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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

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THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

From the Baltimore Dispatch.

TRUE LOVE IS NOT YET DEAD.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

They say the good old times are past,
That chivalry is dead,
That true love, holy and divine,
Hath with past ages fled:
Believe it not—for love still lives
As holy and as bright
As when the stars, by God's commands,
First deck'd the brow of night;
Those silvery lamps are shining yet,
Their radiance has not fled,
And woman still her empire holds,
For true love is not dead.

'Tis true, no more the gallant knights,
With hemlet and with shield,
Their lances couch in love's defence,
Upon the tented field;
Yet still, the flowers of true love
Are blooming fresh and fair,
As when from Eden's hidden nooks,
They perfumed all the air:
Then, oh! believe that Cupid's wings
Still over us are spread,
That woman still her empire holds,
And true love is not dead.

We read within the book of life,
That once an angel came
Unto a troubled pool, to heal
The leprous and the lame;
And so it is in our day,
For each succeeding wave
Bears gently down the breath of love,
To purify and save;
Yea, love, sweet love, is pouring down
Its blessings on our head,
And causes each fond heart to say,
True love is not yet dead.

What though the olden days are past,
Yet utter no complaint,
But with the tintings of the hour
Thy life's fair future paint;
For unto each and every soul
Is inspiration given,
And true love here connected is
With holy love in heaven:
Yes, oh! believe that here on earth
Love's wings are o'er us spread,
That woman still her empire holds,
And true love is not dead.

MISCELLANY.

Josh Sprague's Courtship;

—OR—

THE FATAL SNEEZE.

The reader will take the map of Maryland and look carefully for the town of Pumpkinville, perhaps he or she won't find it; nevertheless it is there; and I am less certain that among the beaux, who, a few years since, were wont to figure at the country "hops" where the youth and beauty of Pumpkinville used to be enlivened during the winter season, Josh Sprague was considered the most desirable. Nancy Higgins, with just as little doubt, the belle of this flourishing village; the circle whose periphery would quite embrace the fashionable city damsel, Nancy's charms were all powerful in the eyes of the young gentlemen. But thus far they proved unable to make an impression on the heart of Nancy, with the single exception of Josh Sprague.

As the words of a celebrated poet, the course of true love never did run smooth, at least, was it in this case. Higgins, the father of Nancy, and keeper of the storekeeper, or to use his more dignifying designation, the merchant prince, had, from some unaccountable prejudice, conceived a dislike for Josh, and had in forbidden him from coming to his house.

Now, if Squire Higgins possessed a very moderate knowledge of human nature, he might have known that such a course would infallibly draw tighter the cords of attraction which bound Josh and Nancy together. "Forbidden fruit is always the sweetest," and so it was with these stolen interviews, which from time to time, our two lovers contrived to obtain. Nancy had no mother, and furthermore, no brothers and sisters, so that she had only to elude her father's vigilance.

One day Squire Higgins announced his intention to go to a neighboring town to appraise the goods of a man who had recently died, and left word that it would probably occupy the whole day, so that his return might not be expected till evening.

Such an opportunity was not to be thrown away. At an early hour, Josh was apprised of the fact, and came over to spend a few hours with Nancy. I need not describe the raptuous meeting, nor how they brought two rocking-chairs in front of the blazing fire that lighted up the great kitchen, and sat down as nearly as possible together, and how, while Josh held Nancy's hand in his, they conversed of their future prospects.

"Dosn't it seem nice, Nancy, sitting here, and don't I wish that we were married, and in our own house with no one to prevent us seeing each just when we pleased?" said Josh.

"I am afraid, Josh, it will be a good while first," said Nancy. There's father gets mad if he hears your name mentioned. I don't know what he has against you, I'm sure."

"If we don't get married soon," said Josh, nervously, "I'll do something desperate. I'll go to California, or do something or other awful!"

"Now, Josh," said Nancy, "you don't know what you are talking about. How should I get along never to see you.—Wait patiently, and perhaps papa will say 'yes,' by and by."

"Anything to please you Nancy," said Josh, relenting, "I don't believe you love me so well as I love you; give us a kiss, or I shant feel sure you love me."

"Oh, I couldn't Josh," said Nancy.

"You don't mean to say you like anybody else better?" his brow growing dark with jealousy.

"Oh, gracious, no! You didn't let me finish the sentence. I can't give you a kiss, Josh, but—if you want to, you—you may take one."

"Nough said!" cried the enraptured Josh, as he gave his fair one a rousing smack, which must have frightened all the rats and mice in the cupboard, if any were there.

"That'll do," said Nancy, blushing, after receiving about a dozen kisses; "I did'nt tell you to take so many."

Just at this interesting moment a voice was heard in the yard. If a bombshell had exploded, the effect on our lovers could not have been greater.

"It's father," exclaimed Nancy; "he said he wouldn't be at home till night, but he's come home certain." Josh seized his hat preparatory to going. "Hark!" said Nancy, "O, goodness, he is coming in at the door. You can't get out. Just slip into this closet, and I'll let you out by and by."

The old man's hand was upon the latch. There was nothing to be done but to follow Nancy's directions. So Josh esconeed himself as well as he could under the circumstances, and anxiously awaited the issue. Nancy, with a flurred countenance, turned to meet her father.

"I thought you wasn't coming home till evening," said she.

"Well, I did'nt calculate to, but they hadn't the goods quite ready to be appraised. So I came home, So saying he took a seat and commenced looking over the weekly newspaper. Nancy took her sewing and occasional cast an anxious glance at the closet, if he should move and tumble over any of the dishes, thought she, 'what should I do?' The hands of the old kitchen clock, kept moving steadily on, and still Squire Higgins kept on reading.

"Nancy, at length, said her father, "I guess I'd like a little sweetened water.—Can't you get me some?"

What was to be done? The molasses was in the very closet where Josh was concealed—and the closet itself so small that she couldn't open it without his being seen. But a bright idea came to her assistance.

"Wouldn't you like some lemonade? It is a good deal better than sweetened water."

Elated at having got over this difficulty so cleverly, Nancy arose with alacrity to prepare the beverage, all the ingredients of which she could obtain without going to the closet. It was at length ready, and her father drank it with good relish.—Nancy racked her brain for some device to get rid of her father for a few moments so as to let Josh out of his dark prison. Her quick ear had attracted a few uneasy movements, which, however, had not attracted her father's notice. "Have the pigs been fed?" said she.

"Why, what are you thinking of, Nancy," They are always fed in the morning, and now its ten o'clock."

Unfortunately for Josh, it chanced that Squire Higgins had purchased lately several bags of pepper, which, as chance would have, had been laid away in the kitchen closet. Josh happened to step on one of these and burst it open, which nearly brought him to the floor, but by strenuous efforts succeeded in keeping himself from falling, but caused a fracture in a nameless part of his breeches. The loose grains of pepper which instantly arose filled him with a strong desire to sneeze; but this he felt would ruin all.—So he hemmed as soft as possible.

"I thought I heard a voice in the closet," said Squire Higgins.

"Its the rats, I guess. I didn't hear any," said Nancy innocently.

Just then Josh, who was agonizingly trying to prevent a sneeze, compromised the matter by a sort of a grunt, which I cannot compare to any sound either on the earth, or in the waters under the earth.

"Perhaps you hear it now," said the Squire.

"Yes," said Nancy, hesitatingly, I believe I did hear a little noise. I shouldn't be surprised if it wasn't the rats."

"Well," said her father, "if it is, it's the first time I ever heard a rat make a noise like that. I'll go aud see."

"Oh, no, let me go," said Nancy, hurriedly.

"What's got into the girl? Well, I heard say women folks was curious, and I suppose it comes natural."

To satisfy her father, Nancy opened the door acrack, intending to close it again immediately, and say she could see nothing. The first whiff of fresh air that entered, the long contest was decided.—Nature asserted her rights with emphasis, and the forcible sneeze which greeted Nancy, on opening the door; rendered all further concealment useless.

"By thunder," said the Squire, as Josh tumbled out of the closet, "That is a new kind of a rat with a vengence. Young man, what is your business here?"

"Ker-choo!" sneezed Josh. It was all the reply he could make.

"Sir Josh Sprague! you are a villian! I ask you again—what is your business here?"

"Ker-choo! ker-choo!"

"If you don't tell me instantly, I will make you!"

"Squire Higgins, said Josh; as soon as he recovered breath, "I ain't a going to tell a lie about it. I came her a courting Nancy, (ker-choo) and if you ain't got no objections, I should like to (ker-choo) marry her!"

"Josh Sprague, there's the door! that's my answer," said the old man, as he aimed a kick at Josh, which took effect in the fracture before mentioned, which had been fearfully enlarged by the squeezing exercises of Josh, and thus "capped the climax" by ripping his breeches to the top, while there streamed out behind the retreating young man about ten inches of something white, somewhat resembling a flag of truce, which having attracted the attention of Sebo, the fiste dog, that had been sleeping by the kitchen fire, he set upon Josh, and at every jump carried away a portion of the young man's colors, who imagining the Squire was also in hot pursuit, went down the street at a 2.40 rate, while all the dogs in town joined in the chase, and the good people of Pumpkinville laughed till their sides became sore; but poor Josh never looked behind until he had reached his own home, when locking himself up in his room, he was not seen for several weeks. Josh has never been known to use pepper since, and can not bear the appearance of a dog, and even the sight of a shirt fluttering in the breeze, is sufficient to cause a cold shudder to run through his entire frame.

But the reader must not suppose that this was the last of it. Attraction will in the course of time, wear away the hardest rock. The flinty heart of Squire Higgins finally gave way before the tearful persuasions of Nancy, who, in about a year afterwards, changed her name from Higgins to Sprague. I am happy in being able to add that their marriage has proved a happy one, albeit the courtship was somewhat *peppery*.

The old squire afterwards confessed that he did not go to appraise any goods, but had suspected for some time that Josh and Nancy had had secret interviews, and took this plan to detect them.—How he did it, is already known to the reader.

Youngsters should be careful how they attempt to deceive the 'old folks' as it generally turns out that *they* are deceived in the end, as was Josh and Nancy—tho' I do not mean to say that all will be discovered by a Fatal Sneeze!

Very Ungallant.—An old fashioned naval captain stood up to go through a country dance with a very fine lady, who was shocked to observe that his huge and warm hands were not covered according to etiquette.

"Captain," said his fair partner, "you are perhaps not aware that you have not got your gloves on."

"Oh, never mind, Ma'am!" answered the captain, "I can wash my hands when we've done."

A Yankee poet thus describes the excess of his devotion to his true love:

"I sing her praise in poetry
For her, at morn and eve,
I cries whole pints of bitter tears,
and wipes them with my sleeve.

Last Interview of a Husband

WITH A WIFE.

The following is an extract from *Nelly Brackan, a tale of forty years ago*, by Annie Chambers Bradford, of Kentucky. It is an account of the last interview of a husband with his wife, whom he had driven from him by a career of unmitigated cruelty.

The lights in the chandelier was burning dimly when she entered the room.—The stranger stood beneath them, so that she could not see his face. She advanced towards him, and said in a dignified tone:

"What is, your pleausure, sir?"

Robert Blackburn turned, and exclaiming, 'Nelly, dear, dear Nelly!" would have caught her in his arms, but she recoiled from him, and with one hand pressed against her forehead, while with the other she waved him from her, she gazed with a wild fiery look into his face.

He knelt before her.

"See, I am at your feet, Nelly. Oh! will you not let me love you again?"

"Arise, she said mournfully but firmly. "I had hoped, oh! so devoutedly, that I might never see you again! But, since you have come, I must say to you what I feel, so that this interview may be the last."

He arose and stood before her.

"I left my peaceful home," she continued, "when but a child, and went with you to yours, I gave a heart full of devotion to you and your family, and a life whose every act was one of service and self-sacrifice; and I received in return, coldness and contempt, and contumely from them, and severity and neglect from you. But even after they had cast me off, I clung to you, and was willing to do and bear anything for the occasional kind word you gave me.

"You remember the rest. You know how I went to you from all I knew and loved, and I was denied and spurned; and when I crept to your feet, and, clasping your knees, beged you to let me stay, if only as your servant, for the sake of the child which I had borne you, you taunted me with having no pride, and worst of all, told me you had never loved me, citing as proof, the indifference with which you had permitted your family to insult and villify me."

"But Nelly, that was done through a hard and impenitent spirit. Oh! can you not forgive and receive me again?"

"Forgive!" she said, and her voice trembled, but she struggled and forced back the tears that gushed up to her eyes. "I forgave you even while you thrust me from you; but when you averred to Colonel Pontalia, and all around you, that you did not know me, and called God to witness the truth of what you said—and then, when they left your room, and you threatened that if I did not go from Natchez you would take my boy from me and have me imprisoned as insane, every vestige of love died of my heart, and I fled from the presence of one whom I had trusted as if the Arch fiend himself had been on my track."

"Where did you go, Nelly?" he asked, for he had become so interested in her narrative he seemed to have forgotten he had caused the misery of which she spoke.

"Where did I go?" she said. "It matters not to you. I have lived honorbly if obscurely. But, until a year ago, I have never lost sight of you; and if you had ever striven by one act to redeem the past, I might have received you very differently now. After casting me off, however, you went to your old home, and with mock sorrow told them of the death of your wife and child, and your own incurable grief."

"But my boy—*our* boy, Nelly, where is he?"

'Do not,' she said wildly "do not speak of my child. It is enough that he is dead and beyond the reach of human misery. Dead!" and the tears rained over her face. "Oh, my child!" she sobbed, "thou beautiful, starved, patient lamb! If I might only be one of the dead leaves that fall on thy lonely grave, and moulder away in its holy dust! Do not tell me, Robert Blackburn, that you loved my child. If you had ever loved him, you could not have cast him off, nor have been so cruel to the mother who bore him, whose highest pride was to teach him to lisp your name and pray for you at her knee, while you were disregarding every vow in the pursuit of something you yourself could not define. But I cannot say I regret your perfidy. You won me before I knew the necessities of my own nature. When I became a woman, I was a wife already; and when the deep, strong voices of my spirit sent forth their inquiries and hopes, they found no echo, but died away into darkness and silence, leaving the chambers of my heart so desolate, I shuddered at the void within me, though I did not know its cause. But you have taken the scales from my eyes, and I thank you for it. If you could be presented to me to-night, a stranger, you are not the person to whom I could give the deep love I am capable of feeling for there is nothing harmonious between us. Less than ever, then, can I love you now, for I have memory to goad me. If you had never wronged me, my life would have passed in tranquility, and I might never have known the depths and intensity of my nature. There is that within me which had never been vivified when you took me to your bosom; and though I may be overwhelmed at times with misery at the knowledge of it, I do not regret that I have learned to know myself Henceforth, oh, God of Love and Truth! by thine unerring aid will I walk steadily in my own soul's peaceful pathways, nor strive to keep the dusty high road of a misdirected Destiny, wherein I so long panted beneath the hot sun of a false and most wretched life!"

She stood for a moment silent, while Blackburn watched her features with a bewildered look.

"Oh, Nelly!" he sobbed, and again knelt at her feet. "You told me in Natchez that remorse would would come. I have wandered hither and thither for the whole past year, seeking you everywhere, with the fullest purpose to redeem, if I could, the wrongs I have done. And now that I have found you—oh, I cannot give you up, and it seems you grow dearer to me the more I am convinced you do not love me."

"Yes she answered, "I remember you told me in Natchez that you prized every thing more in the pursuit than in the possession, and that you would soon tire of Heaven itself."

"You are so implacable, Nelly—can you not forgive?"

"I have told you you were forgiven, even while inflicting these death wounds. But how dare I forget—how dare I return to a condition wherein to all human reason I would be subjected to the same trials again? Arise Robert, I have done, and the night is waning."

"Will you not bless me, Nelly, before I go? Oh, how, how can I go forth again into the world, so utterly bereft!"

"How have—but no matter."

"Bless me, then, Nelly," he entreated, as he lifted his turbulent features to her calm, mournful face.

She laid her thin hands on his head, and breathed a brief, inaudable prayer.—Then saying aloud,

"I have ever, ever blessed you," she turned to leave the room.

"Will you not kiss me, Nelly?" he implored, "It is the last time I will ever ask it."

She pressed her trembling lips to his forehead, and went from the drawing room. Her light step kept its even fall until she reached her room. She waited on the threshold until she heard the heavy street door close after him, and then falling across the bed, her pent-up anguish was set free, and she shook as if in a convulsive fit.

"Oh, God!" she said, as she arose and knelt beside the bed, "Thou who didst reveal to the banished Hagar and her perishing child the fresh glad water in the wilderness—Thou who didst send Thine Anointed to bring to life the dead boy of the Shunamite, what is my sin, that Thou hidest Thyself from me? My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me? and with a deep, half shrieking moan, she fell to the floor.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

"Madam, will you please to inform me of the number of inhabitants in this house?"

"Sir?"

"The population in this mansion."

"Well, there is eight in the room overhead."

"How many?"

"Eight."

"Are they all adults?"

"No, they are all Smiths, except two boarders."

"Smiths—black or white smiths, madam?"

"I'd have you know I dont live in a house with niggers.'

"I did'nt allude to color—meant their calling."

"O, that's it. Well, if you had been here last night, you'd have found out; for they was calling the watch as loud as they could scream."

"Madam, I merely wished to know how many people you have in this house, and what they do for a living."

"Yes, yes, now I understand. Well, let me see, there's the two Mullinces—that's one."

"That makes two, madam."

"Well, if you know best, count them yourself."

"It is my business to inquire, madam.'

"Well, you'd better attend to it, then, and not bother me."

"Madam, I am out with the census, and——"

"Well, you act out of your senses, I should think, to come into my house asking such questions."

"It is in accordance with an act of the legislature, madam.'

"Well, you tell Mr. Legislature, or whatever his name is, that he acts very foolish sending you round, asking sich shallow oily questions.'

The man left.

☞"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent.

"But ma, I like her, she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as prettily as ever I do; and she has lots of toys."

"I cannot help that, my dear, her father is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father; I play with her, she ain't a shoemaker."

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

A friend of mine was married to a scold,
To me he came and all his troubles told.
Said he, "She's like a woman raving mad."
"Alas, my friend," said I, "that's very bad."
"No, not so bad," said he; "for with her, true,
I had both house, and land, and money, too."
"That was well," said I,
"No, not so well," said he;
"For I and her own brother,
Went to law with one another;
I was cast, the suit was lost,
And every penny went to pay the cost."
"That *was* bad," said I.
"Not so bad," said he;
"For we agreed that he the house should keep,
And give me fourscore of Yorkshire sheep;
All fat, and fair, and fine, they were to be."
"Well, then," said I, "sure that was well for thee."
"No, not so well," said he;
"For when the sheep I got,
They every one died with the rot!"
"That was bad," said I,
"No, not so bad," said he,
"For I had thought to scrape the fat,
And keep it in an open vat,
Then into tallow melt for winter store."
"Why, then," said I, that better than before."
"No, not so well," said he,
For, having got a clumsey fellow,
To scrape the fat and make the tallow;
Into the melting fat the fire catched,
And, like brimstone matches,
Burned my house to ashes."
"That *was* bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For, what is best,
My scolding wife has gone among the rest."

CONTRARY DEVILS.

Col. M. is doubtless known to many of our readers in Washington county, says the Portland Transcript, as a man who has a great aptitude and a great partiality for serving as a juror; whenever he is drawn, he is usually appointed foreman, on account of his experience in that capacity, and for the same reason his opinion has generally considerable weight in the juror room. Occasionally, however, his brother jurors rebel against his authority in a most unreasonable manner; at times they are so bold as to think and act for themselves, much to his astonishment and indignation. Several years ago he had met with a "head flaw" of this character, and had with great pomp marshalled the delinquent jurors from the room, where they had been deliberating for some hours on an important case, to their seats in the court. An impatient crowd, awaiting the result of this trial, filled the court room.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" inquired the clerk.

Col. M. arose, and after turning a withering glance upon his brother jurors, exclaimed:

"May it please the court, we have not, I have done the best I could, *but here are eleven of the most contrary devils I ever had any dealings with!*"

Connubial.—'My dear, did John black them boots?'

"How should I know—I haint got nothing to do with your boots. Its washing day.'

"But, my love, you needn't speak so cross.'

"I did'nt speak cross.'

"Oh, yes you did."

"I didn't."

"I say you did."

"I say I did'nt."

"By gracious! I won't stand this, it's too bad to be treated in this way. I'll leave you, madam. I'll have a separation."

"O, Mr. Slob! Was ever a woman so abused! Here I've been washing and scrubbing all day long, as hard as ever I could, and then you come home and act so to me—just cos I don't know nothing about your boots. Oh, it is too bad, it is—boo hoo! boo hoo!"

"Hem! Well, Nancy, I didn't mean to make you cry. Never mind; I reckon John has blacked my boots. Is them ere sassengers to be fried to-night for supper?"

"Ye-e-s—my dear, I got 'em for you, partickleary."

Julius—Know de reason Sebastopol hasn't been taken?

Sam—Not in dese boots.

Julius—They hab'nt got the right keys to open de gates.

Sam—What keys do they want?

Julius—Yan-kees.

Sam—I know what key would suit you de best.

Julius—What is it?

Sam—Whis-key.

Rich and Poor.—"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go to heaven?"

"Yes, my dear they will be all alike there."

"Then, ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?"

The rich mother did not answer.

☞"How do you get along with your arithmatic?" asked a father of his little boy.

"I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, jestification, hallucination, darnation, amputation, creation, and adoption."

He'd do for an engineer on a "Short Erie Railroad."