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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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POETRY.

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD.

Will Affection still enfold me,
As the day of life declines,
When Old Age with ruthless rigor,
Ploughs my face in furrowed lines;
When the eye forgets its seeing,
And the hand forgets its skill,
When the very words prove rebels,
To the Mind's once kingly will!

When the deaf ear strained to listen,
Scarcely hears the opening word,
And th' unfathomed depths of Feeling,
Are by no swift currents stirred;
When fond Memory, like a linner,
Many a line perspective cas's,
Spreading out our by-gone pleasures,
On the canvas of the Past!

When the leaping blood grows sluggish,
And the fire of Youth hath fled;
When the friends which thus surround us,
Half are numbered with the dead;
When the years appear to shorten,
Scarcely leaving us a trace;
When old Time with bold approaches,
Marks the dials on my face?

When our present hopes, all gathered,
Lie like dead flowers on our track;
When the whole of our existence,
Is one fearful looking back;
When each wasted hour of talent,
Scarcely measured now at all,
Send its witness back to haunt us,
Like the writing on the wall!

When the ready tongue is palsied,
And the form is bowed with care;
When our only hope is Heaven,
And our only help is prayer;
When our idols, broken round us,
Fall amid the ranks of men—
Until Death uplifts the curtain,
Will they love endure till then?

POPULAR TALES

THE DIAMOND BROOCH,
OR
THE FIRST LESSON.

A SCENE IN A SOUTHERN GAMBLING HOUSE.

BY G. B. DENSMORE.

"Promise me, Henri," entreated a young girl passionately "that this shall be final! —Tell me—swear to me—that you will never enter that dreadful place again!"

"I promise, dearest, by my hop of heaven, by the love I bear you, never to touch a card again! But this once, Helen, whether I lose or win, I forswear the cursed habit."

"I can trust you—I know I can trust you," replied the maiden; and a holy light, the light of holy confidence and trusting love beaming on her lovely face.

"You *can* trust me, Helen," returned the youth, his own handsome features beaming with rapture at her trusting confidence.

"Here, then"—and she drew from her bosom a small purse, through the interstices of which the gold coin gleamed brightly; "take this Henri—accept it as a present It will save your father's anger, if you should succeed in winning your splendid brooch: and if you do not——"

"If I do not, oh God! I can scarcely bear the thought! It was my sister's, my angel sister's! She gave it to me on her dying bed, and made me keep it in remembrance of her. Oh! Helen, Heaven knows how little I need a token to remind *her*; but that I should loose it thus—that I should profane it by such use, it is too much!"

The hot tears started from the eyes of the guilty youth, but the hand of love wiped them away.

"Dear Henri!" almost sobbed his companion, you will learn a lesson—one which you never can forget. Do not let remorse overpower your mind, but remember your promise!"

"If I forget it Helen, may I——

"Stop, Henri! Do not call curses upon your head. You will not forget it, I *know* you will not."

"You are right," returned the youth firmly. "I shall not forget."

A few more words will explain the scene we have drawn. Henri St. Clair was the only son of a wealthy resident of New Orleans. He was wild reckless and high-spirited, yet generous and affectionate.—His handsome person and pleasing manners, made him a favorite among his companions, and he was often led by their entreaties and his own love of sport, to join in scenes of which he had cause to repent. He had been induced frequently to visit the gaming saloons which abound in New Orleans, and had at length been persuaded to play lightly at first, but more deeply soon afterwards.

The result might be expected. He lost all the money he could command, and in a moment of despair, hoping to win what he had lost, he staked a valuable diamond brooch, on which no pecuniary price could be set, at least to him. But one singular circumstance marked his career.

Soon after he began to frequent the gaming saloons, he found himself the object of a strange but unchanging regard of an elderly gentleman, whom he invariably met there. The appearance of the stranger was striking, not from any beauty of form or feature—but from a dignified and almost benevolent expression in little harmony with the scenes in which he mingled. He soon commenced an acquaintance with him and immediately became a victim of the gambler's wiles. To him he lost everything—money, jewels, and one or two small notes the stranger had accepted.

This threw Henri into the utmost perplexity. His father, he knew was utterly opposed to every species of gambling, and had often warned him against the temptations to which he was exposed. He was a man of high principle, and stern, almost to harshness, in his condemnation of every species of vice. From his parents he could expect no mercy, and yet to him his conduct must be revealed through its terrible consequence.

But a guardian angel stood between him and a disclosure so humiliating. His father's beautiful ward—his own noble, affectionate, warm hearted Helen—succored him in the hour of need.

When Henri embraced the saloon upon the evening on which we have introduced him to the reader, his evil genius as he termed the stranger, was already present there. He seemed quite an indifferent spectator of the various parties who were engaged, and Henri could not help thinking that his dignified and engaging appearance—apparently, so different and withal so little in harmony with the spirit that animated others; strangely believed the depravity of his character!

He saw Henri, and immediately approach him. A cloud passed over the features that his eloquent eyes made attractive, when he saw the young man, and Henri attributed it to the fear that fortune might desert him, and thus deprive him of his winnings.

"You have come for revenge," said he as he approached his youthful adversary.

"I have come with the hope of redeeming what I cannot live without," replied the young man, coldly.

"You mean your lost diamond?" inquired the other, taking it from his pocket.

"I do," replied Henri.

"I will sell it to you," said the stranger.

"I cannot buy it," replied his companion. "Come let us commence"

"You shall have it for one half what you valued it upon one condition" persisted the gambler.

"Let fortune decide between us," responded Henri, who felt a strange confidence in his luck.

"As you please then," coolly returned the stranger, in a disappointed manner.

They seated themselves at a little distance from the others and commenced.—Henri's confidence in his good fortune seemed not misplaced. He won steadily till a large heap of gold coin glittered before him. He quickly became sanguine.—He quickly became sanguine. He would not only make good his own losses but he would punish his adversary. He redeemed his notes, and the gold lay before him sufficient to procure the brooch.

The stranger paused. He was as cool as when he sat down not a muscle contracted, nor did his eye lose its strange, yet calm, benevolent expression. "You are fortunate to-night"

"Well, it is not very strange that I should have my turn," replied the sanguine youth. "You hold the cards, I believe."

"For one half your gold, yonder," said the stranger, without paying any attention to the young man's hint to proceed, "you shall have your brooch. The other half will cover all your losses, I think."

"Are you afraid to proceed?" asked Henri, excited with the hope of revenge, "or why do you hesitate?"

The old gamester's eye kindled with indignation. In a moment he recovered his self command and continued—

"Young man, I know how dear this jewel is to you, and what renders it so highly valuable. I know, too, how miserable its loss would make you, and you may not believe me sincere—I would spare you."

"Proceed!" replied Henri, haughtily.—He only saw in the stranger's hesitation, a fear of losing his gold. His adversary did as he desired him. At his own request the stakes were increased, and the gold was being piled up in masses before him. Its glow seemed to blind him, he played madly, without the slightest calculation—and yet he won. The idlers crowded around, his friends bade him to be cautious. He heeded them not, but played on more madly than before! His extraordinary luck was noised round, and parties broke up to witness the game.

The stranger retained his quiet manner. Not a sign indicated any excitement, his hand was steady his face unclosed, but his eye—always remarkable for its power of expression and control, grew more brilliant, and became fixed on Henri's face.—That deep, powerful face was like that of the basilisk! A smile curled his full but well-cut lip, and the old gambler saw at once that Henri was in the toils of a master spirit!

Henri was too sleepy, agitated to be conscious of what passed around him.—He only knew that an immense pile of gold lay before him—that was his, and that he was revenged upon the wretch whom he fancied would have ruined him. At length the monotony of the game was varied by the vacillations of fortune. She perched for a moment on the stranger's head, and three successive games, at enormous stakes reduced the glittering pile.

Again Henri's friends endeavored to tear him away; he was obstinate and determined on the stranger's ruin! The fickle goddess seemed at a loss whom to favor. Sometimes one and the other received her smiles, but oftener the elder adversary. It could not be mistaken—Henri's pile decreased with fearful rapidity.

With each loss he grew more wild—but his adversary's countenance never changed. In his gaze there was no triumph—in his still slightly curled lip you could read no trace of revenge or of gratified hatred. It was calm, yet not expressionless; but none could fathom its language.

In the madness of the moment, Henri staked all that remained of his gold, upon a single game. He forgot that the prize for which he played was invaluable—that all the gold the stranger possessed was naught, compared to the bare change of losing it. He forgot the guardian angel who had blessed his enterprise, he forgot also that in playing after he had the means to redeem the lost treasure, he violated his solemn promise, and cruelly betrayed her confidence. He forgot—alas! he soon woke to recollection—to the consciousness of his fearful folly! He pushed his last half-eagle towards his adversary, and rose from the table. His frenzied eye rested on an array of anxious faces, but he recognized no one.

He remembered—and what else could he remember—that his darling sister's death bed gift was lost, hopelessly lost! He glanced at his adversary's face. Its very calmness provoked him. What to him seemed no value, would be priceless could he but obtain it. A dark thought passed through his mind. It struggled to obtain a foothold on a heart hitherto unsullied—to spot a soul that had never known dishonor. The struggle was brief! The guilty thought was banished.

Henri left the saloon with a determination of keeping his promise to Helen in a fearful manner. Could he appear before her and unfold the tale of dishonor. Could he bare the indignant gaze, the scorn, the contempt she must feel for him? Never—rather let this lifeless body tell how deeply he felt his disgrace. With this thought haunting his mind, he directed his steps towards the lower part of the city.

The night was far advanced, and the streets were deserted. An oppressive stillness weighed heavily upon the spirits of the young suicide. He thought of home, of Helen. He thought of the happy times he had enjoyed in his innocent days—of the friends that had always thronged around him. He thought then of the stranger that had come across his path, to tempt, to blight to destroy! The tho't revived his anguish—he gazed into the dark waters of the Mississippi. The low hollow moaning fell upon his ear like the requiem of the dead. There at least, he could find repose: there his opponent could not follow him. A footstep attracted his attention—he turned,—the stranger was at his side!

The young man started back, and his large eyes flashed fire. The expression of the stranger's face was more kind and benevolent than ever.

"What more do you seek?" demanded the youth in a hollow tone.

"What do you seek?" responded the stranger, in reply.

"Release from misery, from dishonor," replied the young man.

"Think you to find it *there*?" asked the other, pointing to the waters that rolled heavily by.

"Where else? You have robbed me of peace, of honor! Why do you still haunt me?"

"You certainly forget! I did not make you a gambler!"

"No you did not. But you lured me on till you obtained all I had, more than was my own. Again I demand, what more do you want?"

"Henri St. Clair," replied the stranger, for the first time addressing him by his own name, "you have learned a fearful lesson.—Return to your home. There are those waiting your presence who are dear to you. To morrow I will see you again."

The young man laughed bitterly.

"*You* will see me again?" he replied scornfully. "It is a great inducement to return!"

The stranger advanced, and grasped the arm of the youth.

"Young man!" said he, "you do not know me. Give me your word that you will return, and to-morrow if you wish it you shall wander here, undisturbed."

There was something in the old gamester's manner that awed his young companion. Before him, he felt ashamed of his weakness, and prepared to obey.

"To-morrow, I repeat," he said, as he saw his companion about to move, "you shall see me again."

He turned and walked quickly to the town, and soon disappeared in the distance.

Henri followed slowly, wondering at the singular control that man seemed to exert over him.

He found one awaiting his approach whom he believed to be in happy unconsciousness of his trouble. Scarcely had he entered his room, when a low knock was heard at the door, and his faithful Helen entered timidly. She saw by his countenance that all was lost, but she sprang forward and threw her arms around his neck.

"Do not despair Henri," she murmured. "You will play no more, and that will make me so happy."

"Helen do you know what a villian I am," replied Henri, in a dejected tone, for the excitement was now past, and he felt fully concious of his folly and guilt.

"No, you are not, you cannot be a villain," she returned, passionately. "You have not broken your promise, and you will not. I know you will not."

Henri seated himself, and drew the confiding girl to his side. He rehearsed to her the events of the evening, his acquaintance with the stranger, and the manner in which he has drawn him into his snare, his despair when he found that all was lost, his determination, and the interference of his adversary. Helen listened, surprised and grieved, not more at Henri's infatuation, than at the cool, unpardonable villany of the old gambler.

"Now, Helen, you know all. I have been foolish, weak and guilty. I have suffered enough, Heaven knows, but it shall be no fruitless warning, I remember my promise and I will keep it."

After some words of encouragement, the young girl left the room, and despite the painful thoughts of each, they were soon buried in the arms of sleep.

A servant awoke Henri the next morning about ten o'clock. A gentleman was below desirous to see him. He hastily arose and descended to the parlor. He behold, as he expected, his adversary of the preceding evening: he now saw him for the first time, except amid the excitement of the gaming room; he certainly could not call him handsome, but there was something in his mild dignified expression, that under other circumstances would have been highly prepossessing. The gambler smiled and offered him his hand; his smile was irresistable, it lighted up his whole features, imparting to them an expression once seen would never be forgotten. Henri could not refuse the proffered hand, and the stranger grasped his warmly.

"My young friend," said he, "I am glad to witness your altered manner. You think me a heartless villian—perhaps you have cause, but you must know that terrible place where we met last night, abound in such.—There are men there without hearts, almost without souls—men who care very little for the anguish they seek. If I had not met you, some one else would, and you would have been ruined. Thousands as promising as yourself, have fallen, some seeking death to put an end to their misery—some living to avenge their downfall by drawing other after them. It is a place where human sympathies die—where the heart trained to generous feelings become cold and callous. You wonder at this warning from *me*, but do not refuse good advice because it spring from a corrupt source. That habit has been the bane of my my life—it has destroyed the labors that years of toil accomplished—it has marred my plans—and now clings like a loathsome distase to my name! I would give all I possess of wealth or fame, for one such lesson as you have had, when I first commenced my career. But the past cannot be recalled. You are young—this habit has not yet fastened itself upon you, nor tarnished your reputation. I implore you *stop where you are*! Give me your word that you will gamble no more, and all you have lost shall be restored. The gift of your dead sister, which nothing but the terrible passion of play could have tempted you to part with, shall be yours again?

Henri remained almost stupified while the stranger spoke. He behold an enemy changed into a true and noble friend. He saw the motive that inspired his conduct, and felt as if he could now worship his deliverer. "You do not answer," continued the stranger calmly.—"Do you reject my proposal?"

"I do not!" replied Henri, earnestly, I was silent from the excess of emotion. I know not who you be, you have saved me. I promise on my honor?"

The old man's eye brightened. A ray of joy illuminated his plain features. It was a prouder moment to him than the triumphs of intellect could afford; he handed to the young was his brooch, and a bank note for the amount of the money he had won.

"I need not tell you never to part with that jewel again," said the stranger, "for I know you too well. Go, and relieve the anxiety of one who deserves your love and gratitude!"

"First tell me," cried Henri, "who has restored me to innocence and honor?"

The stranger gave Henri a small envelope.

"Do not open this," said he, "till I am gone. Wait an hour—and then you shall learn!"

He grasped the young man's hand again, warmly, and left the house. Henri hailed to Helen's room with his recovered treasure. She had not risen, but with the freedom he had been allowed from boyhood, he entered and gently awoke her. The lost Treasure glittered before her sight. Then followed quickly the explanation, the stranger's warning, and his final request.

Both were eager to know to whom they were so deeply indebted, and long before the hour expired, Henri opened the note. A card fell from the envelope, on which was inscribed the name of

HENRY CLAY.

LUTHER MARTIN AND THE YOUNG LAWYER.

We heard an anecdote of this distinguished lawyer, a few days ago, which we remember to have met with in print, but which is so good it will do to tell again.

Martain was on one occasion riding to Annapolis, in a stage coach, in which was a solitary companion, a young lawyer, just commencing the practice of law. After some familiar conversation, the young gentleman said:

"Sir, you have been remarkably successful in your profession—few men have gained so many cases—will you be good enough to communicate to me, a beginner, the secret of your wondrous success?"

"I'll do it, young man, on one condition, and that is, that you defray my expenses during my stay of a few days at Annapolis."

"Willingly," replied the young man, hoping thereby to profit greatly by the communication.

"The secret of my success," said Martin, "may be discovered in this advice which I now give you, namely: "*Deny everything, and insist upon proof.*"

On reaching Annapolis, Luther Martin was not very self-denying in the enjoyment presented by a fine hotel; the substantials and general refreshments were despatched in a manner quite gratifying to mine host. The time for return at length came. The young man and Martin stood together at the bar, and demanded their respective bills.

Martin's was enormous, but on glancing at it, he quietly handed it to the young lawyer, who, running his eye over it leisurely, returned it with the utmost gravity.

"Don't you intend to pay it?" said Martin.

"Pay what?" said the young lawyer.

"Why, pay this bill. Did you not promise, on the route downward, that you would defray my expenses at the hotel?"

"My dear sir," said the young gentleman, "I deny every thing, and insist upon proof."

Martin at once saw that he was caught, and eyeing his young friend a moment or two, he said, pleasantly, "You don't need any counsel from me, young man; you don't need any counsel from me."

"SAL, DIP INTO THE CRAVY—DAD PAYS AS MUCH AS ANY ON 'EM!"—We find the following in the Cincinnati Nonpareil:

We were not long since much amused by a couple of Hoosier girls, who came on board the steamer ———, at the little town of Mt. Vernon, Ind. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned, with regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness. At dinner our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the eldest one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces and with her fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on a plate of beef stake before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during this operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the table. "Sal, dip in the gravy—Dad pays as much as any on 'em!" This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper, and when they left the boat all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.

☞"Hallo!" ajaculated an anxious guardian to his lovely nice, as he entered the parlor and saw her seated on the sofa, in the arms of a swain, who had just popped the question, and sealed it with a smack—"What's the time of day, now?" "I should think it was about half-past, twelve," was the cool reply; "you see we are almost *one*."

CONSOLATION.—I shall soon die, Cuffy—I must soon set out on a long journey.

Berry well, replied Cuffy—I guess you hab good goin, bekase it's all de way down hill.

☞Gentility without ability is worse than plain beggary.

A TOUGH ONE.

Whilst travelling recently in Virginia, I became acquainted with a "rale down easter," who had come "all the way from Vermont, and who flourished under the distingnished appellation of "Col. Phil."—One of nature's queer lumps of clay is Phil. He is undeniably great at any and everything, "cock fighting" especially.

"I once had a cock," said he, "that could jist rip the rags off all nature. I fout him agin everything in Virginny, and whipt 'em all, ten; afterwards I gin 'em all a heel and whaled 'em all over agin, least wise; them that I hadn't killed afore. So the boys, got a kind o'keert, and d—n the bird would they put agin him—so I jist turned him among the hens, and kept him for the good he has done.

"Wall I kept him about five years, till the old fellow got to be stun blind and bald-headed, and times got to be all-scrougin' hard in old Virginny, perwissions was all fired high, and money sneakin' scarce, and then my young'uns had got most uncommon powerful appatite—so I began to think about killing the old cock. It pulled right stret agin' the grain I tell you now, but I had to dew it, so I did. I kaboused him into a bucket of bilin' water, and, dew you believe it? why, it tuck ten of my young 'uns and a big pair of pinchers a hull day to git the critter's feather's out.

"How shall I cook him, Phil?" sez my wife.

"Wal, I guess you mought as well put him in the oven," says I. "So she kind a basted him all over with possum fat, put him in a big dish with about half a bushel sweet pertaters, and baked him brown!"

Here Phil stuck his hands into the pockets of his pants, e'en to his elbows—shrugged his shoulders, drew a long breath, and—

"I kinder guess," said he, 'twas tarter and smell for dinner that day, any how, fur of all the eternal tough poultry I ever heard on, that cock was a leetle mite the hardest! I tuck him out into the kitchen and carved him up with the axe—a sweaten job I had ten. Put him into a steupan and kind a patibled him till next day—but it was no arthly use, the more he biled the tougher he got. My young 'uns all got to crying with the jaw ache and the old woman, she squirmed her head around and squeal'd right out. What on airth's the matter? said I.

"That's a bone in my throat," sez she.

"Now, I knowed that was a *lie*, for the jaws of human natur never could a got to the bone in that chicken, so I thought I'd jist look and see what ailed her—and you may jist spread me all over with molasses and then lick me off, if there warn't about ten inches out uv the old cock, a stickin' stret out across her throat! That kind a made me mad—so I kaboused him into the iron pot and biled him agin' like a'l wil o fire! I had a young possum in the house that I'd killed the day 'afore, so after the old cock had biled about six hours, steady, I made a pie on 'em, both together, and biked him agin!"

"That pie did look almighty nice, now I tell you, my mouth a kind hiched and twitched at the corners like, when I looked at it, and the young un's jumped around for pie joy. Dang you, old boy, thinks I, as we set down to dinner—I've weakened you some this time any how.'

"Give me the middle piece, Phil," sez my wife.

"Sartin', Prude," sez I, and with that I stuck the knife into it, when—

Tuk! Tuk! Tuckaroo!

"Just you stop your foolin', young Zeph," sez I. The boy could give a righteous imitation of a chicken, and I swon I thought it was him—"just you stop your foolin'," sez I, "or I'll turn ye away from the table."

"It wasn't me, fa—"

"Shet up," sez I, "shet up, and mind your manners."

And with that I stuck the knife in agin, and took a nice round piece out uv the centre. I swow, if there warn't just then about the darndest and most eternal spitting and splutterin' till every bit of possum was jerked clear out uv my pie, and then the old rooster poked out his head out uv the crust and crowed!"

SHARP PRACTICE.—Our readers have heard of an indignation meeting that was called by the members of the London bar, in consequence of the rumor that a brother barrister had been guilty of receiving silver money, instead of gold, for his fees!

The delinquent defended himself by pleading that he did demand gold of his client, but as the poor fellow had none, he took all the money he did have—and what more, added the lawyer, could I have done? The defence was deemed satisfactory.

This kind of practice is popular in Boston. On a recent occasion, a fellow was brought up for stealing. While the case was getting ready for examination, the following conversation was held between defendant's counsel and his friend.

"Colonel, what charges do you usually make, in conducting a case like this?"

"Why," replied the lawyer, thoughtfully, "there are no regular rates. We usually take all the fellow has got."

"What!" said his friend, "is that a justifiable practice?"

"Decidedly so, decidedly so," was the prompt reply. "The case is just here: If a client is innocent of the charge brought against him, he can afford to give up all to clear his character; and if he is guilty, the rascal don't deserve to have any money."

The lawyer's friend was satisfied with this explanation, and retired from the court-room filled with admiration.

☞An oil dealer sold some winter oil that was warranted to stand the severest cold. Last week it froze stiff. The purchaser went to the vender with loud complaints. "I told you it would *stand* the coldest weather," said he; "I didn't tell you it would *run*. You see that it stands perfectly still, and you can't make it budge."