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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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POETRY.

Hang up his Harp—He'll Wake No More!

BY ELIZA COOK.

His young bride stood beside his bed,
Her keeping watch to keep;
Hush! hush! he stirred not—was he dead,
Or did he only sleep?

His brow was calm, no change was there,
No sigh had filled his breath;
Oh! did he wear that smile so fair
In slumber or in death?

'Reach down his harp,' she wildly cried,
'And if one spark remain,
Let him but hear 'Coch Erroch's side;'
He'll kindle at the strain.

'That tune o'er held his soul in thrall;
It never breathed in vain;
He'll waken as its echoes fall;
Or never wake again.'

The strings were swept; 'twas sad to hear
Sweet music floating there;
For every note called for a tear
Of anguish or despair.

'See! see!' she cried, 'the tune is o'er,
No opening eye, no breath;
Hang up his harp; he'll wake no more;
He sleeps the sleep of death.'

CHOICE TALES.

Chapter from the Life OF A PORTLAND DRAM DRINKER; OR, HOW THE NEW LAW WORKS.

"Its almost time," said little Elsie, fixing her troubled eyes on the old church clock; opposite the window where she sat, and then turned her sharp but sickly glance on her pale faced mother.

"Yes Elsie; but don't be alarmed if he should not be himself," replied the worn looking woman, with a heavy sigh. "the fright you took lately has injured you more than a thousand colds. No one shall harm you, dear; I will defend you to my death," she added, with determination, and as if speaking to herself.

"I don't care for me, mother, a bit, but when he tries to strike you, oh! how I shiver, and how I almost hate him. I can't help it, mother, indeed I can't," she quickly continued, as her mother looked up reprovingly; "just think of that sweet, patient little sufferer, cripple, perhaps for life; how pale and helpless he lies there, my dear, darling brother."

The mother turned her head slowly, until her two dim, blue eyes rested full upon an emaciated child, sleeping uneasily in a broken cradle.

"Your father was good and kind once" she murmured, even while a frown gathered on her brow at the sight; "and now, when he makes one of his resolves which, alas! is but of short duration, his old nature comes out like sunshine.—Poor little Henry, that was a cruel blow given by a father's hand; but who is responsible?" she exclaimed, suddenly starting from her seat, while her temples and cheeks were crimsoned; "oh! had I the power, not a rum-shop should stand in this city by nightfall."

"Mother, don't look so angrey," said little Elsie, with a quivering lip.

"God forgive me," replied the woman, stooping and kissing the bluish forehead of her child, "but when I think of what he has been, of what he might have been—"

The door was pushed violently open and a girl of some fifteen summers burst into the room. Her fine face lighted up, and her eyes shone like two brilliants, as she exclaimed with vehemence, "oh! mother! mother! can you imagine what news I have for you? It is so good, so glorious; the new liquor law has passed, and they say that with in one week not a glass of intoxicating drinks can be had for love or money—I felt so delighted when I heard it," she continued, as the tears struggled with her smiles "that I left the shop on the instant, and hurried home to tell you.—Now I must be back again; it is worth a thousand dollars to see that smile on your face;" and she hurried again back from the room.

The drunkard's wife sat down dreamily. She could hardly bring her mind to realize the truth of what she had heard; presently that consumptive child at her side pressed the trembling hand of her mother and in sweet, but faltering tones, uttered the simple sentence, "God is good, mother."

Instantly rising, the poor woman laid aside her work, and hurrying to her little narrow room adjoining, she fell upon her knees, completely overpowered by her emotion. An hour passed before she rejoined her sick children.—That hour had been spent in prayers and tears; prayers of thanksgiving and tears of joy.

With a more cheerful heart than she had known for many years, she hurried about her work. It was impossible to make the room neater, for the most battered furniture shone with cleanliness; but she went out herself and purchased some luxuries, such as none but Elsie had enjoyed for many a day and drawing the table to the middle of the floor, she set it out with all the ware that her closet contained. Elsie looked on, pleased and happy, only asking her mother if she thought that father would be home to supper.

"I know he will," was the firm answer.

When the two little boys came from school, towards evening, they crept around the table, peeping at the pie, and asking all sorts of questions; whether that was really tea that stood on the stove, and if they might have butter on their bread? and when they were assured that they might, they moved round the room on tip-toe, for fear of disturbing their sick brother, talking to each other with the delighted glances of their intelligent faces.

At dark, the eldest daughter returned, and with a beautiful smile she said, "mother, I saw father at the corner of the street, and what do you think? he had a lobster in his hand for supper, and he was as sober as he could be. He did'nt notice me, but I heard him say with a laugh, that if he could'nt get liquor in Portland, he was sure he should'nt go out of his way for it; and the man he was talking with, mother, was Mr. L., President of the temperance society. Oh! it does seem as if we should be happy once more. And how nice every thing looks—not likes than usual," she added quickly; 'but we see through different eyes this night, I suppose."

The mother was still silent, but how high was her poor heart beating with new joy and joyful hope. It seemed as if that heart would at times leap from its enclosure; and when the husband and father neared home, she sank pale and trembling upon her seat.

Eddy and Willie, the eldest boys, stood in the doorway; their father father caught Eddy, and swung him up with a "hi-yah, sonny;" then breaking off claw after claw of the huge lobster, he filled their hands. He entered the room carelessly, and glancing at the table, deposited his burden upon it, took off his hat, and for the first time for five months, sat down by the window beside his sick child. Her little folded hands were instantly held forth to be clasped by his, and as he took them a tear trembled in his eyelids.

"Have you no brighter light than that?" he asked, pointing to the dying flame that shed a feeble ray over the tidy table. "Send and get some oil,"

"I have no money, Edward," said his wife, timidly.

"No money, hey? Well, I reckon I can let you have a little;" and bending forward, he threw nearly two dollars in change upon her lap. The glance which she gave him thrilled his whole being.—A moan from the little fellow in the cradle startled him. He went and stood uneasily at the child's side, and gazed down into the wan face that looked so suffering like and ghastly.

"Wife!" he exclaimed, turning abruptly away, and walking the floor hurriedly, "if I have prayed once that this new law might go into operation, I have twenty times. Since yesterday morning when old Hart told me that he did'nt dare to sell a single glass I have been thinking what a curse I have been to you all, even to that innocent babe."

His voice faltered, while his oldest daughter wiped away the tears that were streaming over her cheeks as she sat silent in the darkest corner of the room.

"And, he continued, "I've made a solemn vow to God that I will never touch rum again; and just think how much it will assist me to know that I cannot go to this corner and that, to be tempted with the sight of the miserable poison."

"God be thanked," said the glad wife, bowing her head upon the mantel to hide her streaming eyes; 'for there never was a better husband than you, Edward, when you are yourself. As for dear little Henry, I trust he will get well enough soon; don't think of the past, but remember the future."

'I will, so help me God!" exclaimed the husband, in deep solemn tones.

Even Elsie was wheeled up to the supper table, and joy beamed in every face as they sat together.

"In less than a month," said the repentant man to his wife, 'I mean to put you in a better house; and as soon as I can, I'll hoist all of this old trash of lumber out of doors, and we will get in its stead as nice furniture as any body need have in our circumstances. I declare 'tis a comfort, though, to see you all eating so heartily, and looking so happy—Even Elsie's cheeks are as red as roses.'

The child smiled merrily; but the mother kept down a sigh that was swelling in her bosom; she knew that her fair girl would soon be in a happier home than earth can afford; but oh! it was a rich consolation to feel that a sober father would stand beside the dying bed of the little one.

"Father," said roguish Eddy, "I like our mayor, though, don't you?"

"Like him! that man will have no thorns in his dying pillow. I believe that a thousand lips, at least, are invoking a blessing on him to-night."

"God bless him," said the wife and mother, softly, and oh! there was joy in her heart.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

The Spy.

The following anecdote of George Washington was told in my hearing, one day this week, in one of our public squares; and coming as it did from an aged and venerable man, I am induced to give it full credence, although I have never (to my knowledge) read it in any authentic work:—*Scott's Weekly.*

The gentleman stated that when Washington was encampted between this city and Chestnut Hill, and the British were also encamped but a few miles distant, a member of the Society of Friends, who was by profession a farmer, and whose farm was situate between the two armies, had repeatedly extended the hospitalities of his house to Washington, stating as a reason, that he would find much more comfort there that he otherwise could find in camp.—After numerous entreaties, Washington accepted of his kind offers, and did, as often as circumstances would permit, spend his leisure hours with the Quaker.

A good, old honest Duchman, seeing the General return to camp, after one of his visits, and fearing that the demonstrations of the Quaker were not genuine, he addressed Washington some what thus:

"I fear, General, that your visits to the Quaker's may prove productive of much evil; for, in my opinion, he is only waiting a favorable opportunity to trepan you; depend on it, he is not a friend, but, on the other hand, is a spy."

Accordingly, he had several of his soldiers dressed in the uniform of the British—stating to them his purpose, and giving them orders how to proceed he left them, and proceeded to the house of the Quaker. After spending some time in conversation with the Quaker, upon the general topics of the day, Washington bade him farewell, and was soon on his way back to camp.

It so happened that had been gone from the farm-house, when there was wending their way towards the Quaker's a party of British soldiers, who when they had come within speaking distance asked of the Quaker if there had been seen any deserters about his house?—The Quaker expressed his sorrowfulness that they should have been so tardy; 'for,' said he, 'had you been half an hour sooner you might have gained the laurel of fame, by bearing off the General, who left here but a short time ago; however, I think it is not too late yet to achieve a victory—I have a fast horse in yon stable; I know his track, and will join you in this noble enterprise."

Arrangement were made, and the party set out in great haste. They had travelled but a short distance when they beheld the General, whom they had come on of a sudden, from the fact of a short turn in the road. The Quaker, who had already dismounted, walked up and seized the General by the collar, taking him as a prisoner, when Washington raising his hand, and taking hold of the brim of the Quaker's hat, exclaimed, "Well! well! you've caught yourself—have you?"

The reader need not be informed that the British soldiers were none other than those whom Washington had previously fitted out for this expedition.

What flower most resembles a bull's mouth? A cow's-lip.

Inhumanity Rebuked.

'There's something good in human nature after all."—*Bulwer.*

The Blair County (Pa.) Whig says, a few years ago, while passing over the Pennsylvania State improvements, the writer was a witness of one of those scenes of genuine true heartedness which makes the heart thrill with an unutterable blessing, and fills the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still" in our common nature.

At a point this side of the mountains where occurred the trans-shipment of passengers from the est, was moored a canal boat, waiting the arrival of the train ere starting on its way "through" to the East. The Captain of the boat a tall, rough, sun-embrowned man, stood by his craft superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few moments after a party of about half a dozen gentlemen deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed something after this wise—

"Sir, we wish to go on East—but our further progress to-day will depend upon you. In the cars we have just left a sick man whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers, to ask if you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If *he* goes, *we* remain—what say you?

"Gentlemen," replied the Captain, "I have heard the passenger through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?" To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer, when without a moments pause, the captain crossed over to the car and entering, beheld in one corner a poor emanciated worn out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that canker worm, consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke to him kindly. 'Oh, sir!" said the invalid, looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectation. "Are you the captain—and *will* you take me?—God help me! The passengers looks upon me as a breathing pestilence, and are so unkind You see I am dying—oh! if I am spared to reach my mother, I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die!"

"You shall go!" replied the captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip!"

By this time the whole of the passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled upon the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage. A moment and that decision was made, as they beheld him coming up from the cars, with the sick man cradled in his stout arms. Passing directly through the throng with his dying burden, he ordered a mattress to be spread, on the choicest spot of the boat, where he laid the invalid with all the care of a parent. That done, the captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin.

He went and from their midst arose an aged whitehaired man, who, with tear drops starting in his eyes, told that rough sun-embrowned man, that he had taught them all a lesson—that they felt humble before him, and asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene.—The fountain of true sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters swelled up choking the utterance and filling the eyes of all present. On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man, with a "God-speed!" on his way home to die in the arms of his mother.

The true hearted captain of that boat was General Samuel D. Karns, and the above incident is worth remembering.

☞ We always heard that negros had thick skulls, but we have deemed it a slanderous reflection. A correspondent however, tells us a story that, if we credit him, must lead us to the opinion that it was'nt all slander. He says that one of our sable brethren was passing thro' the streets a few days since during a thunder shower, when a flash of lightning struck him upon his head. He clapped his hands to the spot, and looking around him exclaimed, "I thought I hears summin drop on my head!" His skull was so thick and hard that the lightning, unable to crack it, passed off into the ground.

☞ A very modern poet seeks to assure the world that "most of all he loves the sky lark's lay." We are prosaic enough to prefer the hen's.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Last Words of Distinguished Persons.

'A death-bed's a detector of the heart;
Here tired Dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace the mistress at th scenes;
Here real and apparent are the same.'

Head of the army.—Napoleon.
I must sleep now.—Byron
It matters little how the head lieth. Sir Walter Raleigh.
Kiss me, Hardy.—Lord Nelson.
Don't give up the ship.—Lawrence.
Is this your fidelity!—Nero.
Clasp my hand, my dear friend; I die—Alfieri.
Give Dayroles a chair.—Chesterfield
God preserve the emperor—Hayden
The artery ceases to beat.—Haller.
Let the light enter.—Goethe.
All my possessions for a moment of time.—Queen Elizabeth.
What! is there no bribing death?—Cardinal Beaufort.
I have loved my God, my father, and liberty.—Madame de Stael.
Be serious.—Grotius.
Into thy hands, O Lord—Tasso.
It is small, very small, indeed, (clapping her neck.)—Anne Boleyn.
I pray you see me safe up, and for coming down let me shift for myself, (ascending the scaffold.)—Sir Thomas Moore
Don't let that awful squad fire over my grave.—Robert Burns
I feel as if I were myself again.—Sir. W. Scott.
I resign myself to God, and my daughter to my country.—Jefferson.
It is well.—Washington.
Independence forever.—Adams
This is the last of earth.—J. Q. Adams.
I wish you to understand the true principles of Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more Gen Harrison.
I am prepared I have endeavored to do my duty.—Gen. Taylor
There is not a single drop of blood on my hands—Frederick V.
A ying man can do no hing easy.—Franklin
Let me die to the sounds of delicious music—Mirabeau.

LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE, JIM.

When a boy, I was one day passing through the market with my friend Joe. I spied a beautiful orange lying on the top of a basket full of the same fruit.—I enquired the price and was proceeding to buy it, when my friend exclaimed with a shrewdness which I never shall forget, "look at t'other side, Jim."

I looked, and to my astonishment it was entirely rotten.

In passing through life, I have been frequently benefitted by this little admotion.

When I hear the tongue of slander levelling its venom against some fault or foible of a neighbor, I think, "look at t'other side, Jim?" Be moderate—have charity Perhaps the fault or foible you talk so much and so fondly of, is almost the only one in your neighbor's character, and perhaps you have as great, or greater ones of your own.

It may be this is your neighbor's weak idea, and except this he is a good citizen, a kind neighbor, an affectionate father and husband, and a useful member of society. Others may listen to the story of calummy—but remember they will tear and despise the calumniator. Learn to overlook a fault in your friends—for perhaps you may wish them to pardon a fault in you.

LAW ANECDOTE.

The following is an extract from a deposition in an Irish court:

"And this deponent further saith, on arriving at the house of said defendant, situated in the county of Galway, aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three times at the outer door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock the fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown holding in his hand a musket or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of said house, and presenting said gun or blunderbuss at this deponent threatened that if said deponent did not immediately retire, he would send deponent's soul to hell *which the deponent verily believes he would have done*, had not this deponent percipitately escaped."

Lately, in Michigan, two neighbors agreed to an exchange of their families—one giving his wife and two children for the other's wife.

Why are many tavern-keepers wives like generals?

Because they are *rulers of hosts.*

[From the Flag of our Union.]

Go and Welcome.

Go, and welcome! time has proved thee
False and fickle as the wind;
If one pure impulse ever moved thee,
Fully chased it from thy mind.

Thou wart like the way-side flowers,
Fair and pleasant to the sight;
But, like them, time's whirry hours
Could make thee feel its chilling blight.

Thou wart but the bright ideal,
Which alone in fancy dwells;
When we would have proved the real,
Truth at once the mist dispels.

Go, then, live thy little hour,
Mingle with the heartless throng;
Extract the sweet from every flower,
Sing to the world thy gayest song.

Thou may'st be happy for a season,
Sleep and dream that all is well,
But, believe me, time and treason
Will wake thee from the fairy spell.

And thou wilt find that frail, frail beauty
Will soonest fade and flee away;
While that which springs from sense of duty,
Never, never can decay.

MISS SMIX ON EDUCATION.

We give the *nip* of a very amusing sketch which we find going the rounds without credit. Miss Smix, a remarkable *cephalic* school marm,' is giving an account of her endeavors to teach a 'young idea'—a remarkable hard case—how to spell:

"At last," and here the sweet face of Miss Smix brightened, and the glimmer of some intended smile played over it, "I got him clear through the alphabet, and he could point out any letter by name. In two weeks he got through his ba-be-bi, &c., and one bright Monday morning I put him into l-a-la, d-y-dy—lady. I had to tell him fifty times the nature of syllables, but his brain was opaque as any rock.

"Do you love pies?" said I in order to interest him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, then, apple and pie put together spell apple pie, don't they?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"By a like rule, LA and DY spell lady—you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mince and pie spell what, then?"

"Mince pie."

"Right! Pumpkin and pie, what?"

"Pumpkin pie."

"What does l-a LA, d-y DY, spell, then?"

"*Custard* pie!" said he with a yell of delight at his success.

A BARRISTER POSED.—At a trial a few month since in Ireland, a witness of the 'lower class" was cross-examined by Mr. Bennett, Queen's counsel, when the following curious dialogue took place:

Counsel—Why do you hesitate to answer me? You look at me as if I were a rogue.

Witness.—To be sure I do.

[Laughter.]

C.—Upon your oath you think me a Rogue.

W.—'Pon my oath I don't think you an honest man.

[Continued Laughter.]

C.—You swear to that on oath?

W—I do, to be sure; and what else could I think?

C—Now, why do you think so?

W—Why, because you are doing your best to make me perjure myself.

OLD WHITEY, the well known charger of the late Gen. Taylor, was in the line of procession to receive Kossuth, in New York, on Saturday. The Tribune says:

"He was harnessed to a light wagon, and decorated with rosettes and a rich velvet cloth edged with silver, bearing the initials T. E. J., those of the present owner. The old charger looked well, and seemed nearly as spirited as when he bore the hero of Buena Vista through the dangers of the battle field."

STORING WINTER CABBAGES.—Such cabbages as you wish to keep good through the winter and early spring, may be pulled up by the roots and arranging them in rows, with their heads downward, resting on the surface of the ground, so that their stalks will stand upright in the air; then they may be covered with straw and earth, and treated in every other respect as directed for root crops. Should the weather be unusually warm, the earth and straw should be opened to let in the air.

MADAME KOSSUTH.—The N. York Herald says that Madame Kossuth is more like a Magyer than her distinguished husband. She is rather smaller than he is, in proportion, but of stronger frame. She appears to be about the same age. She is a brunette, with a good complexion, and fine, dark, lustrous eyes. Good sense is the prevailing idea suggested by her countenance. Modesty and quietness is also there.—She is plain and unostentatious in her dress. She is reserved in her manners, and looks like a matron worthy to be the wife of Kossuth.