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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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Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

For the News.

Thoughts

At the grave of my cousin, Mr. C. Sutton, who died in my absence from home, Oct. 23rd, 1851.

He was a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and a warm-hearted friend. He was kind, affable, and obliging. He lived the life of moral integrity and died the death of an humble christian, at the early age of twenty-one years.

I am standing by thy grave, cousin, a quiet, lovely spot,
Thinking of thy early fate and of my own hard lot:
I'm thinking of the time, cousin, just three short years ago,
When you and I together stood where you sleep below.

The scene is much the same, cousin,—other graves I see,
Enclosed within the old brick wall 'neath the cedar tree—
The spreading oak, the country church, loved by us both so well,
Are the same; but many the changes my heaving breast could tell.

Since then I've wandered far and wide o'er hill and plain and sea—
Loved ones have died—friends proved false, and others endeared to me.
Now disappointment, sad despair, seizes the vitals of my soul:
Now hope in her turn enters there—exerts her wide control.

I'm bending over thy tomb, cousin, of marble so white and fair;
Me thinks as I read thy name I hear thy fervent dying prayer,
Breathed for a devoted mother—a father gray in years—
Offered for brothers and sisters who stand around in tears.

Thy form is wasted, pale thy cheek—the death sweat's on thy brow:
I hear the say, "death has no sting for me—Jesus is with me now."
Where art thou now, my cousin? In realms of glory bright?
Thou dwelleth with thy Saviour, "arrayed in glorious white."

Farewell! for I must leave thee, cousin, in thy peaceful slumber,
And journey on in life's short way, till death my days shall number;
And be they few or many, be rough or smooth the way,
I ask resignation—for strength and grace I pray.

* * *

Shrewsbury, July. 8th, 1853.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Star Spangled Banner.)

Charles Bayard's Dream, AND ITS RESULTS.

BY CLAUDE ST. PIERRE.

There was a season when I loved
The calm and holy night,—
When, like yon silvery evening star,
Just trembling on our sight,
My spirit through its heaven of dreams
Went floating forth in light.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

When we mortal come home of an evening, tired and weary-hearted with the pains, toils and pleasures of real life, which are once again over, a cosy arm-chair, to the man, looks quite inviting, as it stands there this warm summer's evening, by the open casement; while the 'Evening News,' laying over on of its arms, is equally welcome and second only in value, in his eyes, to the bunch of pure Havanas, laying on the card stand near by; one of which he feels will soon be aiding in building castle, monuments, and winding stairways of smoke; and while he enjoys this smoky pleasure, he will gaze on upon the beautiful views before him, after slightly reading the news, and then, may be, as the evening shadows steal on, his eyelids will grow weary and he will slumber, and perhaps dream of stocks and trade, but not a second of the fair ones who beautify earth; no, for it is in most cases only bachelors who find so much enjoyment in such a lonely manner.

Such a gentleman was our friend, Charles Bayard, whom you, my gentle reader, may suppose to be making a very gentlemanly bend towards you, as I introduce him for a short space of time to your notice.

Charles Bayard, Esq., is a decidedly talented and handsome man, under forty—an honor to the bar, (legal!) where he has already gained a high place in the people's hearts, and won 'golden opinions' for his ability and shrewdness, although perhaps the purses, port monnaies, or pockets of many are the lighter for his acquaintance. Charles is a fine, noble-looking gentleman, sporting whiskers and moustache in perfection, and having black, curly hair, dressed in the latest style

Thus, readers mind, you may chance to meet him on Chesnut street of one city, or Broadway of the other. One more item descriptive—Charles was strongly attached to the bar, yet partook of nothing stronger than pure cold water, which we wish we could say of all his brothers-*in law* and fellow-citizens.

It was a beautiful summer evening—when the sun was draping the western sky in many-hued glories, as our friend Charley entered an apartment in his boarding house, similar in appearance, arrangements, &c., to that with which we opened our sketch; save that the beautiful view from the casement consisted of a huge brick wall, reaching some two stories higher than his room, and being some five feet from the casement—delightful prospect! very; only varied by here and there a shining jet brick, or numerous cracks and breaks.

Charles was really weary, having been speaking and arguing all the day, in favor of a poor client. He raised the evening paper, and a report of the case in which he had been engaged caught his eye. He had had enough of that however, and so cast the paper on one side; took up a segar, lighted it, and prepared to felicitize in a smoke.

Presently his eyes closed, and the waiter of the house entered and placed in his hand a delicate envelope tied with white ribbon.

'Sah,' said ebony, 'a german of color left that for you, sah, with a compliaments of his massa, sah;' and the polite waiter left the room.

Charles eagerly took the note, looked at the direction, but could not guess the writer thereof; then daintily taking the tiny ribbon in his fingers, he opened and found inside a curious invitation reading thus:

'Mr Augustus Hurlbut, and Lecille, his niece, request the pleasure of your company to tea, to-morrow evening, at Willow Glen—about five mile above the city. The object of the invitation will remain a secret until a few moment after your arrival.

July —, 18—.'

'Truly, that beats Bannagher, and Bannagher beats the world!' exclaimed not very loudly, our friend. 'A tea party, a niece,—a lady, of course; pretty, I expect—I detest pretty women; Augustus Hurlbut—who's he? ah! her uncle—a rich old uncle perhaps, going to make a will, die some day, and leave it all to the niece. I dislike legacies except when they are brought to law, and I have the best side of the case, but let me see: I'll go.'

It appears Charles did go, at least we next find him bodily present in the same room, but spiritually, standing on the top step of Willow Glen Cottage.

He rings, the door opens, and a pretty little French girl appears and says—

'Walk in, monsieur——your card, please.'

And Charles presents his card to her, when she again with a bow and a smile, asks—

'Your invitation, please; and pray inform me if you are married."

Charles handed her the invitation, and looked quited astonished at such a question, replied—That he was not married, as he was aware of.

'Then come in and welcome,' said she

And our friend, Charles Bayard, followed the fair girl into the parlor, where he found some other gentlemen seated around, apparantly all strangers to each other. There were some more arrivals, until the number of gentleman assembled was twenty five. Then the pretty fair French maid invited them out to tea.

They arose *en masse* and followed her, and soon were seated round a well laden table. Then a noble-looking gentleman entered, and bowing, said—

'Welcome, gentlemen, every one welcome; although we meet as strangers, I hope we shall part good friends. My niece, Lucille, will be here presently.'

A moment more, and as fair and beautiful a girl as ever greeted the eyes of man, stood in the doorway, glided gracefully to the vacant chair, bowed politely, and then as she sweetly smiled, cast bewildering glances around the table, finally letting those beautiful eyes of jet rest on Charles.

He felt his fate was sealed, sure. He raises the cup to his lips, he looks up meets those watching eyes gets wonderfully confused, for a man, his hand trembles, and over the cloth he spills the tea. No one spoke for a long time, then Mr. Hurlbut spoke as follows—

'Gentlemen, my niece, as you perceive is very beautiful; she is also good and talented; (Lucille looks down,) and as heretofore she has been considered an heiress, she has had many butterfly sort of men; all sorts, in fact, hovering around her, loving her beauty, very much—loving her gold more. All these she has respectfully declined

'To-day she is nineteen; and I have desired her, before very long, that she should marry. She agrees with me; and in order that she may marry, freely, from her own choice, she has contrived a plan with the aid of her cousin Kate—which is, that several gentleman of known respectability, high standing in society, but unknown personally, to her, be invited to tea on this, her birth-day evening.

'This has been done; you are here, gentlemen, and after tea we will adjourn to the parlor, have music, refreshments, &c., and then the gentleman whom Lucille accepts to accompany her there, will be her chosen. Are you satisfied, gentlemen?'

'Perfectly,' was murmured around by the now certainly astonished guests.

Here Lucille looks up, her eyes meets our friend Charley's, he grows nervous, and spills another cup of tea——she smiles.

Tea was over, many offered their arms; each one she smilingly refused, until our hero, Charley, stepped up and to his joy, she laid her fair hand on his arm.

Then said Mr. Hurlbut—

'Come, friends, lets go to the parlor.'

Charles gained courage fast—began to think a pretty woman was not so detestable after all—and so he began in low tones to whisper in Lucille's ear.

The two paused until all were gone, and they were alone; then said Lucille—

'Charles, I care not so much for your being handsome; I know from your manners—from the beautiful, kind, intellectual expression of your eye, that you are good and true-hearted, and will make me a kind, true husband.

'Dear, Lucille, I will.' Then placing his arm around her waist, he placed his lips to hers, and such a kiss!

A very warm one, a very hot kiss indeed; for dear readers mine, the truth is Charley's segar was nearly burnt out, and this interesting crisis, the fire thereof came in contact with the delicate skin of Charles' lips, which caused him to open his mouth and eyes at the same moment, and rubbing the latter, exclaimed—

'And was it all a dream? Yes; she was a love of a girl—confound that segar!' and saying thus, he cast the offending stump against the wall, just as the tea bell below summoned him to tea in reality.

An Uneasy Predicament.

We were the witness of a very ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which we crave the indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.

While sitting at our desk and laboring assiduously with pen, scissors and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly 'frightened from our propriety" by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming—"For God's sake help me to see what's the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me!"

We instantly rose from our chair, half frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and was so wonderfully agitated, that we knew not whether he was indeed in his sens s or not. We looked at him with a sort of surprised mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with, or seize and confine him for a madman. The latter we came near attempting. There he stood, quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the knee.

"What's the matter?" we asked at last.

"The matter!" he exclaimed, "oh, help me! I've got something here, which just ran up my leg! Some infernal scorpion or lizard, I expect! Oh, can't let go, I must hold it. Oh, there!" he shrieked, "I felt it move just then!" Oh, these pants without straps! I'll never wear another pair open at the bottom as long as I live. Ah, I feel it again!"

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at a respectful distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards, tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's unmentionables, as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman, "help me to see what it is. I was just passing that pile of rubbish in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning,"—and he clench his fist more tighly. If it had been the neck of an anaconda; we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time two or three of the news boys had come in; the clerks and packing boys hearing the outcry, stopped working, and editors, and all hands stood around the sufferer with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Fring a chair, Fritz," said we, "and let the gentleman be seated."

"Oh I can't sit," said the gentleman; "I can't bend my knee!—if I do it will bite or sting me; no, I can't sit"

"Certainly, you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you have got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze, I'll crush it to death," and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life left this last effort would have killed it. He then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured; the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; he put on a thick grove and slowly inserted his hand but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing, whatever it might be, each ready to scamper out of harm's way should it be alive, when suddenly the gentleman became, more agitated that ever

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, it's inside my drawers. It's alive, too, I feel it—quick!—give me the knife again!" Another incision was made—in went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and lo! out came *his wife's stocking.!*

How the stocking ever got there *we* are unable to say, but there it certainly was, and such a laugh as followed we havn't heard for many a day. Though this is about a *stocking*, we assure our readers it is no *yarn*.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"Shtop der Poat."

We were standing at the wharf the other day at Cape Vincent, on the majestic St. Lawrence, and the steamer New York was about starting on her voyage towards Lewistown. Two stalwart sailors had hold of the ropes attached to the gang-plank, and were awaiting the orders of the Captain to draw in. "All ashore, that's going," was answered by "All aboard," to those on the land.—"Shtop der poat," cried a Dutchman, as he broke round a corner like a quarter nag, "Shtop der poat," he repeated as he rushed breathless on the deck. "Draw in," cried the Captain to the sailors, that stood by the gang-plank. "Shtop der poat," roared the Dutchman, "Mine vrow ish not come;" and just then along waddled a buxom woman, about four feet six in height, by six feet four in circumference, with a face redolent with exertion and excitement, shining, and red, like a New England pumpkin.—"Draw in," said the Captain again, when the fat woman reached the deck. "Shtop der poat," again cried the honest Dutchman, "Mein kist ish not come. "Shtop der poat," mein gelt ish mit mein kist," he continued, as two stalwart Germans came hurrying forward, having between them a "kist" of somewhat less than half a ton in weight. "Draw in," shouted the Captain impatiently, and the engine signal for going ahead was struck.—"Shtop der poat," yelled the Dutchman, as the great wheel made a revolution, "Mein dog ish not come." Just then a noble animal of the Newfoundland breed caught the sound of his master's voice, and making a clean leap from the shore, landed upon the deck. "Dat ish goot," said the Dutchman, as he essayed to clasp his fat wife in his arms.—"Dat ish goot," he repeated, as he hugged his shaggy friend's neck. Opening his great "kist," he brought out a square black bottle, and applying it to his mouth and pointing the bottom towards the stars and stripes that floated on the low flag-staff, took a true Dutchman's pull at the schnapps. "Dat ish goot" he cried, as he handed the "black jack" over to his fat vrow, who dutifully imitated her lord in a pull at the schnapps. "Dere," said he, as he deposited the bottle in his kist and turned the key in the lock, "Ich bein all right, and der poat can go mit der duyval."—*Albany Register.*

SOMETHING LIKE A MIRACLE.—The *N. B D. Mail* has the following under the title of 'Remarkable Occurrence:'

'A little girl had her left eye so completely covered with a white speck that it was rendered sightless. A few days since, while amusing herself out of doors a Dove descended from a neighboring dwelling-house, as if in search of food, removed the speck with its bill, without causing the slightest injury, so that ever since the vision of the girl has been perfect.'

THE PIERCE FAMILY.—The ancestor of the family of Franklin, President of the United States, has not been definitely settled. Some think it was Robert of Woburn, 1650. I am strongly inclined to the belief that it was Daniel of Newbury, 1637, from whom descended Benjamin, born 26th Feb., 1669, who had a son Benjamin, born 13th June, 1700.—If we may form a conjecture of origin from family traits, we may pretty safely conclude that the late Gov. Benj. Pierce of Hillsborough, father of Pres. Franklin Pierce, was of the stock of Benjamin of Newbury, who died May 19, 1711, aged 42 years.

In the old burying-ground in Byfield, which was a parish of Newbury, the following inscription is found on a tombstone:

'Here lys ye body of Benjamin Pierce Esq., who died May ye 19th, 1711, aged 42 years and 3 months.

"Pillar 'i th' State he was;
Bid fair still
At greater things,
To all y knew him well,
Pattern of vertue;
Kind to all was he,
Loved by his friends,
Feared of his enemie.
Embalmed in tears,
Envy itself stood dumb;
Snatchi from ye world
In times most troublesome."

On another grave stone in the same yard is the following—to one of the same family:

"Here lyes intered what was mortal of ye Honourable Daniel Pierce, Esq., who, fell asleep, April ye 22nd, 1804, aged 66.

"Here lies intered a soul indeed,
Whom few or none excelled;
In grace if any him exceed,
He'll be unparalleled."

Concord (N. H.) Patriot

THE LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.—There is a cedar tree growing in the mountains of Calaveras county, California, which a correspondent of the Sonora Herald, who freequently made an excursion to see it, thus describes:

"At the ground the circumference was 92 feet; four feet above that it was 88; and ten feet above that it was 61 feet.—Its height is 300 feet. This tree is by no means a deformity, as most trees with large trunks are.

"I have said that this is the largest tree yet discovered in the world. It is so. The celebrated tree of Fremont would have to grow many centuries before it could pretend to be called any thing but a younger brother. There is a tree in Mexico called the Taxodium which is said to be 117 feet in circumference, but some have said it is formed by the union of several trees.

"This giant of the woods is to be flayed. The process has already commenced. We understand that the bark, which at the base is about fourteen inches thick, is to be taken off in sections to the height of twenty feet and sent to the World's Fair in the city of New York.

HOW SHERIDAN GOT A PAIR OF BOOTS.—A short time after his leaving Harrow he went down to Bristol to spend a few days. Before he quitted that place he wished to obtain, on credit, a new pair of boots. He called on two different sons of Crispin, ordered each to make him a pair of boots, and to bring them at different hours of the day he had fixed for his departure, telling them they should be punctually paid on the delivery of their goods. On the appointed morning, the first that came found the young gentleman in expectation. He tried on the boots found that one of them pressed on his heel, directed the man to take it home, stretch it, and return with it the next morning; the man, who could not comprehend of what service a single boot would be to the possessor, obeyed. His brother Crispin soon followed; the same fault was found; the same directions repeated; and Sheridan, having obtained a boot from each, mounted his hack for the metropolis, leaving the dupes to lament their folly in being duped by a raw stripling.

A NOBLE MONUMENT.—To honor the memory of the late duke of Wellington, a magnificent school is to be established in England, at which children of Army officers are to be admitted free of charge. The Queen heads the subscription with $5,000; Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge (the Queen's uncle) follow with $2,500 each; and there are several subscriptions ranging from $500 to $1,000. The entire subscription already amounts to $300,000, and will probably be increased to $500,000.

☞A young buck of the soap-lock order, who wore an unshaven face, because, as he said, it 'looked foreign,' lately accosted a Yankee as follows:

'I say, fellow, some individuals think I am a Frenchman, and some take me for an Etalyean—now, what do you think I am?'

'I think you are a *darned fool!*' replied Jonathan.

The Cotton Crop of the World—The United States

According to De Bow's Review, the quantity of Cotton imported into the whole of Europe, from all parts of the world, during the years 1846, '47, '48, and '49, reached 11,502,000 bales, of 300 lbs. each. Giving the averaged price for the years named, at 8½c., and the aggregate is $293,401,000. The production of Cotton in the United States commenced in 1790; and yet, of the whole amount above stated, 8,922,000 bags were sent from the Southern States of America, which, at 8½ cents a pound, realized $227,511,000.

IS HE A MECHANIC?

Yes, but we'll be bound to say he will make a more agreeable companion, a more kind friend, and a more affectionate husband than multitudes whose soft hands and delicate faces tell plainly that they have nothing to do with labor.—Secure him, young lady, if you can, and let who will, be gallanted by fops and fashionables. That man may not be able at present to make so fine an appearance as the sons of his wealthy neighbors, but eventually, if he continues to be steady, honest, and industrious he will outshine them all. A score of years hence, you would not exchange him, for one of them, with the whole world in the bargain.

A SITUATION.—Two young officers were travelling in the Far West, when they stopped to take supper at a road side tavern, kept by a very rough Yankee woman. The landlady, in a calico sun-bonnet and bare feet, stood at the head of the table to pour out. She inquired of her guests 'if they chose long sweetening or short sweetening in their coffee." The first officer, supposing that "long sweetening" meant a large portion of the article, chose it accordingly. What was his dismay when he saw their hostess dip her finger deep in an earthen jar of honey that stood near her, and then stir it (the finger) round in the coffee. His companion, seeing this, preferred "short sweetening;" on which the woman picked up a large lump of maple sugar that lay in a brown paper on the floor beside her, and biting off a piece, put it into the cup. Both the gentlemen dispensed with coffee that evening. This annecdote we heard from the sister of one of those officers. —*Miss Leslie.*

Popular expressioos often trace their origin to singular circumstances. An insane author, once placed in confinement, employed most of his time in writing. One night, being thus engaged by aid of a bright moon, a slight cloud passed over the luminary, when, in in an impetuous manner, he called out—"Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!" The cloud became thicker and he exclaimed, "The stupid fool! he has snuff it out!"

☞Tom Moore says, in his Diary, "In talking of cheap living, Jekyll mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing; "for on Sunday," says he, "I always dine with an old friend, and I eat enough to last me until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe which I hate like the devil, and which accordingly, makes me so sick that I cannot eat again until Sunday."

A NAVAL AID.—"Mr.——," exclaimed an old toper to a temperance grocer, in town, not long since, "do you keep (hic) an y thing good (hic) to take?"

'Yes, we have some excellent cold water, the best thing in the world to take."

"Well, I know it," replied the Bacchante, "there's nothing—that's done so much for—navigation as that."

'Hallo! I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?"

"Oh, it will cure everything, heal anything!"

"Ah, well, I'll take a bottle; maybe it will *heel* my boots; they need it bad enough!"

☞When Sigourney, a notorious wag of Boston, was expiring, a servant entered and informed the attending physician that a man had fallen down the well. The dying man overheard the servant, and inquired with scarce an audible whisper. "I say, Doctor, did he *kick the bucket?*"

☞A "Knight of the Whip" makes the following inquiry: "I wonder if an editor's leaders ever got over the traces?"

☞Our 'devil,' would like to know the name of the capital of the 'State of Intoxication?' Who can tell?

☞A little wealth will suffice us to live well, and less to die happy.

☞Gov. Bigler was on a visit to Pittsburg last week.