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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

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THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

payable in advance—$2 at the expira- the first six months, or $2.50 at the end ar. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 co- $10. No subscription received for a period than six months, and no paper will ntinued until all arrears are paid. le papers 5 cents.

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POETRY.

The Louisville Journal says:—We defy any ateful lover of poetry to read the following lines ithout exclaiming—"How beautiful!"

My soul thy sacred image keeps,
My midnight dreams are all of thee;
For nature then in silence sleeps,
And silence broods o'er land and sea;
Oh, in that still, mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee but a fancy flower,
Thou cherished idol of my heart,
Thou hast each thought and dream of mine—
Have I in turn one thought of thine?

Forever thine my dreams will be;
Whate'er may be my fortune here;
I ask not love—I claim from thee
Only one boon, a gentle tear:
May e'er blest visions from above
Play brightly round thy happy heart,
And may the beams of peace and love,
Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart,
Farewell! my dreams are still with thee,
Hast thou one tender thought of me?

My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer blossoms depart,
But there's one flower that cannot die—
The holy memory in my heart;
No dews that flowret's cup may fill,
No sunlight to its leaves be given,
But it will live and flourish still,
As deathless as a thing of Heaven,
My soul greets thine, unasked, unsought,
Hast thou for me one gentle thought?

Farewell! farewell! my far off friend!
Between us broad blue rivers flow,
And forest wave, and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breaths upon thy brow
Is not the wind that breathes on mine,
The star beams shining on thee now
Are not the beams that on me shine,
But memory's spell is with us yet—
Canst thou the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that you and I
May shed when'er by anguish bowed
Exhaled into the noon-tide sky,
May meet and mingle in the cloud;
And thus my well beloved friend, though we
Far apart must live and move,
Our souls, when God shall set them free,
Can mingle in the world of love,
This was an ecstacy to me—
Say, would it be a joy to thee?

MISCELLANY.

THE TWO PICTURES.

BY COATES KINNEY.

BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

As the day came up, struggling with gloom of clouds, the vanguard had en alarm of that onslaught, which, be- the day was done was to make Inker- n second only to Waterloo. Through foggy, drizzly dark, had burst the st of bugles, and drums, and fifes and ling musketry; and the transition from ep to battle had been a transient inter- of consternation—not the consterna- n of cowardice, however, but sudden prise.

To arms! To the summoning martial sic—drums, whose hurried roll, and s, whose thrilling shrieks, make the od beat surge in the veins—to the glo- us martial music, man after man, col- n after column, company after compa- they wheel into array. Swiftly and htly, as though hurled by the power thunder, horse and plumed rider swept r the field and along the lines, bear- the hoarse, loud command; and quick thought there followed charges and ev- tions, and sublime preparations for od.

Oh! the battle of Inkermann would ve been a splendid sight to see in a ad field and a bright sun. But the ture of the ground, and the darkness of the day, rendered it impossible to take in more than a small scetie of the grand and terrible drama at one view. Many a heroic deed was performed that day in obscure and solitary places, that left no record but death. If you found, in some gloomy glen, a flush harvest of carnage—corpses lying thick as sheaves after the sickles—you knew there had been great achievements there: but they will not illume the page of history, for their memory sleeps in the burial trenches with those who died enacting them.

Thirst of glory, such as is slaked by blood, had lured young Cecil Gray from his happy home, in old England, to the camp and the field. He was an officer in the fifth dragoons; and, as we have an interest in him now, let us watch the performance of the fifth on the day of Inkermann.

Is it not they, yonder on the height? Let us get nearer them; for this dismal day is so like twilight that we cannot distinguish the figure on their buttons.—Yes, it is five. What noble fellows! How proudly do they sit on their horses! With what an air of impatience do they lean forward, as the battle's din increases!—How their nostrils dilate with the delay of opportunity!

Which of them is Cecil Gray? Do you see yonder on the right, that tall, noble, young officer, who is gazing with looks of unspeakable tenderness upon a locket miniature which he has just drawn from his bosom? That is he; and the miniature is of—the name would choke his utterance, if he attempted to speak it; for he thinking of the time—not many months ago, but oh, how long!—when the original of that picture sobbed on his breast, and clung to him with love's desperation, kissing him with the most impassioned kisses, and pleading with him in God's name not to go.

His lip quivers; he closes the locket, and replaces it in his bosom. If he were not agonizingly prayed for with her every breath, of whom he is now thinking, we would say, Oh, God! let him not sink upon the battle field to-day!

The fifth had lost most of their infantry, in the beginning of the battle; for the Turkish foot, their main support, had fled, at the first onset; and their remained to them now only a small division of the Highlanders, a number quite insufficient to sustain them. Yet, as the cannons thundered, and the muskets hailed the death around, the brave fellows felt it like a shame to sit there idle while their comrades were winning glory; and every moment they grew more eager, even without the support of infantry, for an occasion to act.

Hark! the tramp of cavalry. Every rein is tightened, and every horseman's breath is quelled with expectation. Up they come, at a fierce gallop, as though they ment to sweep the height clear at a single pass. It is the Muscovites! Their heavy, rushing billows of horses, dash full upon the Highlanders, and are shocked back by the shore of bayonets. They rally, and advance more slowly and determinedly.

Then the bugles of the fifth sounded, and the fiery horses are wheeled into order for the onset.

Look at Cecil Gray! he has forgotten the miniature; he has forgotten the original; he has forgotten the cottage by the Thames, where she is singing prayers to Heaven for him now; he thinks only of glory. His breast heaves and pants, and his hand clutches his hilt, waiting for the next signal twang.

Another blast of the bugles, and the whole fifth, instantly bristling all over with swords, like a single being, spring into the *pas de charge*. A thundering of battle, they swoop right down on the advancing foe, with the speed of the wind. God of heaven! what a spectacle! With what a sublimely terrific shock the two hostile masses of men and horses crash together! Sword clangs on sword; horse and rider sink; the sea of combat surges over them.

The fifth cut the foe through and through; and when their bugles sound the rally, they disregard the signal, determined to fight till they clear the field or die.—Horse against horse, with onset and repulse, Saxon and Cossack, they cleave one another down, swaying to and fro like a stormy sea.

Where is Cecil Gray? Yonder is his plume; watch it. It tosses above the thick of the fight, as if it were alive with glory. There, it looses itself in the smoke of pistols. It emerges. We loose sight of it again. Yonder once more it hies along the field, like a splendid bird of prey that kills its quarry, but stops not to devour. Swords leap up above and about it; other plumes nod and sink around it; riderless horses whirl away from it, or roll down and surge and die, in the overwhelming billows of the battle. But that plume and the sword that goes with it, cease not for an instant in their sublime career.

The wounded French Chasseur, who reclines on his elbow here nigh us, watching that plume, forgets his pain, and ejaculates, "*C'est superbe!*" and it is superb; it is glorious.

But now that plume is the dreadful centre of a vortex of foes, which dashes upon it, as upon a lone sail, the foam capped whirlpool in the sea. Other plumes fly to the rescue. Sabres flash up thick and fast, and chop down into fiery brains, and cross, and thrust, and stab, and mix in a horrible turmoil of heroic desperation.

We close our eyes tightly, with a shuddering sickness, and when we open them on the scene again the Russians are in total rout, and the gallant Fifth in rally, with shout and hurra. But the plume of Cecil Gray? It is gone! The prayers which have kept going up to Heaven from the cottage by the Thames have not been answered. That plume bowed to death, and went down while we were shutting our eyes.

How gloriously he died! On the field they found him the evening of that day with a monument of slaughtered heroes piled up to his glory. And as his surviving comrades spaded him a grave and wrapped his cloak around him, and laid him to his rest, they talked animatedly of his heroism, and then they spoke falteringly of one who—

"No more of that, my comrade!" said he who had been his bosom friend, in a choking voice—"There,"—he had taken the locket from the neck of the dead, clipped, with his sword, a lock from the hero's hair, and shut it over the miniature; "that shall be her tidings!—and may—God—pity and—comfort her!"

The big, blinding tears streamed down those stern men's cheeks;—they filled up the grave, breathing hard with the rush of homes dear emotions, but speaking not another word.

A COTTAGE BY THE THAMES.

Inkermann has been fought, and the news has gone through England. In that cottage Minnie Gray sits sobbing and wailing for what she knows possible, and yet hopes impossible. Weep on Minnie; the hour is at hand when the blessed relief of tears will be denied thee.

"Willie, go to the town,—and—and—Go! Willie!"

Willie goes; he runs all the way. He brings back nothing but the newspaper, filled with "LATEST FROM THE CRIMEA."

"No letter, Willie?"

"None."

She seizes the paper, and gropes, tearblind, through the long columns. But she finds nothing, only that so many were killed and wounded, and the names of a few great officers that were slain. The throbbing blood almost bursts from her veins and her eyes grow dry, as she reads a printed letter from one of the Fifth Dragoons. But it says nothing of Cecil, only that the Fifth Dragoons had been in *glorious* peril!

"Oh! my God! how can I bear this agony of suspense!"

Willie tried to soothe her, but she could hear nothing but the soul-stunning thunder of battle, see nothing through her tears, but the charge of the Fifth Dragoons!

"Go to the town, Willie, and come not back till you have brought some word from him!"

The boy went sorrowfully. Minnie Gray watched the clock and the road to the town, all day, and all night, and all next day till the sun went down.

Willie was coming! The sight of him made her dizzy and faint. How did he walk? Were there tidings in his step?—Yes! life or death! He came hurriedly while he seemed to reel under the weight of his heart. It must be death! Now, God of mercy! Thy helping hand! She staggers out to meet him and gasps:

"Any word, Willie?"

"*No word*, but—"

She holds her breath and stares wildly at him, as he draws forth the locket. He places it quickly in her clenching hand, and turns his face away. She unclasps shudderingly, and the lock of hair springs out and curls around her finger! A smothered quivering cry, a stifled, choking wail of agony that crushed the life out, and Minnie Gray fell into her brother Willie's arms.

In the little village church-yard, there is now a new-made grave, and over it a marble slab, bearing this inscription:

In Memory
Of Cecil and Minnie Gray,
Whom Peace Married
In Life,
Whom War Wedded
In Death.

☞ An old temperance man says, Ohio Judges must discriminate after the manner of the Dutch Justice, before whom three inebriates were brought up.

"What you gets drunk on?" said he addressing the sorriest specimen of the three.

"Blackstrap."

"You be one big rascal to drink such poor stuff. I fines you five dollars."

Rum was the next fellow's weakness and he was fined two dollars, rum being a more respectable tipple in the estimation of the justice.

"And what made you drunk?" said he to the third culprit.

"Punch."

"Go long wid you; I fines you just nothing at all. Why I gets drunk with punch myself sometimes."

☞ An Irishman who had blistered his fingers in endeavoring to draw on a pair of new boots, exclaimed, "By Saint Patrick, I shall never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

HOW TO MAKE ONE FARM EQUAL TO THREE.

G. T. Stewart, in a recent address before the Ohio Agricultural Society, thus speaks on this subject:

Many farmers are destroying the productiveness of their farms by shallow work. As they find that their crops are diminishing, they think only of extending their areas by adding acres of surface, as if they supposed that their title deeds only gave them a right to six inches depth of earth. If they will take those deeds, study their meaning, and apply the lesson to their fields they will soon realize, in three fields crops that fact that the law has given them three farms where they supposed they had only one; in other words, that the sub-soil, brought up and combined with the top-soil, and enriched with the atmospheric influences, and those other elements which agricultural sciences will teach them to apply to their ground, will increase three-fold the measure of its productiveness.

To show to what extent the fertility of the soil can be increased, I refer to the statement in the last Patent Office Report. In the year 1850 there were nine competitors for the premium corn crop of Kentucky, each of whom cultivated ten acres. Their average crop was about 122 bushels per acre. At that time, the average crop of wheat per acre in the harvest of Great Britain, on the soil cultivated for centuries was about double that produced on the virgin soil of Ohio. Why is this? Simply because British farmers are educated men and apply work wisely. They pay back to the earth what they borrow; they endeavor by every means in their power to enrich their ground and in turn it enriches them. If farmers, instead of laboring to double their acres would labor to double their crops, they would find it a vast saving of time and soil, and an increase of profits.

Many of them never think of digging ten inches into the soil, unless they have dreamed about a crock of gold hidden in the earth; but if they would set about the work of digging in earnest, every man would find his crock of gold without the aid of dreams and divinations.

We have a great advantage over British farmers in the fact that our farmers nearly all hold the lands which they cultivate, in fee simple, while in England they are chiefly tenants, hiring the land of the nobility, paying enormous rents to the proprietors, besides heavy taxes to the government. Taxes are comparatively light, and our farmers are their own landlords. Hence they have been able to pay three-fold wages for paper, to those in Europe, and pay the costs of transportation; and yet undersell the British farmers in their own market.

FIT FOR A LAWYER.—An old lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following conversation took place:

"Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy, and make a lawyer of him."

"The boy appears rather young, madam. How old is he?"

"Seven years, sir."

"He is decidedly too young. Have you no older boys?"

"Oh, yes sir, I have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told my man I thought this little feller would make a first rate lawyer and so I called to see if you would take him."

"No madam; he is too young yet to commence the study of profession. But why do you think this boy so much better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons? What are his peculiar qualifications?"

"Why, do you see sir, he is just seven years old to-day. When he was only five, he would lie like the devil; when he got to be six, he was sassy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he will steal every thing he can get his hands on. Now if he's not fit for a lawyer, I would like to know what else he will have to learn."

"Pretty well educated, I should think, madam."

☞ A Quakeress being jealous of her husband, took occasion to watch his movements rather closely, and one morning actually discovered the truant hugging the pretty servant girl on the sofa by her side.

Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peered through the half opened door, and rising with all the coolness of a general, thus addressed her:—

"Betsy, my wife, thee had better quit thy peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

The effect was electrical.

COURTSHIP.

Jenny sighed, and Robbin squeezed her
Pretty little trembling hand,
Then with outstretched arms he seized her
Half-reluctant form, and—and—
"Loose me!" but he clasped her tighter—
"Jennie, say wilt thou be mine?"
Then her bright face grew much brighter,
And she whispered, "I am thine."

Then they clasped each other fondly,
Close together as two bricks,
And they kissed each other soundly,
And I left them in that fix.

MARRIAGE OF LUCY STONE UNDER PROTEST.

T. W. Higginson sends to the Worcester Spy the following:

It was my privilege to celebrate May day by officiating at a wedding, in a farm house among the hills of West Brookfield. The bridegroom was a man of tried worth, a leader in the Western Anti-Slavery movement; and the bride was one whose fair fame is known througout the nation—one whose rare intellectual qualities are excelled by the private beauty of her heart and life.

I never perform the marriage ceremony without a renewed sense of the iniquity of our present system of laws, in respect to marriage;—a system by which "man and wife are one, and that one is the husband." It was with my hearty concurrence therefore, that the following protest was read and signed, as a part of the nuptial ceremony, and I send it to you that others may be induced to do likewise.

T. W. H.

PROTEST.

While we acknowledge our mutual affection, by publicly assuming the sacred relationship of husband and wife, yet in justice to ourselves and a great principle, we deem it a duty to declare that this act on our part implies no sanction of, nor promise of voluntary obedience to, such of the present laws of marriage, as refuse to recognize the wife as an independent rational being, while they confer upon the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority, investing him with legal powers which no honorable man would exercise, and which no man should possess.

We protest especially against the laws which give to the husband—

1. The custody of his wife's person.
2. The exclusive control and guardianship of their children.
3. The sole ownership of her personal, and use of her real estate, unless previously settled upon her, or placed in the hands of trustee, as in the case of minors, lunatics, and idiots.
4. The absolute right to the product of her industry.
5. Also against laws which give to the widower so much larger and permanent an interest in the property of his deceased wife, than they give to the widow in that of her deceased husband.
6. Finally, against the whole system by which "the legal existance of the wife is suspended during marriage," so that in most States she neither has a legal part in the choice of her residence, nor can she make a will, nor sue or be sued in her own name, now inherit property.

We believe that personal independence and equal human rights can never be forfeited, except for crime; that marriage should be an equal and permanent partnership, and so recognized by law; that until it is so recognized, married partners should provide against the radical injustice of present laws, by every means in their power.

We believe that where domestic difficulties arise, no appeal should be made to legal tribunals under existing laws, but that all difficulties should be submitted to the equitable adjustment of arbitrators mutually chosen.

Thus, reverencing law, we enter our earnest protest against rules and customs which are unworthy of the name, since they violate justice, the essence all law.

(Signed,) HENRY B. BLACKWELL.
LUCY STONE.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF OUR SAVIOUR.—Jesus Christ is described by Lentulus, a cotemporary, as a tall well proportioned man, straight in stature, of nearly six feet in height. His hair was of the color of new wine from the roots to the ears, and from thence to the shoulders it curled and fell down below them: upon the crown of his head it parted in two, after the manner of the Nazarenes. His forehead was flat and fair; his eyes gray, large and extremely lively; and his nose and mouth well proportioned. His face was neither round nor sharp, but resembled his mother's, and was adorned with a very graceful vermillion. His beard was thick and forked, and of the color his hair, which he wore long, the scissors having never been used upon his head; nor had the hand of any one touched him, except that of his mother when he was a child. His neck was not stiff, nor his carriage proud, but he stooped a little with his head. His hands were large and spreading, and his arms were very beautiful. There was an air of serenity in his countenance, which attracted at once the love and reverence of all beholders. In his reproofs he was terrible, but in his exhortations amiable and courteous. He was never seen to laugh but often observed to weep. Gravity, prudence, meekness, and clemency were strongly depicted in his countenance, and he was considered the handsomest man in existence.

☞ Why is the life of an editor like the book of Revelations? Because it is full of "types and shadows," and a mighty voice like the sound of many waters, ever saying unto him—"*Write*."

☞ Why is an editor, just commencing business, like a newly man? Because he is getting ready to issue the first number.

MEAN.—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the man who will not pay the printer.

THOMAS PAINE.

In a recent article on the celebration of Tom Paine's birthday, we alluded to Grant Thornburn as a living witness of his dissolute and disgusting habits. The last New York Observer contains a letter from Mr. Thornburn, written on his eighty-third birth day, February 18, and dated at Winsted, Connecticut, where he expects to pass his remaining days. This letter is devoted chiefly to reminiscences of Tom Paine. We makes the following extracts, which we hope will be read at the next and every subsequent anniversary of the infidel debauchee:

"As there is but one step between me and the grave, I owe it to generations yet to come to tell what I saw and heard of Thomas Paine. Perhaps there lives not a man on earth who traced him from his cradle to his grave, except myself. Carver and I were fellow laborers in the same shop. Paine and Carver were born in the same town in England. Paine and I boarded with Carver. I often hearn Carver, his wife, and Paine, as we four sat by the fire on a winter night, rehearse the items of his life. I think he was the worst member of the body politic I ever met with in all my journey through life. He married a respectable lady who died eleven months thereafter, in consequence of brutal treatment. He then married a daughter of the Collector of the Port of Lewis; after three years she obtained a divorce for like treatment.

"In 1773, while he held an office in the custom house, (given him by his father-in-law,) he was detected in taking brides from the smugglers, and fled to America. He was made Secretary to the private committee of Congress, and took an oath of office to keep their secrets.—He broke this oath by divulging the project of a secret mission to the Court of France by Silas Dean. He was dismissed with disgrace. (See the Journal of Congress in 1774 or '5.) This treachery was the cause of much trouble in Congress, and in the Court of Louis XVI.

"We next find him in Paris, helping Robespierre in his labors of love to establish the freedom of the press and the right of speech by means of the guillotine. He quarrelled with Robie, and was chalked for the guillotine. God, willing to make the wrath of Paine to praise Him, sent an angel to deliver him out of prisson. (For particulars of this miracle, see the Life of Thornburn, page 101.)

"In 1801, when King Thomas the First ascended the throne of his kingdom, he instantly dispatched a national frigate to convey to our shores the *venerated* Thomas Paine. He arrived early in the year 1802. I spoke with him at the City Hotel, Bowery, a few hours after his arrival. He found letters urging him on to Washington, (then a four day's journey.) He started next morning. At Georgetown a messenger was sent forward to announce his approach, a feast was got ready, and all those of like thinking were invited. Paine entered late, his shirt, unwashed, his beard unshorn, and reeling like a drunken man. A look of consternation shone forth from every face; mirth ceased; one by one they went out, leaving Paine on his chair fast asleep. Next day he received letters and instructions to return to New York.

"When Aaron Burr returned from Europe, whither he had fled after his duel with Hamilton, he kept his office in Nassau street, near my seed store. From him I received the account above stated.

"Paine, on his return, was unable to find lodgings. Carver took him in for old acquaintance sake. He died at Greenwich, of delirium tremens, 1809."—*Journal of Commerce.*

☞ A short time since they had a queer case of a Circuit Judge in the western district of Tennessee. He was a good lawyer, but cared nothing for appearance, and less for dress. The latter he knew nothing about, it being left entirely with Betty, his wife.

His Betty was absent from home once when he started around on the circuit, leaving the Judge to pack his clothes for the trip.

He did so; but instead of finding his shirts he seized upon a pile of his wife's—to what-you-call-'ems, used for a like purpose.

A learned brother, who roomed with him, was much amused a few mornings afterwards, at the quer appearance of the Judge, nothing being in sight but his head, arms and feet, his looks of bewilderment, and his sotto voto reflecting, which were—

"I wonder what on earth made Betty cut off my shirt sleeves! I don't see!"

It is probable he heard the reason the next time he saw Betty, but not before, as the bar kept dark on the matter (to him) that round.

☞ A gentleman was once walking in a street, when he met a stone cutter whom he thus addressed—

"My good fellow, if the devil was to come along, which of us two would he take?"

After a little hesitation, the man replied:

"Me, sir."

Annoyed by this reply, the querist asked him for a reason.

"Because, yer honor, he would be glad to catch meself—sure; and he'd have no use for you at any time."