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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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THE KENT NEWS,
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PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

TIRADE OF THE TINLESS.

BY GEORGE L. KING.

'Tis strange to see, where'er you be
How much importance clings,
Not to one's self, but dirty pelf,
The transitory things.
To have it is the greatest good,
To be without a sin;
'Tis to be homely, base and rude,
And all for want of tin.

My neighbor A, just o'er the way,
Is quite a pattern man;
'Tis needless I should ever try
His virtues here to scan.
But people whisper that in deal
He'll shave beneath the skin;
That for the poor he cannot feel—
But then, he's got the tin.

Quite young in life, I sought a wife
To keep my e bows whole;
Celibacy I thought for me
Was getting rather dull.
I tried all arts to please the girls,
I was resolved to win;
I viewed their feet, their waists, their curls,
But sharper looked for tin.

Miss Lucy made a great parade,
Eliza played and sang;
Kate had a way smart things to say,
Peg's tongue had quite a twang.
But oh, amid the virgin throng,
Wherever I had been,
None charmed like Miss Almira Strong,
For she had lots of tin.

When I proposed my love disclosed,
Said she, "You can't come in;"
I found the boot on t'other foot,
'Twas I that lacked the tin.
I didn't faint, I didn't swear,
But vow'd through thick and thin,
I'd sail for California, where
I'd dig up lots of tin.

MISCELLANY.

THE PIRATE'S CAVE.

"Who is that venerable old man, kneeling beside yon marble tomb? I have met him several times, in my walks about the village; he seems sad and solemn, and wears, in his mien and manner, an impress of devotion. I should like to know his story?"

"I will tell you all that we know of him here, and, for the rest, we will approach, and question him the history of his life. His story, I doubt not, is a sad one; and yet from what we see, it cannot be altogether so; for devotion to God even in the latest hour, will always cast a bright ray of hope upon the darkest life of despair. So it seems with this old man.—Like the calm sunset of a weary day, which 'from morn to even,' has labored with the weight of tempest and of storm, when, 'twixt the dark fringes of the cloud above, and the golden borders of his couch beneath, the Diety looks out upon the scene, the spirit of this old man, hovering, as it were, between time and eternity, wistfully gazes upon the one, while he ardently desires the other. Happy (though, in some respects, sad, perhaps) must be the state of that man, who under all circumstances, can say, with the apostle, "It is far better to depart.' Poor, old Gonzales,—for by that name he passes among the villagers,—his time is nearly out; his end is almost run."

"Whose grave is he kneeling at?"

"What is the last resting place of our late beloved pastor, who for many years was the minister of the church in this place: and to whose exemplary piety, and burning zeal, the cause of religion, here is deeply indebted. He rests from his labors; and if the blessings of the poor and destitute are ever heard in heaven, surely 'his works do follow him.' May I be like that man,'

The above conversation took place between two young men, who were theological students of the sanctuary at W———, The one was a native of the village, and the other a visiting companion to the home of his friend, during the day of their vacation. Imbued with a spirit of religion, and devoted to the cause of the cross, their favorite walk, for thought and meditation, was among the village tombs. It was on ar occasion of this kind that they met with old Gonzales, who, when questioned, replied, substantially, in the following language:

"You ask me who I am, and the story of my life? Alas! young gentlemen,' said the old man, slowly rising from his position, 'you know not what you require. There are deeps in the human heart, that the eye of God, alone, may look upon, and which it were dangerous to attempt to penetrate. But your request (which is the first time the same has been made) shall be complied with, in part; and if, in my relation, aught is seemingly kept back, question me not: that which is hidden could not bear the light I am by birth, a Spaniard; but no land claims me now: I have no country, save that which I look for beyond the setting sun. O, that I were now there, that I might be at rest.—Among the hills of Andilusia, I passed my boyhood—an innocent and untarnished spring-time! But why do I speak of that? No let that pass! Those days of artless innocence, how do they reproach my riper years! But, thanks be to God, the laborers of the eleventh hour received, also their penny.

"You have heard something, no doubt of the almost miraculous manner in which your late beloved pastor was first converted to God, and how he became a minister of Jesus Christ; but not so fully and circumstantially, perhaps, as I can relate it to you. Listen, then, while I tell you of things almost incredible to belief, and which until now, have never been told.—And what place so proper as this for the recital, beside his grave, who, with many others, was so wonderously saved from ruin?

"About ten miles from the port of G—, near the opening of the bay, and facing the broad sea, as it hewn in the solid rock, is a spacious cave, unknown to any, save those who once inhabited it for the basest of purposes; the last, frail relic of whose fraternity now lingers, for a little upon the brink of the tomb. This cave was once the scene of a most thrilling transaction, which the great day, alone, will be fully able to set forth. It was then the secret hiding-place and stronghold of a pirate band. About twenty sturdy fellows, contemners alike of the laws of God and man, whose business of life was to prey upon the innocent and unsuspecting, constituted the Brotherhood of the Cave. Various were their devices for plunder; but none more generally successful than, dressed in the disguise of sailors, to linger with a yawl-boat about the wharves of the city, and under pretence of belonging to some ship in the offing abstract goods, baggage, and sometimes men too with idea of conveying them on board; but once in the boat, instead of ship-board, they always found their way to the pirate's cave. O, dreadful were the scenes often enacted there!"

"It was on one of these occasions, that a boat's crew discovered standing upon the pier, a young man in sailor-rig, who seemed waiting for the arrival of a boat, to take him to a ship which was riding at anchor, a few miles down the bay, and which was about to sail for a foreign land.

"That's our man!" said the captain of the boat, pointing to the stranger. "Pull round to the side of the pier, and I'll tip my beaver to him."

"The quick eye of the pirate chief discovered, at the first glance, that the stranger was not used to the custom of the sea,

——'and to the manner born,'

from the circumstances that, instead of the huge and unshapely searchest, commonly used by the sons of Neptune, he 'sported, an elegant leather trunk; ornamented, too, and mounted with shining brass.

"We have found the cover,' said the rover, 'and if no dogs of the marine are near at hand, we'll bag the game. That glittering trunk must go to the cave; and if we cannot do any better, we must take the boy along, too, though I had much rather leave him behind. Hallow! mister,' said the pirate, as the boat neared the wharf, 'is that the luggage that we are sent to take aboard the ship?'

"Luggage!" said the stranger; 'yes, I reckon so, if you belong to the W—, yonder, but not the luggage without the man I go, too. No tricks upon travellers;' eh, messmate?"

"Well, that's right," said the pirate:—'it's a monstrous shame to play tricks upon anybody, and more especially upon such a nice young man as you appear to be. But, if you are the man we are sent for, the skipper says, you must bear a hand, and come aboard; for as soon as the wind veers (and it has shifted a point already, since we left her quarter,) the good ship W— will weigh anchor, and put to sea.'

"Not suspecting but that the boat was sent for him, indeed, and that all was right the youth replied:

"Well, why didn't you come before?—I am ready, and have been, for near an hour. I began to think you were going to leave me."

"That's not our character," said the pirate significantly. 'Here! lend a hand to pass this trunk aboard. My eyes! but it's a beauty. Heavy, too! Shiners there? Eh, messmate?'

"To this the young man made no reply; but, casting a lingering look toward the city, as he stepped into the boat, he ejaculated to himself, 'Mother, farewell.'

"Now to your oars, my men," said the stern voice of the pirate: 'let distance mark the boundary between us and——.'

"Propelled by skillful and sturdy oarsmen, the little boat shot thro' the water with the speed of a racer. They were soon past the city, and, crossing through the the Narrows, were upon the waters of the other bay, with a full view of the sea beyond. The bosom of the youth seemed to heave with emotion, as, for the first time, he looked out upon the boundless empire of the deep, which he had chosen as his home.

"How glorious and magnificent is the scene! said he: 'and yon ship how like a Titan's palace she appears, resting upon this field of green!"

"Yes, but we'll show you richer scenes than this, said the pirate, as he nodded to his crew. 'Pull away, boys!'

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the men; and they bowed to the long sweep of the oar, with the strength and grace of a gondolier.

"An hour had nearly passed, and no one had broken the silence—save now and then a rude jest uttered at the expense of the young man, perhaps. These he would have indignantly repelled; but feeling that with these 'old salts, as he took them to be, the better part of valor would be discretion, held his peace. At length, when within about a mile of the place where the ship lay proudly at anchor, the course of the boat seemed to shift for the shore, and with a long stroke and sinewy pull was urged more swiftly forward than ever.

"You are mistaking the course, said the young man a little alarmed, for suspicion that all was not right, began to dart thro' his mind. Yonder is the ship to which I am bound; don't you see? the W.—We're almost abreast of her now.

"Aye, aye, sir' said the pirate, we know all about that; but we must take a little cruise together first, around yon cape.—And as for the ship W, she'll not miss us. I'll tell you at once—you'll not be likely to see America this trip, unless, indeed, you sail thither upon the back of a shark.—You see the W— is weighing anchor, now. Really mister you are to late!"

"But you," said the young man, now fully alarmed—"do you not belong to the ship W—, then? And this boat, is she not the tender of the ship?"

"Tender!" said the pirate, as he cast a mingled smile of contempt and pity upon youth, 'yes, she's a tender craft sure enough but as for her belonging to the W—, or I either, that's where you've been mistaken. We never told you that we belonged to the W—. Did we messmates?'

The truth now flashed upon his mind, and he saw clearly that he had fallen into the very snare that he thought he had been most careful to avoid.

"Are you not sailors, then?" said he. 'What are you? What ship do you belong to? Answer quick, or by heaven!"—

"Belay! belay!' said the pirate, "keep down your goss, my fine fellow, or we'll give you a cold bath in old Neptune's bath tub. Belay your courage for the present until we've made out your papers for Davy Jones, you'll have need for it ere long. As for the ship! Yes!—that is, we did once belong to the good ship Rover, but we've cut the sea, ever since the government has sent out so many cutters to cut up our trade, and, if possible, also to cut our honest throats. Ha! ha! (and he laughed hideously) we've turned gentlemen, and have taken to the land traffic. We'll show you the mystery presently. You see, messmate—for I take it you begin by this time to understand our character—we traded a little too largely in that Yankee notion of yours—'Free trade, and sailors' rights.' The government thought our charter was a little too liberal, and had a mind to revoke it; so they sent us a billet-doux in the shape of a man of war, to invite us to a tete a-tete with the judges of the court. That was kind—was'nt it? Well the invitation was so pressing, that some of our company felt themselves bound to accept it. Poor fellows, how could they refuse when embraced by such fraternal bonds? They were like iron. But, somehow, we did not fancy it much; and, in the confusion of the ceremony we made our escape, through the cabin window; into the yawl. The ship soon went down and we were supposed to have perished. There was a good deal of anxiety felt for us no doubt, and, perhaps, sympathy, but after all, it was as well for our safety that we did not go ashore; for all our companions who did not go, were somehow seized with an affection of the throat which killed every one of them. We think we were very fortunate; for, if we had gone, it is likely the same disease would have swung us off, too. Did you ever see a man learn to dance upon nothing, to the tune of the Dead March? Ha! ha! ha! There was a demon in his laugh.

The young man now plainly understood his situation; he had been decoyed into a most terrible snare, and was the captive of a band of pirates. But, having a courageous heart, and there being something of novelty in his situation he resolved to wait in silence and with calmness, the result of the adventure. In a few minutes, the little boat shot into a wild and rocky inlent among the cliffs, and landed at the mouth of what outwardly appeared no more than a kind of a hole in the rock, but what proved to be the entrance to a spacious cave. A long, shrill whistle from the captain of the gang—for it was he who had commanded the boat—was instantly answered from within the cave and paesently some twenty outlaws made their appearance.

Those who have dreamed of the halls of Pandemonium, and in visions of the night have seen the spirits of the damned, may form some adequate idea of a pirate horde in their cave of revels. Some seized the trunk, others laid hold upon the young man himself, who, knowing that resistance was in vain, tamely submitted; while the remainder secured the boat in a secret nook where a jutting rock concealed it from view, and then all started for the cave. A place better calculated for secret deeds of outrage, and of crime, could not have been formed by the hand of nature.—Cut off from the world, and unsuspected by any, here in this vaulted charnel,

——'murder, most foul,'

might 'run riot,' and the very demons of destruction frolic around their victim.

"Now for the prize," said one.

"What have we caught this time? exclaimed another? A gudgeon? By St. Ignatius, our worthy patron, if it was not for"——

"Hold let's see!" said they all with one accord, as they opened the trunk, and began to overhaul the contents.

The trunk was well supplied with wearing apparel, but of money—which the band most coveted—there was a small supply. A few gilders, which an anxious mother had saved from her scanty earnings, and bestowed with her blessings upon her wayward prodigal, who, against her consent had chosen the sea for his calling. A sum insufficient to satisfy and only calculated to enrage the disappointed rapacity of the robbers alone was found.—The scene was somewhat changed; and instead of that half-mad, half-merry strain of the pirate chief, in their passage down the bay, a spirit of revenge was up, and a volley of curses mingled with horrid threatenings, was hurled against the life of the youth, whose effort to become a sailor had been so strangely thwarted.

An incident, however now occurred, which gave new aspect to affairs. One of the band, having penetrated to the bottom of the trunk, discovered a small Bible, which unknown to the young man, had been placed there by the affectionate hand of a mother.

"I have it, exclaimed the pirate. See here, it's better than gold. We've caught one of the long robed Black Jays of my Lady. A priest a priest, by all the saints in the calender. A long robe in disguise." And he held up the Bible as an evidence of his assertion.

The thing seemed clear to them all, that they had entrapped a priest; and reasonable too, as they knew it was common for the Jesuits to assume all manner of disguises, for the accomplishment of their secret designs.

The captain of the band now approached the prisoner who began, and not without cause, to tremble for his fate, and looking him full in the face asked him if their suspicions were true, and if he was a minister of the gospel? Without reflection, and thinking too, perhaps, that the sacredness of the character thus accidently attributed to him might help him in this fearful extremity, he replied:

"Yes, I am."

"You are," said the robber. "Then by the blessed Virgin and good Ignatius, whom I serve, you shall preach us a sermon and afterward, by way of recompense for our disappointment you shall forgive us all our sins. By the Holy Mother, I think this is a rare and lucky chance.—We do not meet with an opportunity every day, of getting our sins forgiven; besides I have not heard a sermon since the day of my mother's funeral. Poor Mother! she was the only friend I ever had.—I remember I wept then, but my heart has grown hard since, and the fountains are now dry." A tear in the eye of the pirate however, told that bad as he was, in this he was mistaken. There were waters yet down in the soul, that had never been reached. "Come, holy father," said he, (for he assumed to be a good Catholic.) "Come, mount upon the table most reverend father, no excuse. You have confessed yourself a priest, therefore, as I once heard a preacher say, 'Woe is *you*, if you preach not the Gospel,' The men won't be trifled with, so preach—preach, or you die!"

The argument was too strong to be resisted. The young man felt that his life was in danger, and that a refusal would prove fatal. What was to be done? preach he could not, and yet if he did; he must perish. He had caught himself in his own snare. Trembling from head to foot he suffered himself to be placed upon the table, around which gathered the pirate band, expecting to reward themselves at the expense of the Gospel, for their late disappointment. But the word of God is as a two-edged sword.

"Come sir," said the pirate, "leave off your damnable faces as the players say, and begin."

The young man groaned with anguish and scarcely knowing what he did, while his knees literally smote together with fear, he opened the Bible which the chief had thurst into his hand when he placed him upon the table. It was the Bible of his mother. It should be stated here that he had been partly educated for the ministry of the Church, but being unconverted, the whole scheme had been offensive to his carnal mind and appetite. Hence the plan of his going to sea, which was in the spirit of rebellion against his mother's prayers and wishes. How strange and inscruitable the providence of God! The time is come, thought he, when I can realize the scripture of St. Paul, partly quoted against me by this robber chief. 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.' The first passage which met his eye as he opened the Bible was Luke xiii. 3, and in vain did he strive to think of something else; the appropriateness of the text would not leave him, and 'except ye repent ye shall likewise perish,' wrung in his ears and vibrated in his heart.

A better selection could not have been made from all the Bible This he felt, and and after a pause, in which his heart seemed to swell almost to bursting, and asking God to help him in this extremity, he summoned up resolution to read the text. 'except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' Strange is sometimes the power of the word of truth. Such was the case now for God was in it. Instead of the sentiment being being received with rude ribaldry there was an instant and profound silence on the part of the entire band—the magnetic power of invisible presence seemed to have touched every heart. It was a scene for a painter. There stood the preacher, his eyes rivited upon the fatal book; and there the band, grouped about the floor and gazing upon him with the intensity of fiendish desire. 'Preach or die' wrung in his ears an uncommon call thought he, and under circumstances not to be disregarded.

"He commenced, and having some knowledge of system, gained in his previous course of study, he found but little difficulty in giving shape and division to his subject. He found too, that he could speak with tolerable ease, although while discoursing of the depravity of our common nature and the sinfulness and danger of transgression, every word seemed to infold his own guilty soul in the whelming of eternal doom Some strange power upheld him as with the grasp of iron, while at the same time it imparted a fluency to his thoughts and words. How strange, thought he to himself, and O, how dreadful the state of the sinner! He had roused himself, and it was now his own case before an offended God, rather, than his fears of the pirate band, which harrowed up his soul. He went on losing sight of the robbers, who as statues stood transfixed around him, and impelled by a sense of his own agony and lost condition, until the rolling echoes of heavenly anathema upon the guilty and crime, rung and reverberated through the hollow cavern. It seemed as if hell itself was let loose from the pit, and every horrid fiend of perdition was in hot pursuit after the flying fugitives. Suddenly, with a deep groan, the pirate chief fell to the ground, and cried for mercy. Soon another was found in the same condition, then another, and another, until with the preacher himself, whose soul was upon the rack of intense conviction, more than half of the band were groaning with anguish, in view of their sins. All temporal fear was now banished away, for the power of God was there, and the presence of the Highest overshadowed the pirate's den. Of a sudden, swift as the lightning which parts the rifted storm, mercy decended into that dark abode; the preacher was converted upon the table, under the influence of his own sermon, and shouted Glory to God. Immediately the pirate chief also received, by faith, remission of sins, and arose praising the Lord. Six more of the band almost instantly arose, snatched from the eternal burning, and ere the sermon was done, fifteen had found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. The meeting thus begun was continued, and before the sun had repeated thrice his diurnal course, every pirate in the cave was rejoicing in God, their Saviour.

'Many years have passed since then, my friends. The ill-gotten treasurers of the cave, through various avenues, have long since been distributed to the poor and destitute. (For in many, too many instances, alas, restitution was impossible.) The entire band of converted outlaws, so far as I can learn, one by one, have been called to a fairer and better world. The entire band, did I say? No, one remains yet to tell the tale, which by a solemn pledge, was not to be related until *but one* should remain to divulge it. Strangers look on me and heed me well. You ask me who I was, and the story of my life.—One request I have granted already, & now I will comply with the other. I was the captain of that pirate band, all, of whom are dead save myself. I am a child of grace. For my companions I thank God, they died in the faith of the Gospel, as pardoned sinners, and with the hope of heaven; while he, the Rev. Mr. ———, who sleeps beneath this stone, whose fame and usefulness in the kingdom of the blessed Redeemer was alike the property of two hemispheres, was the young man who preached his first sermon in the pirate's cave. With him, to whose grave in this distant land I have made this long pilgrimage, I shall soon sit down in the kingdom of God. To him I am indebted, under heaven, first for procuring for me, through Jesus Christ, the pardon of my Creator, and next from the courts of my country. Freedom, both spiritual and personal, I feel to be mine, through the mercy of heaven; for where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. But no Freedom do I love to contamplate like that which swells in my soul, and which inspires gratitude to God for that immortal hope, the fruits of the Bible and the sermon in the Pirate's cave."

Poor old Ganzales! his wish was soon realized, and he departed in peace to the relms of the blessed. His body sleeps baside his beloved minister in the village graveyard, there to await the last trumpet which shall bid the dead arise.

The two young men, strengthened no little in their devotion to the cross by the relation of the old man's story, both in time became missionaries to foreign lands, one has been called to his reward, and passed the cold stream in triumph to his home. The other is still upon the walls of Zion; and though age with stealing footsteps presses upon his life, the trumpet of the gospel in his hand, with no 'uncertain sound,' still rings out shrill and clear, an alarm to sin and sinners. May, he long be spared, to carry the victories yet farther in the enemy's land, until Ethiopa shall spread her hands to heaven, and the island of the sea rejoice in the knowledge of God.

AGRICULTURAL.

MIXED HUSBANDRY.

By the adoption of a mixed Husbandry, says Mr Seabrook, the fallow system will be abandoned and fallow crops take its place. The cultivator will become substantially a farmer, and no longer wear the insignia of a planter. It follows that one-third, in some cases one-half of the real estate in possession of many of our profession, might, in such an event be sold and the profits appropriated to the improvement of the remainder or converted into legacies for their children, instead of compelling them, for the supposed want of room, to seek their bread in foreign climes. The amount of capital invested in land by individual proprietors, ought to be diminished. Their is perhaps no barrier to agriculture progress which has attracted so little notice as the disposition to hold landed property incommensurate with the force actually engaged in its cultivation. No fact is better established than any quantity of ground under the supervision and control of an intelligent and practical man, will give larger returns and insure more comforts than three times the area, in unskilful and improvident hands. As a rule universally to be observed, it is better to cultivate one acre systematically manured, than three acres unprovided with appropriate pabulum, or only partially aided, in other words, to own a small plot of ground, capable of being put in a garden like condition, than the boasted occupier of immense tracts, a stranger perhaps to the plough or hoe, certainly to the artificial food designed for the maintainance and support of cultivated plants.

The secret of the accumulation of wealth lies not in disbursing the profits of the farm, in adding to its size or increasing the number of labors, but in expending them in such improvements as the skilful and experienced eye may point out. This is the true and only mode of permanently enlarging the productive capital of the State. By this means the owner of 100 acres may be the proprietor of as much land as the holder of five times that quantity with the advantages among the many others, in favor of the former, that he pays less taxes, and is certain of progressive improvements in the value of his property. Let the excess of income then, be appropriated in draining—in reducing to culture every pond and morass within the inclosure—in good buildings—in substantial and durable fences, and where there is necessity to, purchase mineral or animal manures, and in judicious and economical experiments.—*Bowens Farmer.*

Boys on Law.—Going up the street the other day, we saw three or four boys eight or ten years of age, earnestly engaged in discussion. As we passed them, one asked, 'if one man was to cut another's head off, would he be hung right away?' Another, with all the dignity of a judge replied, 'no, he wouldn't be hung in a minute, he would have *three or four* trials first. If the little fellow don't understand the theory, he is pretty well versed in the practice of the law as at present administered, and ought to be admitted under the code.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

A Traveling Expo.—Look here, Pete, said a knowing darkey, 'don't stand dar on the railroad!'

Why, Joe?

'Kase if de cars see dat mouf ob yours, dey tink it am de depo' and run rite in.'

Mean.—There is a man in Grant county, Ky., who is so very miserly that, whenever he sends his negro servant down into the cellar for apples, he makes him whistle all the way down to the apple box and back, to prevent him from eating any of the fruit. Fact.