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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.

TERMS:

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POETRY.

I NEVER LOVED BUT ONE.

Written for the Kent News,
BY MINNA.

I never loved but one and now
Earth's clay-cold clods rest on her brow,
Her dove-like eyes have lost their blue,
Her rosy lips their coral hue,
I saw her to the dark grave borne,
I loved, and loved but her alone.

The cold stars blinking from the skies
Look down where my lost, loved one lies,
And night-dews gleam like gems of light
And flash amids: the moon-beams white.
That dance upon the pale tomb-stone
Of her I loved, I loved but one.

Ye tell me other forms are fair,
That other eyes are bright and clear;
That other hearts with love may glow
And other voices whisper low,
Tis vain for me, for she is gone,
I loved, and never loved but one!

Ye say that flowerets yield perfume;
Those growing only 'round her tomb
Can breathe a fragrance sweet for me,
Or thrill my soul with ecstacy;
My lost one lies beneath the stone,
I loved, and never loved but one.

Ah! tell me not the stars are bright,
That deck the deep blue vault of night,
To me they've lost their golden glow
And now no brightness can bestow
The star that on my pathway shone
Is gone, I never loved but one.

Mary's County, Md.

From the American Organ.

America—The Bible.

BY RE VERA.

TUNE—*Marseilles Hymn.*

of the free, baptized in glory!
l, hail! America to thee!
are thy sons! Shall despots hoary,
soned with blood, with lustful tread,
ress thy soil? Strike, strike them dead!
words unsheath, to God appealing!
ward! on Christ, on Christ rely!
im we conquer though we die,
e, our hopes of bliss revealing!
In God, in God, we trust!
He is our sword and shield!
rch on, march on! all hearts resolved,
To conquer though we die!

rd of God! the Holy Bible!
o! the message of our God!
monk, or priest, or Pope, or sybil,
lt or dare, with impious rod,
rive us of the Word of God?
Romish counsels, here prevailing,
nish the Book of Books from school,
iron hand our country rule,
pe and faith in Christ assailing?
In God, in God, we trust!
He is our sword and shield!
rch on, march on! all hearts resolved,
n victory in death!

rk! the Gospel trump is ringing
phantly from shore to shore!
rk! t myriad voices singing,
gn of Anti-Christ is o'er!
n of Anti-Christ is o'er!
too long, his reign has lasted,
gn of terror and despair!
ghest hopes and prospects fair
n hundred years he's blasted!
God, in God, we trust!
our sword and shield!
on, march on! all hearts resolved,
nquer though we die!

God! impart thy blessing!
ess America to-day!
, thy love possessing,
of the Cross unrol,
ure word from pole to pole!
ous reign on earth begun,
Gog to chaos hurled,
urb our peaceful world!
eaven, "Thy will be done!"
in Thee, we trust!
our sword and shield!
march on! all hearts resolved
er though we die!

MISCELLANY.

For the Kent News.

Women's Rights

The age in which we live is indeed a remarkable one; an age of new discoveries, new inventions, and new humbugs. And not the least of the latter class, in our humble opinion, is this most recent one which is agitating the public mind. It appears that our mothers and sisters, who have heretofore been contented and happy in their respective lots, have suddenly awaked to the alarming fact, that for the last eighteen hundred and fifty years, they have been laboring under a most unjust and cruel oppression. And now as the full light of this alarming discovery begins to dawn upon their minds, they are resolved to rise in their womanly might and shake off this yoke of servitude. Men's faces begin to gather paleness as they see the laurels which have heretofore been wreathed around the masculine brow, fading before the expanding glory of the gentler sex. Even the very roosters have caught the spirit of the age, and proclaim from fence posts and tree tops, in an exulting crow, "women rule here"—and far off in the distance another replied, "so they do here;" and some maternal biddy stops for a moment feeding her chicks and in a shrill soprano follows suit with "so they do every where!" Woman's rights—woman's rights—woman's rights is echoed from mouth, till even the little girls are throwing away their dolls, and are clamorous for balls and kites, tin trumpets and bob-sleds. Men are fleeing to the kitchen in dismay, and 'getting their hand in' the dish-kettle and gridiron. Fathers are taking their turn attending the baby and baking the pancakes, while mothers and daughters are abroad, pleading for the 'glorious reform."

Miss Demosthenes is addressing the good people, and the Rev. Mrs. Cicero is trying to convince the barbarians of the masculine gender that all women are created equal, that they are endowed with certain invaluable rights, among which are preaching, voting, and the pursuit of men. But, says the objector, have woman no rights? Most certainly they have, and the rights of all, men, women and children, should be regarded and respected. Our Reverend lady says that she cannot see any more impropriety in a woman's dropping her vote in the ballot box, than in putting a loaf of bread on the table. With equal justice might we say there is no more impropriety in a man's knitting his own stockings than in raising his own corn. The *actual right* is not questioned in either case. I have a right to eat soap on my bread, instead of butter, if I like, and no one can gainsay it. I have a right to jump over the moon and fill my pockets full of stars if I please, and no living mortal, on any principle of justice, has a right to prevent me. We appeal to these uneasy reformers, and ask them what it is they admire in the opposite sex. Is it tenderness and delicacy, or is it not rather bold hardihood, and manly firmness and vigor?—Why have the terms, the *sterner* and the *gentler* sex passed into a proverb, if it is not because they are, or manifestly should be, appropriate to the sexes to which they have been applied? We can truly say that it is not the bold, boisterous "women of strong mind," as she has been styled, that we admire, but her of true feminine delicacy and gentleness—her, in fine, who is what her Maker designed she should be—a true woman!

Let not the nightingale complain of the peacock, because his plumage is so beautiful, nor the peacock of the nightingale for his melodious voice. Let not the fish long for wings, nor the bird for scales. Let not the ivy imitate the stiffness and rigidity of the oak, nor the oak the pliancy and grace of the ivy; for He who made them both designed that one should be the bold, strong tree, and the other the slender graceful vine.

From the woman who would become to all intents and purposes, the man—from the boisterous female who would mount the rostrum and stand at the helm of the ship of State—from her who would throw off her gorgeous robe of womanly sensibility and maidenly modesty, and invest herself in the rags of perverted sentiment—we would most devoutly say in the language of the Litany,—Good Lord deliver us!

CLEOPATRA.

WHEN TO WEAR INDIA RUBBERS.—We have noticed that many persons wear India rubber overshoes in cold dry weather, to keep their feet warm. This is an evil and injurious practice. India rubber shoes are very comfortable and valuable for covering the feet during wet, sloppy weather, but should never be worn on any other occasion; their sole use should be to keep out water. They should, therefore, be put off whenever the wearer enters a house, and be worn as little as possible, because they are air-tight, and both retain and restrain the persiration of the feet.—The air cannot be excluded from them, any length of time without sensibly affecting the health. It is our opinion that no habit tends more to good health than clean feet and dry stockings, so as to allow the free perspiration of the nether extremities!—*Scientific American.*

From the National Intelligencer.

Letter from Major Downing.

TO UNCLE JOSHUA DOWNING, *Post Master at Downingville, Down East, in the State of Maine.*

ABOARD THE SCHOONER TWO POLLIES,
At anker inside of Sandy Hook, January 21, 1856.

DEAR UNCLE JOUSHUA: I have jest got back from Washington, where I have been for the last fortnight watchin the old ship of State layin tu in a sort of three cornered gale of wind. This gale struck her the 3rd of December, and threw her all aback, and the gale holds on yet tight as ever, and there she has been layin now seven weeks head to the wind, rollin and pitchin, and hasn't gained ahead a rod.—I've seen rough times in the Two Pollies, and long gales of wind, and hurrykanes, and whirlpools, and all sorts of weather, but this is the first time I've seen a craft layin too agin a three-cornered gale for two months upon a stretch, in a choppin sea, worse than the Gulf Stream in a thunder storm. But don't you be frightened, Uncle Joshua; she won't go down, but will live through it, and go on her voyage by-and-by all right. Our old ship of State is a staunch craft; she is built of the very best stuff and put together in the strongest manner, and there is'nt a spar nor a plank nor a timber head in her but what is sound as a nut. She's the best ship in the world, and the Two Pollies is the next. So you needn't be afeered that any sea will ever swamp her; and if ever she should be in danger of runnin ashore, or on the breakers, by the squabble and foolin of her officers, she's got a *crew* that will take care of her.

You know, Uncle, I've been sailin round Cuba and up the Gulf a good while trying to carry out the plans of our Congress at Ostend and Ax-le-Shappel, to take Cuba, because our country couldn't get along without it; and self-preservation you know, is the first law of nater. We should got through that job long ago if our Cabinet hadn't backed out about it. I never exactly understood the home difficulty; but I'm sure there was some hard shuffling somewhere. We was all right aboard; but the backin and filin in the Home Department was what bothered us, and pretty likely has upset the business. First, the Home Department told us to go ahead and fix up our Ostend matter the best way we could. But as soon as I and Mr. Buckanan, and Mr. Sooley, and the rest of us in the Foreign Government had got things well under way, and was about ready to take Cuba, the Home Department turned around and fit agin us, tooth and nail. As I said afore, I could'nt account for this home difficulty and the sudden turn-about of the Home Department, unless they was afeared we should git the most of the credit of takin Cuba, and may be I, or Mr. Buckanan, or Mr. Sooley, or Mr. Mason, or Mr. Sickles, or Mr. Sanders might get to be President by it. But such a thought never entared *my* head, and I can pledge myself the same for all the rest. We was to work entirely for the country's good, and nothin else. And for the Home Department to get jealous of us and turn agin us in that way was cruel and onkind. It grieves me every time I think of it; for I think like the good Dr. Watts, where he says,

How pleasant 'tis to see
Bretheren and friends agree.

I sent despatches to Gineral Pierce about it more than three months ago, but never got any answer. And finally I got tired holden out there alone, and hearin all the time that the Home Department kept stopping all the reinforcements from comeing out to help me; so I up helm and headed the Two Pollies for Downingville. When we got along in the latitude of New York that terrible 5th of January storm overtook us, and we just made out to weather the gale and get inside of Sandy Hook and come to anker. The pilots come aboard and treated us very kind.

Them New York pilots are clever fellows. They brought us lots of newspapers, from which I learnt what had been goin on for two months past. When they see the Downingville militia was aboard, and Sargent Joel at the head of 'em, dressed up in his uniform, one of the pilots took me aside and whispered to me that he would advise me as a friend not to go up to New York, for if we did the Two Pollies was a gone goose.

"How so?" says I; "what do you mean?"

"I mean," says he, "that Mr. McKeon the District Attorney, will nab her in less than no time, and condemn her for a fillibuster vessel, and you'll all be put in prison and tried for violating the neutrality laws."

"Let him do it," says I, "if he dares. We are at work for the Government.—Our cruise has all been under the direction and advice of Congress."

"If I remember right," says he, "Congress wasn't in session when the Two Pollies sailed for the West India station. How, then, could you be under the direction of Congress?"

"I mean the Ostend Congress," says I, "and it makes no difference which, one's as good as 'tother."

"Well," says he, "you'll find it makes a difference which, when you get up to New York. The District Attorney is death on every vessel that has the least smell of gunpowder, or has anything aboard that bears the likeness to a musket. He has a monstus keen scent for gunpowder; he often smells it aboard vessels where there isn't a bit nor grain, and it all turns out to be only bilge water."

"If that's the case," says I, "I'll leave the Two Pollies at anker here, and I'll be off to Washington and see how the land lays."

So I called up Capt. Jumper, the sailing-master, and told him to keep things all snug and tight while I was gone, and I told Sargent Joel to take good care of the men, and I'd try if possible to be back in a fortnight.

When I got to Washington I thought I would jest run a few minutes and see how Congress was getting along first. I had let my beard grow pretty long, and was dressed so different from what I used to that I did'nt feel afeard of any body's knowing me; so I went right into the Representatives' chamber and took a seat in the gallery. Business seemed to be going on brisk and lively. A man was standing up in front and reading off, and in a good loud voice, Banks 105, Richardson 73, Fuller 31, Pennington 5, scattering 4.

Then I went out and went into the Senate. But there, business seemed to be very dull. I couldn't find out as anything was doing. Some was reading the newspapers, and some was talking a little and some was setting as calm and quiet as so many bears in their winter den with nothin' to do but suck their paws. I soon got tird of this and went back into the House again. I had but just got seated in the gallery when the man in front got up and read off agin, Banks 105, Richardson 73, Fuller 31, Pennington 5, scattering 4.

I turned round and whispered to the man who sat next to me, and ses I "That's jest the same tune they had when I was in here half an hour ago."

"Exactly," says he; "they don't play but one tune, and that hasn't no variations."

"Well, what upon airth are they doing?" says I.

"Oh, they are choosing a Speaker," says he.

"Choosing a Speaker!" says I. "For gracious sake, how long does it take 'em to do that?"

"I can't have the slightest idea how long,' says he. "They've been at it now about six weeks, and, if they continue to gain as fast as they have since they begun, I guess it might take 'em pretty near from July to eternity.'

"If that's the case,' says I, "I'll clear out, for I can't wait for so long as that.' So I hurried out and made tracks for the White House. I rung to the door and the servant let me in. I told him I wanted to see the President. He said very well, the President was in his private room, and he would take my card to him. I told him he might go and tell Gineral Pierce that an old friend of his and a fellow-soldier in the Mexican war wanted to see him. Presently he come back and asked me to walk up. I found the President alone, walking back and forth across the room, and looking kind of riled and very resolute. It made me think of Old Hickory when he used to get his dander up about Biddle's bank, and walk the floor all day and lay awake all night, planning how he could upset it. The Gineral knew me as soon as I went into the room, in spite of my beard, and shook hands with me and said he was very glad to see me.

"Well now, Gineral,' says I, "I want to come right to the pint the first thing. I've left the Two Pollies at anker down to Sandy Hook, and I want to know right up and down if she's to be nabbed or not. You know how 'tis, Gineral; you know we went out in good faith under the orders of the Ostend Congress, and you know the Home Government backed us up in the beginning of it; but now you've turned agin us, and I understand you've been seizing and overhauling every vessel all along shore that had its bowsprit pinted towards Guba or Central America; and I was told if the Two Pollies went up to York, she'd be served the same sass.—Now, I want to know how we stand, that's all. If you don't want the help of the Two Pollies there's enough that does; and if you don't give her a clear passport out and in, she'll be off pretty quick where she can find better friends.'

"Why my dear Major,' said the President, and the tears almost came into his eyes; "My dear Major,' says he, "you misunderrtand me entirely. You and the Two Pollies hav'nt got a better friend in the world than I am. The fact is, I've been very much tried ever since that Ostend Congress business It made a good deal of hard feeling in my Cabinet, and as things worked we was obliged to come out agin it. And then we had to make a show of sticking up very strong for the neutrality laws; and that's why we seized so many vessels. But you needn't give yourself the least uneasiness about the Two Pollies. I pledge you the honor of the Executive that she shan't be touched. And, besides, I'm in a good deal of trouble now all round, and I want you and the Two Pollies to stick by me; for, if you don't, I don't know who will.'

"Agreed," says I, "nuff said; that's talking right up to the mark. Give us your hand, Gineral: I'll stick by you close as I did by my old friend, Gineral Jackson. Now, what do you want me to do?'

"Well, Major,' says he, "I've got a good many ticklish jobs on hand that I don't hardly know what to do with, nor which to take hold on first. You know there's a Democratic Convention to meet at Cincinnati to make the nominations for the next term.' (Here the President got up and locked the door, and sot close to me and talked low.) "The main question is, how to bring things to bear on that convention so as to make the nomination go right. Marcy wants it, and Wise wants it, and Dickinson wants it, and perhaps Cass too, though he says he don't, and I don't know how many others, all good Democrats, you know; but we can't all have it; so you see I've got a hard team to pull against. As for Douglas, I think he'll go for me, if I'll go for him afterwards. The Cabinet and I have been tryin to get things ready before the nomination to give the Administration the credit of being the smartest and spunkiest Administration we ever had. We want, if possible to go a little ahead of Jackson. You know we've already blowed Greytown to atoms. We've struck a heavy blow to knock of the Danish Sound dues, and shall be ready for a splendid rumpus there in the spring. We've got a rousin arthquake kindling between us and England, which will be jest the thing if we can touch it off at the right time.—But you know these things sometimes take fire sometime too soon and do mischief both sides. I feel a little oneasy about this, and wish that stupid Congress would ever get organized so as to take part of the responsibility. Then we've got a quarrel brewin', too, with Col. Walker out there in Nicaragay, and have refused to receive Col. French as his Minister.—If Walker chooses to resent it as a national insult, we are ready for him. We shan't give back a hair. Now, Major, what do you think of the chances for the nomination?'

'Wal, General,' says I, 'I think if you manage right you'll get it. I'll do what I can for you, any how.'

The Gineral shook my hand, and got up and walked the floor. Says he, 'The greatest difficulty now is with this confounded, stiff-necked, stupid Congress.—They won't organize—that is, 'the House won't and they seem determined to throw a damper on the Administration somehow or other. Here they've been foolin away their time six weeks and lettin the whole country hang by the eye-lids—war and all. I had to keep my message on hand a month and let it almost spile jest because the House wasn't organized. At last I happened to think it was a good chance for me to take the responsibility. So I let drive, and fired my message right in among 'em It made quite a flutterin among 'em. Some was quite wrathy; but I didn't care for that. I meant to let 'em know I'd show 'em a touch of old Hickory if they did'nt mind how they carried sail. But here 'tis now going on two months, and every thing is at a dead stand because the House won't choose a Speaker. We cant have any certainty of getting enough money to keep the Government a goin till we get a Speaker, and all our plans is in danger of being knocked in the head. Now, Major, I wish you would shy round among the Members a day or two and see if you can't bring matters to a pint. I don't much care who is Speaker, if they'll only organize.'

So I went round among the Members two or three days and did my best. I found 'em all very stiff, and the lobby members wore stiffest of any. The third day I went back to the President agin, and says he, 'Well, Major, how does it stand now? Does things look any more encouraging?'

'A leetle grain,' says I, 'but not much.'

'Well, how is it?' says he.

Says I, 'It is. Banks 105; Richardson 73; Fuller 31, Pennington 5, scattering 3.'

'But that's the same old tune,' says he; 'jest the same that's been for the last six weeks.'

'No;' says I, "you mistake. Don't you see the scattering has fell off *one?*—Isn't that a little encouraging?'

The President looked disappointed.—Said he, 'That's a very small straw for a drowin man to catch at. But how do they talk? Do they grow any more pliable?'

'Well, the Fuller men seemed to be the most pliable,' says I, 'of any of 'em. They said *they* was perfectly ready to organize at any time, and the only difficulty was the Banks men and the Richardson men standing out so stubborn.'

'What do our true Democratic friends, the Richardson men, say?' said the President.

'Says I, 'They say they'll stand there and fight till the crack of doom before they'll allow the Black Republicans to get the upper hand.'

'Well, that's good spunk,' said the President; 'but the worst of it is, this business will crack my Administration sometime before the crack of doom. Well, how do the Banks men talk? Is there any hope from that quarter?'

'They say they are in no hurry,' says I. 'They had as leave vote as do any thing else. They've got money enough and can stand it, and they'll stick where they are till they starve the Administration out.'

The President jumped up, and I must say he looked more like Old Hickory than I ever see him before. Says he, 'Major Downing, this will never do; we *must* have a Speaker, by hook or by crook. Can't you contrive to bring this business about?'

'Well,' says I, 'there is one way I think the business may be done; an I don't know but its the last chance; and that is, for me to go bring the Two Pollies round here, and bring her guns to bear upon the Capitol. Then send in word and give 'em one hour to organize. If they don't do it, then batter the house down about their ears, or march in the Downieville melitia and drive 'em out, as old Cromwell did the Rump Parliament.'

The President stood a minute in a deep study. At last he said, 'Well, Major, a desperate disease sometimes needs a desperate remedy. I think you are right, *go ahead.*'

So here I am, Uncle Joshua, aboard the Two Pollies. I jest stopt to write this account to you, and shall now up anker and make all sail for the Potomac. And if things is no better when I get there you may expect to hear thunder.

I remain your loving nephew,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

For the Kent News.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 16, 6, 3, 2, 28, 15, 18, was a great Roman Legislature.

My 4, 17, 20, 6, 5, was a celebrated ancient writer.

My 26, 11, 16, 31, 27, 10, was called the prince of latin poets.

My 30, 1, 24, 9, 22, 4, 28, was a renowned general of antiquity.

My 18, 6, 29, 6, 1, was one of the wise men of Greece.

My 7, 23, 28, 6, was a celebrated athlete of Crotona.

My 3, 32, 16, 6, 8, 25 was the wife of an ancient king of Messenia.

My 13, 32, 26, 17, 16, 2, 20, was a Roman Emperor.

My 23, 16, 2, 18, a beggar who executed the commission of Penelope's suiters.

My 14, 6, 16, 6, 29, 30, 1, 12, 18, was a private soldier of Rome, who raised himself to the highest honors by his valor.

My 19, 16, 9, 21, the wife of a Roman Senator, who stabbed herself and gave the sword to her husband who followed her example.

My whole is the name and birth place of a renowned king of ancient Rome.

QUAINT ADVICE ALLITERATIVELY GIVEN. Let your homes be provided with such necessities as piety, pickles, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, cheese, crackers, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, wine and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating, eat moderately, go about your business after you eat your breakfast, lounge a little after dinner, chat after tea, and kiss after quarrelling; and all the joy the peace, and the blessings the earth can afford shall be yours, till the grave closes over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world.

A good old dame was plying her distaff, and listening devoutly to her daughter reading the Bible at her side. She was reading in the book of Genesis, and being not yet perfect in the art, she would now and then miscall a word. So it chanced that she read, stammering, these words:—Now these eight did Milcah bore—'

'What, what's that?' said the old lady, 'read that again.'

'The good daughter complied, and looking more carefully, read, 'did Milch bear.'

'Ah, that will do,' said the old mother, 'they might milk a bear, but to milk a bear, my daughter, is impossible.'

☞A Young Lass went to a camp meeting came back full of the revival which they had and did nothing the following week but sing—

'Shout, shout, we're gaining ground.'

She had the tune so pat, that all she said was but a continuation of that song and not unfrequently the rhyme was too long for the tune. Old Jowl slipped in and took a bone off the table, and just as he was making for the door, she sung out:

"If you don't go out I'll knock you down,
Halle, hallelujah;
You nasty, stinken, flop eared hound,
O, glory hallelujah!"

A BANTER.—Mr. John L. Brazier, in the Louisville Times, offers to bet from $5000 to $30,000 that he can jump five feet further on a dead level than any man in Kentucky—three feet further than any man in the United States—one foot further than any man in the world—or that he can stand flat footed upon the earth and leap a brick wall fifteen feet high and four thick.