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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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EDWARD MANSFIELD,
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POETRY.

(Written for 'The Kent News.')

DEATH.

BY MINNA.

Death comes with secret, silent tread,
He sits around your hearth;
Reclines upon your downy bed,
And revels 'mid-st your mirth;
He lays his cold and long hand,
On friends and kindred's heart;
And with his scythe he cuts the band
Of life and love apart.

He calls not for the aged alone,
O! be this truth impressed;
That 'neath the cold, white marble stone,
Youth, bloom and beauty rest;
For see, he comes with rapid stride,
Earth's brightest hopes to annul;
To tear your jewels from your side,
Your fairest flowers to cull.

O! then is death an enemy
Dark, of the human race?
Ah! not when his shafts may be
Met by true Christian grace;
For then he only bears away
The soul to heaven above,
And there to feast in endless day,
Upon a Saviour's love.

Then seek for true converting power,
Ere youth and health are gone;
Remember that the present hour
Alone you can call your own;
The gayest life but ends in death,
Fleet as the flowerets bloom,
While every quick, respiring breath.
Draws nearer to the tomb.

But ah! beyond the cold dark grave
There is a place of rest,
Where Jesus lives who died to save
A world by sin oppressed;
Where death, stern death, no more is known,
His power is at an end.
To such as have, with meekness, borne
The cross of Christ their friend.

ROCK HALL, MD.

MISCELLANY.

(Written for 'The Kent News.')

Keeping Things in Order.

BY EVA.

NO. II.

"You Bett, are you going to be all day kindling that fire? Presently here'll come Smith blustering like a very tornado bout his dinner; gracious knows I wish people could live without eating! Women and children can be put off with any thing, but these men! I wonder what in the name of all Canaan any woman wants to tie herself to a man for? but fools, as they are, never satisfied without a man, and the Lord knows they are seldomer satisfied after get him. I wish I had been locked up in a nun house or mouserat, or whatevar they call it, before I ever saw any thing a kin to a man—Sue, go in that pantry and try if you cant put things in order there. Here you come for meat! you've got the pot on at last—gracious knows I wouldn't care if you were in it; if I sit down to sew it is jump up for this, that and the other till I do nothing but jump up all the day long. Take the broom, Bett, and sweep out the passage, and brush off the steps, while I get ready to go! It is cook, cook, cook, foreverlasting without beginning or end. Bless my soul! here it is twelve o'clock! and I have been so much engaged about fixing these things, that I forgot the meat entirely; but, well, I will not boil any dinner to-day—I will have something fried; come, Bett, get the frying-pan, and put on the griddle to bake some bread;—I wish there was not a man this side of California!"

"Indeed, mam, I've bin looking for the griddle this half hour, and can't find it to save my life."

"If you don't find it double quick time you'll not be likely to save your head! How often have I told you to keep things in order in that kitchen?"

"Indeed, man, I did wash the griddle and frying-pan and put them in place, but now I cant find them nowhere."

"Go and call the children; I expect they have found them just where you throwed them, and have carried them off to play with; no body never was aggravated as I am."

"You shant have that griddle, now, cause you shant; my mud cakes aint half done, so they aint."

"Miss Jenny, your mammy says I must have it to bake bread for dinner; and Mars Willa, what are you doing with the dog hitched to the frying-pan?"

'Don't you see what I doing, you noddle head, aint I hauling wood for sis to bake the cakes with? so now I dont care what mother says, you may jest be off as you come, cause you aint a going to git the frying-pan, nor griddle nuther, so you aint."

"Heigh! ho! I am pretty tired and warm, too; Sue, is there any cool water?"

No, sir, I've bin so busy all day I haint had no time to bring no water to drink."

"Wife, I am in a hurry, and want my dinner as soon as you can give it to me, for I have some particular business to attend to now directly; hurry dinner, for I am in great haste."

"Yes, and forever is, when eating time comes; gracious knows nobody never was so tormented about eating as I am; here I've been going all day and not had time to set down one minute, putting things in order, and now all the thanks I get is dinner sung in my ears as if I had nothing to think about but cooking; botheration to the men, I do say!"

By Geeming, you will be the death of me yet; I have never seen anything but trouble with you since I was fool enough to be haltered to you."

"Fool it is! I was the fool, God help me! and as to trouble no one knows better than I what trouble is; for I have eat it and drank it, and swallowed an iron wedge upon it since I married you; and now you have come in without wiping your feet, and upon the face of the earth only look at carpet, 'tis enough to aggravate the heart out of a stone!"

"I wish I had the patience of Job! Bett, is dinner ready?"

"No, sir, I cant git the griddle and frying pan from the children, cause they won't let me have them, so they won't.'

"I'll break your tarnal neck if you say a word about the children, I will; if you kept things in order they wouldn't be in the children's way."

"The Blessed Vargin herself couldn't do it, cause I put em up and they pulls em down, and then 'tis every bit my fault, so it is."

Bang went the broom-stick on Bett's head, followed by "I told you not to open your tarnal mouth, I did; I'll beat the senses out of you as sure as you are born"

"I'll leave the house forever; I can't stand it; I shall go crazy, run mad, hang myself, or do something worse I am afraid!"

"Gracious knows I don't think any such good luck will be come as long as you can raise a whirlwind about eating, chew tobacco and spit! I wish you could once get your satisfaction of eating, and swallow enough to last you six months."

Exit Smith, in a rage—slam-bang went the door after him—while Mrs. Smith set about giving her little darlings some to eat; at the same time declaring that nobody ever was so persecuted and ill treated by a good for-nothing, ill-natured, unreasonable, aggravating, abusive, and tormenting man as she was; "God help her!"

Kent County, Md.

Modern Youths.

BY "DOW, JR."

TEXT.—Now, Mr. Shakspere, tell me if you can,
The difference between a youth and a young man.

MY HEARERS:—This question was asked my friend Shakspere by a drunken mahogany faced, carbuncle-nosed blacksmith. The reply was, there existed the same difference between a scalded and coddled apple. We see, then, that, in the time of the great bard, a youth was nothing more nor less than an incipient man. Though physically juvenile, he was self-opinionally endowed with all the ripened attributes of manhood. He scorned to be called a boy, though he proved himself a child by pouting when addressed as 'my lad.' Because his mother's apron strings were then as now, composed of gum elastic, which stretched so as to allow him to roam somewhat at random, he foolishly imagined that he had clipped them asunder with the scissors of independence, was at liberty to enjoy all the rights and privileges of the adult. Yet boys will be boys, in spite of their strongest endeavors to appear as men.

My friends—In these degenerate days of ours, we have no youths among the masculine gender. They are either babes or men. No sooner has a lad arrived at the age of sixteen than he begins to curse, swear, and swagger, like a graduate in the school of profanity and pompousness—chew tobacco as a horse eat hay—smokes cigars, as if his reputation was based upon the commitment or non-commitment of the act—drink rum, as though his character might suffer disparagement if he didn't indulge according to the habits and customs of his elders—and try to cultivate whiskers, for the sake of exciting the envy and jealousy of his fellow playmates.—How proud is the fledgling when he first discovers a few pin feathers starting from his callow chin! He is no longer a child then, but a man, in every sense of the word. Should his mother over have the temerity to scold him, he calls her "no gentleman;" and if his father undertakes to chastise him, he complacently draws his finger across his upper lip, as much as to say, 'If you lay hold of me, you take the lion by the beard." Oh! these modern youths! they are bright enough without any extra rubbing; let them alone. All they want to become men are, heathenish whiskers, a standing shirt collar, high-heeled boots, and a big pocket book.—If they don't shine then in full meridian splendor, they never will. But what looks worse upon the cheeks of a boy than a pair of precocious whiskers?—They resemble to my mind's eye, a paucity of half scared lichens encircling a sickly fungus. And then as for chewing tobacco; to see such a temple of primal purity, clean and new from the hand of the Great Architect, bedaubed with the filthy weed, is enough to turn the stomach of an ostrich. As to youths imbibing alcohol—that double distilled damnation to young souls—for the sake of being thought men, I would rather that a son of mine should saw his legs off or venture upon a speculation in Wall street, than be guilty of such a mind-debasing and body destroying practice. Then to hear a lad, before he is old enough to wrestle with a full grown grass-hopper, boldly take the name of God in vain, and set at defiance the hosts of heaven and the minions of hell, is indeed most awful! I don't mind a boy's swearing a little, just a little, according to what he is allowed by those who are older and have a right to swear as they chose. For instance, he may make use of such expressions as "By Golly!" "By Gosh!" or "By the great never-living jumping Moses!" These will do pretty well; they come near to the mark, but don't touch. They trespass not in the least upon the profane privileges of grown people. But here in Gotham—this city of swearing, gambling, swaggering, hypocrisy, foolishness, foppery, affectation, and all sorts of sin—I see no other difference between boys, young men, and men of mature years. Put them all in a bag of collosal dimentions, give them a good shake up, and empty them out in a heap and it would puzzle Old Nicholas to tell which is the man and which the boy.

This is a great country, my friends—it grows with its growth, and the undergrowth groweth with marvellous rapidity. Heaven only knows what we shall arrive at in the end; but I sincerely hope, and venture to trust, that we shall reach heaven at last. So mote it be!

Years are the sum of hours. Vain is it at wide intervals to say, "I'll save this year," if at each narrow interval you do not say, I'll save this hour."

☞ Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.

Gipsy Delusions.

A gang of gipsies recently visited Anne Arundel Co., Md., and while in the vicinity of Bristol post office, Capt. Rob't Perry, a gentleman of considerable means, was swindled by one of them out of $1000. The gipsies then left the neighborhood, and removed to Washington, and the Republic, of that city, tells the following singular story of the mode in which Capt. Perry was swindled:

One of the gipsies, an old woman, told him that a treasure of enormous value was secreted on his farm, but refused to disclose its location unless he gave her $1000. This sum was procured, placed in a trunk, and locked, the key being given to Capt. Perry. In three days, the gipsey returned, and she and Perry had an interview alone. The trunk was opened, and the bundle was found exactly as it had been placed. He was required then to go upon his knees, in order that her incantations performed over the trunk and money might have their full effect. While so engaged her cloak fell upon the trunk, but she quickly replaced it upon her shoulders. The misterious proceedings being over, Perry was called to examine the trunk, and found it all right; he re-locked it and and pocketed the key. He was now told that the work was done, and that on the ninth day she would return, and if the money, &c., in the trunk were all right, she would be at liberty to point out to him the exact locality of the treasure on his farm. The ninth day came, but the gipsy did not appear, and after waiting a day or two longer the trunk was opened, but the bundle in which the $1000 was placed, was found to contain only some two hundred coppers and a few leaves of tobacco! The gipsy had substituted this bundle for the one containing his money. Capt. Perry followed the gipsies to Washington, and had several of them arrested, but was unable to identify the woman by whom he was deceived. The house they occupy was searched, and tied up in handkerchiefs, rages, and in kettles, boxes, &c., the officers found large quantities of gold and silver coin, amounting, it is said, to at least $20 000. Capt. Perry could identify none of his money—the greater portion of it having been in bills of Baltimore banks.

The Republic says that the victim to this superstitious folly is a man of respectable standing, and adds:

"We still further have to regret to say that Captain Perry, on Saturday, not content with the serious lesson he had received, actually visited a professional fortuneteller in Washington, to be informed where it was likely he could find his lost money."

[From the Baltimore Clipper.]

Messrs. Editors:—In the year 1800, Thomas Jefferson was looked upon as the head of the Democratic party in the United States, and on the 4th of March, 1801, he was sworn into office as the President af the United States. He selected for his Cabinet, James Madison, of Virginia, Secretary of State; Albert Galatin, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury; Henry Dearborn, of Massachussetts, Secretary of War; Robert Smith, of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, Levi Lincoln, of Massachussetts, Attorney Gene'l; Gideon Granger, Post master General.

When Mr. Jefferson came into office filled by Federalists, and many of them had been very active and abusive of Mr Jefferson during the canvass, to the neglect of the duties of their office. All such the public voice demanded their removal, but no good officer, who had not interfered, and endeavored to control the election, was disturbed, For instance, in Maryland, every man, says one, were Federalists, and remained in office except the Navy Agent, and during the whole of the twenty-four years of the administration of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, there were a large majority of Federalists in office, and such a thing as removing a man for opinion sake, was not known. This also, was the practice of John Quincy Adams, during the four years of his administration. The reign of proscription commenced during the administration Generol Jackson, and put into full operation during the administation of Martin Van Buren. The following extract of a letter from Mr. Jefferson to his first Attorney General, Mr. Lincoln, establishes conclusively the principles which governed his administration.

AN OLD SCHOOL DEMOCRAT.

Extract of a letter from Thos. Jefferson, President of the United States to Levi Lincoln. (see Jefferson Memoir, 4 vol., page 110,) dated

WASHINGTON, March 22, 1808.

Dear Sir—Your letter on the subject of Mr. Lee came safely to hand. You know our principles render Federalists in office safe, if they do not employ their influence in opposing the Government, but only give their own vote according to their conscience. And this principle we act on as well with those put in office by others, as by ourselves.

Compost Materials.

Gather everything on your farm that will make manure, and compost them together. Recollect that every thing that once possessed life, forms a valuable addition to the compost heap—that the soap-suds and dish water, the urine, the ashes, and the sweepings of your kitchen and dwelling all tend to increase the value of the manure heap; while the one furnishes the organic, the other provides the inorganic food of the plants that true economy dictates that nothing can be converted into the elements of fertility should be thrown away and that by utilitizing all such substances the cleanliness of your homestead will be thereby ensured, the comfort and health of your family promoted, and your fields made richer. View the subject as we may, good is the necessary result of attention to such matters—however *small* you may consider them at the present time, rest assured that in a few years, they will be productive of great consequences in the melioration of your soil. That you will concede with the opinion herein advanced we feel assured, if we could only get you to reflect, that in every pint of urine there are the elements of a pound of wheat.

BUTTER FROM COWS FED on HAY.

The price of butter is so high this winter that our farmers will make all they possibly can for sale. It has been customary in former years, to sell the milk to milkmen, after the cows were fed on hay, from the long time it took to bring the butter and the want of a rich color in the butter after it had turned. We have often known the patience of the whole family exhausted, by churning four or five hours and when at last the cream had turned to butter, it was about the color of lard and as tasteless as it was colorless. All this difficulty may be avoided, by scalding the milk as it comes from the cow. It should be strained from the pail directly into a boiler placed over the fire, and should be brought nearly to boiling heat, although not allowed to boil Then put it in the pans in the cellar as usual, and no more difficulty will be experienced in churning than would be in June The butter will come solid and yellow, and would harply be known from the best butter of the season. This we have from one who has tried it. We would recommend to all, who make butter at this season to make a trial and see if it is not so.—*Middlesex Farmer.*

Distribution of Wealth in the U. State.

The census returns exhibits the fact that the wealth of the Union is nearly equally distributed throughout the States The average for each inhabitant of the State is $356. In the States the distribution ie as follows:

Alabama	$532	Maryland	$450
Arkansas	215	N Caroiina	291
Connecticut	475	NewHampshire	326
California	239	New York	316
Delaware	260	New Jersey	475
Florida	465	Oregon Ter'y	381
Georgia	610	Ohio	255
Illinois	131	Pennsylvania	313
Iowa	123	Rhode Island	546
Indiana	205	S Carolina	1017
Lentucky	391	Texas	311
Louisiana	857	Tennessee	254
Maine	211	Vervomt	284
Mississippi	732	Virginia	411
Massachusetts	577	Wisconsin	138

The above table exhibits some remarable facts. It shows that the statements made by Elwood Fisher in his famous lecture that the wealth of the South was actually greater than that of the North, were based upon a correct estimate.—Take the thirteen slave States, excluding Delaware, and it will be found that the wealth for each inhabitant of those States is nearly $516, while the thirteen wealthiest free States show an average of only $339 and a fraction.

WORTH KNOWING.—Some of the papers, of late, have had a paragraph recommending the use of *wheat flour* in the case of scalds or burns. A gentleman at Dayton saw it, and the other day, as he writes the *Empire*, tested it to his satisfaction. He says:

"While at the supper table, a little child which was seated in his mother's lap, suddenly grasped hold of a cup full of hot tea, severely scalding its left hand and arm. I immediately brought a pan of flour and plunged the arm into it covering entirely the parts scalded with the flour. The effect was truly remarkable—the pain was gone instantly. I then bandaged the arm loosely; applying plenty of flour next to the skin, and on the following morning there was not the least sign that the arm had been scalded—neither did the child suffer the least pain after the application of the flour."

Reader, do you bear this little fact in mind, if a similar occasion offers.

"Mary, where's the frying pan?"—"Jemmy's got it, carting mud and clam-shells up the alley, with the cat for a horse." "The dear little fellow what a genius he will make; but go and get it; we are going to have company and must fry some fish for dinner."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—George Bancroft, Esq., in a lecture before the New York Historical Society, reported in the Times, pays an eloquent tribute to the philosopher:

"Not the half of FRANKLIN'S merits have been told. He was the true father of the American Union. It was he who went forth to lay the foundation of that great design at Albany; and in New York he lifted up his voice. Here among us he appeared as the apostle of the Union. It was Franklin who suggested the Congress of 1774, and but for his wisdom, it's a matter of doubt whether that Congress would have taken effect. It was Franklin who suggested the bond of the Union which binds these States from Florida to Maine. Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon, he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word at the right season."

A Dutchman came to market yesterday, says the Albany Dutchman, with a score of small baskets full of ripe red raspberries.

'How dy'e sell 'em?' asked a customer.

'Oh, yaw, dey ish fresh—all pickt to morrow,' replied the Dutchman.

'Whar'd ye pick 'em?' asked the customer.

'Five cents a poundt,' replied the honest Dutchman.

'Hain't they got no bugs in 'em?' anxiously inquired the customer.

'Out in Sant Luke,' replied the communicative Dutchman.

'Guess I won't take none to-day,' remarked the customer.

'Dey ish all soft,' exclaimed the Duchman.

A Valuable Table.

The following table will be found exceedingly valuable to any of our readers:

A box 24 inches by 16 inches square, and 24 inches deep, will contain half a barrell, (5 bush.)

A box 24 inches by 16 square, and 14 inches deep, will contain half a barrel

A box 16 by 15 8 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain 1 bushel.

A box 22 inches by 1½ inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a bushel.

A box 8 inches 8 inches square, and 4½ inches deep, will contain 1 gallon.

A box 7 inches square, and 4-8 inches deep will contain half a gallon.

A box 4 by 4 inches square, and 4 2 inches deep, will contain one quart.

NOT VERY BAD.—The Detroit Trib, tells of a gentleman who who was sitting at the table of a very excellent lady who had stewed pears on the table. He took up one of them, and clapping it in his mouth, pulled at the stem to get it out and leave the pear in his mouth, but it was no go. After twi ching at it two or three times, he gave it up in despair, and droping it upon his plate, remarked that the stem was put in tight. On examination, however, he found the pear to be nothing more or less than a mouse, which had unfortunately got drowned in the preserve jar!

ETERNITY.—An American clergyman in one of his sermons, exclaimed: "Eternity! why, you don't know the meaning of the word, nor I either, hardly.—It's for ever and ever, and five or six everlasting a top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after milions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time"

An irregular apprentice frequently keeping late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some weighty arguments, to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chastisement, he continually exclaimed

'How long will you serve the devil?' The boy replied whmpering—

"You know best, sir—I believe my identures will be out in *three months*.

TOOTHACHE.—Take a paper of Tobacco, pour upon it a wine glass of warm water, squeeze out part of the moisture and after placing the pulp upon a slice of bread, apply it as a plaster to the face. There is nothing like it for the toothache—and it is the only remedy for it in its worst form, the ague in the face.

"Papa, what does the Editor lick the Price Current with?

"Whip it? he don't whip it, my child?

"Then he lies, Pa"

"Hush! Tom, that is a very naughty word."

"Well, by Golly! this ere paper says "Price Currents carefully corrected"—and when I gets corrected I gets licked—hey—don't I?"

"Nuf ced—my son"