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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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THE KENT NEWS,

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☞ All communications must be post paid.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



Written for the Kent News

PRIDE.

BY MISS MARY A. REECE.

Pride, pride! oh hated bane of human life,—
Detested cause of bitterness and strife;
'Twas *thou* which caused the misery and pain,
In the kind bosom of the erring Cain!
'Twas thou—abhored monster! that imbrued
The hands of brother in a brothers blood!—
Too oft between affections purest flame
And selfish wishes for a noble name;
Thou steppest in, and with thy cunning wile
Of nobleness of heart thy victim doth beguile.

Twin sister thou of fell ambitions aim,
Which one cold word of wordly praise to gain,
Would sell the only joy on earth we own,
Which ere we scarcely taste, 'tis gone!
Flown! yes—with less fleetness doth the lightning flash,
Follow quick the bellowing thunder crash,
And leaves us often poorer than before
We won the praise, or Fames sweet chaplet wore.

And for this fame, this love of worldly praise
We yield to nought, our happiness; and when,
(If ever) mem'ry fondly strays
To joyous moments past with humble friend.
Or chance doth bring,
Before our eye some well remembered face
We blushing, turn away, and proudly say
Ah once how well loved; now too humble far
Since fortune, or ambition rules our star!
And this is happiness! Oh! Joyousness extreme.
To send one's heartstrings, and look bright and gay
And revel for one moment in a shatinfi dream.

SELECTED TALE.

TOO HANDSOME.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

Philip Heathcothe lived in a country town, where he was the beau "par excellence"—the Adonis, Apollo, Narcissus, of almost every young lady from fifteen to fifty; and to tell the truth, Philip was, indeed, very handsome. We have no intention of describing, categorically, his eyes, nose, and mouth, because beauty is entirely a personal matter. It is seldom that two people agree on the subject. Each one has his or her ideal of perfection, and judges others to a certain extent as they approach to, or diverge from, this image, formed in each mind. Ugliness becomes beauty and beauty ugliness, according to one's fancy. There is no glamour so complete as that of a loving eye. Therefore, let each one picture our young hero as resembling her own, and she will like Philip Heathcote all the better.

Philip was one of those fortunate persons who seem born with talents for every thing. His conversation was winning enough to "wile a bird off a brush;" he was "a man of infinite humor," as Shakespeare has it, and possessed that every welcome quality of making the dullest party merry when he entered it. Then he was the best dancer, the best singer, the best flute player for miles round;—wrote poetry, composed songs, drew likenesses,—in short, Philip was a pattern of perfection. His praise rang through the country round; none were insensible to it, saved one. The very last he would have wished to be so—a young girl, named Margaret Lester.

With that peculiar contradiction, which characterizes love, young Heathcote's heart—if he had a heart, which some doubted—was given to one entirely the opposite to himself. Quiet, unassuming, not beautiful, only interesting, with no accomplishment, save a sweet voice, which could warble for ever, Margaret Lester had yet stolen away all the love which the showy, the fascinating, dashing Philip could bestow; and, wonderful, to tell, was quite insensible to her prize. She was not in love with any one else, that was certain, and that the sweet, gentle Margaret was heartless,—oh! that was quite impossible, too; but yet she did not care for Philip in the least. She never asked for his poety; seldom sang with him; was perfectly happy to waltz with any one else; would quietly, and without changing color, acknowledge his personal and mental qualities and praise him with the greatest unconcern. So, for months and months, these two moved through the circles of country gaiety; meeting constantly, and furnishing, for some time, a grand subject for speculation. In worldly matters, both were equal;—neither very rich nor poor—well matched, as the gossips said; but it was all useless; and Philip, at last, mortified with the calm indifference which his homage won from the gentle girl, ceased all outward show of it; paid attention to every new or pretty face, and seemed determined to dazzle and charm without even really loving or being loved. Margaret was apparently unmoved by her lover's derifiction, as by his previous adoration. Her real thoughts on the subject were only expressed to her mother, who naturally wished to see her only child settled.

"Why could you not like Philip Heathcote?" asked Mrs. Lester. "You know, love, he has good prospects; every one admires him; he is very handsome, and is the life of all society, wherever he goes."

"That is the very reason he did not please me, dear mamma," answered Margaret "I should not wish my husband to be so fascmating; I want more than mere outside qualities; and I should be inclined to distrust a man who was so very brilliant—he would never do for home. "Don't you remember Beatrice, in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' when Don Pedro asks if she will have him for her husband, 'No,' she says; 'I should want another o' week days; your grace is too costly for every day wear.'—And," continued Miss Lester, laughing cheerfully, "I think it is much the same with myself and young Heathcote—he is, in truth, "too handsome" for me!"

Perhaps Margaret's feeling was natural. Every true-hearted woman likes to feel proud of her lover, or rather to have one that she can rightly and justly feel proud of; there is no sensation more delicious or more unselfish than this. But we doubt very much if a woman, sincere, simple-hearted, as we wish to paint our Margaret, would feel love for Philip Heathcote, the idol of a ball-room—the admired and admirer of all the vain and frivolous. That Philip had deeper qualities than these was as yet unknown; such was his apparent character; and Margaret was right when she said, that he was too handsome and too fascinating for her.

Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat one morning at their work, when there was announced that bore of bores, a morning visitor, and one never particularly welcome at any time—the news-retailer of the place, a short of faminine Paul Fry. Country society has not the blessings of London visiting—no dropping the acquaintance of these human barnacles. There was a suspicious twinkling in Mrs. Doddrige's little black eyes, which showed she was brimming over with news; and out the information came, at the earliest opportunity.

"Have you heard of the fire?"

"What fire?" asked the ever sympathising Mrs. Lester.

"What, not about the fire at Farmer Westcro's, and young Mrs. Heathcote, and his accident?" cried the delighted gossip, glancing meaningly at Miss Lester.

"I am sorry for it," said Margaret quietly. "What has happened to him?"

"I thought you must have known—but, no; I forgot. Well, he is not quite killed; —almost."

Both the ladies started; and to their inquiries, Mrs. Doddridge answered with a long story, the substance of which, separating truth from fiction, we will tell in our own words. Philip, coming home from a country ball, had seen that most fearful of all sights, especially in a lonely country place, a house on fire. He spurred his horse to the spot, and reached it with difficulty, but too late. The house was wrapt in flames; and the farmer's aged mother was still within; no one thought of saving her. Heathcote, with a sudden and generous impulse, rushed into the burning mass and they never thought to see him return, until he staggered forth with his burden dead in his arms, and fell insensible on the ground. When he returned to consciousness, he was found to be fearfully burnt, and one foot entirely crushed by a fallen beam. The young, gay, handsome Philip, who had danced so merrily a few hours before, and charmed all, as was his wont, was taken home by the grey morning twilight disfigured for life!

Margaret Lester's kind heart overflowed with unmingled pity at hearing this heroic and generous deed! She could not have believed him capable of such. Her tender conscience smote her for having misjudged him, and many slight instances of his kindly feeling rose to her mind, which showed he must have had a higher and better character beneath the one in which he publicly appeared. There is nothing so sweet or so all-extenuating as the compassion of a gentle-hearted woman, though exercised towards a rejected, or even a faithless lover.

Many months did Philip lie on his lonely and desolate sick-bed, for he had no mother or sister to watch over him. Some few among those who had so been charmed with him; sent to inquire after the poor young man for a little time. But the interest and excitement of the event soon died away; and long before the invalid was able to crawl to the closed-up garden of the old manor-house, where he lived, all had forsaken him, except one or two kind souls, who sent him a book now and then out of charity. Among these was Mrs. Lester, and when at last the young man recovered, gratitude, or somewhat else, warmer still, led him thither, the first day he left his home.

No one had seen him since his accident, excepting his medical attendant. Philip could not bear that his former friends should see how fearfully changed he was. His beautiful and classic features were scarcely recognisable, for the deep scars left in his face; and his finely moulded figure and elastic gait were changed into an incurable lameness. It was a fearful shock such as none but a strong mind could bear. But Philip through his long and solitary illness, had thought much and deeply; and his external appearance was scarcely more changed than his mind. Nevertheless, with all his courage, he could not repress many a bitter pang, as he waited alone in Mrs. Lester's drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror which had so often beforetime reflected the graceful figure of the handsome Philip Heathcote. When the door opened, and Margaret entered, he could have shrunk any-where from her view.

A hue, very slight, was in Margaret's usually colorless cheek; she looked once at the young man, and then advancing, took his hand in both hers, and said in a frank, earnest tone, that went to Philip's heart. "I am very glad, indeed, to see you here again Mr. Heathcote."

There was no condolence, no allusion to his illness; she did not avoid looking at him, but spoke and smiled with true and kindly tact, as if nothing had happened, so that Philip's dread and embarrassment were off imperceptibly. Once only, when he was engaged talking to Mrs. Lester, he caught Margaret's eyes fixed upon his face with deep expression. He thought, though he was not sure, that those sweet blue orbs were moist with tears; and the young man would have parted almost with life itself for one tear of affectionate pity from Margaret Lester.

He stayed a long time, and then went home, certainly happier than he had been in the days of his bloom and gaiety. What Margaret thought of her old lover could not be known, she said very little; but that night she heard the old church clock strike one before her eyes fairly closed in slumber.

Philip Heathcote's reappearance in society caused the usual nine days wonder and excitement, and then all subsided. He was an altered man; his abundant flow of spirits was no more; he could no longer join the dance in which he shone so brightly aforetime; he was often silent in company, and the belles who had so often gazed delightedly on his handsome face, now passed him by with a slight recognition, and the audible, "Poor fellow—how handsome he was once!" Philip had grown wiser through suffering; but still no one is ever quite insensible to the loss of personal attractions; and the 'has been' grated harshly on young Heathcote's feelings for a long time after. He gradually withdrew from society, in a great measure, pleading as his reason the ill-health which he really did labor under; and at last his visits were almost entirely confined to Mrs. Lester's where he met no altered looks or obstrusive condolence.

And now we must turn to Margaret. She, too was changed; not outwardly, but in her own heart. Love, under the guise of pity, had stolen in their unawares. She had been perfectly indifferent to Philip in his days of triumph; but when she saw him pale, feeble, thoughtful, without a single gay jest or sportive compliment to scatter round; treated with neglect, or else wounded by rude pity, Margaret's woman's heart gave way. She first felt sympathy, then interest, so went through the regular graduations, until she loved Philip Heathcote with her whole soul. He, foolish man, humbled, and self-distrusting as he was, never saw this; yet he nourished his affection for Margaret in his heart's core, never dreaming that it could ever be returned.

"If she did not care for me in the old days," he often though," surely it is hopeless to imagine she could love me now—a poor, sick, lame, ugly fellow like me. And he would look at himself with disgust, and turn away from the mirror with a bitter sigh. Ah! Philip Heathcote, all his talent and brilliancy, still knew little of the depths of a woman's heart! We have heard of a man who broke the plighted troth of years, because a heavy affliction—it was the deprivation of hearing—fell upupon the lovely girl he was to have married; and we have also heard others of his sex justify him inso doing.—Such love is not like woman's; she would only have clung the closer to her betrothed in his affliction:

Philip, in spite of his conviction of the entire hopelessness of winning Margaret's heart, still continued to hover about her unceasingly. He saw there was at least no other lover in the way, and that was one comfort. It was months before his eyes were opened to his error, and how that clearness of vision was effected, history sayeth not. Very few lovers can tell the precise moment when the blessed truth rushed upon their hearts, flooding them with dilicious joy. To what hope—to what a new and blissful existence did Philip awake when he knew that Margaret loved him! He counted all he had lost as nothing in comparison to the prize which his sufferings had won for him. Much he wondered at the change, not knowing that it was due to his altered character; for men look at the outward form while women judge of the heart. But wonder and doubt were absorbed in intense happiness, for Margaret, the timid, retireing, but loving Margaret, was all his own.

Once more the town's talk was of Philip Heathcote and Margaret Lester. They were seen walking together; one had met them in the fields; another, coming home from church; Mr. Heathcote was daily at the house; surely they must be engaged; and this once the gossips were right;—they were, indeed, affianced lovers; and in due time the old village church beheld them made man and wife. A few years passed, and the old manor house rang with childish voices through all its desolate nooks; and Margaret and her husband might be seen oftentimes slowly pacing the dark alleys of the garden with a merry troop around them. Hand in hand, Philip and Margaret were gliding down life's river, nor feared the coming of middle age, when each year brought new happiness.—Had they altogether forgotten the days of their youth? Not quite; for once, when they sat watching the sports of their eldest son, Margaret said with a mother's pride and fondness—

"Is not our boy handsome, Philip?—he will grow up almost as handsome as ——"

"As his father once used to be," interrupted Mr. Heathcote with a smile, not quite devoid of bitterness. He was still not perfect—the vain man!

Margaret arose, clasped her arms around her husband's neck, and kissed his white forehead and still beautiful eyes with a intense and wife-like affection.

"You are always handsome to me, my own Philip—there is no one like you; and if I were foolish once ——"

"When you said I was too handsome?" cried the husband.

"There, do not remember those days—I did not love you then."

"And now you do, my sweet Margaret, my dear wife," said Philip Heathcote,—"And so I do not care in the least for being as ugly as an old satyr, since Margaret Lester can never again say that I am a great deal "TOO HANDSOME for her."

POLITICAL.

Washington Correspondence of the Boston Atlas.

SPEECH OF MR. PEARCE, OF MD., ON THE TEN REGIMENT BILL.

The class of men who make to themselves national reputation as a general rule, in Congress, are the first class of statesmen, and the vapid, noisy, wordy politicians.—By the first class, I mean such men as Webster Clay and Calhoun. The second class men are not so well known. This is a remark I have often heard made, and my observation here has confirmed me in its truth. Now how many are there in our own State, who have ever heard of Mr. Pearce, the honorable Senator from Maryland? His name is published in the Whig almanacs, and in the list of yeas and nays in the newspapers; and to a very large proportion of the people of this country, this is all that is known of him. I listened to him for three hours in the Senate yesterday, in a speech upon the Ten Regiment Bill, and in reply to the speech made by his colleague, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, and I have never heard a more noble and eloquent speech, or one that would exercise a more healthy influence upon public sentiment, if circulated and read—as I trust it will be.

Mr. Pearce said he felt called upon, after having heard the remarkable speech of his colleague, to give his views upon the questions of Texas boundary and the war.—more especially, as the Legislature of Maryland is now in session, and would soon be called upon to elect his successor. He differed widely as the poles from the view taken by his colleague, upon the question of the boundaries of Texas. He asserts that Texas had a clear right up the Rio Grande. Now, said Mr. Pearce, I believe no such thing. So far from Texas having a clear right to the Rio Grande, she had not even the shadow of a title; and he went on to prove and fortify his position and although I have heard this topic discussed by the public men of our country, and seen it in the press, I have never heard so strong and conclusive an argument as the one made by Mr. Pearce. He took up, in course, each position taken by his colleague, and scattered them to the winds.—He left nothing, absolutely nothing, on which Mr. Johnson could hang an argument.

Mr Pearce then went into an argument in regard to the policy of continuing the war. For his mind was made up fixed and immovable. He would vote what was necessary to pay and clothe the army now in service until it was called home and disbanded; but he would vote neither a man or a dollar to continue the war, and to carry it, as the President says in his message, "into the vital parts of Mexico." He loathed any such purpose, and under no circumstances would he become a party to it.—Neither would he vote a man or a dollar to continue the war to get indemnity. He was for having Mexico pay what she justly owed us, and no more. He wanted none of her territory by conquest. He would have none of it in that way. If any was required by us, we should get it by negotiation and pay for it its fair value. Gentlemen, said Mr. Pearce, on the other side of the chamber, and the President and his friends have said we must get indemnity to satisfy us for our "sullied honor," for the attack made upon by Mexico. He despises such sentiments. I despise, said Mr. P., the man or the nation that would thus be satisfied if their honor had been called in question. He had read Sir John Barrington's account of the Kilkenny Club, an association of gentlemen, who actuated by a high sense of honor, had made a list of all the offences which one gentleman was likely to offer to another, and had graduated penalities which should be inflicted in reparation; but among them all he had been unable to find that *money*, or indemnity in its equivalent, was to be demanded. No, said he, the demand is sordid and unworthy an honorable man or a respectable nation, and I despise it from the bottom of my heart.

To continue a war for indemnity is a new feature in the policy of the country. This is the third war in which we have been engaged. For our expenses in the war of the Revolution, we claimed no indemnity; for our losses and expenditures in the last war with Great Britain, we claimed no indemnity, and yet no man in the nation and no nation abroad ever thought that our honor had in consequence been furnished. Yet both of those wars were just on our part. We were the aggrieved party; we had real and substantial wrongs; we fought to redress them; but in this war with Mexico, we were the aggressors. We had marched our armies there, took possession of her towns, and laid waste the dwellings of her people. We were powerful, they were weak. We have that nation now at our feet, bleeding at every pore; her government almost blotted out, and her people a little better than a disorganized mass; and yet because they show the spirit inherent in man, particularly of those who have tasted freedom, and refuse to sue for peace, preferring rather to die than give up their country, and acknowledge their weakness, we are called upon to strike still deeper into the vital parts of this fallen and prostrate foe, until they accede to our demands and accept of peace as dictated by us at the cannon's mouth and at the point of the bayonet; until they give us money and land as much as we in our cupidity and power may ask; and all under the miserable plea that our *honor* demands it. Once more, said Mr. Pearce, I despise and reject it.

He then went into an examination of the mission of Mr. Trist, and showed that the Mexicans offered to cede to us 200,000 square miles of territory in Upper California—a tract larger than all the New England States, and New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and we are offered also the port of San Francisco, but we rejected this offer. We demanded both Upper and Lower California, and the populous and important State of New Mexico, making upwards of 600.00 square miles of territory. This the Mexican authorities would not agree to, and for reasons, said Mr. Pearce for which I respect and honor them. They would not expatriate their people who were loyal to their country, who were Mexicans by both language and blood. They would not sell their countrymen, who loved their country in its glory or its decay—they wished not union with us, they were Mexicans. Such sentiments as these, said Mr Pearce, I honor and respect. They find an echo in every honorable man's heart, and never will I do an act which will outrage a feeling so manly and just.

He then went on to show the evil effects which are inevitable if we go on in this mad career. He wanted no more territory. He desired Mexico and the United States to prosper as independent Republics. If we add Mexico to our country, we will snap asunder with our own weight. There can never be a union between two such people, except on grounds of perfect national independence. He also spoke of the expense of the war, and concluded with reaffirming the position he had stated and on which he was determined to stand.

Although I have given you a pretty long abstract of the speech, yet I feel that I have done nothing like justice to it or its distinguished author. There was a manly honesty, an unction and earnestness, in the appearance, voice and action of Mr P., which cannot be conveyed by ink and types. Mr Pearce is, I should judge, about 45 years of age, of medium height, rather stoutly formed. His complexion is fair, and his face full and open. His hair curls all over dis head, and is of an auburn color. He dresses in black and in good taste, and is altogether a fine looking man. Old Maryland may well feel proud of such a Senator.

Mr Pearce is evidently a fine classical scholar, and possesses exquisite taste. His quotations were admirably put in. I will, in conclusion, once more recommend an extended publication and circulation of the speech.

W. S

MANURE FOR STRAWBERRIES.—The best top-dressing for strawberry beds is a little leaf mould, pointed in with a fork, early in March. A good addition also is nitrate of soda, three ounces to each square yard, sprinkled over the surface at the same season. Bonedust and charred turf, pointed in with a fork in October, have also been found highly beneficial.

VARIETY.

THE FAULTS OF MAN.

A thousand faults in man we find—
Merit in him we seldom meet;
Man's inconsistent and unkind,
Man is false and indiscreet;
Man's capricious, jealous, free,
Vain, insincere, and trifling too;
Yet still the Women all agree,
For want of better, he must do!

☞"I like neatness above all things," as the farmer said, when he white-washed and carpeted his pig pen.

☞An editor out west on summing up the virtues of a soap-boiler, lately deceased, concluded his eulogy with the usual phrase of "peace to his ashes." The next day he was waited upon by a "friend of the family," who threatened to "pound thunder out of him" unless he made a retraction. His reference to his friend's ashes, was looked upon as a personal reflection, and what is more, they meant to treat it as such.

IMPROMPTU.

Oh! steep my feet in the boiling oil,
Or put me on the rack;
But save me while I tarry here,
From yonder woman's clack.

☞The celebrated Ezra Doolittle, Esq., says that a pretty gal is enough to make a fellow forsake his mother, twist himself right-up into a double-breasted molasses down-east, and have warts on his disposition as big as 'taters balls! Think of that.

☞These are trying times for health—so hard well against colds: Mrs. Partington, of the Post, she has got a romantic affection in her shoulder, neuralogy in her head and the embargo in the rein of her jocula vein, and all from opening the window in the night, to throw a bottle at a brace of belligerent tom-cats on the shed.

☞"Why am I like Texas?" said the unmarried Miss Sour to a bashful wooer who did not "spunk up," as the saying is. "I do not know," said the verdant one.—"Because I am a lone star." Then said Gideon, brightening up, let me propose annexation." Of course the *modest* lady consented.

"He who would be free, himself must strike the blow," as the loafer said when he knocked down the watchman.

"Joe," said a young lady to her gallant, "can you walk?" "Yes, my dear, why do you ask that question?" "Well, then, try yourself in walking out of here!" Joesy took the hint and left.

An able judge was once obliged to deliver the following charge to the Jury:—"Gentlemen of the Jury, in this case, the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

The following question is being debated at the Niscayuna Lyceum, down East—"Which will corn a man the quickest, a pint of brandy or a tight boot?"

☞People should not stop courting when they get married, but, on the contrary, should learn to court the more. This laying aside the little endearments you have sworn to live on forever, is almost perjury.

"I have a great run of business at present," replied a pickpocket who was chased by three constables.

☞Miss Semphine, do you write prose or poetry for the magazine?" "Nary one —I writes small hand!"

The newest invention out is a pair of bellows for taking snuff. It is loaded once a week, and all that is needed is just to elevate the spout to the olfactory, and blow away, and sneeze for a fortnight.

☞A down East debating club lately decided the following question in the affirmative:—"Which is the greater benefit to a man, Dutch fire-places or wooden nutmegs."

☞"Twins, by the powers!" cried the horror struck Irishman, as the nurse approached, bearing a new pledge of affection from his fruitful helpmate. "Twins, hinny!" cried nurse, "faith, Murdock, and it is the blessed whiskey that makes you see double this morning."

☞An old lady down towards Speonk, Long Island, once said her idea of a great man was—"a man what is keerful of his clothes, don't drink no spirits, kin read the bible, without spelling the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on wash day, to save the wimmen folks from cookin."

☞"Joe, what makes your nose red!—"Friendship!" "Friendship!" how do you make that out?" "I've got a friend who is very fond of brandy, and as he is too weak to take it strong, "I've constituted myself his taster."

The noblest of our race is found,
Is he, who cultivates the ground.