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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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ORIGINAL POETRY,

Written for the News.

LINES

BY THE AUTHOR OF LAURA INGRAM.

I dream'd—but like all sweet things it is past!
E'en whilst I dream'd, I feared it could not last,
Such heavenly bliss cannot for long remain,
E'en in a dream, it cannot come again!

I dream'd—but words doth almost fail to tell,
The witching pleasure of that holy spell—
Which hovered o'er me with a thrilling sway,
And 'twas but loved ere it had flown away!

I dream'd thou loved me! oh, the 'sqisite bliss,
That fill'd my bosom when thou whisper this!
A thrill of deep yet wild and painful joy
Whose own intensity served but it to destroy!

Thou loved me! yes, you loved me, yet no sound word,
Bespoke the sense and still my spirit heard
A language sweeter far than lips can ever speak
A language to which words are faint and weak.

I dream'd—but ah! 'tis past ne'er to return,
And I my dream so beautiful doth mourne—
'Tis past and gone! like it I pass away,
Adieu, my friend, yet sometimes think on MAY.

SYMPATHY.

A single tear with feeling shed,
O'er sorrow and disease,
Thrown sunshine 'round the aching head,
To cheer, revive and bless.

One tear! who has it not to spare,
It is a little thing,
Yet lifts the soul above despair,
On a bright seraph's wing.

Deem it not vain—a silent tear—
But let it kindly fall;
'Twill be a gem to deck your bier,
When death's shrill voice shall call.

MISCELLANEOUS

NECK OR NOTHING.

A SKETCH BY THE CAPTAIN.

"You sail to-morrow for Hayti, Captain?" inquired a bright eyed, dark skinned, but good looking man, who might have been three or four degrees remote from the pure African—as he stepped over the gunwale of my little brig in September, sixteen years ago.

"Yes," I replied, "I clear to-day and shall drop down with the morning tide."

"Any passengers?"

"None."

"If I can get ready, I will take a passage with you. My baggage, which is bulky, is ten miles from the city in New Jersey. Put Captain should I go, could you manage to land me—I don't care where, so that it is on the island of Hayti—by night, secretly!" and the man looked me steadily in the face as he put the question.

Hayti was then, as it is now and will be until re-occupied and governed by the whites unsettled—revolutionized. I at once made up my mind, that my copper colored friend, albeit he spoke excellent English, was an exile from the Island desirous of returning on some political enterprise, and very readily expressed my willingness to take him and put him ashore, as near St. Domingo, my place of destination, as I deemed it prudent to land.

The next morning my dark visaged passenger came on board followed by a dozen packs, which if not bulky were weighty, the efforts of my men in lifting them, a convincing evidence. He saw me watching his baggage curiously, and with a careless laugh remarked—

"If they weigh enough, Captain, you will soon hear of a government overturn-

"O ho!" said I to myself. "I have indeed got a political conspirator in tow. Well the devil look after his own color—I care not who wins."

I pass over the incidents of the voyage, during which the impression was deepened on my mind that my passenger was destined to play the part of Cataline to an astonished audience of darkies in that strong hold of darkydom, Hayti. My promise was fulfilled. I put my friend with his heavy luggage safely on shore, pocketed the passage money, and had forgotten all about him, when he again presented himself to my notice. This time, however, he was not so cool.

"I'm in a hurry to get away from this Island," he exclaimed.

"The devil you are!—didn't the trunks weigh enough?"

He grinned diabolically; but without otherwise noticing the remark continued:

"Captain, can't you be off to-night?"

"Off to-night? impossible. I have not cargo enough on board for ballast."

"Never mind the cargo. Sail to-night and name your price."

"It can't be done—I'm chartered."

"Break the charter."

"That will not do—but keep cool. You are safe enough. The brigantine Louisa sails to-night for New York. You can get aboard of her."

"Impossible," and the man's pallip lips quivered as he spoke—"they will watch her, knowing that she is about to sail."

"But I can arrange that, if your baggage is not too heavy," and I smiled as I spoke. "Be here in two hours, and I will see you safe in the cabin of the Louisa. But bring light weight with you or the risk will be greater."

He shook my hand and left me. I went on board the Louisa, told the captain that a poor devil of a patriot sought the means of escape and arranged the passage. When I returned to my own vessel, the supposed patriot was there, having in a very few minutes collected his effects and made ready for the flight. The cutter was lowered and manned and we got into it and quietly pulled out of the harbor. As the men gave way, my friend appeared greatly relieved.

"It's a dangerous game I've been playing," he said.

"And a losing one," I added,

"That depends much on yourself," he returned with a smile. But we shall meet, I hope in New York. Then, if not before, you'll know all about it."

We lay off at a distance of six miles, for the brigatine, which did not reach us until after midnight. The supposed patriot, the again exiled unfortunate, was handed over to the protection of the captain of the Louisa, and I returned to town with that pleasant feeling about my heart which arises from the consciousness of a generous act performed. The next morning, on visiting a coffee-house much frequented by merchants and captains, an unusual excitement attracted my attention.

"What is the matter now," I inquired of an acquaintance.

"Why, haven't you read the proclamation of the government? Five thousand dollars for the head of a half-blood African, who has covered the Island with spurious coin. There's the proclamation."

I read the document; it offered a reward of five thousand dollars for—my passenger, the man I had secretly landed with his base coin on the island, and as secretly aided in his escape. I felt exceedingly uncomfortable, of course, but said nothing.

When I returned to New York, we met but I did not renew the acquaintance. I have looked with suspicion on all political adventurers, especially tawny ones, ever since. The fellow made thirty thousand dollars by the operation. He risked his head, and but for me, he would have paid the forfeit.

A Strong Affair.

A few years ago, Professor P——, (a distinguished musician of this city,) gallantly undertook to escort a young lady an opera singer of some note, to the continuous borough of Germantown, where they had been invited to dine with some friends. It was Sunday, and the party, as the surest and cheapest conveyance, determined to patronize the stage, a mode of travelling which the lady viewed with but little favor.

Before they had gone a mile on their journey, she complained of feeling a faintness, which was succeeded by sickness at the stomach.

"Oh, Heavens!" she exclaimed, throwing her head languishingly on the Professor's shoulder, "what shall I do?"

"It is very strange!" mused the Professor.

"Strange! oh, it is dreadful!"

"Perhaps it is the motion of the stage?"

"Doubtless you have had an attack of the kind before!"

"Oh, never," she gasped—"never—oh, ah, why did I come?"

She almost fell fainting into the alarmed Professor's arms.

"Perhaps you have pain——"

"Not that—oh—oh!"

"What, then, is it like?"

"It is—ah! excuse me, Professor—it is a smell—oh! such a smell! I shall die—I shall die!"

"A smell," echoed the thoroughly perplexed musician—"a smell! I smell nothing!" and he snuffed the air to the right and left like a buffalo.

The passengers laughed and winked, but it was soon apparent that without relief the lady could not long survive.

"Air air, air!" she gasped hysterically as he alarmed Professor, threw open a window—"Oh, it is horrible, vile, villainious!" ejaculated the opera singer, revived by the fresh air.

And thus, with her handsome head thrust out of the window, she finished the unpleasant journey. Occasionally, however, her sensitive nostrils were assailed with the disagreeable odor of which she complained.

That day at dinner she was invited to taste some fine cheese. When the plate was handed to here; she turned pale—

"What is the matter!" inquired one of the party.

"Take it away—take it away!" exclaimed she "it is the horrible smell that sickened me in the stage!"

"Why, that's a good schmell," expostulated the Professor—"it's Dutch cheese, old and goot. *I brought out this lump in mine pocket as a present to our kint friends!*"

The lady fainted and the worthy Professor has not been known to carry Dutch cheese in his pocket since.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

"A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," said the patriarch to his daughter. "Select a wife, my son, who will never step over a broom-stick." The son was obedient to the lesson. "Now," said he, pleasantly, one gay May-day, to one of his companions, "I appoint that broom-stick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it, shall have the offer of my hand." They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove; some stumbled over the broom stick, and others jumped over it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled; she became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, industrious, and lovely wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to keep one. It was not so easy to decide which was under the greatest obligation; both were rich and each enriched the other.

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER ON HER MARRIAGE.

You are now, my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed you every step, and at length conducted you to a safe, honorable, and happy protection, in the very bosom of love and honor. You must now be no longer the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight, have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation, to the man who confers upon you independence, distinction, and above all, felicity. Moderate, then, my beloved child, your private expenses and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes. I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honor and happiness, and to Heaven for those rich talents entrusted to your care and improvement.

SLANDER.

We take the following paragraph from an exchange paper:—"It is a poor soul that can't bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least none who are engaged in the business pursuits of life. Have you had a bad fellow in your employment and discharged him—he goes around and slanders you; in fine, we would not give a cent for a person that is not slandered—he is either a milksop or a fool. No, no, earn a bad name by a bad fellow, and you can easily do so by correct conduct, it is the only way to prove you are entitled to a good one.

THOUGHT.

Thought is the electricity of the brain; it shoots to the remotest periods of history, and touches the first link of life. It passes through the elements of fire, air, earth and water. It penetrates the depth of knowledge, and rises to the gates of Heaven.—Thought is an infinitisimal ray of the Deity bestowed on humanity; it returns to him from a corruptible to a spiritual existence. Cultivate it, and you will be refined; neglect it, and you will be debased.

WOMAN.

If a woman was more thoughtful and opinionative than she is, she would only be more troublesome to man when he is yoked to her. If women were not fond of dress and dressing, who could clothe and deck the little children so neatly? Would man do it? And will literary and philosophical women do it? Not they; they suffer their children to go in rags, rather than mend or darn. It requires a large fortune to keep a philosophical wife.

☞Women are too apt to run into extremes in every thing; and overlook the facts, taet neither personal beauty and drawingroom display, are calculated to form permanent attraction, even to the most adoring lover. The breakfast table in the evening, must be the ultimate touch-stones of connubial comfort; and this is a maxim which any woman, who intends to marry, should never lose sight of.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

In the debate on the Loan Bill, some days ago, Mr. Vinton, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, gave a clear and full exposition of the financial affairs of the country. He showed that the estimates which formed the basis of the loans and appropriations of the last session of Congress had fallen far short of the actual expenditure since.

At the commencement of the last session, when it was the duty of the Executive to recommend and of Congress to provide for the wants of the present fiscal year, the President, in his annual Message, and the Secretary of the Treasury, in his annual Report, both stated that if the war should continue till the first of July, 1848, a loan of twenty-three millions was all that would be wanted to carry the Government forward to that date—that, in fact, there would be a surplus of four millions in the Treasury on the first of July.

The loan was negotiated and the money obtained. Yet, at the beginning of the present session of Congress, the Secretary of the Treasury, in his annual Report, called for a further loan of eighteen and a half millions, as necessary to meet the expenses of the Goverment for the same year ending on the aforesaid first of July. It was ascertained, however, after the appearance of the Secretary's Report, that there was still an authority under the act of the last session to call for some seven millions. An error had been made, it seems, in the calculations at the Department. But with all errors now corrected, the new loan to supply the expenditures of *the present fiscal year* calls for sixteen millions of dollars. That amount now stands designated in the bill before the Hou e.

Mr. Vinton adopts the sum of sixteen millions to carry on the Government to the first of July, because the Secretary of the Treasury says that it will be sufficient.—But the clear-headed Chairman of the Ways and Means does not adopt that opinion. On the contrary, he fears and expressess his belief accordingly, that from twenty to twenty-five millions will be wanted to meet the demands on the Treasury for the rest of the fiscal year. He further declares the opinion that if the war if the war is to continue another year from and after the first of July next, another loan will be required of some thirty-five or thirty eight millions—*even though Congress should refuse to add to the army any part of the thirty thousand regulars and volunteers recommended by the President.*

There have been, on the part of the Government, over-estimates and under-estimates; the former have applied to the expected income of the Treasury from customs and public lands; the latter to the expenditures which the demands of the war and of the public service would require. "For the over-estimates," says Mr. Vinton, "the Secretary of the Treasury is responsible, and for the still more serious under-estimates the Secretary of War is accountable. He would not charge either of those officers with having purposely prepared and presented to Congress erroneous estimates; but he must say that the war estimates are so wide of the mark as to raise suspicions of their good faith."—*Balt. Amer.*

LIFE'S DIFFICULTIES.

The first thing, depend upon it, is to look upon a new life with a different eye; to resolve firmly and strongly to grapple with the change which fortune has forced upon you, and to wring from it all the benefits which it is capable of yielding; to cast away vain regrets, and to make ready for the future as a new being. As you cannot fit your fate to yourself, fit yourself to your fate; and it is wonderful how soon you will find difficulties vanish, disgusts disappear, and new sources of pleasure springing up where you least expected them. If there be any thing in the past, which goes beyond regret—any thing, I mean thet you condemn, repair it is for as you have means, so that the shadow of things thatyou have left behind you may not cloud the sunshine of those before you—G. P R. *James.*

GOOD ADVICE:

Get at your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love; it is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserv a friend who is an animal that is never caught nor tamed but by kindness and pleasure. Excite them by your civilities, and show that you desire nothing more than their satisfaction: oblige, with all your soul, that friend who has made you a present of his own.

☞There is nothing more pernicious than the sentimentality of boarding school literature; it weakens the intellect while it pampers the imagination, and prepares those who indulge in its rosy dreams for a life of romance, but not for a world of realities.—There is no class of literature for young ladies that is half so beautiful as well written Female Biography.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

1. Pick a handkerchief from the pocket of an old maid of fifty years, who never had a wish to change her condition. 2. Wash it three times in a honest miller's pond. 3. Dry it on a parson's hedge that was never covetous. 4. Send it to a doctor's shop that never killed a patient. 5. Mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. 6. Apply it to the tooth and it will cure it.

VARIETY.

A QUICK RETORT.

Whoever undertakes to put a joke on the "Razor Strop man," is sure to get floored in the long run. Last Monday, while selling his strops in Plymouth, and expatiating the while on the evils of rum drinking, a tipsey fellow cried out,—

"If rum made me lie as fast as you in selling your strops, I'd quit to day."

"Very good," replied Smith; "the only difference between your lying and mine, is this: My strops enables me to LIE in a good warm bed, while rum makes you LIE in the gutter."

The tipsy man sloped evidently lying under a very great mistake, in supposing that he could get the upper hand of the "Razor Strop Man."

AT A LOSS FOR SOCIETY.

"Would you believe it, *aunt*," exclaimed a pale-faced young lady of the "upper ten," "would you believe it! Uncle Solomon, here, tells me that the ladies out West actually speak to the tradesmen and retail store keepers! They must be sadly in want of society, musn't they?"

"Humph; yes," interrupted Uncle Solomon. "They are as badly off for society, my dear, as your father was when he pulled radishes and asparagus for a living and your mother sold them in the old fly market—ha, ha—society, humph!"

Miss Polly Dolly Adeline fainted, and her aunt was visible in the next room.

THE GIRLS.—Not long since a marriage was to be celebrated in the village church. The minister, after making a very eloquent and touching discourse on the duties and rights of those who were about to be united suddenly exclaimed: "Those who wish to be married will please rise;" and immediately there shot up above the seated multitude, the heads of a crowd of young girls, who had understood the remark, which was addressed to the contracting parties, as a general invitation to all who were desirous to leave the selfish state of single blessedness.—*Bath (Me) Tribune*

☞A down-east editor refuses the offer of a druggist to advertise his drugs and medicines, and to take his pay out of the shop. He says he will take all sorts of produce in payment for his paper and advertising, such as parsnips, wooden combs, old clothes, and cold victuals—but he won't take physic.

☞"Have you the "Lays of the last minstrel," said a city Miss, addressing a young man who stood behind the counter of a country store, not many miles from Worcester, Mass. "No, we hav'nt any of them kind," said the obliging clerk, "but we have good fresh hen's eggs that we can warrant were laid no longer than last week.

☞"I set out with a fair prospect in life," said a loafer, the other day. "Can that be possible?" was the answer. "I thought that all your connections were very poor." "I started with a fair prospect for all that," was the reply, "for the window of the room where I was born, looked out upon a beautiful landscape, and so I began the world with a fair prospect." The other gave him his hat—he needed it.

☞An Irishman, in writing a letter to his sweetheart, asking whether she would accept of his love or not, writes thus:—"If you don't love me plaze send back the letter without breaking the seal.

"You should never let the young men kiss you," said a venerable uncle to his pretty niece. "I know it uncle," returned she, penitently, "and yet I try to cultivate a spirit of forgiveness, and seeing that when one has been kissed, there is no undoing it."

☞"Tommy, my dear, what are you crying for?" said a lady to her little boy, who had just returned from Church. "Because the clergyman says we must be all born again, and I'm afraid I shall be born a girl the next time,"

☞"How do you contrive to raise your rent?" said a lady to her little boy, who had just returned from Church. "Because the clergyman says we must be all born again, and I'm afraid I shall be born a girl the next time."

☞"How do you contrive to raise your rent?" said a lazy tavern lounger, to an industrious, thriving farmer. "Why, sir," said the latter, "I put my plough into the ground, and after it is well broken up I drop in seed, and thus raise potatoes, wheat, corn, cabbage, parsnips, and—the rent!

☞"I never go to church," said a country tradesmen to his parish clergyman, "I always spend Sunday in settling accounts." The minister replied, "you will find, sir, that the day of judgment will be spent in the same manner.

☞When is a fashionable lady like an experienced printer. When she makes a great *bustle* in correcting her *form.*

SOUSE.

Cleanse pigs ears and feet and soak them a week in salt and water, changing the water every other day. Boil eight or ten hours till tender. When cold, put on salt, and pour on hot spiced vinegar.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE FARMER.

"The Farmer's life the life for me"—
I love its quiet scenery;
I love its shades, its hills and dales,
I love its cheerful fireside tales,
I love to tend the flocks add herds,
I love to hear the singing birds,
I love the sweet salubrions air,
I love the prospect wide and fair;
I love to plough, I love to sow,
I love to gather, love to mow,
I love the new mown grass to smell,
I love to hear the tinkling bell.
I love to tread the glassy lawn,
Along the brooks, among the corn;
I love—the whole, but can't rehearse,
His pleasures all, in prose or verse.

RULES FOR MILKING COWS.

A writer in the Maine Farmer gives the following rules for milking cows:—"Having milked more or less, every season since I was a boy, and having seen it done so poorly as to injure the cow, I purpose to give a few rules for it which I have learned from my own and others' experience. They are as follows:

1. Have a good stool to sit on.
2. Have all your finger nails pared short and smooth.
3. Sit down and clean the bag, and wet the teats with the first stream of milk.
4. Then set your pail under, and milk as fast as you conveniently can—the faster the better. A cow will give more milk when milked fast than when milked slow.
5. Milk as though the teats were full to the last, otherwise it makes them long to strip in a little while."
6. Never shou'd or strike a cow for running about the yard or kicking. It generally does more harm than good.
7. If she runs abour. have patience, talk kindly to her, and tie her up as a last resort, till she is not afraid.
8. If she kicks, sit forward far enough for your knees to come forward of her leg, and she cannot easily hurt you or spill your milk.
9. If she switches you with her tail, in fly time, fasten it by parting her hair and tying it around her leg. Use a string, if the hair is not long enough.
10. If she hold up her milk, butt with your hands. What else does a calf butt for, but to make the mother give milk down?

SOWING GRASS SEED.

In laying down lands to grass, the bestowment of a few extra pounds of seed is not loss. Farmers very frequently miss it, as the phrase is, in being too parsimonious in this respect; they sow as though they were certain every seed would germimate, whereas the fact is that even in the best selection, a portion, and that by no means a small one, fails to sprout, and this deduction, with the loss of the plants that radicate, but from drought or some other cause, fail to grow, often leaves the field quite bare. In sowing clover, not less than fifteen pounds should be allowed to the acre, although many suppose ten to be amply sufficient. Where clover is sown thick the hay is much finer—there are fewer large stocks and more heads and foliage. Coarse clover is scarcely worth the expense of harvesting, unless it be used as litter.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TOBACCO BEDS

It is hardly necessary to say any thing to our intelligent growers of the great staple of our State, to remind them that this is the month in which their beds should be burnt and prepared, but we will so far trespass upon their notice as to recommend that they procure a dressing of Guano for their tobacco beds.—This should be ploughed in at toe rate of four hundred pounds to the acre, and the beds, after being sowed and raked in, receive a broadcast dressing of plaster, which latter dressing should be repeated on the coming up of the plants. This latter dressing would be greatly increased in value as a preventive against the fly, if instead of being composed of plaster alone, it were comprised of two parts plaster, one part flour of sulphur, and one part soot, which should be strewn over the plants several mornings in succession early.—*American Farmer.*

BROOM CORN.

It is asserted by those who have made ample experiments, that the seed of broom corn possesses the property of fattening sheep more rapidly than that of any other vegetable known. In the Boston Ploughman it is stated in an article on this subject, that Albert Hibbard, Esq., of North Hadley, makes use of all the seed of his broom corn for this purpose—that the animals are remarkably fond of it, and will fatten more rapidly than on Indian corn. Hens are also very fond of it, and so are swine, in feeding and fattening which we have fonnd it highly valuable.

COUGH SYRUP.

The following cure is recommended for golds, which has been tried and found to be an infallible cure. It is worth trying: "Put a quart of hoarhound to a quart of water, and boil it down to a pint. Strain it, and put the water to a pint of molasses, and simmer the whole down to a pint.—Then add two or three sticks of liquorice, and a table spoonful of essence of lemon. Take a table spoonful of the syrup three times a day, or as often as the cough may be very troublesome."

FEEDING ANIMALS.

If one cow daily treads three pounds of hay under foot in the mud, she will waste about a hundred pounds per month; or a herd of twenty cows would waste a ton per month. At this rate, how many times, every ten years, would the quantity wasted pay the expense of making feeding boxes and racks?