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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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POETRY.

[*From the Republic.*]

"What's in a Name?"

ongress again is under sail.
Upon a th ee months' cruise,
ith ship new rigged and crew all *Hale*,
And choice stores for use.

om *Adams* to the present time,
No voyage was ever planned
uch crew and passengers more prime,
Or *Briggs* more neatly *Manned*.

he sparkling *Brooks* have furnished
The *Hunter* with his *Hart*; [*Fish*—
he *Henn* a choice and savory dish,
The *Butler* will impart.

nd "merry as a marriage *Bell*"
They'll pass the "live long day;"
o *Badger Burrows* in his cell
More free from care than they.

nd thus rigged out they'll *Chase* away
Dull care in every form,
nd have a perfect *Holladay*,
In spirit of *Snow* or storm.

nd though through pleasure they may
They love the *Churchwell* too; [*Wade*
nd they've a *Dean* already made,
To teach them what to do.

f mischief should be set on *Foot*,
As sometimes is the case,
A rod's in pickle for the brute,
The *Bayley's* in his place.

f such reproofs should not suffice
To keep the rogues in check,
There is one more the law applies,
'Tis *Cabel* round the neck.

This crew, whatever be their cheer,
Must needs have pleasant labors,
For, whatsoever course they steer,
They are sure of first rate *Nabers*,

Music hath power to melt the heart—
The *Savage* hearts of *Stone*—
Till ravished by the *Harper's* art,
All mingle into one.

Some fear that if their time should lag,
They'll *Gamble* it away;
And at their fav'rite game of *Bragg*
May be induced to play.

And there are some who apprehend
They'll drink their cares to sleep,
For 'gainst the Maine law they contend,
And *Meade* and *Porter* keep.

And often, as their glasses fail,
They call for one *Gilmore*,
And while such customs shall prevail,
Howe can they give it o'er?

This ship, it will not be denied,
Has got a motley crew—
For *King* and *Queen* sit side by side
With men of every hue.

All shades and colors here are seen,
From dusky *Brown* to *White*,
With dapple *Grey* and bottle *Green*,
Fantastic if not *Bright*.

All trades and callings, far and near,
Promiscuously mingle;
The *Cooper* and the *Carter* here
Melodiously jingle.

The *Mason* and the *Miner* too,
The *Fuller* and the *Miller*,
Will find enough of work to do,
If not enough of "siller."

The *Taylor*, with his goose in hand,
His thimble and his shears,
Will cure all rents except on land,
And such as conscience wears.

The *Walker* takes his usual round
To exercise his "trotters,"
And well he guards the public ground
To keep away the "squatters."

This crew will find enough to do,
Already now begun;
And that should be the first put through,
That's *Aiken* to be done.

But there's a disposition shown,
Among this gallant crew,
To *Dodge* all matters but their own,
And let them all slip through.

If that should be some pointed *Penn*
Should give the rogues a *Tuck*.
And make them *Smart* like honest men,
Till they're in better luck.

'Tis said each man has got his *Price*,
Like goods kept in a store;
Some very cheap, some very nice,
Some costing less, some *Moore*.

While many men punerious *Grow*,
And hold their "manhood cheap,"
Some *Goodrich* men, perhaps for show,
Are found among the heap.

'Where none are beaus,' the poet writes,
"Tis useless to be belles,"
But here, though one *Gaylord* invites,
No lady gay here dwells.

In *Riddles* though they don't abound,
It still must be confessed
That some things are so by the sound—
An *Eastman* from the West.

This is no "filibustering" horde
Of lawless men and grim;
For though an *Outlaw* is on board,
The law looks out for him.

The *Gentry* that compose this band
Have all their certain dooms,
Their *Shields* and *Vace* can't withstand,
They're destined for the *Toombs*.

The gallant captain, so well skilled,
Is soon to step on shore;
His place with credit he has filled,
And trust he may FILLMORE.

ALIQUIS.

WASHINGTON, January, 11, 1853.

CHOICE TALES.

The Blacksmith's Daughter.

BY KATE GLENORE.

'I wish to exact a promise from you Fred, on this anniversary of my birth day say, shall it be given?'

'Most assuredly, Lucy, if it be anything consistent, unless indeed it be that I shall relinquish my cigars?"

'No, Fred, that was not what I was aiming at, so rest easy. I will not tease you on that point to-day; but it is one infinately more importance so say yes.

'Tell me, first, what I am to promise. It is too much like taking a leap in the dark, to say yes to an undefined proposition. My sister knows I would not willingly refuse her any request to day.'

'Well, then, it is simply this, that you pay Susan Howard no further attention.

'How so, Lucy? what has Susan Howard done to offend you, or what can you bring against her that will justify you in making such a request?'

'I should not suppose that you would ask that; is not her parentage enough?'

'I cannot see why? She is the dauhter of an honest respectable blacksmith, who has always supported his family honorably and given his daughters an education that will render them ornaments to the best society in our land.'

'How absurdly you talk, Fred; where can you have picked up such sentiments? I think society would be vastly obliged to you, were you to introduce a blacksmith's daughter to grace its circles.'

'Well it might be, Lucy; for notwithstanding your prejudices, let me assure you there is not a girl among the circle of your ocquaintance, who for the sterling qualities of mind and heart, will compare with Susan Howard.'

'I know nothing of her sterling qualities. She doubtless does well enough for the station in which she moves, and which she is assigned to fill, as the wife of some sturdy mechanic; but you as well as she, would find she was quite out of her sphere in more refined society.'

'I am sorry, Lucy, to hear you express such sentiments. What have we, the children of a republican government to do with such very nice distinctions? Worth is the criterion by which we are to judge, not the accident of fortune or family. This is one of the chief beauties of our republican institution that it grants to every man and woman the power to become the architect of their own fortune. To be something or nothing.'

'All that sounds very well for you politicians, and will doubtless have a very good effect in electioneering purposes, but I have no ambition, because I live under a republican government, ot become so very republican in my feelings and associations. The distinctions of society should be observed, else what would it become?'

'So they should, Lucy, and so they ever will. The distintionbcetween vice and virtue, ignorance and intelligence, cannot be too nicely drawn, though I fear it would be to the exclusion of many who now swell the list of our would be aristocracy, while the admission of our worthy blacksmith and his intelligent family would more than compensate for a score of them.'

'How can you, Fred, persist in that which you know is so annoying to your family? The very idea of having a girl like Susan Howard associated with it, is too humbling to be endured.'

I regret exceedingiy that your prejudices are so strong, Lucy, as I have decided upon asking Miss Howard to become your sister; so you see I cannot, with consistency; give you the required promise.'

'If that is your decision, further argument is useless; but you know my feelings towards her, and the welcome she will be likely to receive from me.'

* * * * * *

'Have you seen the member from C——, Fred?' asked Lucy Preston of her brother the day after his arrival in Washington, where she had been spending a few weeks with her father, a distinguished member of Congress from one of our New England States.'

'No. Who is he? and what is he like?'

'His name is Howard; and I heard father say this morning, he was one of the most talented members of the House. He is certainly one of the most perfect gentlemen I ever met.'

'Howard. Oh! I wonder if he has any sisters.'

'Yes, several. One one of them was here with him during the early part or the season, and judging from the quantity and quality of praise lavished upon her, she must be a paragon. She will be here again soon, as she is expected to grace Mrs. L——'s party to-morrow night,'

'I must manage to get an introduction to her.'

'I think I can effect that, as her brother has promised to favor me with one. I am really curious to see one who excites such unqualified admiration.'

Mrs. L—— 's spacious drawing-rooms were already filled with the elite of the capital, when Lucy Preston entered, accompanied by the talented and accomplished Mr. Howard.

Grave statesmen, and politicians had laid aside the care and dignity of state and office, to participate in those fashionable folies which so invitingly promise to afford relaxation and amusement; and well were those promises fulfilled, as the radiant faces of beauty, and majestic manhood proclaim; as they here surrender themselves to the exhilerating sounds of music, and keep time and pace with its voluptuous swellings, or they join themselvs to that merry group where wit and humor is the presiding genius. While perchance, some more intellectual in their tastes find a deeper source of enjoyment in the discussion, of graver topics.'

Lucy's eager eye took a glance at the gay assembly, then wandered enquiringly from one group to another, to distinguish, if possible, the star which reigned pre-eminent; but all seemed to her alike gay and beautiful, and she soon, in the fascinating eloquence of the gentleman on whose arm she leaned, half forgot her womanly curiosity and the promised introdnction; when the announcement of Mr. Preston and Miss Howard, excited both curiosity and astonishment. The The suppressed murmur of admiratien which greeted their entrance had scarcely subsided, when her astonishment was suddenly changed to the deepest chagrin and mortification; for there, in the sister of the man she so much admired, and the acknowlekged favorite of the most refined circles of the Capital, she beheld none other than our blacksmith's daughter.

The following Christmas witnessed a merry party assemble beneath the roof of our worthy blacksmith, and Lucy Preston—now Mrs. Howard, the bride of the blacksmith's son—rejoiced in the beauty of those liberal institutions, which a short year before she had held in such contempt.

'The distinctions of society should be observed, Lucy, else what will it become?' whispered Fred Preston to his sister, on this merry Christmas evening.

'Oh, Fred! will you never forgive my folly? You have already punished me quite enough.'

'Yes, sister dear; only I wished to enquire what reception the blacksmith's daughter would receive from the distinguished member from C——?'

'You are positively too bad. There, Susan is calling you; go, try and be civil on this your wedding night at least.'

The Blue Stocking;

OR,

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

FIRST SIDE.

"A pretty domestic she'll make, I imagine. Pray, what in the world could her husband have been thinking about, to commenca housekeeping?" and the prety Mrs. A, gave her head a knowing toss.

"I'm sure I cannot tell," answered Mrs. B. "But of one thing I am certain, she will make but a poor assistant. Why, with her literary tastes, what can she do? Poor man! I sincerely pity him; for he will be deprived of many luxuries and comforts which ought to be his. A wife should devote all her time to her household."

"Were you speaking of Mrs. C., the 'Blue Stocking?" asked Mrs. D., languidly raising her eyes, and fixing them on the last speaker. "O, I hear she knows nothing at all about domestic affairs. Her servants take advantage of her, and her house is a perfect scene of discord. Her husband, poor man! is voiceless in his own home, for she rules both that and him."

"I dare say that," chimed in Mrs. E., "for I've been told she's a perfect termagant. Poor, poor, Mr. C!"

"Do you know I actually heard the other day that she even struck him at the threshold of his own door?" asked Mrs. A., looking round upon the little group with a self confident air.

"Dreadful," exclaimed Mrs. B., holding up both hands. "But it is no more than we could expect of her! Heaven preserve us from others of a like nature!

"And heaven preserve all husbands from like wives," replied Mrs. D.

"Amen!" responded Mrs. E., with upturned eyes.

"And do you know," continued Mrs A., not willing to let the conversation drop, "that I called upon her the other day, and she had the impudence to send me word she was 'engaged.' Engaged, forsooth! In nothing more than some foolish love story, I'll be bound. To be sure, the last time I did see her, I was a little inquisited, and I suppose her ladyship was offended. But I said no more than I deemed it my duty. She has come among us, a stanger, and knows little of our society."

'And I conclude does not wish to," answered Mrs. B., with a scornful air. Only the other day when I expressed my surprise to her that she did not oftener mingle in society, she replied that she "found it at kome, and cared not to go in search of any other."

"The impudent thing!" exclaimed Mrs. D. "If that is the way she intends trea ing us, let her go. But her husband! I pity him from my heart. He must be sorely tried."

"Yes, he is," quicklp answered Mrs. E. "Formerly he used sometimes to mingle with us in our social gatherings. Now he ts obliged to remain at home, to please his willful wife. Poor, poor man."

"Shall we not hold a meeting to offer him our sympathy?" asked the roguish Mrs. F., a warm and devoted friend of the injured one. She had entered during the last part of the conversation, but had heard sufficient to be enlightened as to the whole. Her tone and manner reproved them; and now, reader, while we leave her to vindicate the rights of the absent one, let us just glance at the

SECOND SIDE.

It was evening, and the young husband and wife sat by an open window, gazing far out into the stillness and beauty of night. A sweet smile was on her lips, and a holy love beamed from her eyes. Suddenly he leaned her head on his shoulders and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, Elsie?" asked he as he pressed her close and still more close to his manly heart. Can you tell me all?"

She raised her dark eyes to his, exclaiming, "I was only contrasting the past with the present, Henry. Ah! I had known sorrow—much sorrow;" and and a shudder past through her whole frame. "When my mother died, darkness seemed closing around me. Life had no charms, no pleasures. For long month I felt thus; and it was through the kindness of a female friend, that I threw off their stuper. She begged me to try exertion; to use the pen. I did so, trembling at first, but by degrees gained stength.

"A new life seemed diffused through my whole being What I at first commenced as a pleasure was continued for assistance. I wrote, and I loved writing. Now new loves and new interests have well nigh swallowed up the old, and day after day, week after week passes, without one word from the pen. Do you regret it?"

"I would have you do as you wish, Elsie, but should hope that your old tastes would not entirely forsake you. I well know my wife is too strongly attached to her husband and home, ever to neglect either. But I do not believe a woman was made to be a mere drudge, or a doll even. There are many hours which she might and ought to spend in improving and adorning her mind. And if one has a taste for writing, let her cultivate it. In no other way can woman raise her voice with more power. God lent her the talents Let her return it with usury. To see one possessed of both literary and domestic tastes, is just my idea of a perfect woman nobly planned."

"Such, my Elsie, to my mind I thank Heaven thou art. Would that all were deeply blessed in the wife of their choice?" He drew her to his bosom, and tenderly kissed away the falling tesrs."

"But when others censure, and call me "blue stocking," do you not care?" asked she, her eyes again filling.

"No," answered he, with firmness.—"They may say what they please. It does not tear the happiness from my heart. I know that for your playfulness and childlike enthusiasm, as well as for some other things, you are often misjudged by the more common place and prudent. But these very things first won my love, and I would have them remain ever thus. Remember, my wife, where they see but *one* side to the question, I see *both*, and I am satisfied."

Scene in a Dentist's Office.

A male representative from the Emeral Isle enters, hat in hand, with—

'The top of the morning to ye, sir, an' I've got a bad tooth, an' the divil a bit o' comfort can I get short of a bottle of brandy, an' I've got one of father Matthy's medals to kape me from all evil spirits, shure. Now, sir, what'll ye be axin' to pull me a tooth?'

'Half a dollar, says the doctor.

'Well,' says Pat, 'what will you pull two for?'

'Oh,' replied the doctor, 'I will not charge you anything for pulling the second one.'

Pat seated himself, turned up his mug, and the doctor took a peep at his grinders, and with a little assistance from Pat, soon found which were the ones he wanted out. Says Pat—

'This is the first one, and that is the second one. Plaze pull the second one out first.'

'Very well,' replied the doctor; 'any way to get them out;' and he pulled.

Before he had time to fix the instrument for the other tooth—the first one Pat had got out of the chair and was edging towards the door.

'I guess, doctor, I won't have the first tooth pulled till it aches, and you told me that you would pull the second one for nothing.'

Pat mizzled, and the doctor pocketed the joke instead of the fee.

I'm Almost Home.

The following is related of a young girl, whose journey of life was near the end.

About the chamber gilded gently the the loved forms of her parents and only sister She silently noted their movements with a mild expression of her dying eye, turning it from side to side. Arrested, by her peculiar look so expressive of affection and patient suffering, they paused to look upon her, whom they only saw but dimly through their tears, and soon should see no more.

A feeble offort to speak, a quivering voiceless movement of the lips, drew closely around her the loving hearts of that sorrowinw circle. Mother, father sister, all came closer to her side. A playful smile lit up her countenance.—She laid her little pulseless hand within her mother's palm, then closed her eyelids to the light of the earth, and sank away. The cold damp of death's shadowy valley seemed circling over her.—Slowly sinking down, she glided towards that river's shore, which like a narrow stream, divides the spirit-land from ours. But see! the quivering lips essay to speak! 'Mother!"—How every heart throcbed now, and then each pulse stood still. They listened, "Mother!" the dying girl breaths forth—"I see—a light—I'm almost home!"

Blessed thought! Light is sown for man, even amid the gloom and darkness of the grave.

A Constable on a Throne.

The present Emperor of France was a few years ago an English constable. During the Chartist movements, in '48, M. Louis Bonoparte found himself at London. Not having a sous in his pocket, he was, of course "in favor of all the great questions of the day," that promisee to pay anything, and ready to join in getting up a revolution, or putting down one, just as the wind might blow. On the 10th of April, 1848, when a Chartist insurrection was apprehended, Louis, probably forseeing it would come to nothing, applied for the office of constable, and was sworn in as a "special" He was put upon duty in the streets of London, and assisted in keeping the populace in order.

DON'T STAND ON THE TRACK.—"The train," says a railroad Gazette, "may steal suddenly upon you, and then a little trepidation, slight mis-step, a slip of the foot, and we shudder to think of your crushed and bleeding body." So it is in the journey of life: perils are all round you on every hand, but dont stand in their path and defy them; Perhaps you know and then take a little intoxicating drink My friend, if so, you are "stanping on the track," while the car retribution comes thundering on—moving in a right line—approaching with steady and rapid wheels. Will it not bear down and crush you? Perhaps you spend an occasional evening with a party of friends, amusing yourselves with cards or dice, staking small sums to make the game interesting. My friend, "you are standing on the track." Thousands have stood there and perished.—Don't wait to hear the rattling of the rushing wheels, but fly from the track.—At a safe distance, stand and view the wrecks which you ponderous train will spread before you. Look well to the ground on which you plant your feet, and forget nor for these many days our parting words, "Don't stand on the track.'"

☞A Western paper says: "We are indeed a happy, elegant, moral, transcendent people. We have no masters, they are all principles; no shopmen, they are all assistants; no shops, they are all establishment; no servants, they are all 'help;' no jailors, they are all governors; nobody is flogged in Bridgewell, he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is only excited; nobody is cross, his only nervous.

A certain gentleman on his death bed, called his black man to him 'Well, Cato, I have thought to confer one favor on you before I die.

'Ah! what dat, masse?' says Cato.

'Why, I intend to give you the privilege of being buried in the family vault when you die.'

'Ha, masse,' replied Cato 'me no like dat; ten you'd suit much better. Besides, when the debil comes to look for masse in de dark, he may make mistake and take off poor Cato.'

"I served," says Jefferson, "with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia, before the Revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow themselves."

THERE are friends for the old maid, the universal aunt? Children love her, and kittens come and lie in the fire-shrine at her feet, and pur. There are pleasant homes where her presence is welcome and by and by, some poor soul she has comforted will put a flower on her grave. But for the old bachelor, heaven help him, for man cares not for him.

☞"Does Pa kiss you because he loves you?" inquired a little snubbynosed urchin of his maternal ancestor the other day. To be sure, sonny, why?" 'Well I guess he loves the kitchen girl, too, for I seed him kiss her more than forty times last Sunday, when you was gone to meeting."

A PROMISING YOUTH.—"Sammy, run to the store and get some sugar."

'Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a paper of tobacco along."

'Shall we take a 'bus up Broadway,' said a young New Yorker, to who was showing his country cousin the wonders of the city. 'Oh dear no!' said the frightened girl? 'I would not do that in the street.'

☞A strange genius, in describing a lake in Minnesota, says it is so clear that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

A fellow who had been sentenced to six months imprisonment in a ricketty old county jail, for some irregularity, made his escape. On being retaken he was ashed why he broke jail—his reply was, "I didn't break out, I fell out of the d——d thing'

☞"Oh, my friend,' said a doctor, to an Irish patient 'be composed—we must all die once' 'And it's that what vexes me,' replied Pat. 'If I could die half a dozen times, I'd not care a hapenny about this time.'

☞A school-boy who did not know what wages were, was asked, "What does pour father get on Saturday night?" "Drunk," was the reply.