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THE KENT NEWS.

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

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

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THE KENT NEWS.

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EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

Remember you must die.

When joy's bright sun is shining
Along the flowery way,
And pleasure's wreath is twining,
That blooms but to decay—
When life's delicious morning,
Beams o'er the unclouded sky,
Sad comes the mournful warning,
"Remember you must die!"

When clouds are lowering o'er us,
And sorrow rends the breast—
And all is gloom before us,
No home wherein to rest—
Welcome as dews of even,
Beneath a torrid sky
Whispers a voice from heaven,
"Remember you must die!"

CHOICE TALES.

Our Gunner's Shot.

A THRILLING INCIDENT OF OCEAN LIFE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangier, a fortified city in the extreme northwest point of Africa.—The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping in from the northward and westward, but towards the close of the afternoon the sea-breeze died away, and one of those sultry, oven like atmospheric breathings came up from the great sunburnt Sahara. Half an hour before sundown, the captain gave the cheering order for the boatswain to "call all hands to go in swimming," and in less than five minutes the forms of our hardy tars were seen leaping from the gangway, the ports, the netting, bowsprit, and some of the most venturesome took their plunge from the arms of the lower yards

One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard arm and the swinging boom, and into this most of the swimmers made their way.—Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most highly were two of the boys, Tom Wallace and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a laughing mood they started out from the studding sail on a race. There was a loud, ringing shout of joy upon their lips as they put off, and they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long heavy swells that set in from the broad Atlantic.

The ship was moored with a long sweep on both cables, and the buoy of starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells like a drunken man. Towards this buoy two lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead; but when they were within a dozen fathoms of the buoy, Tom shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner had watched the progress of his little son with a vast degree of pride, and when he saw him droping behind, he leaped upon the poop and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached his ears that made him start as though he had been struck by a cannon ball.

"A shark! a shark!" came from the captain of the forecastle, and the sound of these terrible words, the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right abeam, at a distance of three or four cables' length, a shark wake was seen in the water where the back fin of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys! For a moment the poor gunner stood like one bereft of sense: but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for his boy to turn, but the little fellow heard them not—stoutly the two swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the bloody death-spirit that hovered so near them! Their merry laugh still rang out over the waters, and at length they both touched the buoy together.

O, what drops of agony started from the brow of the gunner. A boat had not been reached, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach his child in season, for the shark was too near its intended victims; and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight—then he knew that all hope would be gone! At this moment a cry had reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of scorching fire—the boys had discovered their enemy!

That cry startled old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter deck. The guns were loaded and shotted fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With a steady hand made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming wire and picked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion wafer and set it in its place and set back the hammer of the patent lock. With a giant strength the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that should bring the shark within range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a single moment would settle his hopes or his fears.

Every breath has hushed, and every heart in that old ship was painfully still. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrible sea monster was frightfully near. Suddenly the air was awoke by the sound of the heavy gun, and as the old man knew that his shot was gone, he sank back upon the coamings of the hatch and buried his face in his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his own effort, for if he had failed, he knew that his boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence; but as the dense smoke rose from the surface of the water; there was at first a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—that murmer grew louder and stronger until it swelled to a joyous deafening shout.—The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed off upon the water; and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark floating with his white belly uppermost—a mangled lifeless mass!

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half dead from fright they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms and then, overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned back upon a gun for support.

I have seen men in all the phases of excitement and suspense; but never have I seen three hundred human beings more overcome by thrilling emotion, than on that startling moment when first we knew the effects of our gunner's shot.

A HUNG JURY.

BY SOL SMITH.

Who, in St. Louis, does not know Noah Ridgely? Who, in St Louis, has not known him for a long time—not long enough to know "any body else"—but a long, long time—years? Even here in New Orleans, Noah is tolerably well known; and at the river towns intermediate, there are a few "fellers" who are on terms of speaking acquaintance with him. In fact, wherever the steamer "Hannibal" has made a landing—(and where is the landing she has not made a stop at?)—Noah has been seen and known at some time or other. But in St Louis—well, there's no use writing about how well he is known *there*.—And wherever known, Noah is a favorite—I might say a *great* favorite. He has been clerk of the aforesaid "Hannibal" for, I don't know how many years—and the "Hannibal continues to perform voyages between New Orleans and St. Louis, with her single but powerful engine, (out of the old St. Louis—Capt. Swon's St. Louis,) and seems as good as new; and Noah comes around with his freight bills with astonishing regularity—and *he* appears *better* than new!

But to my story. In St. Louis we all know the difficulty of procuring *jurors* to try cases before justices of the peace—it being almost next to an impossibility to get together twelve citizens, 'good men and true,' who are willing to sit for two or three hours in a justice's office which is never, by any accident larger than a moderate sized band-box, surrounded by a promiscuous crowd which always gathers, filling up room, doors and windows, whenever a "jury trial" is to come off—especially if *lawyers* are employed in it.

It so happened, "once upon a time," that two merchants had a little misunderstanding, which resulted in their "going to law" before Justice Walsh.—The amount in dispute was a mere trifle; but each was obstinate and would not give way a jot—so to law they went.—To make matters worse, each must have a lawyer to help him on, and one of the lawyers determined to make much out of the case as he could, asserted the constitutional right of his client, and *demanded a jury*. A *venire facias* was accordingly issued, and Constable Busby started off to execute his writ.

At the expiration of about an hour, during which the court, attorneys and spectators waited with exemplary patience, Busby returned, followed by *one solitary individual*, carrying a huge lot of freight bills in one hand and a half smoked cigar in the other—*it was* Noah.

"Have you summoned the jury, Mr. Constable?" inquired the justice.

"Yes, sir," replied Busby, throwing down upon the table his writ with the names of twelve citizens inscribed thereon. "I have summoned them, but they won't come."

"Won't come, wont come?" remarked the justice, we'll see about that—Clerk, write out attachments for these gentlemen. How many are there who refuse to obey the order of the court?"

"Eleven, your honor," answered the sweating constable; "this is the only one of the lot, (pinting to our friend Noah,) I have been able to scare up; and *he* don't seem much disposed to serve—says he intends to *plead his privilege!*"

"What privilege pray Mr. Ridgely, have you to plead? What valid reason can you give the court why you should not serve on this jury?" asked the justice.

"I believe," replied Noah, stretching himself up to his full height and taking the cigar from his mouth, which he had been industriously smoking since he entered the office—"I believe a *fireman* is exempt from jury duty?"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the justice. "But I was not aware you belonged to either of the engine companies. May I ask, Mr Ridgely, which engine you run with?"

"Which engine? The old St. Louis! You are aware, perhaps, Mr. Justice, that the old St. Louis had *two* engines; one of them constitutes at this time the motive power of the Hannibal, and that is the engine I run with—and when hard pushed for hands, I have, upon occasions, acted as *fireman*—therefore, I suppose, I'm excused from jury duty."

"Not so fast, my friend," interposed the justice, "this will *not* excuse you——"

"Not!" exclaimed Noah, with apparent surprise, "then," he continued, taking a seat on the jury bench, "bring on your case, since I am over-ruled, and let us get through with it as soon as we can, for I'll be hanged if I stop long."

Busby at this juncture returned from another unsuccessful foray through the neighboring streets and alleys "Can't scare up a single man," he reported, sitting down and wiping the perspiration from his face with a cotton pocket handkercheif which he carried in his hat.

"What is to be done?" inquired the lawyers.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Justice Walsh, "unless you choose to take Mr Ridgely here, and let *him* decide your case."

As the laws of Missouri permit parties by mutual consent to take "any number less than twelve" in civil cases the lawyers finding there was no chance of "scaring up" more jurors, agreed to *take Noah as the jury*, and after a few modest objections on his part, he was sworn in, and assigned a seat in the centre of the jury bench.

"Come, now, boys," remarked the solitary juror, on taking his seat, "hurry up these cakes; I've got all these freight bills to collect, and confound me if I can stay here long for any body."

The lawyers made short work, of the evidence "not wishing to fatigue the jury," and proposed to submit the case without argument.

The justice thought this a very good plan—it was near dinner time—and suggested that perhaps the jury was ready to give a verdict without leaving his seat, when the jury spoke as follows:

"May it please the court, the jury is not ready to give a verdict. This is an important matter—a matter involving but a small sum, it is true; but the *principle* to be settled by our decision here to-day is one which interest the whole city—the State—the United States—I may say the whole commercial world! The jury at great inconvenience has been dragged here and compelled to sit in judgement. The evidence being through this jury would like to hear the argument of counsel."

"Very well" answered the counsel for the defence—and immediately poured forth a torrent of eloquence in favor of the side he espoused, which must have had a convincing effect in the right quarter, for when the learned gentleman resumed his seat the jury expressed himself ready to render a verdict; but the attorney for the plaintiff now insisted on being heard, and accordingly set forth *his* views of the case in such vivid colors that the jury, before he had finished his hour's speech, had evidently replaced into a state of doubt and uncertainty.

"If the court pleases," remarked the jury, "before this last speech a verdict might have been given which would have satisfied *one* of the parties at least; now, it is impossible; this last speech has turned every thing topsy-turvy.—There are some points on which the jury must request the instructions of the court."

The instructions were given, and it was generally supposed that a verdict would be rendered at once, as the dinner bells were now ringing out in every direction; but not so; *the jury prefered to retire and consider upon its verdict*, and as all parties, *except the jury*, seemed about obeying the summons of the bells, a hint was delicately given that it would be no more than proper and indeed humane that the jury should be *furnished with refreshments*. The hint was seized upon by the attorneys, and *two* very abundant dinners were in a few moments passed in through the window from the neighboring Jefferson House, the Justice, constables, lawyers, and spectators, having left the office in possession of the jury, according to the custom of those times

After dinner, the crowd gradually reassembled in the street, and through the open window the imperturbable jury was seen with one leg cocked over the other looking carefully over the "authorities" which had been referred to by the lawyers; then changing his position and putting the leg which had been under one top, the upper wall of the room was scanned with great earnestness for a few minutes, after which a large volumn containing the statutes of Missouri, was diligently consulted, and so on. It was evident from appearances, that the *jury had not yet agreed*.

At 6 o'clock, under instructions from Justice Walsh, the constable inquired, as is usual in such cases—"Has the jury agreed?" A solumn "No," was the response, and soon after candles were brought and placed on the table by the constable, who after lingering a moment in hopes of an invitation that a verdict had been agreed on, was waved out of the room by the jury. From a quarter past six until eleven o'clock, the jury cogitated without any result. At length Busby was ordered to summon the jury into court, which was done by opening the outer door and admitting the justice and crowd into the presence of the jury.

There sat the jury, as undecided as at dinner time.

"Gentle*man* of the jury," said the justice majestically, "have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"May it please the court," answered Noah, with great dignity, "I believe it is customary to *poll the jury* before asking the question."

"Very well," replied the justice, who, it must be confessed, was becoming a little fretful—"poll away."

Busby polled the jury, calling out from his list—

"Noah Ridgely!"

"Here!" answered the jury.

"All right," reported Busby to the justice.

"*Now*, then—the jury being polled—Gentle*man* of the jury," repeated the justice, slowly, "have—you—agreed—upon—your—verdict?"

"May it please—the—court,—No!" answered Noah, rising and shaking his head emphatically.

"Is there any likelihood of the jury being able to agree?" demanded justice Walsh, desperately.

"Not the least ghost of a chance," replied the person addressed—"THE JURY IS HUNG!"

A dismissal of the jury followed and a new trial ordered. The hero of the sketch continues to collect the freight bills of the old Hannibal and I belive he is considered *exempt from jury duty*, by general consent.

A Y[illegible] Pass.

The following good story is related by the correspondent of an old paper of 1799:—

Not long since a gentleman from Connecticut, being on his way to the westward, was stopped in New York State, on Sunday, by a miserly Dutchman, who was invested with civil authority. Mr. B. in vain pleaded the necessity of pursuing his journey unmolested. At length taking a five dollar bill from his pocket book, he said:—

"Sir, this is at your service, on condition that you will give me a pass."

After a few minutes pause the mercenary character replied:—

"I will give you von pass for five tollars; you may write de pass, and I will make my mark X——."

Mr. B accordingly sat down and wrote an order o a merchant in town for fifty dollars worth of English goods—with the Dutch signature—and took his leave with "Your humble servant,"—called on the merchant, who cheerfully loaned fifty dollars with the idea of fifty per cent gain, on the goods. Soon after, the merchant called on our noble Dutchman for the balance of the order, at which he started and exclaimed:

"I owe you nothing, I gave no order, but on seeing his mark, exclaimed:

"Dish is dat Yankee pass!"

He found himself reluctantly obliged to conceal the demand; swearing dat if rascal, he would give him von horse licken.'—*Courier of N. H. 1899.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

California

California! how many hearts quicken at the mere mention of the word.—California! 'tis the home of those we cherish and love. There our thoughts wander, and, in imagination we visit and linger around the spot where our friends so dear dwell. But a few short years ago this sister State was comparatively unknown; but how rapidly spread the news that along the banks of her rivers, and deeply imbedded in her sands lay concealed the shining ore. Thousands at once bade adieu to home, and all the cherished scenes the heart held dear, to seek their fortunes in the land of gold. Yes, gold they have sought; and for it they sacrificed the quiet of their peaceful homes, exposed themselves to trials and temptations, for gold, they thought would prove a panacea for every ill. All eyes were allured thither, and from all conditions in life they went. The man of three score years felt young again, and hastening there arrived, perhaps, just in time to lay him down and die; with no kind hand to smooth the dying pillow, or administer the balm of consolation to the troubled spirit. Thither, too, the young man wends his way. He leaves his dear New England home—a widowed mother it may be; loved brothers, and fond, confiding sisters, and soon they are separated forever, for how few return!—Alas! how few return to gladden the hearts of those left behind. How many weep in secret for some loved one gone!

At the still evening hour when darkness robes the earth, and all is hushed in silence most profound, observe that maiden as she bows before high Heaven to offer up her evening sacrifice.

But why that falling tear upon the cheek, where sorrow as yet has left no impress? List to her prayer. She pleads for one, far off on the broad Pacific's shore; that the Alseeing eye may guard his way, and keep him from the tempter's snares; that sin may not defile him, or wasting sickness lay him low; and that he may finally be borne safely back, across the briny billows to dear New England's shore! Maiden, pray on, 'tis not in vain thou prayest.—The prayer of faith is ever heard on High—and thou may'st hope to meet again, if not on earth, in that bright world above, where parting is unknown.

Boston Cultivator.

A Gem—A Mothers Love.

When all else have deserted you, and friends have withdrawn their smiles of approbation and affection, and leave you to mourn over the follies of an ill-spent life—when society has banished you from its presence and cast thee upon the world as unfitted for the company of the good, and you *feel* that you are undeserving the sympathy of the virtuous and the upright—when all around you is dark and cheerless, and the future seems an arid waste. When you feel that life has become a burden—there is *one* friend who will *never* forsake you. No matter how dark the stain of sin that rests upon thy soul or how deep thou hast fallen into degredation—thy mother *will not* desert thee. When all else have given thee up as lost and ruined, she will stand by to comfort, to advise and to caress.

A mother's love, who can appreciate it? In danger, sickness, or in death she is the same kind hearted unchanging creature.

When fortune smiles upon you she rejoices at your prosperity; and in the dark hours of adversity, to a mother, can you confidently look for sympathy and consolation. Treat thy mother with kindness, so that when she lies down in the grave you will have no cause to curse yourself for having wounded her gentle spirit

A BILLION

Few people have any conception of the stupendous sum which is designated by this term. Some writer having stated, in an article headed "What becomes of all the pins?" "that millions of billions of pins must vanish, nobody can tell how or where, in the course of a year." Euclid, a correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, shows up the absurdity of the assertion in the following style:—

"I think, sirs, the author of that article thought little of what he was saying, when he said that millions of billions must vanish in the course of a year—Many pins, undoubtedly, vanish every year, but any mathematician will demonstrate to me that a single billion has never yet been manufactured. A billion, according to Noah Webster, is a "million of millions;" a number so vast, I say, that the human mind has not the capacity to comprehend it. A manufactory making one hundred pins per minute, and kept in constant operation, would only make fifty-two millions five hundred and ninty-six thousand per annum, and would require nearly twenty thousand years, at the same ratio, without a single moment's cessation, to make that number called a billion."

ICE HOUSES FOR FARMERS.

It has often been to me a matter of astonishment that those farmers who possess all the requisite faculties for providing themselves with a regular supply of ice, are not more eager in securing the many individual advantages which would thus be insured them, and at an annual outlay which would scarcely be felt, even by the man of the most limited resources. In almost every section of the country, there are ponds, rivers and lakes, where a supply can be easily procured, and not unfrequently in the immediate vicinity of the locality where it is to be packed. As regards the cost of an ice-house, sufficiently spacious to contain an ample sufficiency for a family of ten or twelve, it is, as I have already said, a mere trifle.

"The location," says a late writer, "when convenient should be in the cellar, where it will be doubly convenient from the ready facilities it affords for preserving milk, butter, &c., during the summer season—all of which articles are greatly improved by ice, when, without it, they would be liable to deteriorate perhaps spoil. Nothing can be more simple than the *modus operandi* of constructing and filling them. A hole, of the requisite size, is first excavated in the bottom of the cellar, five or six feet deep, and bottom covered or paved with stones of a small size. Over this pavement, when it is completed, and the interstices filled with fine, clean sand, a stratum of boughs, either of fir, spruce, pine or hemlock, is to be laid, and the sides lined with the same, as well as the top, which is formed of lattice or cross-work, with an opening two feet square on one side or near the centre, to subserve the purpose of a door. Into this receptacle, the ice should be introduced in square cakes, of a uniform size, to economise room. The whole process, it will be seen, and the expense both of construction and filling, where the materials are near at hand, necessarily light. An intelligent farmer assured me recently, that he had in a single season, saved more than three times the cost of his ice house (constructed as above described) in the article of milk and meat."

In procuring ice that which makes in the first of winter is best—it is much more solid and clear. Ice that has been covered with snow for any length of time is generally porous, and will be found on examination, to present the appearance and texture of a boney-comb. Such ice will not keep so well as that which is more solid and compact.

A Fox's Revenge.

The Rev. J. J. Murray, in his work on Creation, tells the following story—

"An old and respectable man of the county of Montgomery, used frequently to relate an anecdote of a circumstance he saw In his youth he resided on the banks of the Hudson river. One day he went to a bay on the river to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot.—He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank and found a hole, made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in the goose, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was gone the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole and resolved to waite the issue.

"In a bout half an hour the fox returned with another in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend During the battle he shot them both."

PAGGAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—"Captin, or Cap'in, where's my baggage?" exclaimed a tall red-faced, Virginian to the clerk of the steamer Oceola, as that boat a few days since approached her regular landing place on Cone River,—"Can't say exactly sir," replied the clerk, "but I'll hunt up. Is this it?" (Pointing to a large brass nailed traveling trunk.) "No sir." Well, is this it? (pointing to a capacious and well filled carpet bag) "No, that aint it either." "Then, I presume, this must be it, sir?" said the officer giving an old horse hide box a slight touch with his foot. "No sir-ee. I totes no such trumpery as that. Ah, here it is—all right, two jugs o' whiskey and a demijohn of brandy."