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The Kent News.

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

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POETRY.

HOOPS VERSUS GOATEES.

A female Hoosier thus indignantly hurls back the ridicule of hoops by the masculine bipeds, in the Franklin Republican:

MR. EDITOR:—The great mania of the times seems to be, who can say the most *silly* things about 'hoops," just as if it was any body's business about them, save those who choose to wear them. Scarce a paper comes to hand that has not something about "Hoopiana" in it, written by some brainless editor, or some one of his less gifted correspondents. To these snarling bipeds I will reply under the most suitable cognomen of which I can employ, viz:

WOOLLY-JIMMIES.

Talk not to us about our hoops,
Or of our skirts, nor what of loops;
W'll wear just what we please,
For every lady now doth need,
Protection from the wholly breed,
If she regards her ease.

Was ever earth more cursed with trash,
Than you who grow the vile moustache?
And with no sparing hand,
Deal out to use in endless rhyme,
That wearing "hoops" is all a crime,
But this we understand.

There's some of you look quite feline,
Whill others look somewhat canine,
And some seem both combined,
Just as it seems to suit the taste,
Or would be men in hottest haste,
If they but had a mind.

Then too, in this progreesive age,
A woolly face is all the rage,
A filthy face to mask:
Which makes one look so very prim,
Like every other woolly-jim;
But here just let me ask,

Is there a place about your head,
In which to put your daily bread?
If so where is the place!
For I declare no one can see
Where such a place can fairly be,
About your woolly face.

And if you have, it is in use,
And filled with vile tobacco juice;
All ready for a squirt,
Upon some lady's fancy dress,
Or in the face of loveliness,
What don't fall on your shirt.

To smoke and chew and raise a crop
Of RAG-END WOOL and act the fop,
With time and money spent,
Just fill your cup of USEFULNESS;
While too you are of filthiness,
A walking monument.

And as you walk the streets about,
Like some great awkward, lazy lout,
With a long nine to puff,
You think yourself most wondrous wise,
And like the TOAD quite large in size;
But hold! I've said enough.

HOOPIANA.

CHOICE STORY.

ALICE COURTLAND;

—OR—

THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE.

BY NELLIE NIGHTINGALE.

The summer sun streamed in through the open casement upon the fair form of Alice Courtland. The waiting woman had just arranged, for the last time, the orange flowers in her hair, and in graceful folds disposed the sweeping cloud-like veil.

"Won't Miss Alice look at herself in the mirror?" and the maid held it up before her.

Alice lifted her eyes and gazed for a moment, then turned away.

"Miss Alice is pleased?" questioned the girl.

Pleased! That strange, and beautiful face that met hers; that white lace robe, those orange flowers and flashing diamonds that hazy veil that covered those lovely, spotless features.

"It's not I," she murmured, "Edgar's bride is not like that, she's happy, loved joyous, beautiful; this is some phantom bride, some dream, a form that comes in most frightful guise to startle the fevered sleeper."

"But no, it is reality!" she faltered; the birds as they went singing by, the sunshine that danced upon the floor, the bridal wreath in her hair, the tread of arriving guests, the hum of voices below, tell her it was reality.

The clergyman in his white surplice and flowing robes read the marriage service; the father gave the bride away, and the vow was spoken to "love honor and obey till death do us part."

False vow, they all knew it was false, the father that gave her to a rich bridegroom "for his daughter's good; the husband that knew of no other impediment to the union," the guests that congratulated the bride, examined the presents and sipped the wine. All knew it was false, yet it was made.

Alice Courtland had loved, did love another. Yet she married the rich old man, just tottering to the grave, and repeated to him those words she had breathed to another.

A year ago she had paced that room, leaning on her lover's arm, where she now stood a death-like bride.

Edgar Harrington had loved her with all the rapture of first love; he was young handsome, talented, but he was poor!—Alice's father was rich, and Edgar well knew that he never would sanction her union with a poor man

"We have youth, Alice," the lover said, "the future is before me." Brilliant and bright it seemed through hopeful eyes; I do not wish to wait years in gaining that fortune which I must have before you can be mine; I leave you for a few years, perhaps two or three. In a foreign land I hope for surer and more perfect success."

"Two years seem forever to me, now Edgar!"

"It is a long time, I know, yet my love for you will never change; you will be true to me, Alice?" he questioned, gazing into her tearful eyes.

"Can you doubt me for a moment, Edgar? My heart shall ever be yours."

These words were not lightly spoken, but there are minds of that feeble force, that when the hour of conflict comes, struggle faintly for awhile, then submit: that when the loved one no longer remains bleed, not break.

Mr. Courtland was a stern, hard man; he knew of Alice's love, yet, unheeding it, when Judge Harcourt offered his hand and fortune, he said:

"My child, forget all foolish fancies; Harcourt is a man of wealth and position; him you marry!"

Alice's frail will bent before a sterner one; the rose that Edgar had placed in her hand when last she saw him, was a fit symbol of her hopes, withered and blasted!

A year passed from that wedding day. Mrs. Harcourt returned her husband's love with a gentle sympathy and kindness that touched his heart.

Alice felt remorse's bitterest sting.—Letters from Edgar breathing the most fervent love, and wondering at her long silence, ever pursued her.

What could she write to him? Could she tell of vows broken, of faith perjured? "Oh, never! let him for a little while believe me innocent; dead, even, but *never* false! When he returns he will know all; he will curse me!" and the broken-hearted wife wept bitter tears.

Edgar did return!

It was night; the house of Judge Harcourt was brilliantly lighted; carriages waited before the door and invited guests poured in. Music resounded through the halls; beautiful women and talented men trod the floor.

The hostess was superbly beautiful that evening; the pallor that ever rested on her cheek had given place to a bright carmine flush; her dark curls waved over her marble brow in jetty blackness, and her eyes sparkled with a brilliancy that eclipsed her diamonds.

It was the anniversary of her marriage a year ago that night she had spoken that fatal "I will" that had shut her out from happiness and love.

Well might her cheek crimson and her eye flash brightly.

She gazed bitterly around her, but soon her langor changed into surprise; she started—she bent eagerly forward in fear and anxiety. A tall man, with a fearless blue eye ever fixed upon her was coming toward her.

Alice shuddered from that form she used to welcome—she turned away. If faintness or death could have come to her relief it would have been a bliss! but no, there she stood, her arms hung powerless by her sides, her lips quivered, her brain and head seemed burning!

"It is Edgar!" she muttered, breathlessly.

No one noticed her agitation; turning from the glare and noise, she rushed into the half-lighted conservatory, seeking peace, seeking to escape from those eyes that bent on her a grieved, searching look; she tried to console her throbbing heart and regain her tottering reason. She sank down upon a seat—a thorn pierced her finger—a white rose overhung the bench—a rose like that *he* had given her! With superstitious dread, Alice thrust it away from her, and placed her hands upon her burning forehead.

She heard a step behind her, and a voice—she knew it well.

"Alice, Alice!"

Mrs. Harcourt rose and sprang towards him.

"Edgar, my love!"

He turned away.

"Have mercy, hear me, Edgar; that vow I gave you I have not broken—my love has been, shall ever be yours!"

"Mrs. Harcourt!"

Alice felt the meaning of those words in bitter agony, "I am a wife. He thinks I am guilty of having sacrificed love to ambition, to wealth of home, of fortune, but to poverty of heart.

"Edgar," she cried, "if you have one drop of love for me in your heart; if it has not all turned to most bitter hate, in pity hear me. After you left me, my father came, and, in his stern, commanding tone that I have never dared disobey, said to me: 'Alice, my once immense fortune, by unsuccessful speculation has become a mere pittance. Poverty and ruin stare me in the face. You can avert the ruin; change that poverty to wealth! The way is open to you—Judge Harcourt is my friend; he is old, I know, but he is rich and noble; Alice you must marry him; he loves you, and has asked your hand.'

"Resistance was useless, prayers were vain, my mother added entreaties to my father's commands; I was married! Nothing is wanting to complete my misery but your curse, Edgar!" and she sank sobbing wildly, at his feet.

Edgar lifted the pallid form and drooping head, that in the white evening dress resembled a crushed and broken lily.

"This marriage is a sacrilige, Alice; a mere bargain to retrieve a fallen fortune. You are not this old man's bride; you were mine before you ever saw him! I claim you; and away from those that would seize you from me, I will bear you—I have now that fortune, to gain which I left you.—To some far off, distant isle; to some villa on the shores of France, I shall take you where you will forget that you were ever but mine, wholly mine!"

These words, like poison to the taste, come sweet to Alice's wounded spirit, all that night and through the long hours of the next day, she counted the minutes as they dragged along. Her courage rose, her pulse quickened as the hour of midnight, the hour for escape from a golden prison, drew near!

Alice sat waiting at the curtained window; on that casement *he* was to tap when all was really.

The full moon looked calmly down upon the scene; the young wife sat there holding in her arms a child like form.

"Minnie, my little sister, I am about to leave you; the happy moments that you and I have passed together will never come again; another's hand will smooth your pillow; at another's knee you will lisp your evening prayer. Will you always remember me when I am gone?"

"Why do you go?" wondered the child clasping her arms around her neck, as if that hold could retain her.

"What if you were in a loathsome prison, Minnie shut out from life and happiness, and there were two ways of escape offered? If you choose the first, freedom was immediate; but tough the way when you entered, would be beautiful and inviting, as years past, it would darken, the flowers would fade, the sunshine change to gloom, and at last you would fall in a darker dungeon than the first."

"But if you remained long in that prison, ruin would prey upon its walls, loose its corroded bars, your chains would drop off, you would be free, with life and love before you. Love! loved better for the suffering you had endured."

"I would be loved forever," answered the child.

"I would be loved forever," repeated the wife; she heard a tread upon the gravel path without. It was Edgar's step. She glanced at the clock—the hands pointed to that fatal hour. In a moment she would hear his signal, in a moment it would be too late, all would be lost.

Alice turned from the window; a chill of terror seized her quivering limbs.

"I must fly from this happy present to avoid a future gloom."

She hurried from the apartment and sought her husband's room. He was not there; she went into the library; there he sat in his accustomed place, and next it was the low seat where she had passed so many quiet evenings.

Judge Harcourt did not move as his wife enterod, or turn his eyes to meet hers, though her quickened breathing and tottering step must have reached his ear.

A dimly-lighted candle burned on the table, the lorid flame cast a pale, wan light on his calm face, his eyes were open but seemed gazing with glazed, unearthly stare; beyond the present, as if in a dream another scene had opened before and entranced the sleeper.

Alice took his hand in hers. Why did she drop it so suddenly? Why did she tremble so, as if the blood recoiled in her very heart?

He was dead!

On the table was an open book; upon the white paper was dropped the ink filled pen, as if the dread messenger, Death, had come stealing on, and had sprung from an ambuscade upon the unwarned victim!

Alice bent over it; it was a diary; the daily record of the old man's life—quite ordinary, yet she read it with avidity

"I thought, when mine, I could by kindness rouse her drooping spirit; by untiring love render life endurable; but no, I was a fool. As well might Winter think to woo to his chill embrace bright, flowery May, as I, an old man, to become the husband of that young girl.

"She will soon be free! this pain that palsies my strength, will soon release her. I have known it long, yet I would not tell her, for fear with the view of freedom before her, the few months that she will yet be captive, will seem years; that the few days that are mine will be counted as they pass! She loves another, yet when I am dead she will remember my love, and drop a tear on the old man's coffin. I bless her!—may these months of suffering be requitted by years of happiness with him she loves!"

Alice dropped the leaf, and sank upon her knees before the corpse, as if its spirit yet haunted the room, and stooped over her.

An arm was passed around her waist; her head leaned on her lover's shoulder.

"Edgar," she said, the hour of temptation is passed. I was about to commit a sin. I fled from evil. I sought refuge here; Death had entered before me. I am free."

The morning light streamed in through the window, the gray beams rested on two kneeling forms, and it seemed, as when the shades of the night fled from the earth a voice came from the gloom:

"I bless her!—may these months of suffering be requitted by years of happiness with him she loves."

The sun again dawned on Alice's wedding day; she was again decked with orange flawers and the mystic veil, and as she gazed at her happy self in the mirror, the phantom-bride of years gone by floated past with noiseless tread and leath-like brow. Alice did not turn away, for that mournful spirit of the past only rendered the reality of the present more delightful.

THE AMERICAN PARTY.

It has been predicted by our opponents that the American party would never again be an organized party, and that "Sam" is virtually and unconditionally defunct beyond resurrection. This is a mistake. The American principles are the only truly conservative elements of American politics. They are the ultimate salvation of our country from foreign innovation and political intriguers; and therefore as long as therefore, as there is patriotism in our land, the elements of *Americanism must* be perceptible, under some name, or in some shape. We will and must inherit the principles of the same from the very nature of the present and future destiny of our country; and we will finally triumph when party despotism and party proscription, and foreign innovation will so develope its hideous and horrible deformities that the true conservatives will rise up in the power and majesty of a sovereign people, and enter a popular and signal protest against all the corrupting influences which are brought into requisition for the purpose of securing the spoils and honors of office. There must be counterbalances to the evils of the present power; and we can find them no where so prominently developed as they are in the creeds of the American party.

The American people—the patriotic and conservative portion of them we mean—will, and are compelled to recognize the salutary influences our party has already exerted to the good of the country; and therefore will be necessarily compelled, in the course of events, to adopt the great cardinal principles which are promulgated by the American party. Ours, by the natural tendency of politics, are obliged to be the principles by which the people of the United States are to be united as a powerful and influential nation. Our government cannot be safely conducted unless the influences of the real *bona fide* American principles are made the governing elements of our policy.

The American party, therefore, is not dead. Its principles are written in the constitution of our country; they are indelibly imprinted upon the heart of every true son of our soil who loves his country as none but Americans can love the land of their nativity and the graves of their revolutionary ancestors The spirit and determination which freed our ancestors from the yoke of British tyranny must and will free *us* from the rule of political demagogues, foreign innovation, and party corruption. Our people must and will put on the armor and panoply of American doctrines and American independence and strike for their homes and their country.—*American Sentinel.*

☞In New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is customary to knock the heads of the bride and bride-groom together previous to the union:

"In Christian lands it isn't so;
The bridegroom and the bride
To loggerheads but seldom go,
Until the knot is tied."

BLUNDERS.—An advertisement announces, 'For sale, an excelent young horse would suit any timid lady or gentleman with a *long silver tail.*

A newspaper, announces the wrecking of a vessel, says, 'The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourthi of the cargo and the *captain's wife.*

☞"Do you think I'll have jestice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel, a shrewed Kentucky lawyer.

"I am a little afraid that you won't," replied the other; "I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging!"

QUERY.—Was not "Eve" the inventor of *fall* fashions?

☞The lady who was lost in amazument has been found.

The Smith of Ragenbach.

EXCITING NARRATION.

In the principality of Hohenlohe, Laugenburg, is a village called Rangenbach, where, about twenty years ago, the following heart-rending, but also heroic event took place. One afternoon, in the early spring or autumn, my kind informant did not exactly know which, in the tavern-room of Rangenbach, several men and women having assembled from the village, sat at their ease, none anticipating what would happen on that eventful day. The smith formed one of the merry company, a strong, vigorous man, with a resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good natured smile upon his lips that every one who saw him admired him. Every evil-disposed person shuned him, for the valiant smith would allow nothing wrong in his presence and it was not advisable to have anything to do with him except in a proper manner. His arms were like the bars of iron, and his fists like fore hammers, so that few could equal his strength of body.

The brave smith sat near the door chatting with one of his neighbors, I not know what: all at once the door sprang open, and a large dog came staggering into the room, a great, strong powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect; his head was hanging down, and his eyes bloodshot, his red-colored tongue hanging half way out of his mouth, and his tail droppeed betweenn his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was bath-keeper of the place, seen the animal, when he became deathly pale, sprang up, and exclaimed with a horrid voice, "Good Heaven, the dog is mad!"

Then arose an outcry! The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance; no one could leave without passing him He snapped savagely right and left, and no one could pass him without being bitten; this increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up and shrank from the furious dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them and as he saw the anguish of the people it dashed across his mind how many of his happy and contended neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he formed a resolution the like of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race for high-mindedness and nobleness. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled with Divine fire, and an elevated resolution shone from the smooth brow of the simpleminded man.

"Back all!" thundered he, with his deep, strong voice. "Let no one stir, for no one can vanquish the brute but I. One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim; I will hold the brute, and while I do so make your escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words the dog started toward the shrieking people. But he went not far.

"With God's help!" cried the smith and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor.

O, what a terrible struggle followed. The dog bit furiously on every side, in a most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain, and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down, an iron grasp, the snapping bitting, howling brute, until, all had escaped; till all were rescued, and in safety. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall; and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons shot the dog through the windows. But, O! merciful God, what will become of the brave, unfortunate smith?

Weeping and lamenting, the people around him who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. "Be quiet, my friends; do not weep for me for I have only performed my duty. When I am dead think of me with love, and now pray for me, that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad." He went straight to his work-shop, and selected a long chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock. He then, with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs and around the anvil so firmly that no power on earth could break it.—"There," said he, "it is done," after silently and solemnly completing the work. "Now you are secure, I am inaffensive. So long as I live bring me my food. The rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirits." Nothing could save the brave smith; neither tears lamentations, nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died; but he died only to awake to a more beautiful and glorious life at the right hand of God. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be vengrated to the end of time.

Search history through, and you will find no action more glorious and sublime than the deeds of this simple-minded man the smith of Ragenbach. It is easy for noble minds to die like Winkelried, or Martius Curtius, the high-spiritde Roman youth; but to go to the sacrifice with the certainty of death, and moreover being obliged to wait a death so awful, during long fearful hours and days, that is to die not once, but a thousand times.—And such a death was that of the smith of Ragenbach. Such a sacrifice the smith of Ragenbach made in order to save his neighbors. May his memory ever be sacred.—*Practical Christian.*

"FIFTY YEARS HENCE."—Rt. Rev. Bishop Clarke is stated to have delivered recently a lecture on the above subject, in which occurs the following passage whether intended for propecy or satire, however we are not exactly able to determine:

"Fifty years hence the newly married pair will step into an emporium for the sale of houses, look over the book of patterns, select one to suit their taste and means, order it, and it will be sent home in the morning, put together and occupied at night.

"In traveling, as great changes will take place. Instead of the dusty road and crowded car, there will be a splended Locomotive Hotel, flying over a road carpeted with turf and bordered with shade trees, and heralding its approach with sweet music, instead of the demoniac shriek of the steam whistle and labelled through from Boston to San Francisco in four days.

"Instead of the unsightly telegraph poles, there will be fifty years hence, a net work underground and under the bosoms of the deep, and it will click of thoughts instead of words. Then the Electric Battery will light all the street lamps at once, enable all the clocks in the city to keep exact time, and kindled the beacons on the dangerous rocks, where now men hazard their lives and wear out their lonely days.

"Then the author will not write by our slow process, losing his rarest fancies, but he will sit down to the newest invented Ghriographical instruments, and putting his fingers on the keys write as fast as he can think."

County Commissioner's *Notice.*

THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS for Kent County, will meet at their Office, in Chester Town, on *TUESDAY* the 10th, and *WEDNESDAY* the 11th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue to meet at the same place and hour every Tuesday and Wednesday until the 13th of May next, for the transfer of property, the reception of accounts, and to act upon all business which may be brought properly before them.

All persons who have sold or transferred any assessable property since the 14th of May last, arr requested to attend at an early day, and have their tax accounts adjusted, as no accounts can be altered after that date.

All persons having accounts against the county, are requested to bring in the same, on or before the 13th of May next, otherwise they will not get into this year's Levy. All accounts presented to the Commissioners will be required to be under oath.

All new applicants for pensions must be in writing, stating the residence and circumstances of the applicant and signed by two or more persons having a knowledge of the facts herein set forth.

The Collectors and Standard Keeper will be appointed on the 1st day of April—the salary os the latter $30.

A. W. MELVIN, Cl'k,
to the Commissioners for Kent county.
March 7, 1857.—10w

PORT DEPOSIT

Foundry and Machine Shop.

TIN AND
SHEET-IRON WARE MANUFACTORY.
ARMSTRONG & CO.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they have connected a Stove Store and Tinning Establishment with their Foundry, where they are prepared to furnish *STOVES*, of all kinds: consisting of Cooking Stoves, for coal or wood: Parlor Cooks, for coal or wood; with a variety of other Stoves for either wood or coal. A full assortment of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware always on hand.

Tin Roofing, Guttering and Spouting done, and warranted to give satisfaction. Also,

Machinery, Iron Railing,

Steam and Water Pipes, Plows and Plow Castings, of various patterns and assortments.

Having a practical acquaintance with the business, and having some of the best workmen in their employ, they flatter themselves that their work will compare favorably with that done in the cities, as to *Style, Price and Durability.* All they ask to satisfy the public on those points is a fair trial. They solicit a share of the public patronage. Mar7,'57—3m.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned wishing to purchase a Northern Rail-way Horse Power, will sell his Sinclair Sweep Horse Power and Thresher and Straw Carrier, all attached, being in complete order. The Thresher stands in forced grooves, cut in two hewn logs buried in the ground, and the legs of the thresher can be keyed solid to any distance when the band is stretched. Any one wishing to purchase an article of the kind will call and examine for themselves. The purchaser can have till the last of August to pay for it, clear of interest. One dozen extra sett of teeth new.

march 7, '57. JNO. A. STRONG.

URMY CORN SHELLERS.

SUBSTANTIALLY made and thoroughly bolted together, constructed so as to be worked by hand or horse power, for sale by
dec 27, '56. T. W. ELIASON.

Over Coats! Over Coats!!

C. H. KENTON has a large stock of Coats, of every description, for sale upon reasonable terms. Over