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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,
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Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

For the News

TO THE WORKING-MAN.

Ho! man of toil, why dost thou lean thy brow,
So sad, recumbent on thy toil-worn palm?
What is it bends thy manly form so low?
Hath thy sore-pressing grief no healing balm?

Man of sinewy arm, wake from this dream
Of hopeless care, that binds thy spirit down;
That toil-chafed palm shall grasp a deathless fame!
That rugged brow shall wear a glorious crown!

When Washington, great priest of liberty,
On freedom's altar laid his flaming sword,
And cried in thunder-tones "we will be free!"
There was no limit to the glorious word!

Then 'wake! arise! throw off thy sluggish fear!
With dauntless brow face Heaven's eternal dome,
And calling all its countless hosts to hear,
Vow to be free, wherever thou dost roam!

Lo! art shall ope' to thee her wondrous founts,
And thou shalt quaff for aye unquenched delight,
While thy glad soul on freedom's wings shall mount
To the bright joyance of Heaven's endless light.

Wo.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ON THE THREE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

A band of favored christians,
We meet around the throne,
With thankful exultations,
That Providence to own
Which moved our ancient fathers,
Their zeal for God to show;
By framing for us holy prayers,
Three hundred years ago.

For on this holy festival,
On England's happy shore,
The ancient Church but just escaped,
From error's crushing powr,
Met, on the morn of Whitsuntide,
Where Christians love to go;
And first set forth our hallow'd forms,
Three hundred years ago.

What tho' the book is ancient,
What tho' the sacred words
Are still the sounds familiar,
Our fathers gladly heard;
Still let us love our prayer-book,
And for it rev'rence show,
Tho' it was framed by mortal men,
Three hundred years ago.

The oak amid the forests,
The eagle 'mong the birds,
Old ocean 'mid the waters,
In every breast is heard
To stir the love of ancient things,
Then let our bosoms glow
With joy, while mem'ry points us back,
Three hundred years ago.

Thy chants have fill'd the fretted vaults
Of old cathedrals' domes;
Thy prayers have whispered peace and love,
'Mid England's cottage homes.
Thy strains have dwelt on martyrs' lips,
When called by God to go
Through fiery flames, to heav'nly crowns,
Three hundred years ago.

We hear thy words, in accent kind,
Whispering, "Let infants come,"
And farther on, "Defend, Oh, Lord!"
And bring thy children home.
"Remember me," Oh! who can tell,
Or who the power can show,
Of those bless'd words, which strengthen'd faith
Three hundred years ago.

Thy words declare the righteous dead,
Alone are truly blest,
When with the spirits of the just,
They with the Saviour rest.
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."
How speedily we go,
To join the dead, who heard these words,
Three hundred years ago.

The soaring bird with pinions droop'd,
Near earth must ever stay;
Until the air, struck by her wing,
Bears her to heaven away.
Justso, the weak and helpless soul
Oft feels her faith so low,
Till aided by the words, which glow'd,
Three hundred years ago.

Thus penitence for countless sins,
Bows down the drooping wing;
When faith comes in, to aid her flight,
She soars away, and sings;
Sings with the raptur'd hosts of Heav'n,
And with the saints below,
Praises to God, for aid vouchsafed,
Three hundred years ago.

We would call thee faultless,
For uninspired men
Composed thy words—such have done wrong,
And may do so again.
But we would love the piety
Which on thy pages glow;
Which fired the souls of thase who lived,
Three huhdred year ago.

Who dare complain of formal prayers?
'Tis that our spirits' tone
Is all below thy heavenly strains,
And we are cold alone.
Could we but feel thy holy joys
Which from thy teachings flow,
Then should we truly bless this day,
Three hundred years ago.

THE TWO HUSBANDS.

A STORY OF THRILLING INCIDENT.

Many years ago I happened to be one the references in a case that excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was the captain of a merchant ship which traded principally with the West Indies, had married quite early with every prospect of happiness. He was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character.

After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to the family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies.—His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of the children and the hopes of his return But month after month passed away and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received from the absent husband; and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were not added to her afflictions, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children.—Her needle was the only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on an humble seamstress.

A merchant in New York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

After some months he offered his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyments of comforts and luxuries, such as she had never possessed.—Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage which wealth and affection could procure.

Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step father were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation as house-keepers.—But they had hardly quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the *first* husband returned as suddenly as he had departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargoes; having been careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards the family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for his conduct, he was certainly anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws, was so manifest that it was at length agreed by all to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, when we met to hear the singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant; while the plaintiff's harsh features were still thrown into bolder relief, by the same beam which soften the placid countenance of his adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearts. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring the *principal witness*. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a face veiled completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold quiet tone—

"Do you know this lady?"

Ans.—"I do."

Burr—"Will you swear to that?"

Ans.—"I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter."

Burr—"Can you swear to her identity?"

Ans.—"I can."

Burr—"What is her age?"

Ans.—"She was thirty years old on the 20th day of April."

Burr—"When did you last see her?"

Ans.—"At her own house about a fortnight since."

Burr—"When did you last see her previous to that meeting?

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—

"On the 14th day of May, 17—"

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea, and who returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart-sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally, the agony which came upon her when the last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the bitterest scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch, who would thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain, or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank fearless brow of a true hearted woman—let us ask which of these two has been to her a father?"

Turning to the lady in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent that had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied:

"My first recollections are of a small ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employer, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever I thought that she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our only support was a bit of dry bread; and she was accustomed to sew by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted her second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into paradise. We found home and a father" She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke.

"You are not my father," exclaimed she vehemently. What call your father!—you who basely left your wife to toil, and your children beggars?" Never! never! Behold there my father," pointing to the agitated defendent, "there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection and shares my home; there is my *father*. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and the degrees of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendent, and the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable person who was present at the trial.

GEN. EDMUND P. GAINES.

In the death of Gen. Edmund P. Gaines (at the age of seventy two years,) the army has lost one of its oldest veterans. He was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, March 20, 1777, and named for his great-uncle, Edmund Pendleton, long presiding Judge of the Court of Appeals. His father served in the Revolutionary war, and near its close removed to North Carolina, and afterwards to East Tennessee, where the son was early engaged in Indian warfare. E. P. Gaines was chosen a lieutenant at the age of eighteen. In 1799 he obtained an ensign's commission in the army. In 1801 he was appointed a military collector for the district of Mobile. In 1806 he was engaged in the government measures of resistance to Aaron Burr, and was in command at Burr's arrest. He was soon made captain and soon after obtained a furlough and commenced the practice of law in what is now the state of Alabama. When the war of 1812 was declared he resumed his position in the army. He was in Wilkinson's expedition of 1813, and commanded the 25th infantry at the battle of of Chrysler's Fields, November 11th, and covered the retreat of the army with gallantry and success. He was made brigadier general, March 9, 1814, commanded at Sackett's Harbor until August, reached Fort Erie and took command on the 5th. His brave defence of that post forms one of the most brilliant chapters in our military history. Having been severely wounded by a shell he resigned the command to Gen. Ripley and crossed to Buffalo. He received the thanks of Congress, with a medal and the brevet rank of major general, for his brilliant defence. He was soon transferred to the south, and engaged under Jackson in the Creek war of 1812, and afterwards commanded in the southern military district until the reduction of the army 1821, when he was retained as a brigadier, and the western division assigned him. He was a candidate for major-general in 1828, but Mr Adams decided that Gen. Macomb's claim was stronger.—Subsequently, as is known, there was some disagreement between him and General Scott touching claims to rank. His more recent history as connected with calling out troops for the Mexican war, the trial by court martial which he received, his command of troops in this city, his transfer to Baltimore, and thence to New Orleans, as Gen. Taylor's successor in the command of the southern division are events familiar to our readers. General Gaines was a man of singular simplicity of character. Though a soldier, he was an advocate for peace measures, but when the blast of war blew, he was eager for the fight. He has left a most interesting widow of about half his years and we believe one or two children.—*Evening Post.*

TOM CORWIN AND GEORGE LIPPARD.—They say at Washington that Corwin's levee is always as well attended as any in the city, and that strangers coming thither, always call on him as one of the lions. Among others, Lippard, the writer of rawhead and bloody-bones stories, and who conducted a kind of piratical sheet during the Presidential campaign in which he abused Corwin without stint, called upon him a month or two since, and introduced himself with the easy and confident air of a patron, Said Lippard, smiling:

"Gov. Corwin, my name is Lippard. George Lippard, of Philadelphia, whom you have probably heard of—very glad to make your acquaintance, sir. I blackguarded you a good deal last year.

Corwin.—(With one of his peculiar looks,) "Ah! well, Mr Lippard, you *look* very much like a blackguard."

Lippard was shut up, and *left*.

REVENGE.

"Father, forgive them!" Go, proud infidel, search the poderous tomes of heathen learning, explore the works of Confucius, examine the precepts of Seneca and the writings Socrates—collect all the excellencies of ancient and modern moralists and point to a sentence equal to this simple prayer of our Saviour. Reviled and insulted—suffering the grossest indignities—crowned with thorns, and led away to die; no annihilating curse breaks from his torturing heart. Sweet and placid as the aspirations of a mother for her nursling, ascends the prayer for mercy on his enemies. "Father forgive them." Oh, it was worthy of its origin, and stamps with the brightest seal of truth that his mission was from heaven. Acquaintances, have you quarrel? Friends, have you differed?—If he who was pure and perfect forgave his bitterest enemies, do you well to cherish your anger? Brothers, to you the precept is imperative. You shall forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven. Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as it is hostile to reason and religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice and studious of revenge, walk through the fields while clad in verdure and adorned with flowers, to his eye there is no beauty the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in deepest sable. The smiles of beauty light not up his bosom with joy—but the furies of hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he could wish the object of his hate. But let him lay his hand on his heart and say, "revenge, I cast thee from me, Father, forgive me, as I forgive my enemies" and nature will assume a new and delightful character. Then, indeed, are the meads verdant and the flowers fragrant—then is the music of the grove delightful to the ear.

COUSINING.

A country gentleman lately arrived at *Boston*, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him and invited him to make their house his home, (as he declared his attention of remaining in the city a day or two.) The husband of the lady, anxious to show attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a stable in Hanover street. Finally the visit became a visitation and the merchant after an elapse of eleven days, found, beside boarding and lodging the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up an the livery stable. Accordingly he went to the man who kept the stable and told him when the gentleman took the horse he would pay the bill.

"Very good," said the stable keeper, "I understand you." Accordingly, in a short time the country gentleman went to the stable, and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill was of course presented.

"Oh," said the gentleman, "Mr. so and so, my relation, will pay this." Very good, sir," said the stable keeper, please to get an order from Mr.——, it will be the same as money." The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to the Long Wharf, where the merchant kept. "Well," said he, "I am going now," good bye!" Well, about my horse; the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping." "Well, I suppose that is all right, sir." "Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."—"Yes," said the merchant, "I know that you are, *but your horse is not!*"

AGRICULTURAL.

CUTTING AND CURING CLOVER HAY.

Clover should be cut as soon as it comes into *blossom;* and after laying in the *swarth* until it wilts, it should be put into *cocks*, to complete the curing. In stacking it away, a *peck of salt* should be sprinkled over each ton of the hay, as it is being formed into stack. If thus cured, and this precaution of salting be observed, the hay will be greener, more fragrant, and less liable to lose its leaves on being subsequently handled, in being fed out to the stock, and, withal, will be much more grateful to their palates. If the further precaution were taken to stack, layer and layer about, *straw* with the clover hay, the former would imbibe the fragrance of the latter, and be as acceptable, if not as nutricious, to the cattle as the clover hay itself. This might occasion a little *extra trouble*, but when one is securing a winter supply of provender for his stock, that consideration should not be permitted to weigh a grain in the balance; for, independent of the pecuniary benefit which is sure to enure to the careful husbandman who may encounter this additional trouble, that higher and more ennobling sentiment, arising from the humanity of the thing, should, and will, more than compensate him, as there is nothing which brings a richer reward to the virtuous breast than the consciousness of its possessor having performed his whole duty. *A. Far. for June.*

GOOD SEEDS.

There is nothing on which the farmer's success depends more than in saving and sowing and planting good seed, and there is no branch in which he may make improvement at so cheap a rate. It is in the power of every cultivater to improve his seeds by a judicious selection, and he can do it with convenience and with pleasure too, if he will enter into the business with proper spirit and zeal.

By selecting a few excellent seeds, and managing them with care, an abundance may soon be obtained, which will suffice for the whole farm and perhaps some to spare at a good price. One ear of superior wheat, corn, or other grain, or one potato or other root would with proper management, soon produce sufficient seed for a whole acre. This view of the subject shows how cheap improvements can be made in this way.—*Lebanan Courier.*

HOW TO WEAN A SETTING HEN FROM THE NEST.

Your correspondent, at p. 224, volume seventh of the agriculturist, in his sensible remarks on the subject of Dorking fowls, speaks of their being "rough nurses" and advises, as the best way of rearing their broods, that the eggs be hatched by other hens; and then says: "The only question is, how the hen is to be managed when the sitting fit comes on; for they are most persevering sitters." I am sorry to say I have never been able to procure pure Dorkings to experiment upon, and therefore cannot tell how my method might answer with them, but with my mongrel hens, which are very good of their kinds, I have no difficulty. However persevering they may be, I manage to tire them out. When I find one determined to sit, that I know to be an indifferent mother, I watch her closely, and whenever I find her on the nest, I apply the hydropathic remedy, a cold bath. If the weather be warm, I plunge her, head and all; if cool, I only dip her breast in cold water, and put her on the perch. Three or four such immersions always effect a complete cure.

When two small broods are brought out within ten days of each other, and I do not want to lose the time of two nurses, I give both broods to the hen that hatched first, and shut the other up, at a distance from the coops, where she can neither see nor hear her chicks. After four or five days' solitary confinement, I take her at night, and put her into the hen house with the other fowls, and always find that she leaves it in the morning to seek her food with them; and that, in a week or so afterwards, she begins to lay again.

M

May 5th, 1849.

TO MAKE DRAWN BUTTER.

Into a quarter of a pound of butter rub a table spoonful of flour, and half a teaspoonful of salt, until it becomes a smooth batter. Have ready half a pint of boiling water, in a sauce pan, stir the batter into it until perfectly smooth and let it simmer for fifteen minutes stirring it frequently.—Some cooks will tell you it must be stirred all the time it is on the fire, which is quite unnecessary, as all that is intended by such directions is, that it must be watched and stirred often enough to prevent it from becoming lumpy, and burning to the bottom of the sauce pan.

This drawn butter is the foundation of most gravies and sauces—as oyster sauce, celery sauce; and the following cheap sauce for puddings is among them:

For six people, make the quantity directed in the above receip, and have ready in a bowl six large tea-spoonfuls of good brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, or half a grated nutmeg, moistened with a wine glassful of white or home made currant wine, pour the drawn butter while boiling on this, stir it well and serve in a sauce bowl.

If wine is thought to be too expensive, or is objected to for other reasons, lemon juice is a delicious substitute, but it requires double the quantity of sugar, or if your vinegar is pure and well flavored use the proper quantity of it instead of the wine.

Eutawah, May, 1849. E. S.

FRIED POTATOES.—The French cooks at the large hotels are making this dish very fashionable. The potatoes are peeled wiped, and cut into thin slices, then thrown into a frying pan containing and abundance of hot lard. As soon as they become brown and cripsy, they are thrown into a colander to drain, then sprinkled with salt and served up as hot as possible. It is used at breakfast.

AN ARAB REPORT.—"Why do you not thank God," asked Mansur of an Arab, "that since I have been ruler, you have never been afflicted with the plague?"

"God is too good to send two scourges upon us at once," was the reply, but it cost the speaker his life.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN FALLEN.—Rev. R. J. Smith, of Lansingburg, N. Y., has left for paris unknown, with a Miss Tribou, a teacher in an institute with which he was connected. He had previously seduced her, and his wife made the whole affair known.

CHOLERA IN NEW YORK.—The number of cases and deaths of cholera in New York city, from the 1st to the 10th inst. inclusive was 283 cases and 110 de-