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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.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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POETRY.

Written for the "Kent News."

Lines on the Death of a Young Lady.

I LOVE HER MEMORY NOW.

I loved her when I saw her first,
And each succeeding year;
I loved her when her praises burst
On my attentive ear.

I loved her when youth's merry beam,
Was lighted on her brow;
I loved her when life seemed a dream,
I love her memory now.

I loved her when I saw a smile
Pass o'er her lovely face;
I loved her when she did beguile,
My pleasures with her laugh.

I loved her when to school she'd go,
And return with many a bow;
I loved to know, she liked me so,
I love her memory now.

I loved her when I saw her last,
When she bid her last farewell,
I love to think on times now past,
When I did love her well.

I loved her when a foul disease,
On her began to grow;
I loved her as she lived and died,
I love her memory now.

Sigma Fat Epsilon.

MISCELLANY.

The Wife's Influence.

A CONTRAST.

"This is pleasant," exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cosily in the rocking chair, as the things were removed. The fire glowing in the grate revealed a pretty neat fashioned sitting room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he was enjoying what he had all day been anticipating—the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife Esther took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he again said, taking a satisfactory survey of his little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present comforts.

"Now, if we only had a piano," exclaimed the wife.

"Give me the music of your own sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he declared, complimentarily, besides a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime in with his own.

"Well, but we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come and see us, and not to hear a piano," exclaimed the husband.

"But George, everybody has a piano nowa-days—we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I don't know what we will do at one for—you will have no time to play on one, and I don't want to hear it."

"They are so fashionable—I think our room looks nearly naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear, said he, after a long pause.

"When are you going to get an astral lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther, wishly.

"Those are very pretty lamps—I never like to see by an astral lamp.

"But George, I do not think our room complete without an astral lamp," said Esther, sharply. "They are so fashionable. Why, the Morgans, Millers, and many others I might mention, all have them; I am sure we ought to."

"We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason in that.'

The husband moved uneasily in his chair.

"We want to live as well as others," said Esther.

"We want to live within our means, Esther," exclaimed George.

"I am sure we can afford it as well as the Morgans, the Millers and Thorns—we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean! I am not mean!" he cried angrily.

"Then we do not wish to appear so;" said the wife. "To complete this room, and make it look like other people's we want a piano and an astral lamp."

"We—we—want!" muttered the husband, "there no satisfying a woman's want, do what you may," and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma? How many husbands have been and are rendered uncomfortable by the dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions? How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessaries? Could the real cause of many failures be known, it would be found to result from useless expenditures at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and "what will people think."

"My wife has make my fortune," said a gentlemen of great possessions, "by her thrift and prudence, and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"Mine lost my fortune," answered his companion, "by useless extravagance and repined when I was doing well."

What a world does this open to the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is to common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is about to spring up, go a step further and visit the homes of the poor and suffering, and then return to your own with a joyful spirit. Be independent; a young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than now to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's decide what you will have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. It matters but little what people think, provided you are true to yourself and family.

Mistakes of a Night.

We do not know that we have ever seen the following incident any where in print except in the Philadelphia Dispatch. It is a good story, and well told. The parties were George Frederick Cooke, the player and Placide, the manager. The circumstance happened on or about the year 1811, in the city of Philadelphia:

"After Placide had completed his arrangements with Cooke, who was residing at the old Mansion House, in South Third street, which was kept by Renshaw, the southern manager and the tragedian proposed, after the evening's performances, to sup together, and they went into cosey enjoyment—a very sensible pastime if properly observed. Towards the end of the repast the tragedian, having made most liberal libations at the shrine of the "jolly god," until his season and all sense of its governing powers were dethroned in bestial intoxication, he hiccouppingly exclaimed—

"Placide, give us a song. Come, sir, (after a pause,) go on. Well sir, why don't you sing?"

"Ma dear Cooke, I shall tink, I shall not sing," replied Placide.

Shall was an unusual term with Placide, in such a sentence.

"What!" cried out Cooke, "you a manager and not have notes! By the great Jupiter, I wont go to Richmond without you sing old England's national anthem, 'God Save the King'—Old George.'"

This request was iterated in the most boisterous manner, Cook bandying the most coarse epithets, which were levelled at Placide as a manager and at the character of the country. Placide, with all his humorous tact, was taken at a *non-plus*. He feared to offend Cooke and loose him. He apologized and entreated the rollicking hero, but nought would do, sing he must and that too, "God Save the King," "Old George," "God bless the old fellow," cries Cooke; "My old king, with his brown George." (A brown wig the King commonly wore, which became common in England and received that designation.) Thus Cooke kept ejaculating in marred sentences.

Placide thus placed on the horns of a dilemma, fearing to lose the engagement of the capricious actor, made a virtue of necessity, and, without knowing the exact words, essayed to votalize the anthem, as thus—

"God save Kin Shorge, our kin,
Send him victoria,
Son to reign over us;
God save our grand kin,
Great Shorge!"

"Stop! you ——Yankee French man-ager. You in-sult an En-glish-man's loy-al feel-ings. What the dev-il do you mean by sending him *victoria?*"

Placide's innocent mistake in substituting victoria for victorious was really prophetically funny, and a Victoria which then was never thought of has since come to govern over Cooke's darling land. This mistake of Placide aroused the ire of the great historian, and he again cried out,

"Victorious, sir, not victoria."

"Well," says Placide, "victoria and victorious is the same. I bet you your benefit receipts at Richmond."

"I tell you what, you Yankee Doodle manager, you have insulted the feelings of George Frederick Cooke, and by the great Jehovia I wont go with you."

The warm feelings of Placide were also aroused, and a grand melee was on the tapis, (*on-dit* a set-too,) but all was happily arrested by Cooke's African *valet-de-chambre*, for whom he had a strong partiality. After this bacchanalian tempest in a teapot had subsided, Placide indignantly making his exit at the door, Cooke exclaimed,

"George, get a candle lignted at both ends, and show the drunken, disorderly manager to his bed."

However, the next morning brought about a mutual explanation, and an apology from Cooke. A hearty laugh bestowed an amnesty on the "Mistakes of the Night."

Patience Smiles on Payne.—Mr. Wm. Payne a very good fellow, was a teacher of music, in a pleasant town in Massachusetts; and in his school, one winter, was a pretty girl, some twenty years old, named Patience Adams, who having made a strong impression upon Mr. Payne he lost no time in declaring his attachment, which Miss A. reciprocated, and an engagement was the result. Just as Mr. P's intentions became public, and the fact of an engagement was generally understood, the school being still in continuance, and all the parties on a certain evening present, Payne, without any thought of the word, named as a tune for the commencing exercise, "Federal Street," in that excellent collection of church music, "The Carmina Sacra." Every one loved Patience, and every one entertained the highest respect for Mr. Payne and with a hearty good will the chorus commenced:

"See gentle Patience smile on Payne,
See dying hope revive again."

The coincidence was so striking, that the gravity of the young ladies and gentlemen could scarcely be restrained long enough to get through the tune. The beautiful young lady was still more charming with her blushing red cheeks and modestly cast down eyes, while the teacher was so exceedingly embarrassed he knew not what he did. Hastily turned over the leaves of the book, his eye lit upon a well-known tune, and he called out "Dundee." The song began as soon as sufficient order could be restored, and at the last line of the following stanza rose to a climax!

"Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known;
Oh give me tears for other's woe,
And Patience for my own."

Patience was already betrothed; she was in fact his; in about a year afterwards they became man and wife.

Then gentle Patience smiled on Payne,
And Payne had Patience for his own.

It is pleasant to be able to add that they still live; four or five little pleasant Paynes have been added to the family, which is one of the happiest to be found in this beautiful world.

SPONGING IT.

The last dodge we have heard in evading the State Liquor Law, occurred yesterday, at one of our fashionable drinking saloons. An individual walked up to the counter and demanded a dime bottle of brandy. Now, the rule is to charge fifteen cents, unless an empty bottle is furnished in return for the bottle received; and as the customer laid only a dime on the counter, the extra five cents was demanded.

'I don't want the bottle, said he, 'draw the cork.'

'The liquor can't be drank on the premises,' replied the barkeeper.

'I ain't going to drink it on the premises,' rejoined the other, and the barkeeper, supposing he had some vessel to pour it into, drew the cork, when the gentleman quietly pulled out a sponge from his pocket and poured the liquor into it; then taking his seat, he commenced leisurely sucking it.

'You see,' said he nodding complacently to the astonished barkeeper. 'I ain't goin contrary to the rule, for the law says the stuff shan't be drank on the premises.'

The bystanders came to the conclusion that the stranger would make an appropriate Governor for Illinois, being decidedly the greatest sucker of them all.—*Cin. Inq.*

☞ Sally Jones, says when she was in love she felt as if she was in a tunnel with a train of cars coming both ways.

I led her through the festive hall,
Her glance was soft and tender;
She whispered gently in my ear—
Say! Mose—aint this a bender?

A Capacious Carpet Bag.—Meanness occasionally meets with a shock that is a lesson to all concerned, especially to the victim. On the Cleveland cars, a day or two since, coming to Buffolo was a stalwart man; going to N. York to buy goods. He was not what might be called a stingy man, but he was one who, when there was a cent due him that swindling might deprive him of, would sacrifice a $50 bill to save the copper. Our friend had started from Cleveland without any breakfast, and when Erie "hove" in sight he gathered himself up for a general skirmish for any and and all kinds of provisions. He had a carpet bag with him, and, going into the dining room at Erie, deposited his carpet bag on one chair while he took another by its side. He was lost for about ten minutes perfectly oblivious to anything, save that he had a blessed consciousness of something rapidly and agreeably filling up his "inwards." About this time the landlord came round and, stopping by our friends chair, ejaculated, "Dollar sir." "A dollar," responded the eating man—"a dollar—thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one, eh?" "That's true" said *meanness*, "but I count your carpet bag one, since it occupies a seat." (The table was far from being crowded.) Our friend expostulated but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth. The landlord passed on. Our friend deliberately arose, and opening his carpet bag, full in its wide mouth, discussing unto it, saying "Carpet bag—it seems you're an individual—a human individual since you eat—at least I've paid for you, and now you must eat." Upon which he seized everything eatable within his reach—nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, pies, &c., and amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers, and discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went and took his seat in the cars. He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least $8 worth in the bag—upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for meanness.—*Buffalo Republic.*

A Tough One.—Dave Constable says there is one advantage about old fashioned frigates. They drag so much dead water behind that if a man falls overboard on Monday, you need not stop till Friday to pick him up again. He never gets beyond a few yards of the stern post. In confirmation of this opinion he refers us to a well known anecdote connected with Capt. Pompous of the frigate 'Wash Tub.' One evening while running up the Mediterranean under a one horse breeze, Pompous came on deck just before sundown, and entered into the following conversation with Mr. Smuile, the first lieutenant:—

"I heard a little noise on deck just now, Mr. Smuile, what was the cause of it?"

"A man fell from the fore yard."

Without saying another word, Captain Pompous entered the cabin and was not seen again until next morning at breakfast, when he once more refreshed the deck with his presence, and again entered into conversation with the first lieutenant.

I think you told me Mr. Smuile, that a man fell overboard from the fore yard, last evening."

"I did sir."

"Have you picked him up yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you had better do it some time during the morning, or the poor devil will begin to starve."

The lieutenant obeyed orders, lowered a boat about noon, and found the gentleman who had disappeared from the fore yard, but eighteen inches farther astern than he was fourteen hours before. He was lying on his back fast asleep.

We get this from "an eye witness."

Registration of Valuable Letters.—The Postoffice Department has framed a series of instructions for the guidance of postmasters; upon the introduction of the new system of registration of valuable letters. The plan is to go into operation on the first of July next, on and after which date any letter can be registered and receipted for, upon the payment of a fee of five cents, extraordinary care being taken to ensure its safe delivery at its destination.

THE GLITTERING BLADE.

I saw him bare his throat, and seize
The blue, cold, gleaming steel,
And grimly try the tempered edge
He was so soon to feel.

He raised on high the glittering blade—
Then first I found a tongue—
"Hold! madman, stay the frantic deed!"
I cried, and forth I sprung.

He heard me, but he heeded not,
One glance around he gave,
And, ere I could arrest his hand,
He had—*began to shave!*

☞ "Jim, I believe tha' Sam's got no truth in him."

"You don't know, nigga; dare's more truth in dat nigga than all the rest in the plantation"

"How do you make dat?"

"Why, he never let any out."

A NEW INVENTION.

Mr. J. W. Corsey, of Indiana, is about taking out a patent for a useful agricultural implement, which is thus described by a writer in the National Intelligencer:

"The implement is modelled something like an ordinary shovel plough, and is neither heavier or more unweildly, while its cost will be very little greater. Its value can be better appreciated by a statement of what it can do. One man can do the work commonly done by three or four in planting corn, he can *furrow, drop, cover and roll*. Nor is this all.—By removing a slide box a slide box and reversing the covering shares he has a cultivator, light and beautiful as any ploughman ever touched. Contrast corn-planting after the old style with the mode this invention will imitate. Recall the great field, and hot sun, and interminable furrow; the dozen 'hands,' some furrowing' others dropping, and a third part swinging their hoes. Think of the time it takes, the labor, and the cost. Then fancy all this obviated by a single machine—*one man furrowing, dropping and covering*, and that, too, as fast as a horse can traverse the ground. Can it fail to work a revolution? Indeed the simple invention can only be fully estimated by those, who, like myself, have planted corn under a burning sun, in a "big field," in "auld lang syne."

Hope.—"I hoped on, on—hoped ever!" Thus spoke one who had reached the peak of victory. Storm had come upon him; shadows dragged their heavy skirts over the hills and mountains of his life; cares and sorrows lashed their burdens on his shoulders; trials and vicisitudes assailed him; but amid them all he had kept this hope, and now, ere the middle watch was passed, the angels had set their seals upon him, and dropped upon his brow the wreath of triumph. The gloom was gone forever; and he stood with his feet secure, the sunshine srom the "Eden hills," fell around him, and far out in the valley of the future he saw her "fadeless laurel trees," within whose shade his evening damps would ebb away, softly and gently as a dream of heaven.

"Hope on—hope ever!" this is the true philosophy. If life is chilled by passing woe, or dimmed by care, hope is a song-bird in your heart, breathing hymns continually. When Alexandria was about to undertake his expedition against Persia, he distributed the estates of the crown among his countrymen, he was asked what he had reserved for himself? He answered—"Hope!" So every soldier in life's battle-field should reserve hir hope, for it shall lead him on, no matter what opposes, to fame and conquest.

Brother, give up all else you have, if you will, but, like Alexander, keep your hope!

The Sailor's Bible.—The following transcript from the fly leaf of a brave officer's Bible, tells a simple tale of the dangers of a seaman's life, and the source of his confidence in the hour of his greatest trial,—whether battling with the elements or his country foe. It is as follows:

"This bible was presented to me by Mr. Balkes, at the town of Hertford, January 1787, as a reward for punctual attendance at the Sunday school, and good behaviour when there. And after being my companion fifty three years, forty one of which I spent in the sea service, during which time I was in forty-five engagements, received thirteen wounds, was three times shipwrecked, once burnt out, twice capsized in a boat, and had fevers of different sorts fifteen times, this bible was my consolation; and was newly bound for me by James Bishop, of Edenburg, on the 26th of October, 1834, the day I completed the 60th year of my age, as witness my hand."

Clerk—Do you solemnly swear—

Mayor—(with dignity)—Stop! the witness will hold up his right hand.

Clerk—The man has no right hand, your Honor.

Mayor—(with some asperity)—Let him hold up his left hand, then.

Clerk—He has had the misfortune to lose his left hand, also, as your honor will perceive.

Mayor—(savagely)—Tell him to hold up his right "leg," then; a man cannot be sworn in this court "without holding up something!" Silence, gentlemen, our dignity must be preserved! (Witness sworn on one leg.)

☞ "Now, girls," said Mrs. Partington, the other day, to her neices, "you must get husbands as soon as possible, or they'll be all murdered." "Why so, aunt?" "Why, I see by the paper that we've got almost fifteen thousand post offices, and nearly all of 'em dispatches a mail every day—the Lord have mercy on us poor widows," and the old lady stepped quickly to the looking glass to put on her new cap.

☞ One day, a little girl, about five year old, heard a preacher of the Chadband order praying most lustily, till the house rang with the strength of his supplication. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking distance, she whispered, "Mother don't you think that if he lived nearer to God he would'nt have to talk so loud?"

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dream elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven,)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet the,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear,
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, least the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

How the People of England Lived till 1750.—The Scientific American, in its last isstie says:

"In days of Queen Elizabeth, substantial diet was confined chiefly to persons of rank and wealth. A plowman was often compelled to dine on water gruel. The food of the laborers was course and deficient; their clothing was incomparably more so, and their lodgings were rude, dirty and uncomfortable. The houses even of the wealthy were mostly destitue of glass windows and chimneys. The floors of the peasants' houses were of clay, and filled with the accumulated filth of many years. The luxury of linen was confined to rich and high birth. Their woolen cloth was all of domestic manufacture.—Tea and coffee, and to a great extent, sugar were unknown. Beer was the universal beverage. The higher classes of society lived chiefly on salted meats. The common people seldom ate meat in any form. The ordinary fare of workingmen then, would produce a riot in a work-house now. Potatoes and turnips appeared about this time. In earlier ages, the people fed entirely on bread and meat. As late as 1750 out of a population of six millions, in England and Wales, one-half were sustained by rye, barley and oats. Now, the same class of persons are consumers of wheat. The use of the potato, as the principle article of food, has been confined to a few districts."

Wooden Nutmegs Outdone.—There is a Parisian dandy, who we think, rather outdoes Connecticut!

"C—— had at his residence a complete custome of a groom. When offering attention to one of the fair sex, he used to say, 'Permit me to send you a boquet by my black servant.'

He then repaired to his garret, took out his blacking bottle, polished his face and hands, put on his livery, and knocked at the lady's door.

"Here," said he, "are some flowers sent by my master to Madame."

He had spent the last five francs in the purchase of them. Madame was so delighted with the present, that she presented a louis to the bearer.

That is a clear pocketing of three dollars and the lady's favor in the bargain."

☞ The following was picked up in the street a few days since, accompanying a little bunch of glossy brown hair, which looked as if it had been pulled out with a fine tooth comb:

Och, Biddy, me darlint,
Here's a lock of me hair,
And if there's a snarl in it,
Devil a bit do I care,
Any how!

I'll goin' off, Biddy,
To work on the track,
Ye can take it and kape it
Until I get back,
If ye like!

But if you don't, ye can take it to the devil with ye; be dad I'm not particular.

Matrimonial Speculation.—A gentleman in Kelooshoo, Arkansas, was married to a young woman, and after four months' connubial felicity, was presented with a black baby. He called on his lawyer, related the circumstance, and asked his advice. "All right," said the man of the law, "let me have the papers and you shall have a divorce instanter." "Oh, hang the divorce," replied the gentleman, "I only want to know if I can sell the cussed nigger!"

☞ "I shall be at home next Sunday night," said a young lady as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachments.

"So shall I," was his reply.