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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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☞All communications must be post paid.

POETRY.



A BEAUTIFUL HYMN.

The following beautiful hymn was written by the late Ex-President Adams:

How swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by—
The burden of a song.

See childhood, youth and manhood pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was—time shall be—but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?

Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

Where, then, is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears,
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.

To God let grateful accents rise;
With truth, with virtue, live;
So all the bliss that time denies,
Eternity shall give.

SELECTED TALE.

THE CAPTIVE.

In 1740, during the reign of Mahomed, Algiers was crammed with slaves, who worked without any relaxation, until death at a period to their sufferings and miseries.

These unfortunate creatures were, generally speaking, seamen, and inhabitants of the south of Europe; and, consequently, their sufferings were therefore of long continuance, ere they expired under the relentless staff of tyranny.

The harbor did not all resemble what it is at the present day, with its light-house and jetty, which has now become a shelter to navigators against the fury of the tempest. The waves, which nothing then could restrain, threw off, with impetuosity, their white foam around, which rendered the approach to land impracticable in some places, in others, the rocks were intersected with sharp points, which glittered like polished steel; and woe to him who would venture to gain a footing on them, for he would inevitably be dashed to pieces on the rocks, or roll heavily into the yawning abyss beneath.

One day the sky, generally so resplendent, was heavy and lowering; the sea of a dull yellow, and the waves breaking with violence against the vessels that were lying at anchor in the harbor. Abouderbah, the royal treasurer, was seated upon cushions in an apartment on a level with a terrace, which gave a full view of the town below, and witnessed the scene with manifest uneasiness. He smoked without ceasing the coffee, which was lying in a richly chased silver cup, and laid on a table before him. At a little distance, stood a lovely girl of ten, whose form was already full of grace. Her fair hair, lightly tinged with henna, flowed in abundance from under her turban of scarlet velvet, richly sudded with precious stones. A garment of silk, embroidered in gold, showed to advantage her neck and well turned arms; a band of velvet encircled her waist; her ample trowsers came flowingly below her knees, and shaded the golden anklets of her beauteous feet.

She was called Chebba. In looking at her the thought of the aptness of the appellation immediately occured to one for Chebba signifies beautiful, and this girl was the daughter of the treasurer of the bay.

He astonished that her father still preserved his austere air, which was usually wont to change into sweetness at the sight of his child Chebba approached him, and following the direction of his eyes saw a felucca which was about entering the harbor: and whether its cargo was too heavy, or owing to the bad weather it struggled most fearfully: they were, however, about to cast their anchor; but an invisible hand appeared to be drawing it towards a neighboring vessel, which apparently yielding to the same impulse, approached itself nearer and nearer. The sea continued to boil with surpassed rage. Suddenly the young girl gave a piercing shriek—the two vessels came into fearful collision

The tempest raged with so much violence, that not a boat dared risk its fury in order to lend assistance to those on board: when, all on a sudden a man rushed into the boiling waves, holding between his teeth a cord attached to one of the rings on shore. He swam towards the felucca, which was already filling with water, directed and aided the efforts of the crew, and finally saved all on board from inevitable destruction.

Touched by this act of self devotion, Abouderbah sent for the harbor-master, to inquire who the man was who had performed so noble an act.

"Sir," replied the man, "I am alike ignorant of his name, and of his country. He is a slave but recently arrived, and with difficulty supports the weight of his present occupation; but he is so mild, that we have not the heart to strike him; and, if they forget to feed him, still he complains not."

"Let him be brought before me," said Abouderbah.

The man soon returned with the slave, who, bowing lowly, crossed his hands upon his chest.

"Captive," said Abouderbah; "what is your name, and the place of your birth?—What are the circumstances that have brought you to Africa?"

"My lord, my name is Genneas; my country is there beyond where the sun rises, and which they called Greece. I left it because I could not rid of its oppressors. Corsairs boarded the vessel in which I was treacherously sold me."

"The felucca which you saved belongs to me. Name your recompense."

"I ask nothing," said the Greek; for, in rushing into the sea, I hoped that God would take my life in exchange for the lives of those men whom I was about saving. But HE willed it otherwise, and his holy will be done. But yet you can do something for me. Give orders that instead of digging the earth, they employ me in building houses, or in constructing fountains, for I am an architect; and my mind, thus busily occupied, will not be continually turning towards my much-loved country."

The treasurer was about sending back the slave, with a promise of speaking to the overseer, when Chebba said, in her own sweet voice,

"Father, you have long promised to have our country house repaired. Why not employ this christian; as he is an architect? I am sure that you will be satisfied with what he does."

"Well, as you wish it, it shall be d ne. He shall remain with us."

A few days after, the treasurer and his household repaired to his country house, and Genneas grateful walked near the camel that carried the daughter of Abouderbah.

The little *cortege* moved on, passing through the gate of Babazoun, and took the route bordering on the right by the flowery hillocks of Mustapha, which was richly studded with rich habitations; and, on the left, the sea appeared in all its calm glory. After a halt or two, and unnumerable turnings and windings, they at length arrived at their destination, a house built upon the top of a hill, which embraced a full view of the surrounding country.—The walls, which appeared crumbling and tottering, were hardly steady enough to support the large and ample terraces which adorned the building; the grass grew thick and high in the courtyard, where the hyæna and the wild deer had taken up their abode; but the camels of Abouderbah were well laden with curtains, carpets, and furniture, and they were, therefore, soon comfortably installed

The next day Genneas arose at the break of day, and set to work without delay, so that when the fair Chebba opened her eyes, she clapped her hands with joy, for according to the orders of Genneas, the hatchet had already cut through the cactus a winding walk, which permitted the young girl to promenade at the rising of the sun; and ere six months had fled, was to be seen a most delicious garden, which sent forth its perfumed odors even to the newly adorned chambers occupied by the treasurer and his daughter.

The workmen, the stone, the marble—nothing failed under the hand of the young Greek, happy in having an opportunity of employing his creative genius. Chebba prided herself upon the work of her *protege*, who appeared to labor alone to please her, and yet found sufficient time to bring to her the most choice fruits, and the flowers he though she loved most, and to lend with ease her birds and favorite beasts. It required more than ordinary care to watch over the black eyed gazelle, so mild, and so affectionate; and the young lioness sent by the Bey of Constantine, to tend the young eaglet, taken away from its nest on the elevated summits of Atlas.

All these animals not only obeyed the voice but the very look of the young Greek; and ran harmlessly, in the full consciousness of liberty. At a little distance from the Castle, a wood of wild orange trees conducted to the Mahommedan chapel, which had been for some time totally abandoned, and was surrounded by high and large poplar trees. This was Chebba's favorite retreat. Here she passed many hours, seated upon the grass; whilst Genneas related to her the past glories and the present misfortunes of Greece, his beloved country.

The young girl listened with great delight, and at last overpowered with fatigue, would gently lay her head in the lap of her negro nurse, and fall asleep. Then the captive, who loved Chebba as a sister, would kneel down, and pray for her; his tears often falling on the hands of his young mistress; for he thought with horror, how the soul of this sweet girl was closed against the light of Christ, as her eyes were, at that moment, closed against the light of day.

One evening Chebba, suddenly awaking, surprised the captive in tears, and said,

"Why do you weep, Genneas? Have I offended you? If it is your country that you regret, my father will find means of sending you back. But we, who love you so much—what shall we do when you are removed so far away from us?"

"It is not for myself that I weep, Chebba," replied the Christian, "but for you, who know nothing of our great and good Creator.

"The prophet has ordered that men should read the Koran; but to us women that is forbidden. Allah is so great, that our feeble intellects could not raise themselves to such a height."

"Oh, how my religion differs from thine," said the young Greek. "If you were of my country, you would, certainly, long ere this, have learned the history of the virgin mother, and her divine son; who pardoning his murderers, died upon the cross to purchase Heaven for us! Oh! that I could show him to you, triumphant over death, and seated at the right hand of God, his father"

"Teach me, then, to pray as you do," said Chebba.

From this moment Genneas wept no more. The young girl repeated with him the Lord's prayer: and the hope of converting the young maiden to Christianity now filled his heart

Many years had passed thus, and Chebba had reached her thirteenth year; when the laws of the harem forbid any intercourse with the opposite sex; so she was forced to content herself with conversing with those negresses brought up to her service, working with them at her needle, under the superintendence of her nurse—playing upon her mandoline—or writing with a reed dipped in the ink of China, upon tablet of citron wood.

Genneas continued his architectural labors. As long as he had enjoyed the presence of Chebba, his captivity appeared light, but now he felt anew all its agonies. His only consolation was in watering the flowers of his young mistress; in each corner of the garden he had constructed a bower, protected from the sun by clematis, wild roses, and vine trees. Here Chebba was wont to pass many hours, watching the return of her father, who was constantly obliged to be absent, bringing into subjection the rebellious tribes of the Desert.

The plain below was ordinarily the theatre of cattle fierce and bloody, and incendiarism and plunder surrounded the habitation of Abouderbah. And yet the house had never been attacked.

One day, however, the firing became louder and more continuous, and the defenders of Abouderbah, anticipating an attack, had the doors soundly barricaded; the women wept, and negroes kept running to and fro, in order to discover what was passing out-side.

Genneas directed the labors of the defence, with a wisdom and zeal which astonished the other slaves. Night came, a numerous army advanced towards the castle, all was excitement, mingled with fear, for the lives of the inhabitants depended upon the resistance given to the invaders.

Then, without considering the chastisement inflicted on any man passing the threshhold of the harem, the Greek flew towards the apartment of the daughter of his master.

"Oh, save me!" she cried, rushing towards him.

"Yes," cried the slave, "I will defend you even to my last sigh, and to injur you they must walk across my lifeless remains.—We are but six in number, and the enemy can count by hundreds. You have asked me to save your life, I come to save your soul. Would you wish to live again a life of unutterable happiness in the presence of God? Will you die a Christian?"

"I will," replied the young Chebba, falling upon her knees.

Genneas, taking a little water in the palm of his left hand, and dipping there in the fingers of his right hand, made the sign of the cross on the forehead of Chebba.

During this short interval the cries of fear were changed into shouts of joy.—Horsemen approached, and the Dey, surrounded by his retinue, and accompanied by Abouderbah, appeared before the Castle.

Torches were instantly lighted, and the Prince stood in amazement at the fairy palace which presented itself before him.

Three grand court-yards, ornamented with white marble fountains, profusely supplied with pure and sparkling waters—then flowers—then the choicest exotics—all, all appeared more like illusion than reality. The prince turned to the treasurer, and said.

"By Allah! I believe you have made a good compact with the mysterious powers. Your house which was but a ruin, is now so magnificent, that my palace has become jealous of its singular beauty."

"My lord, Algiers is some distance, and the day is not propitious, otherwise I should not have dared to offer you repose under my humble roof. That which you have condescended to praise is the work of a captive; he has executed these fountains, planted these flowers, brought hither the rushing waters, and in fact not only executed, but designed all that you see, therefore to him all honor is due."

"Let him be brought before me," said the Dey.

Genneas was ushered in forthwith.

"Slave," said the Dey, "I desire that you construct me a mosque; if you carry out my wishes, I will give you fortune, honor, and liberty."

Absorbing was the grief of Chebba, when she learned that the captive was about leaving for Algiers. The Greek, far from rejoicing, quitted, with the deepest regret, that place where he had forgotten his slavery; but Abouderdah dared not oppose the will of his master.

Genneas was installed in the palace of the Dey, and each one regarding him as a new favorite, paid him peculiar deference; but yet the slave refused, sometimes under one pretext, and sometimes under another, to commence the mosque, until at length the Dey signified to him, that if the first stone of the mosque was not laid the following day, his life should pay the forfeit.

The next day a strange change was visible in the young architect, who set about his work with an ardor as unexpected as it was indefatigable. Each day the great master himself came to inspect the work, and each day he was more and more delighted. In order that the new building might be perfectly under his eye, he ordered a door of communication to be made from his palace. A tribune had been erected for the Dey, and in this he spent the greater part of his time smoking his pipe, and softly extended upon a carpet, following with his eyes the movements of the numerous workmen

Genneas had chosen to aid him in the direction of his labors, one of his old companions, an Italian, Bertuccio, a man skilful and crafty, who felt more that jealousy at the superiority of the noble-minded Greek, and who only waited for an occasion to ruin him in the estimation of his master.

As they were alone upon a platform, engaged in finishing, with graceful elegance, some figures in sculpture, the wily Bertuccio said to the Greek,

"I cannot understand how you, whom I have seen so pious and so ardently attached to your religion, can reconcile it to your conscience to build a temple dedicated to Mahomed. As to myself, I candidly acknowledge that I should have rejected the work with horror, and my friendship for you must be very great, when in aiding you I am running a risk of damning my own soul."

Genneas replied but vaguely at first, but pressed more affectionately, he drew from his breast the plan of the edifice, and pointing out the lines to the Italian, he said,

"This scruple I have had; for nothing would induce me to be a partizan to infidelity; and when the Dey signified to me that if I obeyed not his orders, the next day would be my last, I resolved to die.—The night I passed in prayer, endeavoring to prepare my soul to appear before its mighty Creator and Judge. Overcome with fatigue, I slept towards morning, during which time I dreamt a dream, in which I thought our blessed Redeemer appeared before me in all his glory, and said,—"Man, obey thy master; it is the hand of God that conducts all things. The edifice which you are commanded to build shall not always be a Mosque, it will become a Christian church; and if, for some time it will be used by infidels, the moment will arrive when the praise of thy father shall be chanted therein; therefore do not feel any disquietude with regard to the work which you are to commence to-morrow.—Remember, that when HE wills it, God knows how to turn all things to his own honor and glory." In the morning I sketched the plan of the Mosque, and it was accepted and approved of, the Dey not perceiving that like our churches, it was in the form of a Grecian cross."

"You have had a pious inspiration, and I rejoice at it," replied the Italian. "To morrow they will inaugurate the edifice and it will be a brilliant day for you."

The sun rose radiant on the morrow—The people of the territory, accompanied by their families, were gathered together in the new Mosque, anxious to praise their sovereign. The Dey himself, clothed in his regal state robes, descended from his throne, and turned towards the niche where the spirit of Mahomed was centered, according to the belief of the Mussulman, and read with a loud voice the first chapter in the Koran; then prostrated himself three times, his face touching the earth, in which he was imitated by his attendants, and then re-entered his palace.

The cannon announced the commencement of the Beiram, and the crowd dispersed in all directions, following the sound of Negro music with which the air was filled.

The Greek slave betook himself to the palace, to receive the reward of his labor—riches, honors, and liberty! and, perhaps, loaded with the favors of the Dey, he dared to aspire in thought to the hand of Chebba.

He was introduced into the divan; all faces appeared sad with the exception of the Italians, who, clothed in a robe of honor, was placed at the right hand of his master.

"Cast this dog out of my sight!" cried the Dey.

At these words, one of the guards in attendance led away the captive. At the moment when Genneas was leaving the palace, an agonising cry was heard.—The young Greek turned round, but could only discern a group of veiled females; but amongst them his heart could distinguish Chebba.

An instant after, the hatchet of the headsman had terminated not only the dreams of happiness, but the life of the poor captive!

And that agonizing shriek was Chebba's, she had accompanied her father to Algiers, to assist in the triumph of the young Greek. On seeing him conducted to execution, she became senseless, and was conducted back to her own dear residence. She soon after expired, invoking that God that Genneas had taught her to pray to. Her old father interred her remains near one of his favorite fountains, and planted there a weeping willow; and the linnets who perched upon its branches, and the swallows who tipped the water with their wings, formed a perpetual concert on the tomb of the young Christian.

No one knew where the body of the young Greek was thrown, but God has blessed the work of the betrayed architect, for the Mosque built by his hands, is now the Cathedral of Algiers, under the title of the Church of St. Philippa.

RICH AND POOR.

☞Dr. Channing, in one of his excellent essays, thus contrasts the difference between the rich and the poor:—

"When I compare together the different classes as existing at this moment in the civilized world, I cannot think the difference between the rich and the poor, in regard to mere physical sufferings, so great as is sometimes imagined. That some of the indigent among us die of scanty food is undoubtedly true; but vastly more in this community die from eating too little—vastly more from excess than starvation.—So as to clothing, many shiver from want of defences against the cold, but there are vastly more suffering among the rich from absurd and criminal modes of dress which fashion has sanctioned, than from among the poor from deficiency of raiment. Our daughters are oftener brought to the grave by their rich attire, than our beggars by their nakedness. So the poor are often overworked, but they suffer less than among the rich, who have no work to do, interesting object to fill up life, to satisfy the infinite craving of man for action. According to our present modes of education, how many of our daughters are victims of ennui, a misery unknown to the poor, and more intolerable than the weariness of excessive toil! The idle young man, spending the day in exhibiting his person in the street, ought not to excite the envy of the overtasked poor, and this cucumber of the ground is found exclusively among the rich.

LAWYERS.

A large number of young gentlemen have recently been admitted to the practice of the law in this city. The preliminary examination by the lawyers, who must certify that the candidates are well read in law, is very thorough, as will be seen by questions put to each, with their answers, which we append.

Examiner—Do you smoke, sir?
Candidate—*I do*, sir.
Ex.—Have you a spare cigar?
Can.—Yes, sir, (extending a short six.)
Ex.—Now, sir, what is the first duty of the lawyer?
Can.—To collect fees.
Ex.—Right—what's the second?
Can.—To increase the number of his clients.
Ex.—When does your position toward your client change?
Can.—When I am making up a bill of costs.
Ex.—Explain.
Can.—We then occupy antagonist positions. I assume the character of plaintiff—and he becomes defendant.
Ex.—A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill?
Can.—Clerk by jow.
Ex.—Enough sir, you promise to be an ornament to the profession, and I wish you success; now are you aware of the duty you owe me?
Can.—Perfectly.
Ex.—Describe that duty.
Can.—It is to invite you to drink.
Ex.—But supposed decline?
Can.—(Scratching his head.) There is no instance of the kind on record in the books.—I cannot answer that question.
Ex.—You are right, and the confidence with which you baffleth assertion, shows that you have attentively read the law. We will now go and take the drink, and then I will sign your certificate.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A girl once blew the love out of doors, and then kissed the candle.

A YANKEE BARGAIN.

Old Squire Hopkins was the perfect picture of meekness and simplicity, and his stuttering seemed the effect of bashfulness, rather than an inherent physical defect. One day a neighbor came to buy a yoke of oxen of him. The price was named, and the animals made a satisfactory appearance.

"Are they *breachy*?" asked the buyer.

"N-n-n-never tr-tr-troubled me," was the reply.

The other paid the price and took the yoke. In a day or two, he came back in a towering passion.

"Confound these critters, Squar—there aint no fence will keep 'm. They'll break thro' a stun wall, or jump over the moon.—What the dickens made you tell me they wasn't breachy?"

"I-I-didn't say so n-n-no s-such a thing."

"Yes you did—you said they never troubled you."

"Oh, w-w-wal, neighbor," said the Squire, "I d-don't let s-s-such th-things as that ere trouble me."

The buyer sloped. Squire Hopkins was a nice man.

THE PRICE OF A KISS.—A French girl, at a store, being solicited to allow a kiss, declined except at the price of a little bag which lay on the enamored cavalier's counter, and which, as he said, was filled with cents. The bargain was struck; but to the surprise of the dulcinea, as to her satisfaction, on opening the bag it was found to contain, in the place of cents, good full weight florins. The gentleman claimed the bag; but the girl was unyielding. Thereupon resort was had to the tribunal, the plaintiff alleging that there was evidently a mistake, and that a simple kiss, could not, by far, be apprised at such a sum. The tribunal, however gave the case to the girl—1st, because what is given is given; and 2d, because the value of a kiss cannot be estimated.

☞A prudent and well disposed member of the "Society of Friends" once gave the following friendly advice:

"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," rejoined the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, any that is, never to marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth just fifty cents, and she was worth sixtytwo cents; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shilling."

SELLING DRUGS.—A raw looking genius—a wag, by the way—stepped into Brown's apothecary shop, at the corner of State street, the other morning.

"Do you keep drugs and medicines here?" said he to Brown, who was busy at the counter.

"Yes, sir."

"How much are they?"

The proprietor smiled, looked quizzically at the stranger, and replied—

"About a feet, I reckon."

"Well, I'll take one of each," continued the other.

Brown concluded he was "one of 'em," who had just come to town, and cordially invited him to take a glass of plain soda.—*Boston Times*

CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS.

While taking tea, a few days ago, with an elderly lady of intelligence and experience, we were let into a most important secret to tea drinkers, and especially to those who are sometimes distressed with *nervousness* from imbibing too strong a cup of the Chinese staple: Our matronly companion stated that when quite a young and rather a delicate woman, she took a cup of tea with a next door neighbor, and was almost instantly seized with an overpowering nervousness. She started for her own residence, but sank down exhausted on her door-step, where she was quickly discovered by one of her servants, who was carrying a pitcher of *new milk*, a draft of which she mechanically swallowed, and was overjoyed to find her nervousness banished, as if by magic! She informed us that for forty years she has never known it to fail in its effects.—*Sat. Courier.*

HOW TO TELL A GAMBLER.

Dan Marble tell a story of a hotel in Natchez, where they would not accommodate gamblers, and strict orders were given to the servants to leave word at the bar in case any of the "leg fraternity stopped. It so happened that a club-footed gentleman put up at the hotel one night, and, as is customary on such occasions, placed his boots outside the door. Early in the morning they were discovered by one of the darkies, who, with all speed, hastened to the bar-keeper.

"Da's a gambla in de house!"

"Where!" said the bar-keeper, rushing up to the sleeping apartments.

"Why dar, in dat room"

"How do you know he is a gambler?"

"Kase, don't you see his chuckerluck boxes settin' by de door yonder?"

A SAILOR ON SHORE

A tar growing sick of his business, deserted his ship, went into the country, and hired himself to a farmer. He was immediately set to ploughing with a yoke of oxen and an old mare called Jin. The sailor, being wholly unacquainted with the management of the gears, sheets and bowlines of his old mare and oxen in his first attempt to put about, missed stay, and by turning the yoke, threw in an oxen all down in a heap together.—Jack, frightened with the confusion, bawled out for help.

The farmer asked—"What's the matter?"

"Matter! Matter enough," replied Jack.—"The aboard ox has got on the starbord side—old Jin has got foul of the rigging, and they all went down stern foremost"