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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet: --"He labor vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

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Edward Mansfield,
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POETRY.

BE GENTLE WITH THY WIFE!

Be gentle! for ye little know
How many trials rise;
Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to be thine own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain
'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the coolest hearts
At times may have some grief,
And even in a pettish word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! for unkindness now
May rouse an angry storm
That all the after years of life
In vain may strive to calm.

Be gentle! none are perfect—
Thou,rt dearer far than life,
Then, husband, bear and still forbear—
Be gentle to thy wife,

WHO MADE THE LITTLE FLOWER!

The Atheist in his garden stood,
At twilight's pensive hour,
His little daughter by his side,
Was gazing on a flower.

"O, pick that blossom, Pa, for me,"
The little prattler said;
"It is the fairest one that blooms
Within that lowly bed."

The father plucked the chosen flower,
And gave it to the child—
With parted lips and sparkling eye,
She seized the gift and smiled.

"O, Pa—who made this little flower,
This little violet blue;
Who gave it such a fragrant smell,
And such a lively hue?"

A change came o'er the father's brow;
His eye grew strangely wild;
New thoughts within him had been stirred
By that sweet, artless child.

The truth flashed on her father's mind—
The truth in all its power;
"There is a God, my child," he said,
"He made that little flower."

Street Rhymes.

How queerly does a lady feel,
A walking in the street,
When just below her pantaletts,
You see her naked feet.
Her stockings are not darned one mite,
They are darn'd full of holes,
I'd rather a darnation sight,
See shoes without their souls.

☞ One of the b'hoys indites the following to his lady-love:

And when the reverend sir shall say,
"My son take thou this daughter!"
I'd answer him in fearless tone,
"I shan't do no tbin' shorter!"

"Will you, my sen, support and nourish
This flower I give to thee!"
I'd give my white kid gloves a flourish,
And answer, "Yes Sir-ee!"

THE YOUNG IDEA.

The following rich scene occurred in one of the private schools in Boston:

"Ah, Pat! Pat!" said the schoolmistress to a thickheaded urchin, into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet—"I'm afraid you'll never learn anything. Now what letter, eh?"

"Sure, I don't know, ma'am," replied Pat.

"I thought you recollected that,"

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Och, ma'am! I mind it well, but sure I tho't it was a *fly speck!*"

"Well, now remember Pat it's *I.*"

"*You*, ma'am?"

"No! no!—not *U*, but *I.*"

"Not *I*, but *you*, ma'am--how's that?"

"Not *I* but *U*, *blockhead.*"

"Och, yis! faith now I have it, ma'am. You mean to say that not *I*, but *you*, are a blockhead!"

"Fool! fool! exclaimed the pedagoguess, almost bursting with rage.

"Jist as ye plaze," quietly replied Pat; "fool or blockhead—it's no matter which so long as yeer free to OWN UP!"

Bob, is that dog a hunter?

No, he's a half hunter and a half setter, he hunts bones half the time and sits by the stove when he's satisfied.

MISCELLANEOUS

Quaker Punishment.

A Long Island Quaker, who had a very unruly negro boy living with him, and whose disposition he had tried for a long time to bring under the control of peaceful Quakerism in vain, tried a new species of punishment, that is related thus:

Tired of moral suasion, the old Quaker was about giving up in despair, when a thought struck him. "I will not strike him, for he is one of God's creatures, on which men should not lay their unworthy hands. 'Josiah,' said he, addressing the boy, 'come here.' Josiah, whose keen eye discerned in the look and manner of the old Quaker, signs of some mysterious movement, came doggedly up to his master, and hung his head in token of humble submission. 'Josiah,' continued the old man, 'thee has been a bad boy, a very bad boy, and thy master has lost all patience with thee. Dost thou know, Josiah where the wicked and unruly lads like thee go to?' 'No,' whined the negro. 'No!—boy has thee never heard of the bad place.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I have heard that *bad* boys go to——down, down, down to dat dark dungeon where dey get de brimstone from.'

'That is the place, boy,' continued the Quaker in a solemn tone, and there I must take thee, Josiah.

'Me, Massa, me, Lora, O Lora I—I—I O Lora massa.

'Get thy hat, Josiah, get thy hat and come with me, I hear no words from thee. The boy got his hat and followed the Quaker to the railroad depot where they took the cars for Brooklyn. The negro sat in sullen silence, half fearing half doubting the old man's intentions. On flew the cars at a rate the boy never had rode before, the engine snorting and puffing not unlike what his imagination had pictured the chief of the infernal regions.—Trees, houses and fances, seemed to fly as if on wings, and before the cars reached Brooklyn the poor lad's head was fairly bewildered, and he scarcely knew whether he was going up or 'down, down, down.' Furious as the wind, came the train down Atlantic street, horses snorted and dashed away from the track in fright, the boys hoot and screamed, and poor *Josh* looked as if he thought he was on his way to the world of spirits. Presently the engine gave one of those terrible whistles that echoed throughout the whole city, and the engine plunged into the tunnel. 'Good bye, Josiah,' said Aminadab, and he suddenly stepped from his seat to the platform outside the cars. A screech—a groan—and then a stifled moan was heard where the negro sat, and then all was dark and still saving the puffing and whistling of the engine and the rattling of the cars, as they whistled through the narrow passage. Once or twice a noise like a struggling or catching for breath, was faintly heard coming from the negro's seat, but nothing was known of the horrors of that 'middle passage' until the train emerged from the tumult on the west side. The passengers were then horrified at the sight which they supposed was a case of cholera in their midst. A 'dead nigger,' sure, was right among them. The old Quaker had poor Josiah by the collar, shaking and scolding, and trying to make him stand upon his feet. But Joshua was a 'gone nigga' to all appearances, and it was an hour before the passengers could understand that he had passed through the infernal regions. For a few minutes the old Quaker was as frightened as any body, and thought that his punishment had terminated in man slaughter. Josh finally came 'out right,' and it is hoped that he will hereafter be a better boy and long remember his visit to the bad place.—*Merchants' Day Book.*

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

A French man whose wife was about to present him with the fond appellation of "father," invited some friends to his house to drink long life and a noble, to the first born. The punch bowl scattered its inviting fumes most prodigally around the company, and anxiety was manifested by all, when in ran Betty, the housemaid, exclaiming—

"Joy, joy, sir! I give you joy."

"Vat is he, betty, vat is he?"

"A fine boy, sir!"

"Health to the young Marquis," exclaimed one, and bumpers went round.

"Betty, you must drink von life to the jung Marquis."

Betty raised the glass to her lips, when in rushed the nurse—

"Joy, joy, sir; I give you joy."

"Vat—vat—is de matter?"

"A fine girl, sir!

"Betty," said the Frenchmaa, looking stern, "va' for you say no true?"

"Oh," said the nurse, "a boy first and a girl afterwards"

"Vat, two—von boy—von *fille?*"

"Two, sir," added the dame, and helping herself to a glass, was swinging it off, when in popped another—

Sacre!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "vat, more joy?"

"Another fine boy, sir!"

"Vat the *diable*—von girl—von boy—von *garcon*, tree times! *Mon Dieu!*" bawled the poor Frenchman. "*By Gar*, it will never do. *I must go and put a stop to this!*"

A CASE OF SUPPOSITION.

A Texan who was returning home after the battle of Buena Vista, having got separated from his companions and had his horse stolen by the Indians, was obliged to take it afoot. Walking along leisurely one Sunday morning, with his rifle on his shoulder, out for game to make a breakfast on, without knowing what day of the week it was, he suddenly came to a small stream on the confines of Texas, not knowing that he had as yet reached the border of his native State. Perceiving that the stream abounded in fish, he took a hook and line from his pocket, and procuring some worms for bait, he sat down patiently on the bank, wrapped in a brown study, thinking of his little farm at home, when a preacher who was on a circuit rode suddenly up and thus accosted him:

"Hallo, stranger! what are you doing there?"

"Fishing for my breakfast," replied the imperturbable Texan, without deigning to look around at his interrogator.

Well, do you know you are violating the Sabbath?" said the preacher, in a drawling, psalm-singing tone.

"No," said the Texan, turning around and looking up at the preacher for the first time with an air of surprise, which the preacher took for consternation, "I must be somewhar near the white settlements, then?"

"Yes, you are," replied the preacher and violating the Lords day, for which you will have to answer hereafter on the great day of judgment."

The Texan looked up with a supplicating air, and the preacher, thinking his penitent mood a good time to make him a convert, continued:

"Do you know, my young friend, that you are sitting on the verge of the broad stream of iniquity, and that without you leave here and turn into the home paths of virtue, you will be lost? Where do you think you would go to now," said the preach, warming with his own eloquence, "supposing the angel Gabriel was to blow his horn?"

The Texan coolly hauled in his line, and putting it in his pocket, rose to his feet, and, fronting the preacher, said: "You ask me whar I think I would go to if the angel Gabriel should blow his horn?"

"Yes," replied the preacher.

"Well, you see, wharever there is an if, the case admits of an argument—now you are *supposin'*, ain't you? Well, now, maybe you know what a bee gum is?—Maybe you've hearn tell of these big black bar hereabouts, and maybe you've seen Injins? Well, now, supposin' you was after a bee gum, and one of these big black bar was after you and a smart chance of red-skins were after the bar? Now, what would you do—keep the tree from the bar, jine the bar again the Injins, jine the Injins again the bar, or greese and slope?"

The preacher gave the Texan one look, and rode along.—*N. O. Pic., 17th.*

A GOOD MORAL CHARACTER.

In one of the courts the other day, an Irishman appeared with his papers to become naturalized and two friends were sworn to answer questions and to vouch for the applicant. One of the vouchers was a red haired child of Erin, and was thus interrogated by the judge:

How long have you known this man?

Known him! All me life your honor, sure we were raised in Ballyraggin at the same time.

Well how long has he resided in the United States?

Iver since he come over from the old country yor honor.

How long has that been?

Seven long years, yer honor.

Do you know that he bears a good moral character?

To be sure I do, faith he's the boy that can play the fiddel and he's the prettiest behaved lad at a dance yer honor ever saw.

The court at this response could hardly mantain its grave dignity and turning to the witness with some severity of manner said:

What do you sir mean by moral character?

I beg yer honor's pardon, I don't mane the laste harm in the worl' only that Terrence, yer honor—

Stop sir. What do you understand by a good moral character?

What do I understand by a good moral character?

Yes what do you understand by it?

Oh to be sure, it's goodness itself he is barrin' the time he tastes the whiskey' for its going to church he is every Sunday.

The clerk was ordered to make out his paper and Pat was forthwith Americanized.

N. O. Pic.

"Ah, my good fellow, where have you been for a week back?"

"For a *weak back?* I'm not troubled with a weak back, I thank you."

"No, no! I mean where have you been so long back?"

"*Long back?* Don't you call me a long back, you scoundrel!"

"The prospects of Heaven itself," says an English paper, "would have no charms for an American of the back woods, if he thought there was any place further west."

EXCITEMENT IN MISSOURI.

MR. BENTON AND THE PROVISO.

The Benton controversy still rages in Missouri. Col. B. lately made a speech in Ralls county, where a rich scene took place.

As soon as he had concluded his speech, Senator Priest rose, and calling him by name, said that he had a question to ask him. Col. Benton seemed not to hear him when Senator Priest repeated a little louder "Col. Benton before you leave the stand I have a question to submit to you." Col. Benton turning with fire in his eye, and a scowl upon his brow, screamed at the top of his voice, "Well, sir, what is it?" Col. Priest then remarked that he might not understand him, and would like to know whether, "he was for or against the Wilmot Proviso." Col Benton's fury rising still higher, he roared out in a sneering tone, "THE WILMOT PROVISO! WILMOT PROVISO!! *dead and rotten, dead and rotten! you had as well bring the carcass of a dead dog from off the common into this house! It is the Jefferson Proviso. sir!!* Have you heard the news? Have you heard from California?—they are all for the *Jefferson Proviso!*"

But, says Col. Priest, it matters not what the people of California are for; we want to know whether you are for the Wilmot Proviso!

Benton: "The *Wilmot Proviso again!* I tell you, sir, that it is the *Jefferson Proviso*—none but a *nullifer* would call it the *Wilmot Proviso!*"

A voice from the crowd, calls out, Wilmot Proviso.

Benton, with a scowl upon his face, looks round the room and says, stand out here, sir, where we can all see you good.

The man deliberately steps out on to a bench, and repeats in a full voice, Wilmot Proviso.

Benton, sneering and scoffing, repeats—*brave fellow!* you are a *brave fellow!*

Then, turning to Col. Priest, he roared out, "I have been asked that question with a six barrelled revolver pointed at me, when I did not answer it, and shall not answer you, sir!"

EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA.

The public mind of the United States seems to be gradually opening to the great truth, that peace has its triumphs as well as war. The exploring expedition sent out under Captain Wilkes was an enterprise harmoniously characteristic of an active, energetic, and inquiring people; and did we not know how unreflective party spirit is apt to make the best of us, we should feel surprised at being informed that even one man was to be found in the Union who could attempt to disparage an undertaking so interesting to the student of Biblical history, and so well calculated to increase the general stock of scientific information, as an attempt to circumnavigate and explore the Lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea—the scene of the Almighty's awful judgment upon the "cities of the plain." Those who decried the projected expedition as a "party of pleasure," must either have been entirely ignorant, or have quite forgotten that the journey was one necessarily attended with privation, difficulty, and danger; and that both Lieutenant Molyneaux, of our own naval service, and Costigan, the only travellers who proceeded Captain Lynch, perished of fever caught on the Dead Sea. Nothing, in short, but a happy combination of firmness and tact on the part of the officer commanding, and an undaunted resolution to overcome all obstacles, moral and phisical, as well as incessant vigilence, carried the party through the hardships and perils which they had to encounter.—*London Paper.*

WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were possessed of the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away, the following would be my plan of distribution:

I would give to the world truth and friendship, which are very scarce.

I would give an additional portion of truth to lawyers, traders and merchants.

I would give to physicians skill and learning.

I would give to printers their pay.

To gossiping women short tongues.

To young women good sense, modesty, large waists, and natural teeth.

To young sprouts or dandies, common sense, little cash and hard labor.

To old maids good temper, smooth faces, little and good husbands.

To old bachelors love for virture, children and wives.

THE ELEPHANT.

When cousin Ichabond first saw him at the show, he exclaimed with mute astonishment: "then that's the real Menagerer—the identical critter itself! I swow! wouldn't tew of 'em make a team to draw stuns with!—Golly ain't he a scrouger?" Ichabod went him and related what he had seen. "I seen," said he, "the genuwine menagerre—the darndest bigest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had tew tails; one behind, and t'other before. Philosophers call the fore 'um a pronobscus. He put one of his tails in my pocket, and haulded out all the gingerbread—every hooter. What d'ye think he done with it? Why he stuck it in his pocket, and began to fumble for more, darn him!"

YOUNG SATAN.

A GOOD ONE.

An Ebony urchin was employed to cleanse the chimney of a building in New York, and having ascended to the "*heights of his ambition.*" proceeded to decend again, but unfortunately mistaking the flue, which had been the field of his labors, he found himself on landing, in a private apartment of a land of the law, whose disposition to study was knocked into a cocked hat. It would be impossible to describe the situation of the parties. Ebony fearful least his abrupt entrance should be punished, stood riveted on the spot. The lawyer, struck dumb, started from his seat; upon his ghastly phiz, gaunt horror in awful characters had chalked his name.—Ebony soon found his tongue and in accents which only increased the lawyer's terror, cried out "*my father's comin' soon!*" There was "*nuff said.*" The presence of one such being was enough to unnery the stoutest heart. With a terrible bound the lawyer cleared the door. With hair straight out and eyes on fire he reached the kitchen, and having ensconced himself in the farthest corner, he sat watching the fire place in anxious silence.

HE LED ME ASTRAY.

If there is a reflection more painful than another, it must be the thought that we have led another astray from the paths of rectitude and virtue. What can produce keener feelings than to see the debased and dying youth pointing to us and as the instrument of his ruin? When we might have councelled him, and taken him by the hand and led him in the path of truth—we opened his view to vice in all its gaudy embelishments, and lured him away from parental restraint, till disease brought him to a dying bed. Shall such reflections be ours? Are we hurrying to destruction immortal minds? Do we present the intoxicating cup to the lip—profane the name of God—break the Sabbath—and visit places where the mind is stunted and debased?—Let us beware, or the crime of ruining sonls will lay at our door.

Ay a virtuous course of action; by an irreproachable walk and conversation before the world; we shall be the instruments of good; and no debased and lost souls will say to us—'He led me astray.' On the contrary, scores will be benefited by our example and precepts; saved from vice and degredation, and own us as the instruments of their salvation.

JENNY LIND AND BARNUM. Mr. Barnum publishes a card in the Philadelphia Sun denying that Jenny Lind has sent any agent to this country, but that he sent *two* to her; one of whom returned recently from an interview with her, and has gone to meet her in Stockholm with his proposals. With regard to the terms, Mr. B. says:

"It is absurd to suppose that I could expect to engage her 200 nights for $50,000—$250 per night.—Now the truth is, *I have offered her more than four times that amount per night*, besides paying the expenses from Stockholm, and during the engagement of herself and a companion, a financier, (probably her father) and two servants, besides placing a carriage always at her disposal, and paying every description of expense attending the concerts or operas in which she may sing, and I have offered to place £10,000 sterling in the hands of her banker in London, to secure the fulfilment of my proposition.

The editor of the South Carolina *Telescope* says that he has such an antipathy to the tariff that he would almost, like John Randolph, "go a hundred yards out of his way to kick a sheep." We should not be at all surprised that all the terrific and bloody threats of the South Carolina chivalry as too the awful thing they will do to put down the tariff should end in the kickin of a few sheep and lambs. They will be very careful indeed not to try their boasted prowess upon any thing more dangerous. If they chance to find any stout old ram in a flock, they will give that flock a wide berth. Nothing would please us better than to see the tariff question decided by "wager of battle" between ten rams and a hundred of the Palmetto chivalry.

[*Louisville Journal*]

EDITORS.—"Our neighbor Harney, who has just returned from Frankfort, says.

"Several Editors have been in Frankfort lately from this place, and frequent enquiries have been made for Prentice. His extreme ugliness however, is a sufficient excuse for his absence."

While Harney was in Frankfort, there was certainly no occasion for any farther accession of ugliness from Louisville.—The ugliness of our city was represented tremendously. We are credibly informed that after the birth of Harney, none but handsome babies were born for several years. All the ugly material in the universe was used at his creation. It was necessary that Nature should have time to recruit herself.—*Louisville Journal.*

REMEDY FOR CROUP.—The Journal of Health, in cases of croup, advises instant, sudden and free application of the coldest water, with a sponge, to the neck and chest, then, after wiping the patient dry, wrap it in warm covering, giving it frely of water to drink.

HOUSING MANURES.

There are probably few investments which would pay a better per centage than the amount necessary to protect manure from the sun, the dew, and the rains. While exposed, many of the most nutricious substances are wasted. A part of this waste is by evaporation. Every farmer knows the power which this agent has. If you permit a heavy dew to fall upon your dry hay after it is partially made, the color of it will be changed, although not a drop of water has falling from it. If permitted to be spared for a few clear days and clear nights it will be ruined; its solluble matter being carried off by evaporation. This soluble matter is valuable, as nutriment for other plants, and all organic matter must be brought to a soluble state before it is fitted for nuitriment for vegitable life. If, therefore, a series of evaporation be carried on, as the vegetable manures decomposed, every thing valuable will be carried off. But another and more direct source of loss, according to common opinion, is to be found by the washing produced by rains, saturating manures with water then passing off. This is indeed the only source of loss, in view of many, but we doubt whether it is much greater than that by evaporation.

But when manure is sheltered, there is probably an absorption of valuable ingredients to some extent from the atmosphere. We know that if the earth from under any old building is examined, it is found rich in in the nitrate of potash, (salpetre,) one of the most inorganic substances from vegetable nutrition. If then, instead of evaporation we can get an accumulation of valuable ingredients, the subject is surely worthy of attention.

CURE OF SWEENEY IN HORSES.—Mr. S. Carver, of Geauga County, wishes to know how to cure the disease called sweeney in horses. The following is given in the Southern Cultivator, by John White, and may prove serviceable—especially where the disease is only slight:

I take about a quart of water, boil it and add salt as long as it will dissolve any; then take a piece of blanket and dip it in the water while hot; bathe the horse's shoulder well for nine mornings in succession, miss a few mornings; if the cure is not effected, bathe again for nine days. I have cured a great many horses in this way. *Another:* Apply common salt (alum salt would be preferable) to the part affected, and rub up and down the shoulder with a brick, as hard as the horse can bear it.

A subscriber in Jefferson County asks for a cure for a horse that is "jammed in the shoulder." We think it is probable that the disease is sweeney.—*Ed. O. Cul.*

FEATHER BEDS are highly injurous because "the whole external skin of the human body, is continually exhaling a vapor loaded with various excrementitious matters, and held in an æriform state by the heat which passes with it from the body. Feathers being non-conductors, not only retain much of this heat about the body but also retain so much of the gaseous and other perspired substances as to keep the body surrounded by a very impure atmosphere, while in bed. This impure atmosphere, penetrates into every part of the bed; and besides this, there is always more or less of dead animal matter belonging to the feathers, which is continually undergoing decompsition and forming unwholesome gases and offensive odors."

TO REMOVE MOTES FROM THE EYE.—A very simple, but an immediate way to remove motes from the eye without doing the eye the least injury, is to wet the corner of a silk handkerchief in cold water, and roll it over the head of a pin, then carefully work it under the corner of the eyelid next to the nose, and wipe it quick across the bal, and you will remove whatever is in the eye, no matter how small.—I have tried it often myself, as well as recommended it to others, who have tried it, and never known it to fail. No one need fear to try it, for it not only gives immediate relief, but makes the eye feel comfortable and cool afterwards.

☞"Gumbo! precede to disvulge vy a hemlook swamp is like a rooster!"

'I can't vindikate dat probability, Cuff; jist gib us de fix fax on de subjict.'

'Kase de crow cums from it.

'Now let me ax you aconderdum. Vi is tunder like good bread?'

'Well, dispatch yourself—refine your perishen.'

'Case you can't hab it without de litin.'

☞Suppose a fellow what has nothing, marries a girl what has nothing; is her things his'n or his her'n, or his'n and her'n her'n? A rich question to decide that!

An old Locofoco, who recenly died in Alabama, left his property to his children upon condition of their being Locofocos. There may be some wisdom in that. One of the wisest of the Greek philosophers left his money in the hands of a friend, to be given to his children only upon the condi ion of their being fools; "for," said he, "if they are wise men they will not need it. —*Louisville Journal*

"What salary do you expect?" inquired a down town merchant, on Saturday last, of a youth who was applying for a situation. 'Enough to keep me from wishing to steal," was the frank rejoinder, and it pleased the merchant so well that a bargain was soon struck.—*N. Y. Globe.*

☞"Hallow, steward, exclaimed a fellow in one of the steamboats after having retired to his bed: "Hallow, steward?" "What, massa?" "Bring me the way-bil—What for, massa?" "I want to see if thi." bed bugs put down their names for tese berth before I did. If not, I want 'hi turned out."

If a man reap whatsoever he soweth, what a harvest of coats and breeches the tailors will have one of those days.