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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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THE KENT NEWS,
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Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

LINES,

Composed at the Grave of Washington.

BY REV. DR. WEST.

A grave, a grave, a heroe's grave,
Great Washington lies here;
Who could approach, and coldly leave
His tomb, without a tear.

A tear, a tear, a nation wept,
And well she might deplore,
When Washington lay down and slept
To wake, alas! no more.

Oh! mighty death, thy fearful dart,
Its mightiest conquest won;
That moment, when it pierced the heart
Of deathless Washington.

Deathless indeed, that glorious name
Shall live when stars expire;
Seraphic scribes unrol his fame
With pens of living fire.

Time may roll on and sweep the earth
Of kings, and crowns, and names,
The mightiest of mightiest birth,
With all their pompous claims.

And Time's "undaunty tooth" shall eat
Inscriptions' boast and pride,
Those monuments of wealth and state
Where haughty despots died.

His tomb may moulder thro' neglect,
Oh! sl ame, sad shame to say;
Implying sinful disrespect
To him who won the day.

But every breeze which fans the sky,
And whisper's thro' the grove—
The zephyr's first and latest sigh
In pensive. mourning, love.

And every warbling bird which sing
Matin, or vesper lay,
Its quota of his tribute brings
Through earth, and air, and sea,

And every wave which roams the deep,
To lash the distant strand;
In all their wild, tumultuous sweep
Astounding every land.

Untiring in its ceaseless course
To spread his matchless fame;
Perpetual motion draws its force
From his illustrious name.

POPULAR TALES

THE UNCLAD HORSEMAN

Written for the New Orleans Picayune,

BY MAJ. JONES.

Widowers should look out for breakers. Absolom Nippers was a widower, and one of the particularest men, perhaps that ever lived, though some people said, that when his wife was alive he used to dress as a common field hand, and didn't like to take any pains with himself at all. Everybody knows how he spruced up about six weeks after Mrs. Nippers died, and how he went to church regular every Sunday; but they didn't have no confidence in his religion, and used to say he only went to church to show his new suit of mourning, and to ogle the gals.

With such a character among the women, it aint to be supposed that he stood any chance of getting another Mrs. Nippers near home, and whether he was as good to his first wife as they said he was or not, one thing was certain, he had to look abroad for some one to fill her place. Mr. Nippers was very lucky in finding a gal just to his mind, what lived about 20 miles from his plantation. Nancy Parker was rich, and though she wasn't very young nor very handsome, she belonged to Mr. Nippers's church, and filled his eye exactly; so he sot in courtin' her with all his might. Ten miles was a long ride, and as he was an economical man, he used to ride over to old Mrs Parker's plantation every Sunday morning to go to church with the family, take dinner with them, and ride back in the cool of the evening. In that way he managed to kill two birds with one stone; that is, to advance the prospect of his happiness on this earth and the world to come, at the same time, without loosing any of his week day rest.

A ride over a dusty road is apt to soil gentlemen's dry goods, and make him and his horse very tired. However, Mr. Nippers didn't mind the fatigue as much as his dress; but in a matter such as he had in hand it was very important that he should make as good an impression as possible, so he adopted a plan by which he was able to present himself before the object of his affections in order, with his Sunday suit as clean, and his blooming ruffles as fresh and as neat as if they had just come out of a bandbox. This was a happy expedient, and nobody but a widower lover would think of it. He used to start from home with his new coat and shirt tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and after riding within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Parkers' plantation, he would turn off into a thicket of chinkapin bushes and there make his rural toilet.

One bright Sunday morning Mr. Nippers had arrived at this dressin' ground.—It was an important occasion. Every thing was promisin', and he had made up his mind to pop the question that very day.—There was no doubt in his mind that he would return home an engaged man; and he was reckonin' over to himself the value of Miss Nancy's plantation and niggers, while he was settin' on his horse makin' his accustomed change dress.

He had dropped the reins on his horse's neck, what was browsin' about, making up his last nights scanty feed from the bushes in his reach, and kickin' and stompin' at such flies as was feedin' on him in return.

"I'll fix the business, this time," ses Mr. Nippers to himself. "I'll bring things to a pint this time," ses he, and he untied his handkerchief with his clean cloths and he spread them on his saddle-bow.

"Wo, Ball," ses he—"Ive jist got to say the word, and—wo!" ses he to his horse, what was kickin', and rearin' about. Wo! You cussed old fool!—and the business is settled jist like fallin' off a log."

He was drawin' his shirt over his head, when Ball gave a sudden spring what like to make him loose his balance. "Wo," ses he—but before he could get his arms out of the sleeves Ball was wheelin' and kickin, like rath at something that seemed to trouble him behind. Down went the clean clothes, shirt and all, on the ground. "Blast yer infernal pictur—wo, now!" ses Mr. Nippers, grabbin' at the reins. But before he could git hold of em Ball as off like a streak of lightnin,' with a whole swarm of yellow jackets round his tail.

Mr. Nippers grabbed hold of the mane and tried to stop the horse, but it was no use. Away went the infurnal Ball, and takin' the road he used to travellin,' another moment brung him to the house. The gate was open, and in dashed the horse with the almost naked Nippers hangin' to his neck hollerin' "Stop him! hornets!" as loud as he could scream.

On came the dogs, and after the horse the ducks and chicken's and terrifyin, the little niggers out of their senses. The noise brung the wimmen to the door.

"Don't look, Miss Nancy! hornets; Wo! ketch him!" shouted the unclad Nippers, as, with spent breath, he went dashin' out of the gate agin, with the dogs still after him, and his horse's tail switchin' in every direction like a young huricane. Miss Nancy got a glimpse of her forlorn lover, and before she could get her, apron to her eyes she fainted at the awful sight, while his last recedin' voice cryin' "Hornets! stop him! hornets!" still rung in her ears.

Old Ball again took to the woods to get rid of the yellow jackets, but got rid of Nippers in the act, the bushes having dragged him from the saddle. He gathered himself up, with his tattered garments, and took good care to avoid the chinkapin bushes, the next time he went to see Miss Nancy.

A REMINISCENCE
OF THE
MEXICAN WAR.

The period of time embracing the few weeks preceding the battle of Buena Vista was one of the most critical eras in the whole history of the Mexican war. The American line of operations having been denuded of its most effective troops, was peculiarly liable to a sudden attack by Santa Anna, the celerity of whose movements, whatever may be his demerits as a military commander, has been seldom equalled in modern warfare. From Monterey to Matamoros the whole frontier was in a state of exciting suspense. Engineers were busy excavating ditches, and constructing ramparts, forts were strengthened, and provisions and stores placed in security. In Camargo and Matamoros the *plazas* were stongly fortified, and artillery was placed at the angles of the streets, while the little huts or *jacales* which abound in the outskirts of all Mexican towns, and which might afford shelter to the *advantgarde* of an enemy, were made to contribute to the amusements of the soldiers by furnishing materials for rather extensive bonfires. At Saltillo the proximity of the commander-in-chief infused more confidence into the minds of our troops; but at Monterey, which from its isolated position, and the smallness of the garrisan left to protect it, was considered especially insecure. the anxiety of the Americans was very great, and their watchfulness proportionately increased. The commissary's and quartermaster's stores were removed into the citidel, and all the troops were withdrawu from their quarters in town, and placed within the same fortification. That work was strengthened as much as the short time would permit, and the building in its centre, which had been the commencement of an old cathedral, was converted into a magazine.—At this time there were in Monterey about 1,100 men, comprising the 1st Ohio Regiment, the Louisville Legion, Prentiss' battery, and a squadron of Kentucky cavalry. On Saturday, the 20th of February, Gen. Marshall, then in command, received an order to start immediately to Gen. Taylor's assistance. Of course this circnmstance created great excitement. It had for some time been rumored that Santa Anna was about making a forward movement for San Louis Potosi, but so rapid was his manœuvres, that this was the first certain or even reliable information we had received of his approach. On the afternoon of the day above mentioned, Gen Marshall commenced his march, taking with him Prentiss' artillery and the squadron of Kentucky cavalry. This left at Monterey only the Ohio regiment and the Louisville legion which, being stationed in the citidel, the city was left almost entirely deserted. Nor is this a mere rhetorical figure, for the Mexicans had abandoned the place, as if it were plague-stricken, and the thirty or forty Americans who remained enjoyed the largest liberty, in roaming through the silent and desolate streets, and peering with curious eye into empty houses. The anxiety and painful suspense of this small party may be imagined: but it cannot be described. They could occasionaly see bodies of Mexican lancers, probably belonging to Urrea's predatory bands, prowling about on the surrounding hills, and apparently eyeing the city as if they deemed it already in their power. Fearful every moment of surprise, a constant watch was kept, and the slamming of a door, which would resound from one end of the desolate city to the other, would frequently assemble all the population in the *plaza* to await the attack of their unseen and imaginary foe.

As a last resort in case of extremity, they had converted the house of one Mr. Morel, a Louisiana, into a kind of fortress, in which were placed a number of muskets and other warlike implements. As we said before, Gen. Marshall set out on the 20th. He marched as far as the pass of Loss Muerto, or the Rinconda, on Sunday, the 21st, where, in obedience to an order from Gen. Tayolor, he halted during Monday, and on Tuesday recommenced his march, arriving at Saltillo on Wednesday after the glorious battle of the 23d.—In the mean time the people in Monterey were totally ignorant of every thing which was going on above. Occasionally, *indeed* the rolling of distant thunder would be mistaken for the roar of the far-off battle; but, in fact, uncertainty pervaded every mind. Thus the time passed away heavily enough; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday came, and went, and still no tidings from the army. At last, on the afternoon of Friday, when expectation had been strained to its utmost, from the hill on which the famous Bishop's Palace is situated a single horseman was described in the distance, hurrying towards the city along the Saltillo road. His appearance instantly called to mind the Athenian messenger, who bore the tidings of the victory to his country men from the blood stained field of Marathon. Immediately all the horses could be procured were put in requisition, and a party of four started to meet the single cavalier, Long before they were sufficiently near to distinguish his voice they saw him take his hat from his head and waiver it in the air, till, on approaching still nearer, they heard.—"Hurrah for Old Zack!" burst from his lips.—The cry was responded to with genuine enthusiasm, and "Hurrah for Old Zack!" though uttered by few voices, rang far and wide through the valley. Soon the horseman, who proved to be an Arkansas volunteer, was surrounded by eager questioners. "What news do you bring from Old Zack?" said they. "Wal, boys," replied the volunteer, "but it beat all the bar fights that ever I see in Arkansas, now I tell you; though Santa Anna and his 20,000 greasers had to put out in double quick time, after all." "How is Col. Yell?" said another Arkansas man. "He's killed."—"And Col. Clay?" asked a Kentuckian.—"Killed." "And Hardin?" "Killed."—"And McKee." "Oh, he's killed, too."—Thus it happened, singularly enough, that the first four officers whose names were mentioned were those four commanders who found a glorious end on the field of Buena Vista. For a time sorrow for the illustrious dead shrouded every countenance in gloom, and caused a temporary silence; but joy for the victory soon superseded every other emotion. The news was quickly communicated to every person in town. Anxiety and suspense gave way to riotous hilarity, and in Monterey that night not a single American went to bed sober.

BEGIN AND END EVERY DAY WITH GOD.

Let prayer be the key to open the heart to God in morning, and lock it against all his enemies at night. Let no christian say he cannot pray; for prayer is as necessary to him as breath. Let none say that they have not time for prayer; better take time from sleep than want time for prayer Think within yourself, "This morning may be my last morning, or this night my last night;" for certainly that morning cometh of which you will never see the night; or that night of which you will never see the morning. Let the conclusion of every day put you in mind of the conclusion of all your days, by the long night of death, which will put an end to all your work, and bring you to account and reckon with your great Master about it. Oh! to lie down every night reconciled with him! Oh! that we could lie down and leave our hearts with Christ, and compose our spirits, as if we were not to awake till the heavens are no more!

Since none knoweth what a day may bring forth, spend every day as it were your last. Look on yourself as standing every day at the door of eternity, and hundreds of diseases and accidents ready to open the door to let you in. No doubt you have sometimes apprehended yourself nearer death than you think you are just now; yet it is certain death and judgement were hushed so near you as they are at present. We who stand every hour at the door of eternity, should spend our precious hours with the greatest frugality, seeing the work we have in hand is soul-work, and work on which eternity depends; and the time we have to do it in is very short, and cannot be recalled. This short life being only a passage to eternity, it should be spent as a continual preparation for it. Surely those who have immortal souls so near eternity, have other work to do than trifle away time in tippling, idle talking, gameing, and such diversions.

Sojorn in this world as travelers, keeping so loose from the world as to be able to pack up and be gone from it in short warning. We have no continuing city, nor certain abode here; therefore let us always be ready to arise and depart, and if we would be right travellers toward Zion, we must have Christ in our hearts, Heaven in our eye, and the world under our feet. We must take God's spirit for our guide, God's word for our rule, God's glory for our end, God's fear for our guard, God's people for our companions, God's praise for our recreation, God's promise for our cordials. We must make religion our business prayer our delight, holiness our way, and heaven our home.

A BEAUTIFUL OBITUARY.

Lippard, editor of the Quaker City, has lost his little daughter, Mima, and thus he grieves at the bereavement:

"It was a morning of unusual brightness, when the army of cherubs around the throne of God received the little innocent, whose death is above recorded, as an addition to the number. An October's sun was gilding the east with magcificence and sowing the earth with jewels of light; the Orient seemed to be the opening of the gates of heaveu to admit a spirit of purity from earth; and the smiles of God, the only sun light that there exists, gushed forth in splendor upon our wold. Just as the mountain-tops were glowing with the warm beams of the god of day, did the messenger from the Palace of the Omnipitent summon Mima Lippard to her father's presence! Fitting time was it for such a transit? And as the spirit of the lovely bade, borne on angels wings through the shower of sun-rays, gazed upon the earth, thus shining in autumnal beauty, how her little heart may have mourned at being thus seperated from so beautiful a place as earth, we know not; but we cannot but think, that any such emotions were lost in the infinitude of splendor and magnificence that must have dazzled her eyes, as the everlasting gates of heaven were lifted up, and she found herself a cherub, with a golden harp in her hand, and bowing before the Creator of all things!

While on earth, she exhibited unusual intelligence for so young a child; and her very face had an expression far beyond her years.—But now her thoughtful eyes are glazed in death, and her round, dimpled cheeks, bereft of bloom, are shadowed by the ring of the Death-Angel. It is said, even to the stranger, to think of so gentle and promising a child being so soon blighted; but to the parents hearts how terrible the thought! Vainly would we follow the bent of our inclination and mingle our tears with the bereaved! The fountain of their grief has been unsealed, and the tomb alone can close it! But how delightful a task is it, to remind them; that while tears bedew their cheeks, the face their sweet Mima, clothed seraphic beauty is irradiated with the smile of God, as she strikes the cord of her golden harp, and raises her lisping accents in union with that countless throng, which forever makes Heaven's arches ring with the praise of God! Why then weep?"

POPULATION AND PROPERTY OF THE U. STATES.

According to the Patent Office report the population of the United States is 20,756,00, and the aggregate of personal and real property is estimated at $8,294,560,000. New York is the richest State, her property being $1,112,000,000; Pennsylvania next, $850,000,000; then Ohio $740,000,000; then Virginia, $503,000,000.—The remainder of the states rank as follows:

	Millions		*Millions*
Indiana,	$384	New Jersey	$166
Tennessee,	380	Michigan,	148
Kentucky,	242	Connecticut,	132
Massachusetts,	350	Vermont,	120
Georgia,	320	New Hampshire,	120
North Carolina,	306	Arkansas	60
Illinois,	394	Texas,	56
Alabama,	276	Iowa,	52
Mississippi,	256	Rhode Island,	52
South Carolina,	242	Wisconsin,	36
Missouri,	240	Delaware,	32
Maine,	240	Florida,	30
Maryland,	198	Dist. of Columbia,	18
Louisiana,	188	Oregon,	8

FRANCE, WITH ROME ON HER HANDS.

Once on a time there was a gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle.

It was a very fine elephant, and very cheap at the price the gentleman paid for his chance.

But the gentleman had no place to put it in.

Nobody would take it off his hands.

He couldn't afford to feed it.

He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose into the streets.

He was to humane to let it starve.

He was afraid to shoot it.

In short, he was in a perplexity very natural to a gentleman with moderate means, a small house, common feelings of humanity, and an—elephant.

France has won her elephant at Rome.

She has brought back the Pope.

She is at her wit's end what to do with him.

She can't abet the Pope and the Cardinals, because she interfered in the cause of liberty.

She can't abet the Republicans, because she interfered in the cause of the Pope and the Cardinals.

She can't act with Austria, because Austria is absolute.

She can't act against Austria, because France is conservative and peaceful.

She can't continue her army in Rome, because it is not treated with respect.

She can't withdraw her army from Rome, because that would be to stultify herself.

She can't go forward, because she insisted on the Roman people going backward.

She can't go back, because, the French people insists on her going forward.

She can't choose the wrong, because public opinion forces her to the right.

She cant choose the right, because her own dishonesty has forced her to the wrong.

In one word, she is on the horns of a dilemma, and the more she twists, the more sharply she feels the points on which she is impaled, like a cockchafer in a cabinet, for the inspection of the curious in the lighter and more whirligig species of political entomology.

Poor France! will nobody take her precious bargain off her hands? Rome is her bottleimp. She bought dear enough, but can't get rid of it at any price."—*Punch.*

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT—LABOR.

Why, man of idleness, labor rocked you in the cradle, and has nourished your pampered life; without it, the woven silks and wool upon your back would be in the fold. For the meanest thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, by God's ordination, is breathed with labor. It is only the drones who toil not, who infest the hive of activity like masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth are the working men, who can build up or cast down at their will, and who retort the sneer of the "soft hand," by pointing to their trophies wherever art, science, civilation and humanity are known. Work on, man of toil! thy royalty is yet to be acknowledged as labor rises onward to the highest throne of power. Work on, and in the language of a true poet, be

"A glorious man! and thy renown shall be
Borne by the winds and waters thro' all time,
While there's a keel to carry it on the sea
From clime to clime,
Or God ordains that idlesess is crime."

QUAKER WIT.

A letter from a Baltimore correspondent of the *Repnblic* has the following, which is both new and good:—"Quite a funny anecdote is told of one of the elder members of this brotherhood. On Monday, while one of the omnibusses was going down town, the driver was stopped by a plain-looking old gentleman in drab, who took a seat inside, with the intention of going to Fell's Point. The vehicle had not gone far until it turned up North Gay street, quite a different direction. The Friend inside observing that he was being carried towards the north, when he bar gained for the east, told the driver he was carrying him out of the regular route, and entered complaints. "No matter," said the man with the reins, "we'll come right at last." 'But I'll get out,' said the Quaker. "Not until you have forked over a fip," was the driver's reply, pulling the strap that held fast the door. Putting his hand into his pocket, the old man in drab said, "Friend, we will not quarrel, thy strap will cut," and applying his jack-knife, severed it and walked out. "Thee cannot swerve me from my course, but thou mayst go thine." The driver looked rather nonplussed for awhile, and after studying a moment, said, "Well, you are "some pumpkins"—I guess you can pass.' The Quaker took the next omnibus, and went on his way rejoicing, while the outwitted driver pulled ahead minus his "fip."

A GREAT CURIOSITY.—"A culler'd pusson," who resides in Pittsburg, Pa., has a wild badger for exhibition, to which we would call the attention of lovers of zoology and orthography. It is announced in writing on a placard at the door, as follows:

a Bager
from the Rocca Mountins,
a curus animel
ettes ratts &c! &c!!

AGRICULTURAL.

TO CORRECT DAMAGED GRAIN.—Musty grain totally unfit for use, and which can scarcely be ground, may it is said be rendered perfectly sweet and sound by immersing it in hot water, and letting it remain until the water becomes cold. The quantity of water must be double that of the grain to be purified. The musty quality rarely penetrates through the husk or bran of the wheat. In the hot water all the decayed or rotten grains swim upon the surface, so that the remaining wheat is effectually cleansed from all impurities without any material loss. It is afterwards to be dried stirring occasionally on the kiln.

CURING BACON WITHOUT SMOKE.

"Oh, the trouble folks have taken
To smoke and spoil their bacon."

To make the best bacon, fat your hogs early and fat them well. By fattening early you make a great saving in food, and well fattened pork makes better bacon than "lean" pork. Then kill as early as the weather will allow, and salt as soon as the animal heat is gone, with plenty of the purest salt, and about a half ounce of saltpetre to one hundred pounds of pork.

As soon as the meat is salted to your taste, which will generally be in about five weeks, take it out, and if any of it has been covered with brine let it drain a little. Then take good black pepper, finely ground and dust on the flesh side, and on the hock end as much as will stick—then hang it up in a good, clean, dry, airy place if all this is done as it should be (it ought to be done now) you will have no further trouble with it, for by fly time in the spring your bacon is so well cured or dried on the outside that flies or bugs will not disturb it.

Curing bacon is a little like the Irishman's mode of making punch. He said, "put in the sugar, then fill up with whiskey, and every drop of water you put in after spoils the punch." Just so with curing bacon, after after following the directions given above, every "drop" of smoke you put about it "spoils" the bacon.

Profit of a Cow.

There is no doubt that in many cases a mechanic or other person having small means as to land, and time to attend the business, can keep a cow with profit, and in this way furnish for his children more wholesome food, by having a good supply of milk.

The following calculation on the profits of a cow is made by Mr. Dana Burbank, of Newtown, from facts resulting from his experience in Vermont, with prices intended to correspond with those in this vicinity. We think the price of the cow, for one so productive, is too low, or the sum for her annual depreciation is too small. Ten dollars for the use of the cow, risk, and tax, is low enough. Something should be allowed for taking care of the cow, and for selling the milk, even if it is called for, and there is trouble in dealing it out, keeping accounts, &c. Yet some persons are so situated that they can attend to this business conveniently. If a person uses all the milk in his own family, it may be a question, whether it is worth four cents a quart.

MR. BURBANK'S CALCULATION.

1½ tons of hay at $16,	$24,00
Pasturage four months,	16,00
9 bushels meal,	9,00
Driving,	7,00
Cost of Cow,	30,00
Total,	$80,00
16 qts of milk per day, at 4 cts for 120 days,	$76,80
6 qts. of milk per day at 4 cents for 120 days,	28,80
Calf,	6,00
Total,	$111,60
Manure, 2½ loads,	12.50
Cow on hand,	25,00
Total,	$149,10
Cost deducted,	$80,00
Profit,	$69,10

FARMING IN AROOSTOOK, ME.

We give a short account of what has been done, and may be done again, in farming, in this section of the world, by those who understand the business, and go into it right.

"As I was passing through the town of Aogden, county at Aroostook, a few days since, I called on Mr. Walton; he took me over his farm, and showed me 21,000 apple trees of various ages, from one year old to trees bearing fruit. The seed from which these trees are growing was produced in Massachusetts, and a large proportion of them are grafted from trees bearing the choisest fruit. He finds a market for large numbers of them in the western part of this State and Massachusetts, and round that region. He has almost every variety of the plum tree. He has also crab apples, peach trees, walnut trees, butternut trees, chery trees, chesnut trees, grape vines, and white oaks.

"Last year he had ten hives of bees. He has now twenty, containing nearly one ton of excellent honey, besides having taken off 600 lbs. of box honey, on this article he has taken the premium for several years past. He sells it at 16½ cents. per lb., at which rate the honey alone is worth $600.—His hives he values $10 a piece. He made last year 400 lbs. of maple sugar, part of which was refined, and was equal to loaf sugar in whiteness and sweetness. This year he has raised 200 bushels of buckwheat, and from two or three years' bread stuff. Mr. W. is a very industrious and intelligent man, and his wife is an intelligent and lady-woman, and a most excellent housekeeper.