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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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POETRY.

(*From the Southern Lady's Book for December.*)

COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY GEORGE D PRENTICE.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come to me oft,
When the light wing of Sleep
On my bosom lies soft;
Oh! come when the sea,
In the moon's gentle light,
Beats low on the ear
Like the pulse of the night—
When the sky and the wave
Wear their loviest blue,
When the dew's on the flower
And the star on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we stray,
Where the whole year is crowned
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is as sweet
As the coo of the dove,
And the gales are as soft
As the breathing of love;
Where the beams kiss the waves,
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet lessons they teach.

Come in beautiful dreams, love;
Oh! come and we'll fly
Like two winged spirits
Of love through the sky;
With hand clasped in hand
On our dream wings we'll go,
Where the starlight and moonlight
Are blending their glow;
And on bright clouds we linger
Of purple and gold,
Till love's angels envy
The bliss they behold.

CHOICE TALES.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE,

OR

THE LADY OF LYONS.

During the early years of the first and most brilliant successes of the French Republic—a period when society in France was in a general ferment, and ranks were equalized—Claude Melnotte, the son of a gardener, lived with his widowed mother, in a small cottage in the neighborhood of Lyons. In that picturesqued city lived Pauline Deschappelles, the ouly daughter and heiress of a wealthy merchant. She was endowed with so much beauty and so many accomplishments, that every body, old and young, rich and poor, paid homage to her. Among her admirers there was no one that entertained such ardent feelings for her as Claude Melnotte During the lifetime of his father, he had worked in the garden of Monsieur Deschappelles, and while tending the flowers had seen Pauline. He saw her a spirit of bloom, and joy, and freshness; the passionate feelings of man entered the breast of the wild, dreaming boy, and from that hour he grew—what to the last he was—her adorer. This love, vain and frantic as it seemed, became to him a fountain of ambition and bright hope. He thought of the tales that he had heard gossips tell by winter hearth, how maidens sprung from kings, had stooped from their high sphere; how love, like death, levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre. With his high-paced love, his restless feelings, and his brilliant hopes, he made his home in the soft palace of a fairy future. His father died, and he became his own master, whereupon he sought to raise himself above his low condition. Pauline's bright image, glassed in his soul, lured him on to those inspiring toils by which man masters man. He grew a midnight student over the dreams of sages; he sought to borrow from every grace and every muse the attributes that lend ideal charms to love. He thought of Pauline, and passion taught him poetry; he thought of her, and the life of beauty grew on the canvass of the painter His companions called him vain—mad—and he heeded not; but still toiled on—hoped on—for it was sweet, if not to win, to feel more worthy of the dear object of his exalted passion. At last, in a mad hour, he sent a tribute of song to Pauline—some verses which he had written of the idol of his heart, to show it what bright things it had created. Instead of feeling proud of the present, Pauline scorned it—though there was not a line that a serf might not have written to an empress; the letter was tossed into the mire by the lackey, who swore that his lady and her mother never were more insulted; and Claude's messenger, Gasper was driven from the house with blows.

From that hour the love of Claude Melnotte turned to wrath—almost resembling hatred. But he was not the only one who had been made miserable by Pauline. Monsieur Buseant, a rich gentleman, and whose family had been enrolled before the revolution, had been refused by her for no other reason than as he believed, because she would not marry a commoner His friend Glavis was also a rejected suiter of hers, and Glavis was vain enough to think that he had been refused for the same reason.

These two friends, in a perfect fever of mortification and rage, and to console themselves in their heart ache, were proceeding to spend a day or two at Beauseant's chateau, when they stopped to bait the horses and rest an hour at the Golden Lion, a small village inn, a few leagues from Lyons They were standing on the lawn with the landlord and his daughter looking over the bill of fare, when they heard shouts without of "Long live the prince!—Long live the prince!"

"The prince!" said Beauseant, in a tone of surprise to the landlord; "what prince is that? I thought we had no princes left in France."

"The lads, sir," replied the landlord, laughing, "always call him prince It's the prince of the village, Claude Melnotte, the son of old Melnotte, the gardener."

"And why do they call him prince?" inquired Beauseant.

"Partly," replied the landlord, "because he is at the head of them all, and partly because he has such a proud way with him, and wears such fine clothes—and in short, looks like a prince. But the revolution that turns us all topsy turvey, has turned his brains. I mean sir, the revolution of love!"

'I heard from his mother, good soul," said the landlord, "that it is no less a person than the beauty of Lyons, Pauline Deschappelles."

Both Beauseant and Glavis here burst into a loud fit of laughter, and ascertaining from the landlord that Pauline had never even condescended to look at Claude, and did not know him by sight, an idea entered Beauseant's head of revenging himself on Pauline, by marrying her to Claude Melnotte, after making him pass off as a foreign prince—a character that he was well enabled to support, being a perfect Admiral Crichton in learning, and in such accomplishments as fencing, dancing, and painting. As to the expenses necessary to maintain the rank Beauseant and his friend Glavis expressed their willingness to lend him money, clothes and equipages. In a short time they had left the inn behind them, and turning down a lane, struck across a common, and came in sight of Widow Melnotto's cottage. They saw Claude, and, finding him all that he had been represented, Beauseant wrote this letter to him:

"Young man I know thy secret—thou lovest above thy station: If thou hast wit, courage and discretion, I can secure the realization of thy most sanguine hopes; and the sole condition I ask in return is, that thou shalt be steadfast to thine own ends. I shall demand from thee a solemn oath to marry her whom thou lovest; to bear her to thine home on thy wedding night.

"I am serious—If thou wouldst learn more, lose not a moment, but follow the bearer of the letter to thy friend and patron. CHARLES BEAUSEANT."

With his whole soul made a chaos by the disdain of Pauline, Claude Melnotte found himself a ready tool for the revenge of his tempters. Pauline had trampled upon him as on a worm—as a worm he now turned to sting her. He accepted the bargain offered him by Beauseant; and in due time was introduced to the pompous mother, and the scornful daughter, as His Highness the Prince of Como. It was all over with them—he came—he saw—he conquered; and not many days after his arrival he was already promised the hand of Pauline.

In the family there was a cousin of Madame Deschappelles, Colonel Damas, a man as brave in action as he was rude in speech. One day, in conversation with Pauline, Claude heard that she was proud of her connexion with this relative, howbeit that Damas was a soldier of fortune—one who owed his position to merit, not birth—one who had risen (and in two year,) from the ranks to his present grade. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Claude was endeavoring to instil into the mind of Pauline, the old and classical sentiment, that virtue is nobility, when she observed to him fondly:

"I cannot forego pride when I look on thee, and think that thou lovest me. Sweet prince, tell me again of thy palace by the Lake of Como; it is so pleasant to hear of thy splendor, since thou didst swear to me that they would be desolate without Pauline; and when thou describest them it is with a mocking lip and noble scorn, as if custom had made thee disdain greatness."

Evading the request of Pauline, Claude proceeded to describe a home, which he did say he possessed.

"Nay, dearest, nay," said he, "if thou wouldst have me paint the home to which, could love fulfil its prayers, this hand would lead thee—listen! A deep vale shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world; near a clear lake; glassing softest skies as cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows, as I would have thy fate."

"My own dear love!" murmured Pauline.

"A palace," Claude continued, "lifting to eternal summers its marble walls, from out a glossy bower of coolest foliage musical with bird, whose songs should syllable thy name. At noon, we'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder why earth could not be happy, while the heavens still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends that were not lovers; no ambition, save to excel them all in love; we'd read no books that were not tales of love—that we might smile to think how poorly eloquence of words translates the poetry of heart like ours. And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens, we'd guess what star would be our home when love become immortal; while the perfumed light stole through the mists of alabaster lamps, and every air was heavy with the sighs of orange groves and music from sweet lutes, and murmurs of low fountains that gush forth in the midst of roses! Love," he said, "dost thou like the picture?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Pauline, softly, "as the bee upon the flower, I hang upon the honey of thy tongue. Am I not blest? And if I love too wildly, who would not love thee like Pauline?"

"Oh, false one!" exclaimed Claude, bitterly. "It is the *prince* thou lovest, not the *man*. If, in the stead of luxury, pomp and power, I had painted poverty, toil and care, thou hast found no honey on my tongue. Pauline, that is not love."

"Cruel prince," said Pauline, "thou wrongst me. 'Tis true I might not at first been won, save though the weakness of a flattered pride; but now—oh!—trust me—could thou fall from thy power and sink—"

"As low," inquired Melnotte, eagerly, "as that poor gardener's son, who dared not lift his eyes to thee?"

"Even then," said Pauline, "methinks thou would be only made more dear by sweet that I could prove how deep is woman's love! We like the insects, caught by the poor glitter of a garnish flame—but oh! the wings are scorched—the brightest star lures no more, and by the fatal light we cling till death!"

"Angel!" murmured Melnotte. Conscience stung him for the treacherous part he was playing. Her love had given a torture worse than her hate.

He lost no time in seeking out Beauseant and Glavis, and desired them to release him from his oath. He said he was not in his senses when he had sworn to them to marry Pauline. Instead, however, of complying with his request, Beauseant replied that the invention he had planned to bring about the marriage immediately, was ripe for execution. In great excitement he went to the Deschappelles and pretended that he had just received from a friend at Paris—a member of the directory—a letter, stating that the prince was suspected of designs against the republic—that he must quit Lyons immediately, or he would be arrested—thrown into prison—perhaps guillotined. Horses was ordered to the carriage immediately, and the prince was to fly to Marseilles, and then to take ship to Leghorn.

Unwilling that the prince should depart without her daughter, Madame Deschappelles was anxious that her marriage should take place at once; the settlement was managed by proxy; and before the ceremony was over, the carriage was at the door, and Pauline—as she and her parents thought—was carried home, the pride of an illustrious prince. But what a fearful reality it was to her to find herself, in less than half an hour, surrounded by the rude walls of widow Melnotte's cottage!—The blood almost froze in her veins when she discovered that she was the wife of a peasant—the son of peasants. At first she thought it all a jest—a horrid dream—and was amazed beyond measure to hear that the deep wrong of this most vile revenge had proceeded merely from the slight which she, a poor powerness girl, had shown Claude by not accepting his verses. But Claude repented what he had done, was ready to lay at feet a husband's rights; as by the laws of France, a marriage thus unholy and unfulfilled could be made void and null, he begged her to sleep that night in peace, for that the law would do her justice and restore her to the right to bless another with her love."

"And when thou art happy," continued Melnotte, "and hast half forgotten him why so loved—so wronged thee, think, at last Heaven left some remnant of the angel still in that poor peasant's nature."

Pauline, in her solitary chamber, passed the whole long desolate night in sobs, while Claude sat down and wrote a letter to Pauline's father, which he sent off at day-break, begging him to come and receive into his hands his consent to the divorce.

On rising in the morning, Pauline found Claude absent, but she saw his mother. In a conversation with the widow, she found out that she had been loved—idolized by Claude for 3 years, that he had learned to paint, that he might take her likeness— and that, 3 years ago, he had saved up all his money to buy a real Seive China cup, merely because the name of *Pauline* was inscribed on it, Pauline was weeping and grieving that Claude was not something better than a gardener's son—that he was but a poor gentleman—when Beauseant made his appearance, not so much to exult in her humiliation as to offer to lay his fortune at her feet, and to bear her to a home more suitable for her reception—a home of wealth, luxury and station. She was begging him to respect her anguish, when Melnotte opened the door silently, and perceiving Beauseant addressing Pauline, paused at the threshold and looked on in silence. But when he beheld Beauseant, in spite of Pauline's entreaties, attempting to clasp her in his arms, he sprang forward and dashed him to the other end of the room. Enraged, Beauseant levelled a pistol at him. "Oh! spare him; spare my husband!" shrieked Pauline, "Beauseant—Claude—no, no"—and she fell fainting into the arms of Claude.

On recovering she found herself alone with her husband.

'All gone—all calm'—she exclaimed, looking around her. "Is every thing a dream? Thou art safe, unhurt—I do not love thee," she added tenderly—"but I am a woman—and—and—no blood is spilt?"

"No, lady, no, replied Melnotte, "my guilt hath not deserved so rich a blessing as even danger in thy cause."

They were here interrupted by the entrance of widow Melnotte, who came in to tell them of the approach of Pauline's parents.

"Ah! madame," she continued, addressing Pauline, do not let them injure him—if you knew how he doted on you!"

"Injure him!" exclaimed Pauline; "no ma'am, be not afraid."

On the entrance of her parants, Claude renounced all pretensions to her person, by giving his consent to a divorce, and fully confessing the fraud which annulled the marriage.

"Your daughter, sir," said he, handing the paper to Monsieur Deschappelles, "has been fully wronged—I grant it, sir"—but her own lips will tell you that from the hour in which she crossed this threshold, I returned to my station, and respected her's. Pure and inviolate as when yesterday morn you laid your hand upon her head, and blessed her, I yield her back to you. For myself, I deliver you forever from my presence.—An outcast and a criminal I shall seek some distant land, where I may mourn my sin, and pray for your daughter's peace. Farewell—farewell to you all forever.

* * * * * *

Two years and a half rolled by since the incidents related above when one day there marched into the streets of Lyons a regiment fresh from the army in Italy, and under the command of Colonel—now General—Damas. In this corps there was a young officer who, in those two years and a half, had risen to a Colonel's rank, was the hero af Lodi, and altogether a most mysterious person. His fellow officers knew him by the name of Morier—and his constant melancholy—the loneliness of his habits—his daring valor—his brilliant rise in his profession—the friendship of his General and the favors of his Commander-in-Chief—all tended to make him as much the matter of gossip as of admiration.—It is almost unnecessary to say that it was Claude Melnotte, who had gone to Italy with General Damas—he had placed himself where a foe was most dreaded—wherever France most needed a life—there was no forlorn hope without him. But instead of meeting death, he distingnished himself by brave deeds—he was a thrifty economical man an' managed to find Italy a second Mexico to him—for he had saved something very handsome. On his arrival in Lyons, he asked every one, who could know any thing of her, about Pauline, and was amazed to hear that she had consented to a divorce from him—from her husband, Claude Melnotte—and on that very day she was to authorize the necessary proceedings annulling her present illegal marriage, and signing a contract which was to make her Beauseant's wife within one week. Not that she was false to Claude—no, her heart was still devotedly attached to him—but she alone could be the means of saving her father from bankruptcy,, by procuring a large sum to meet demands that could not be denied or delayed, and which she could only obtain by giving her hand to Beauseant, who on that condition, would advance the money.

As the clock struck one, the hour fixed for the annuling of the contract General Damas, accompanied by Claude Melnotte, as Colonel Morier, entered the room in the House of Monsieur Deschappelles, where the contract was to take place, and where Pauline in great dejection sat with her parents. On seeing her cousin enter, Pauline implored him to save her.

"I cannot help you," was the reply; "I am too poor—but hold," continued the General, "you see my friend, Morier, Melnotte is his most intimate friend, foguht in the same fields; slept in the same tent. Have you any message to send to Melnotte? Any word to soften the blow?"

She approached Melnotte, but with a stern air he turned away from her. She spoke to him, and as he heard her voice, the old time came o'er again.

"Tell Melnotte," she said, "that for years I never nursed a thought that was not his; or that on his wandering way, daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers. Tell e'en now that I would rather share his lowliest cot; walk by his side an outcast; work for him; beg for him; live upon the light of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown the Bourbon's lost!"

Almost maddened with the joy that these sweet words produced.

'You love him thus,' exclaimed Melnotte, in a beautiful tone, "and yet deserted him!"

'Say that, if his eye," continued Pauline, "could read this heart; its struggles; its temptations; his love itself would pardon that desertion! Look on that poor old man; he is my father; he stands on the verge of an abyss; he calls his child up to save him! Shall I shrink from him who is my father?—with-hold my hand and see a parent perish? Tell me this, and say—that we shall meet again in heaven?'

Here the voice of Beauseant, who was standing at the table on which the papers were scattered, was heard exclaiming to Pauline:

"The papers are prepared; we need only your hand and seal"

"Stay, lady," exclaimed Melnotte, detaining Pauline, with anxiety, 'one word more. Were but your duty with your faith united, would you still share the lowborn peasant's lot?"

'Would I!' exclaimed Pauline. 'Ah! better death with him I love than all the pomp which is but as the flowers that crown the victim.'

She turned to take the contract from the notary, when Melnotte seized it and tore it to fragments.

"Are you mad?" said Beauseant.

"How, sir?" exclaimed Monsieur Deschappelles, 'what means this insult?"

"Peace, old man," said Claude, "I have a prior claim. Before the face of man and heaven, I urge it. I outbid you sordid huckster for your priceless jewel. There is the sum twice told!" he continued, handing the pocket book. Blush not to take it, there's not a coin that is not bought and hallowed in the cause of nation's blood!"

"That voice!" exclaimed Pauline, most breathles with amazement—"thou art——"

"Thy husband!" exclaimed Melnotte, as Pauline rushed into his arms.

That was a blessed hour! What sweet and holy tears Pauline wept on the bosom of her husband. Monsieur Deschappelles was happy to see his daughter's welfare entrusted to a man who had so nobly won both love and honor; and as to Madame Deschappelles, she had no objection to have Claude for a son-in law, for though she had thought him an ugly, miserable wretch, when he was a gardener's son ,she observed a wonderful improvement in him now that he was a Colonel and a Hero.

While thousands fall by clashing swords.
Ten thousand fall by corset boards;
Yet gidy females, thoughtless train,
For sake of fashion yield to pain.

Becoming a Medium.

The fascinating spirtual rapping is without a doubt gaining strength among us, and some very ludicrous incidents often grow out of it at times, as well as more serious and deplorable ones.

A few nights since, within this week, a young male friend of ours, who from a sneering sceptic had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system partially destroyed by the information, through his grand-father, that he would very shortly become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable snooze when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirits on the table, indeed.

"Who is there?"

There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

No answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I'll try. (Aloud.) If there is a spirit in the room it will signify the same by saying 'ave'—no that not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, it will please to rap three times!"

Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three taps!

"Are you happy?"

Nine taps.

"Do you want for anything?"

A succession of very loud taps.

"Will you give me communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps very loud again; this time in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

The raps then came from the outside of the door. He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking on the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep

On getting up in the morning, he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down stairs into the hall, and his great coat off altogether.—*St. Louis Despatch.*

A Negro Sermon.

The discourse from which the annexed passage is taken, was actually preached in the town of Zanesville, Ohio, some years age. The name of the reverened divine, who was a colored gentleman, and, we believe, a sincere and humble Christian, we have forgotton; but the Judge Harper to whom he refers, we remember well He was, we believe, at that time, presiding Judge of the 15th Judicial Circuit of the Court of Common Pleas, and is, if we are not mistaken, the present Representative. The Judge was present at the delivery of the sermon, and was brought in by the preacher, by way of illustrating a certain position then and there taken by him. But to the passage:

"My dear frens and bredren," said the preacher, "de soul of de brack man is deef to de Lord as de soul ob de white man.

"Now you all see Judge Harper, a sittin dah leanin' on his gold-headed cane—you all know de Judge, niggers, and a bery fine man he is, too Well, now, I'se gwine to make a little comparishment. Suppösin' de Judge, some fine mornin', puts his basket on his arm and goes to market, to buy a piece ob meat. He soon finds a nice, fat piece of mutton, and trots off wid it. Do you 'spose de Judge would stop to 'quire wedder dat muton was ob a white sheep or a black one? No, nuffin of de kind; if de mutton was nice and fat, it would be all de same to de Judge. He would not stop to ax wedder the sheep had white wool or brack wool.

"Well, just so it is, my frens, wid our Hebenly Master. He does not stop to ax wedder a soul 'longs to a white man or a brack man—wedder his head is kivered wid straight har, or kivered wid wool. De question he will ax will be, 'Is dis a good soul?' an' if so, de Master will say. 'Enter into de joy ob our Lord, an' set down on the same bench wid de white man—yo' see all on a perfect 'quality."—*Decatur (Ohio) Gazette.*

A CURE FOR STUPIDITY—"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better, and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

A chap being asked what he took for a bad cold, replied, "four pocket handkerchiefs per day."

HOPE.—A sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail, when he is waiting for a bone.