?"

"You—you—you called me a scoundred, sir."

"Oh, then keep your name, sir," replied Quin, and walked on.

☞In an Indiana paper, the Plymouth Banner, we find the following advertisement:

LOST.—A small lady's watch, with a white face, also two ivory young ladies' work-boxes; a mahogony gentlemen's dressing case, and a small pony, belonging to a young lady, with a silvery mane and tail.

☞A lawyer, not over young nor handsome, examining a young lady witness in court, determined to perplex her; and said, "Miss, upon my word you are very pretty!" The young lady promptly replied, "I would return the compliment if I were not on oath!"

☞A bachelor observed that he would marry if certain of a wife perfectly good. A bystander begged him to bespeak one, as none such were *ready-made*.

Certainly wives are not ready made, but most young ladies are in reference to becoming wives, *ready maids*.

A Thief Paying Dearly.—Somebody stole a watermelon from a patch in Fitchburg, the other night, and left a pocket-book on the ground containing $500.—The proprietor of the patch advertises that he has a few more melons left!

☞A dealer in ready made linen in New York advertises his shirts and chemisettes under the mellifluous appellation of 'male and female envelopes.'

☞An editor at a dinner table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction—Owing to a crowd of other matter I am unable to find room for it.'