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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,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
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Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

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All communications must be postpaid.

POETRY.

Because I'm Twenty-five.

'Tis wondrous strange how great the change,
Since I was in my teens,
Then I had beaux and billet-deaux,
And joined the gravest scenes,
But lovers now have ceased to vow;
No way they now contrive.
To poison, hang or drown themselves—
Because I'm twenty-five.

Once, if the night was e'er so bright,
I ne'er abroad could roam,
Without—"The bliss, the honor, Miss;
Of seeing you safe home."
But now I go through rain and snow
Pursued and scarce alive—
Through all the dark, without a spark,
Because I'm twenty five.

They used to call and ask me all
About my health so frail,
And thought a ride would help my side
And turn my cheeks less pale.
But now, a as! if I am ill,
None care that I revive,
And my pale cheek, in vain may speak,
Because I'm twenty-five.

Now, if a ride improves my side,
I'm forced to take the stage,
For that is deemed quite proper for
A person of my age.
And then no hand is offered me,
To help me out alive—
They think't wont hurt me now to fall,
Because I'm twenty-five.

O dear—'tis queer, that every year,
I'm slighted more and more;
For not a beau pretends to show
His head within our door,
Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address,
My spirits now revive—
And one might near as well be dead,
As say—I'm twenty-five.

THE TWO PURSES.

AMONG THE BOSTON ARISTOCRACY.

It was a cold winter night, and the wind whistled shrill through the bare limbs of the giant trees that lined the walk. The ground was covered with snow, upon whose surface the light of the moon fell in dazzling splendor, studding the incrustation ground with brilliant diamonds. As the old South Clock struck nine, a young man wrapped in his cloak, sought the shade of the large trees in the park, from whence he watched the coming of numerous carriages of gaily dressed people of both sexes who entered one of the princely houses in Beacon street. Through the richly stained glass windows, the gorgeous light fell in a steady flood, accompanied by the thrilling tones of music from a full band; the house illuminated at every point, seemed crowded with gay and happy spirits.—The stranger still contemplated the scene—the cloak, which until now had enveloped the lower part of his features, had fallen away, giving a face of manly beauty—a dark eye with arching brows and short curling hair black as the raven's plumage, set off to great advantage his Grecian style of nose—a becoming moustache curled over his mouth, giving a decided classic appearance to his whole face. The naval cap on his cap showed that he belonged to that branch of our national defence hall. I enter said he thoughtfully to myself, "and feast my eyes on charms and possess? Hard fate, that I should be bound to iron chains of poverty—I am a man, and claim a soul as noble as the best of them. We will see," and turning over to the gay scene, he entered the door.

He cast off his over-shoes, hand coat and cloak to a servant and unnoticed mingled with the beauty and fashion that thronged the rooms. Gradually making his way through the crowd, he gained a group in whose centre stood a lovely and beautiful being, the queen in the richness of that brilliant assembly.—Crowds of the West end flocked about her, looking for an approving glance from her dreamy blue eyes; half abstracted answered or spoke upon the topics of conversation, without apparent interests. Suddenly she started, and blushed deeply, dropped a hall courtesy, in token of recognition to some one without the group. Her eyes no longer languid, now sparkled with animation, and as our naval friend entered the group about her, she laid her tiny gloved hand in his saying—

"Welcome Ferris—we had feared that your sailing orders had taken you to sea, this bleak weather."

"We should not have lifted our anchor, without first paying tribute to our queen," was the gallant reply.

A titter ran through the circle of exclusives at his appearance among them, but when the lady appeared, there was no room for complaint.

The gay scenes of the night wore on; several times had Ferris Harvard completely put at fault the shallow brained fops around him, placing them in anything but an enviable light.

Ferris Harvard was a Lieutenant in the Navy: and depended entirely on his pay as an officer to support a widdowe mother and younger sister, to both of whom he was devotedly attached. His father was a self-made man—had once been a successful merchant, who sailed and freighted some of the heaviest tonned vessels that left the port of Boston, but misfortune and sickness overtook him, and he sunk into the grave leaving his only son to protect his mother and sister from the wants and ills of life. Ferris had enjoyed a liberal education, and having entered the Navy as a midshipman, had raised to Lieutenancy, by reason of his superior acquirements and good conduct. His profession had led him to all parts of the world, and he had carefully improved his advantages—though constrained by reason of his limited means, to the practice of the most rigid economy.

He had met with the only daughter of Harris Howell, one of the wealthy citizens of Boston, at a fete given on board the ship to which he belonged and had immediately become enamoured of her, but he well knew in his own heart the difference in their fortunes formed a barrier to his wishes. He had been a casual visiter for several months subsequent to the time our story commences, at the house of the Howell family.

"I must think of her no more," said Ferris to himself; "if I am sneered at by her friends for offering her common civilities, with what contempt would her austere parents receive a proposition for her hand from one so poor and unknown?"

Harris Howell was, indeed, a stern old man, and yet he was said to be kind to the poor, giving freely of his bounty for the relief of the needy. Still he was a strange man; he seldom spoke to those around him yet he evinced the warmest love for his only child; and Anne, too, loved her father, with an ardent affection. His delight was to pour over his library, living, as it were, in the fellowship of the old philosophers. On several occasions, when Ferris was at his house, and engaged in conversation with Anne, he had observed the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him, when his heart would sink within him, and he would wake to a reality of his situation.

Ferris was one evening in Beacon street, at the house of Mr. Howell, where in spite of the cold reception he received from those he generally met there, he still enjoyed himself in the belief that Anne was not indifferent to his regard. He had been relating to her, at her request, his experience with different national characters with whom he had met, speaking of their peculiarities, and describing the various scenes effects of different countries. Anne sat near a sweet geranium whose leaves she was industriously engaged in destroying. Ferris bending close to her ear; said.

"Anne, will you pluck me that rose, as a token of affection? you must know how ardent is mine for you—or stop dearest, behind it blows the conditufi. You know the mystic language of both, will you chose and give me one?"

"Hush, hush, Ferris." said the blushing and trembling girl, plucking and handing him the ROSE.

This passed when the attention of the company present was drawn to some engaging object. Never before had Ferris received any evidence of Anne's love save from her tell-tale eyes. The flower was placed next to his heart, and he left the apartment He had proceeded but a few steps from the hours when he was accosted by a poor mendicant, clothed in rags, who was exposed at that late hour of the night to the inclemency of the season.

"Pray sir," said the beggar to Ferris, can you give me a trifle?—I am nearly starved and chilled through by this nights air."

Ferris after a few moments conversation with the beggar, for he had not the heart to turn away from the sufferings of a fellow creature, and handing him a purse containing five or six dollars urged him to seek immediate shelter and food. The beggar blessed him and passed on.

A few nights subsequent to this occurrence he was again at her father's house. Mrs. Howell, Anne's mother, received him as she did most of her visitors with somewhat constrained and distant welcome.—Being a woman of no great conversational powers, she always retired quite early, conducting her intercourse with society in the most formal manner. Ferris was much surprised that Mr. Howell had taken no particular notice of his intimacy at his bourse, for he seldom saw him and when he could, the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him, in anything but a friendly and inviting spirit. In this dilemma, he was at a loss what course to pursue, since Anne's acknowledgement of her affection for him, and now had succeeded in this, he was equally distant from the goal of his happiness, for his better judgement told him that the consent of her parents could never be obtained. On this occasion he had taken his leave as usual, when he was met by the beggar of the former night, who again solicited alms, declaring that he could find no one else, to assist him, and that the money he had before bestowed upon him had been expended for food and rent of a miserable cellar where he had lodged.

Again Ferris placed a purse in the poor man's hand, at the same time telling him that he was himself poor, and constrained to the practice of rigid economy in the support of those dependent upon him. He left the beggar and passed on his way happy in having contributed to the alleviation of human suffering

Not long subsequent, Ferris called one evening at the house of Mr. Howell, and fortunately, found Anne and her father alone, the former engaged upon a piece of embroidery of a new pattern, and the latter poring over a volume of ancient philosophy. On his entrance the old gentleman took no further apparent notice of him than a slight inclination of the head and 'good evening, sir.' He took a chair by Anne's side, and told her of his love in low but ardent tones, begging permission to speak to her father on the subject.

"Oh he will not hear a word of the matter, I know," said the sorrowing girl.—"No longer ago than yesterday he spoke to me relative to a connection with Mr. Reed; I can never love but one man," said the beauty giving him her hand.

Ferris could bear this suspense no longer. In fact, the hint relative to her alliance to another, spurred him to action.—he proceeded to that part of the room where Mr. Howell sat, and after a few introductory remarks, said.

'You have doubtless observed, sir, my intimacy in your family for more than a year past. From the fact that you did not object to my attentions, to your daughter, I have been led to hope that it might not be altogether against your wishes. May I ask, sir, with due respect, your opinion in this matter?"

"I have often seen you here," replied Mr. Howell, and have no reason to object to your visits sir."

"Indeed, sir, you are very kind. I have neither fortune nor rank to offer your daughter, but still, emboldened by love, I ask you for her hand:"

The old man laid by his book, and removing his spectacles, asked.

"Does the lady sanction this request?"

"She does,"

"And you ask——"

"Your daughter's hand."

"It is yours."

Ferris sprang in astonishment to his feet saying—

"I hardly know how to receive your kindness, my dear sir; I had looked for different treatment.

"Listen young man," said the father, "do you think I should have allowed you to become intimate in my family, without first knowing your character? do you think I should have given this precious child (and her placeing her hand in Ferris") to you before I had proved you? No sir, out of Annie's many suitors from the wealthiest and highest in society, I long since selected you as one in whom I could feel confidence. The world calls me a cold and calculating man; perhaps I am so; but I had a duty to perform to Him who had entrusted me with the happiness of this blessed child; I have endeavored to perform that trust faithfully—the dictates of pride may have been counterbalanced by a desire for my daughter's happiness. I chose you first—she has since voluntarily done so. I know your life and habits—your means and prospects—you need tell me nothing. With your wife you receive an ample fortune; the dutiful son and affectionate brother, cannot but make a good husband. But stay, I will be with you in a moment, and he left the lovers together.

"The story of your marriage with Reed was only ty try your heart then, and thicken the plot," said Ferris to the blushing girl.

At this moment the room door opened and the beggar whom Ferris had twice releived, entered and stopping up to Ferris solicited charity. Annie recoiled at first at the dejected appearance and poverty stricken looks of the intruder while Ferris asked in astonishment how he had gained entrance into the house. In a moment the figure rose to a stately height and casting off the disguise it had worn, discovered the person of Annie's father.

The astonishment of the lovers can hardly be conceived.

"I determined," said the father, addressing Ferris "after I had otherwise proved your character, to test one virtue, which of all others is the greatest, Charity. Had you failed in that, you would also have failed with me in this purpose of marriage. You were weighed in the balance and not found wanting. Here sir, is your purse, it contained six dollars when you gave it to the beggar in the street—it now contains a check for six thousand; and here is your second that contained five dollars, which is also multiplied by thousands. "Nay," said the old man as Ferris was about to object to it, "there is no need of explanation—it was a fair business transaction."

This was of course all mystery to Anne, but when explained added to her love for her future husband.

IMPORTANT

Official Documents.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

The Washington Union, of Saturday morning, gives the following additional astounding documents from the gold region:—

Extract of a letter from Thomas O. Larkin, Esq., late Consul, and now Navy agent of the U. States, to the Secretary of the State. dated at Monterey, November 16th, 1848, and received in this city on Friday evening last.

"The digging and washing for gold continues to increase on the Sacremento placer, so far as regards the number of persons engaged in the business, and the size and quantity of the metal daily obtained—I have had in my hand several pices of gold, about twenty-three carrats fine, weighing from one to two pounds, and have it from good authority that pieces have been found weighing sixteen pounds. Indeed I have heard of one specimen that weighed twenty-five pounds. There are many men at the placer who in June last had not one hundred dollars, now in possession of from five to twenty thousand dollars, which they made by digging gold and trading with the Indians. Several, I believe, have made more. A common calico shirt, or even a silver dollar, has been taken by an Indian for gold, without regard to size; and a half to one ounce of gold—say $8 to 16—is now considered the price of a shirt, while from three to ten ounces is the price of a blanket. One hundred dollars a day, for several days in succession, was and is considered a common remuneration for the labor of a gold-digger, though few work over a month at a time, as the fatigue is very great. From July to October one-half of the gold-hunters have been afflicted either with the ague and fever or the intermitting fever, and twenty days absence from the places is necessary to escape these diseases. There have not, however, been many fatal cases. The gold is now sold, from the smallest imaginary piece in size to pieces of one pound in weight, at $16 per troy ounce for all the purposes of commerce; but those who are under the necessity of raising coin to pay duties to the government are obliged to accept from $10 to $11 per ounce. All the coin in California is likely to be locked up in the custom-house, as the last tariff of our Congress is in force here in regard to the receipt of money.

"Could you know the value of the California placer as I know it, you would think you had been instrumental in obtaining a most splendid purchase for our country, to put no other construction on the late treaty.

"The placer is known to be two or three hundred miles long, and as discoveries are constantly being made, it may prove 1.000 miles in length—in fact, it is not counting the intermediate mites yet unexplored. From five to ten millions of gold must be our export this and next year. How many more years this state of things will continue, I cannot say. You may wonder why I continue my correspondence I answer, from habit, and your many remarks of the interest you take in my letters."

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Extract from letter No. 34, October 25! 1848, from Commodore Jones to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy.

"Nothing, sir, can exceed the deplorable state of things in all Upper California at this time, growing out of the maddening effects of the gold manly. I am sorry to say that even in this squadron some of the officers are a little tainted, and have manufactured restlessness under moderate restrictions imperiously demanded by the exigencies of the times, as you will perceive by the enclosed paper, addressed to three of the lieutenants. I am, however, happy to say that I have not been disappointed in the good effects of the means employed to prevent desertion, and to maintain order in the squadron, as but one desertion has taken place since the *rush of eight* from this ship on the evening of the 18th instant: and thet the views and opinions of the few officers who were skeptical as to the *right* or efficacy of the means employed to prevent offences and to punish crime have undergone a most favorable change, whereby I shall be enabled to keep on this coast until the whirlwind of anarchy and confusion confounded is superseded by the establishment of some legal government potent enough to enforce law and protect life and property, which at this time is in great jeopardy everywhere outside our bulwarks."

Flag Ship Ohio, Bay of Monterey,
[No. 36] November 2. 1848.

Sir: In my letter No. 21, from La Paz, I recommended the retention on this coast of all cruising ships of the Pacific squadron, and pointed out they could be kept in repair and manned without returning round Cape Horn to the Atlantic States.—When that recommendation was made, I had no conception of the state of things in Upper California. For the present, and I fear for years to come, it will be impossible for the United States to maintain any naval or military establishment in California; at present no hope of reward nor fear of punishment is sufficient to make binding any contract between man and man upon the soil of California. To send troops out here would be needless, for they would immediately desert. To show what chance there is for apprehending deserters, I enclose you an advertisement which has been widely circulated for a fortnight, but without bringing in a single deserter. Among the deserters from the squadron are some of the best petty officers and seamen, having but few months to serve, and *large* balances due them, amounting in the aggregate to over *ten thousand* dollars.

* * * * * *

There is a great deficiency of coin in the country, and especially in the mines, the traders, by taking advantage of the pressing necessity of the digger, not unfrequently compelling him to sell his ounce of gold for a silver dollar; and it has been bought, under like circumstances for fifty cents per ounce, of Indians. To this state of dependence laboring miners' are now subjected and must be until coin is more abundant. Disease, congestive and intermitten fever, is making great havoc among the diggers, and they are almost destitute of food and raiment, and, for the most part, without houses of any kind to protect them from the inclement season now at hand.

The commerce of this coast may be said to be entirely cut off by desertion. No sooner does a merchant ship arrive in any of the ports of California, than all hands leave her; in some instances *captain, cook and all!* At this moment, there are a number of merchant ships thus abandoned at San Francisco, and such will be the fate of all that subsequently arrive. The master of the ship "Izaak Walton," that brought stores for the squadron to this port, offerred, without success, $50 per month to Callao, and thence $20 per month home, to *disbanded volunteers*, not seamen. We were obliged at last to supply him with four men whose terms of service were drawing to a close. This state of things is not confined to California alone. Oregon is fast depopulating; her inhabitants pour into the gold diggings, and foreign residents and runaway sailors from the Sandwich islands are arriving by every vessel that approaches this coast.

* * * * * *

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
THOS. AP C. JONES,
Commander-in-chief, Pacific squadron.
Hon. J. Y. Mason, Secretary of the Navy.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Monterey, Cal., Oct. 23, 1848.

General:—I arrived here on the 18 inst. from San Diego, and have paid the four companies of the 1st New York regiment in full, and they have all started for the gold mines. The three companies composing the command of Lieut. Col. Burton are now here, and will be mustered out to-day or to-morrow, and paid by Major Hill immediately, as the residents are extremely anxious to get rid of them; they have the place in their power. Nearly all the men of company "F," 3d artillery, have deserted. We have the Ohio, Warren, Dale, Lexington and Southampton in port but they *cannot find a man* as they desert as soon as they set foot on shore. The only thing the ships could do in case of an outbreak would be to fire upon the town. The volunteers at Santa Barbara Los Anglers, &c., behaved very well: no murmuring of difficulties of any kind with them; they complained that they were not allowed traveling allowance.

The funds from Mazatlan have at last reached here; the amount is $130,000—It arrived very opportunely, as we have expended nearly all we had. The amount is a great deal more than will be required as there are at present but two companies in California—one of 1st dragoons, the other of 3d artillery, the latter reduced to a mere skeleton by desertion; and the former in a fair way to share the same fate. I should suppose $20.000 would be sufficient to pay the present force (provided the companies are filled up) for a year. Treasury notes are good for nothing now; bills on the United States could not be negotiated on any terms. Gold dust can be purchased for eight or ten dollars the ounce, and it is said to be worth $18 in the United States; consequently all remittances are made in it.

Col. Mason, and most of the army officers, are at Fort Sutter. Commodore Jones thinks it would very imprudent to bring the public funds on shore, except in such sums as may be required for immediate use. He does not like to leave a ship here, on account of the difficulty of keeping the men. * * * * * *

The gold fever rages as bad as ever, and and the quantity collected has not diminished, but increased. Provisions, clothing, and all the necessaries of life, are at most exorbiant prices. Living was always expensive in this country, but now it passes all reason—board four dollars per day, washing five to six dollars per dozen.—Marchants clerks are receiving from $1 800 to $3.000 per annum salary! What Government will do for civil officers, I do not know. Salaries will have to correspond with the times. The pay of governors, judges &c., as allowed in the United States will hardly compare with that paid to salesmen and shop clerks here.

WILLIAM RICH, A. P. U. S. A.
Gen. N. Towson, Paymaster Gen. U. S. A.
Washington, D. C.

"Our ships are all short of their compliments; the Ohio 145 short. We can spare no more to our merchantmen.

EXPERIMENTS.

The New York State Agricultural Society, in 1846, offered premiums "for the best three crops to ascertain the bushels of grain and weigh of stalks or straw, and also the actual value of manure to a farmer." The experiments were to be conducted as follows:

1st. Three contiguous acres of ground to be selected.

2d. One acre of which to be manured with not more than ten cords of common barn-yard manure the first year and ploughed under.

The second acre to be manured with fermented compost manure, to be applied in any manner the experimenter chooses; but a full account of the mode of making the compost, and the manner of its application; accompained by a statement of the cost of making and application, will be required.

3d. The three acres to be planted with corn the *first* year; the *second* to be sowed with barley or oats; the third crop to be winter grain; an accurate account of the yield of each crop to be kept.

4th. A full account of the whole management, and all the details respecting the culture and the circumstances affecting the crops.

5th. The several kinds of soil to be particularly described, and specimens transmitted to the State Agricultural Society for analysis, before commencing the experiments, and also at the conclusion of the experiments discriminating carefully between each acre.

There was, it appears, only one person who made experiments, the late J. F. Osborn, Port Bryan, Cayuga, county, New York, who is represented in the transactions of the society as a most systematic and careful farmer; and he only lived to make one year's experiments; the account of which is thus given:

Mr. Osborn commenced his experiments on three acres of land, the soil of which was a gravelly loam with the clay subsoil from eight to sixteen inches below the soil.

On the *first acre* he put ten cords of barn yard manure; hauled it on while wet, and spread it as he was ready to plough it under.

On the *second acre* there was no manure.

On the *third* he put eight cords of barn yard manure; half or two thirds rotted, and *four* loads of muck cleaned out of a ditch, spread on as drawn.

The three acres were ploughed as nearly alike as practicable, from six to eight inches deep, and all rolled and dragged before planting. The corn was planted three and a half feet apart with a drill, and the pieces cultivated alike. The hills designed to be from one and a half to two feet in the rows, with three stalks in a hill.

The yield of corn was as follows:

On the *first acre*, one hundred thirteen and a half bushels of shelled corn weighed fifty-nine and a half pounds to the bushel. *Stalks* which dry weighed three thousand six hundred and fifty two pounds.

The *second* acre had fifty-eight and a half bushels shelled corn, fifty-eight and a quarter pounds to the bushel, and two thousand two hundred pounds of *stalks*, and seventeen bushels of turnips.

The *third acre* ninety and a half bushels, and three thousand three hundred pounds of stalks.

Mr. Osborn's son continued the experiments of his father in 1847, with the following results:

The *first acre*, which had ten cords unfermented manure, yielding one hundred and twelve bushels of oats.

The *second acre* eighty-seven and a half bushels of oats, [the unmanured acre, best land originally.]

The *third acre* ninety and three quarters bushels of oats.—*Transaction N. Y. State Ag. Society.*

These facts tell well for the unfermented manure.—*Ed. Amer. Farmer.*

☞He that mindeth his own business is wise, but he that interfereth in the business of others, from crafty motives, is sure to meet the end of that endeavored to rob the open rock muscle which closed upon his paw, and held poor Reynard fast to the rock will be perished.

An Albany paper says: "We once saw a lady laced so tight, while stooping forward to pick up a pin, her stays gave away and she turned three somersets in consequence.

There is but one newspaper in the Arabic language, spoken by forty millions of people. There is no progress in the world without newspapers.