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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.

NO GOD!

The following verses by that sweetest of American poetesses, Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney, suggested by the words in the 14th Psalm of David, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," is one of the finest things in the language:

"*No God! No God!*" The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound:
"No God"—astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist-lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name.
How swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along his billowey track,
The red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The bread fruit blending to its lord,
In yon far island glade;
The winged seeds, that, borne by winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon, on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high
The fervent Sun is stirr'd,
And the Moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word:
And from their burning thrones, the Stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worn of dust should mock
Eternal majesty.

DASH DOWN THE CUP.

Dash down the cup! oh, look no more
Upon the tempting ruby wine;
By all thy hopes of future years,
Forsake it now, and bliss is thine,
Though pleasure seems, with dazzling light,
To shine around the sparkling bowl,
Yet 'neath its brim a serpent sleeps,
That soon will sting thee to the soul.

Dash down the cup! oh, drink no more,
Ere reason leaves thy raging brain,
For poison, deadly poison, lurks
In every drop thy lips would drain;
For oh! the wine cup can but prove
A dagger through the human heart,
That sinks thee down to sin and shame,
And reads life's sweetest joys apart.

Dash from thy lips the tempting bowl,
For thou hast drank too deep ere now,
Earth's fairest hopes, alas! have flown,
While shame is branded on thy brow.
Canst thou give up fame, friends and all
The sacred pleasures of the soul,
For that bright, false, deceitful gleam
That lurks around the cursed bowl?

Touch not again the sparkling wine,
It drowns thy soul's exalted powers,
While sweeping manhood's bloom away,
And blightning all love's fairest flowers.
Renounce it, then, while youth is thine,
Oh! let not friendship plead in vain;
By all thy hopes of heaven, lift not
The wine cup to thy lips again.

☞ A Bachelor got a valentine which opened beautifully. The fair writer sang in sweet rhhmes that she was dying to learn a secret he cruelly kept shut up in his heart. It was not to know if he had wealth—it was not to know his pedigree, and learn if he had noble blood in his veins; for love despises all such considerations. But would he tell her—and tnrill a maiden's heart with ineffable joy; would he tell her—and confer a happiness upon her which riches and honor could not bring would he, tell her—*how much he paid for that new wig?*

MISCELLANY.

Courting a Prospect;

—OR—

A GAME OF EUCHRE FOR THE WIDOW.

BY A WESTERN PHYSICIAN.

"Did any of you ever know or hear of old Sam Moody?"

"I don't think we ever did."

"Well, Ill introduce him to you. Old Sam was a constable, and although he was pretty much of a man, he greatly magnified his office. His service of writs summons and executions was done with such an ear of humble devotion and apologetic submission, that scarely a person who received the honor of his professional attentions but was ready to turn round and thank him most sincerely for the exquisite refinement of manner in which the same had been rendered. And if your last horse and tast stack of corn blades were a portion of the doomed articles enumerated in the terrible execution, you still felt reconciled to the calamity, so that old Sam Moody was the executioner.

Old Sam was married to his third wife, much younger than himself, when I first knew him. Her name was Edith, and a very notable housekeeper, too, was this same Edith, and a very enviable reputation she enjoyed throughout her entire neighborhood, and more especially where housekeeping was conducted somewhat after the primitive order of arrangeme nts. In other words she could make and bake a '*corn pone*,' leavtng all the delicate little finger-prints on the body of the pone, together with the ragged, raised-up and serrated edges thereof in a vastly more scientific manner, than ever could have been learned from any of the cookery books; and she could boil her '*bacon and greens*' in a way that would satisfy the most fastidious, even a thorough-bred Virginian—one of the real F. F. V.'s would eat her bacon and greens without a grumble or an objection.

Old Sam's cabin stood in pretty much of an out-of-the-way place, and yet it was right in the way when you once got into the narrow valley where it stood. As far as *up* and *down* was concern, Old Sam's cabin stood about in the middle of the valley. Some four or five families resided above him, and five or six below him, and to keep up the semblance of civilization, they had just opened a school in a sort of a '*rail pen*,' on the lower side of Old Sam's 'eighty.' His health had been declining for some two or three years, and in March, 1845, I was first called to see him. It needed but a glance to assure any one that Old Sam's days were numbered—in the last stages of a rapid consumption, unable to rise from the bed without assistance. I staid all night, and in fact, didn't leave until the next day about 10 o'clock, and then left without being able to give him the slightest encouragement that he would ever be any better. His wife Edith, followed me out of the door, and inquired with much earnestness, 'how long I thought Old Sam could last?" I told her not over six weeks, and he might not last as long even as that. I noticed that no particulâr out-burst of grief followed the announcement, but then I knew that Edith was a *philosopher*

I left the valley by clambering up the steep and rugged side of the high hill that forms its northern boundary, and after travelling over valley and ridge for about five miles, I came to a cabin, where I found a man sitting on a stump, and apparently waiting my arrival.

On coming up, I recognized an old acquaintance, Barney Wilson, whom I had known for several years, but whose domiciliary locality I had never before known. He accosted me with—

"Good morning, Doc, been out to Old Sam Moody's I reckon?"

"Yes."

"Any chance for Old Sam?"

'No, no chance to get well."

'How long think he'll last?"

'Not over six week.'

Then assuming an air of confidential familiarity, he said—

'Can't you stop and get some dinner, Doc?'

'No, havn't time.'

'Well, then, hold on a minute; I'll saddle up a beast and go with you over as far as Old Mac's; that you know is right on your road. I want to have a little chat with you.

In a few minutes we were moving quietly up the hill, and he commenced:

"So you say Old Sam can't last more nor six weeks?"

"No."

"Doc; what do you think of Sam's wife any how?'

'I think she's a right neat, tidy little women.'

'That's just my fix adxactly. Doc, you knew I lost my wife last fall, didn't ye?'

'Yes, I heard so.'

"Well, I've been waitin' and waitin' ever since, thinking Old Sam would pop off some day, and then there'd be a mighty fine chance for some feller who was pretty wide awake. What do you think of it?"

"I should think there would be a fine chance, certainly. If you were right sure the widow would like to marry a second time."

"No fear about that."

"Besides, she'll have to marry in self-defence. She'll be run down with applications."

"Now, I want that widow that is to be, Doc, and in order to head the boys down about the mouth of the hollow, I've got to take a running start on 'em, and jest *the how to do it*, is what bothers me at this particlar time. Doc, did ye hear any tell about the school near Old Sam's; is it going on now?

"Yes, I think it has been going on about two weeks, and the teacher was at Old Sam's until about ten o'clock last night?"

"Who is teaching it?"

"They called him Paul Anderson."

"Holy Spoons! Paul Anderson! He's jest the chap I was most afraid of; and do you notice how brash he's a playing his game? But I tell you what, Doc, if he hain't got both bowers and the ace, I'll euchre him yet. That jest fixes me right. Now I know what to do. I'll take my little gal over there to go to school. Edith offered to board her last summer and I know she'll take her now, and that will give me an excuse to go after her every Friday night, and fetch her home on Saturday—carry her back on Sunday night—come home Monday morning, and then once in the middle of the week I can go over with her clean clothes, stay all night get the fire-wood, and sorter watch with Old Sam, and at the same time watch a little for the boys around the corners. So you see at once, that if Paul Anderson don't put in his biggest licks, I'll come out ahead yet. And now, having formed my plans, I'll lose not a minute's time in putting them in execution. So, Doc, you'll keep this biggist path until you make the point of that hill about a mile ahead, then turn square off to the left, and in about a quarter you'll be at the ford, then you know where you are. So good-bye," and turning his horse round, he struck up a brisk trot in the direction of his own home.

Old Sam died in about a month, and I saw nothing more of Barney until the August election. Meeting him at the county seat, I said to him:

"Well, Barney, how came off that big game of euchre that you and Paul Anderson were playing, when I last saw you, for the widow Moody?"

"*Doc, Paul euchred me!* I played the game mighty well, too, I thought; but I tell you, Doc, there's nothing like being right on the ground, and keeping a school makes a man mighty current in some neighborhoods. You see I was not there the day Old Sam died; and that night when they sat up with the corpse, Paul and Edith and some youngsters—the youngsters got asleep away past midnight—and between that time and daylight, Paul and Edith had it all fixed right. He wanted to be married in four weeks, she insisted on a little longer time for the sake of appearances, and proposed six weeks. The end of it was, they split the difference, and five weeks from the time they watched the corpse of Old Sam Moody, they stood in the same room, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Anderson, according to the statute in such cases, made and provided."

"Well,' says I, "Barney, what is the next move?"

'Doctor, did you see Paul Anderson last Saturday, when he was here in town?'

"No, I did not."

"Well, he told his wife when he came home, that he saw you and spoke with you."

"You don't mean that pale, ghostly looking fellow, do you? I saw and spoke with such a person who appeared to know me, but I could'nt call his name to save me."

"Yes, I do. That was Paul Anderson and I'm jest a lying low, for I'm bound to have another snap at that widow yet. It may not be in six weeks, but it's bound to be in less than six months, and mark my words, Doc, *I'll be early enough this time!*"

THE JEWISH SABBATH.

It is unlawful to ride on horseback or in a carriage—to walk more than a mile from their dwellings—to transact business of any kind—to meddle with any tool—to write—to play upon any musical instument—to bathe—to comb the hair—and even to carry a pin in their clothes which is unnecessary. These, and a great many others, are complied with by the most rigid. There is one command in the law of Moses to which all Jews must scrupulously adhere: "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitation upon the Sabbath day." (Exod. xxxv.) Consequently they neither light a fire or a lamp, or a candle on the Sabbath day, nor eat food prepared on that day—all must be done on Friday.

As it is impossible to spend the Sabbath in cold countries without fire or light, the Jewish families who keeps servants make it a point to have a Gentile in their service to do these things: and among the humbler classes a number of families generally unite in securing the services of a Gentile neighbor for the day. Nothing could wound the conscience of a Jew more than to be under the necessity of putting fuel on the fire, or snuffing his candles on the Sabbath.—*The British Jews.*

WHAT IS RESPECTABLE SOCIETY?

We heard a man, otherwise intelligent enough, lately sneer at another, 'because,' said he, 'one never meets him in respectable society." The speaker did not mean, however, that the person he affected to look down upon was immoral, but merely that his circle of intimates was not composed of the fashionable or the rich.

This notion of what constitutes respectable society, is quite a favorite one with that class of individuals whom Thackery has so significantly called "snobs." Empty pretence is always making its own characteristics a standard, by which it strives to measure the respectability of persons at large. In a community of mere money getters; wealth is a test of respectability. Among the proud, narrow-minded *effete* nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain, respectability depends on being descended from ancestors, who have married their cousins for so many centuries, that neither muscle nor brains are left any longer to the degenerate descendants. With the dandy officers, who constitute a considerable portion of the Amer-Navy, respectability consists in having sponged on "Uncle Sam," in wearing gilt buttons, and in bilking tailors. Every conceited fool thinks himself, in like way, the only man really weighty, the only man who is respectable.

But true respectability depends on no such advantitious circumstances. To be respectable is to be worthy of respect; and he most deserves respect who has most virtue. The humblest man who bravely does his duty, is morn worthy of respect, is more truly respectable, than the covetous millionaire among his money bags, or the arrogant monarch on his throne. The fine lady, who backbites her neighbor, is less worthy of respect than an honest washer-woman. The profligate noble, though he may wear a dozen orders at his button hole, is often not as respectable as the shoeblack who cleans his boots. That which is called "the world" exalts the one and dispises the other, but it does not make them respectable according to the real meaning of that word. Their respectability is but a hollow sham, as they themselves frequently feel; and those who worship them bow down to a Fetish, a thing of feathers and tinsel. The selfish, idle drone, who waste life in his own gratification, and dissipates the fortune of his progeny is not, and cannot be, respectable; but the hard-working, self-denying father, who wears out his life to bring up his children, is, even though he be but a day laborer. Nothing can make Dives fit to lie on Abraham's bosom, while Lazarus is welcomed there, even with the sores the dogs have licked.

This false view of life, which would measure respictebility by a conventional standard, is totally at variance with our republican institutions. It creates an "imperium in imperio;" for while the law declares all citizens equal, it erects a social standard which endeavors to ignore that great truth. The coarse, brutish, knavish, profligate criminal—in short, *all* who fall short of their duty to themselves and their fellow men—are those who are 'not respectable;" and this whether they are rich or poor. While those who live honestly, and strive to do what they can, constitute what is really the respectable class, irrespective of the fact whether they eat with silver forks or steel ones.

HOW TO JUDGE A HORSE.

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, contrarily to old maxims, undertake to judge the character of a horse by outward appearance, and offers the following suggestions, the result of his close observations and long experience:

If the color be light sorrel or chesnut, his feet, legs and face white, these are marks of kindness.

If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended upon as a horse of good sense, and capable of being trained to anything.

As respects such horses, the more kindly you treat them the better you will be treated in return. Nor will a horse of this description stand a whip if well fed.

If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish-faced; he may be so far gentle as not to scare, but he will have too much go-ahead in him to be safe for everybody.

If you want a fool, but a horse of great bottom, get deep bay with not a white hair about him; if his face is a little dished so much the worse. Let no man ride such a horse who is not an adept in riding—They are always tricky and unsafe.

If you want one who will never give out, never buy a large overgrown one.—A black horse cannot stand heat, nor a white one cold.

If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white about him, the more the better. Many suppose that the particular colored horses belonging to the circuses, shows, etc., are selected for their oddity. But the selections thus made are on account of great docility and gentleness.

Army Talk.—"Well Jack, here's good news from home. We're to have a medal."

"That's very kind. May be one of these days we will have a coat to stick it on."

The Care of the Eyes.

Until one begins to feel the effects of impaired vision, he can hardly estimate the value of eyesight, and consequently, from ignorance or carelessnss he is apt to neglect a few simple precautions, by the observance of which, his sight might be preserved. We are aware that the columns of a newspaper do not afford the space, nor is an editor qualified to treat scientifically of the injuries which accrue to the organs of vision; but certainly the knights of the sanctum ought to have some practical experience upon artificial light, more of which they consume that falls to the light of other men.

Let us then give our reapers a few hints upon the preservation of sight, which we deduce from our own experience, and if are incorrect, our medical friends, and particularly opticians, are welcome to our columns, to correct our errors. We are not about to interfere with those who have resorted to spectacles, for the optician alone can benefit them; but there are multitudes who, perhaps, ought to wear spectacles, but will not, either from convenience or from an idea that thereby they confess tnat time has taken too strong hold upon them. Such ask, whether they can see better than they now do without the use of glasses? To the most of these we answer, yes—provided you will follow these simple directions;—First, never use a writing desk or table with your face towards the window. In such a case, the rays of light come directly upon the pupil of the eyes, and causing an unatural and forced contraction thereof, soon permanently injures the sight. Next—when your table or desk is near the window, sit so that your face is turned *from, not towards* the window, while you are writing. If your face is towards the window, the oblique rays strike the eye and injure it nearly as much as the direct rays when you sit in from of the window. It is best always to sit or stand while reading or writing with the window behind you; and next to that with the light coming over your left side—then the light illumines the paper or book and does not shine abruptly upon the eye ball.

The same remarks are applicable to artificial light. We are often asked what is the best light, gas, candles, oil or camphene. Our answer is, it is immaterial which, provided the light of either be strong enough and do not flicker. A gas fish tail burner should never be used for reading or writing, because there is a constant oscillation of flickering of the flame. Candles, unless they have self consuming wicks, which do not require much snuffing should not be used. We need scarcely say that oil wicks, which crust over and thus diminish the light, are good for nothing; and the same is true of compounds of the nature of camphene, unless the wicks are properly trimmed of all their gummy deposit after standing twenty four hours.

But what ever the artificial light used, let it strike the paper or book which you are using, whenever you can, from over the left shoulder. This can always be done with gas, for that light is strong enough, and so is the light from camphene oil &c., provided it comes through a circular burner like the argand. But the light, whatever it be, should always be protected from the air in the room by a glass chimney, so that the light may be steady.—*Boston Herald.*

How to get the Real Flavor of Coffee.—In Kington's "Forest Life in Ceylon," are the following hints on the preparation of coffee, derived from long experience: The subtle aroma which resides in the essential oil of the coffee berry, is gradually dissipated after roasting, and still more after being ground. In order to enjoy the full flavor in perfection, the berry should pass at once from the roasting pan to the mill, and thence to the coffee pot: and again, after having been made, should be mixed at a boiling heat with the hot milk. It must be bad coffee indeed, which, if these precautions be taken, will not afford an exhileratsng drink. Two great evils are constantly perpetrated in England, in its preparation, which are more guarded against in almost all other countries, and which materially impairs its flavor and strength—keeping the coffee a considerable time after roasting or grinding, by which its strength is considerable diminished, and mixing the milk with it after it has been allowed partial to cool.

Proving Character.—"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to thr bone,"

"What is his character?"

"Did'nt know he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years."

"Did he ever come into collission in any matter?"

"Only once, and that was when he was drunk, and mistook me for a lamp-post."

"From what you know of him, would you believe him under oath?"

"That depends upon circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was doing, I would. If not, I wouldn't.

A wag observes that he looks under the marriage head for the news of the week.

The Mexican Snake Bird.

This bird inhabits not only all the southern coast of Low California, but all the hot climates of the Republic, and both Central and South America. It goes by the name of Hicaco—pronounced *soaco*. Its color is almost black and mottled. Its tail is composed of four or five dark mottled feathers, about ten inches long. Its beak is two and a half inches long, slim, hard, and very sharp. Its length is about twenty-three inches from the tip of the tail to the point of the beak. Its weight is about one pound. It has four toes on each foot; its claws are sharp and slender. Its food is grain of all kinds, seeds and fruit, and particularly the fruit of the cactus, which is abundant in all the hot climates. This fruit is about the size of a small lemon, and is covered with prickles like a chesnut bur. When fully ripe, however, these are easily removed, and it is very fine. This bird has plenty of these, consequently he has an abundance of spare time on hand to make war against all the snake species. With such zeal does he prosecute the warfare, that he seems to have been ordained to keep within certain limits this species of reptile, so dangerous to the human family. No sooner does he see a rattle snake, than he proceeds to gather in his beak and claws the leaves and vines of a certain plant (the hicaco,) and drops them cautiously upon his sleeping foe, at the same time diving down upon him, and screaching in a most threatning manner. This puts the snake upon his guard, not seeing his most mortal enemy (the plant). If he should get away, thebird again catches it in his beak, and drops it upon him as before. In about three minutes, the snake becomes so stupified as to fall an easy pray to the enraged bird, which is so strong, although not large, that he will take a snake four feet long by the tail, and fly up with him into the air to the height of 600 feet, and let him drop down to be dashed in pieces.

An infusion of this plant (the hicaco—from which the bird gets its name) in brandy, taken into the stomach immediately after a person has been bitten by a snake stung by a scorpion or any poisonous reptile, &c, has been stated to be a most powerful antidote to the poison.—It is in general use in all the hot climates, where poisonous reptiles abound.—*Scientific American.*

A Beautiful Illustration of Life.—Bishop Heber on departing for India, said in his farewell sermon—"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its glassy borders. The trees sheds their blossoms over over our young heads—flowers of the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands—we are happy in hope and we grash eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries on and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us—we are excited by some short lived disappointments.—The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed—whether rough or smooth the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land issues from our eyes, and the floods are litted up around us, and we take our lief of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the infinite and eternal."

Our Geography.—"George, give us a good description of the earth.'

"Yes sir. The earth is a wast globe, filled with mud, filth, Sebastopols, and Shanghais."

"What are its products?"

'Whiskey, gin, Nebraska bills and busted bank bills."

"How many races of men are there?"

"Three—races of Union course, races for election and races for money."

"Where is America?"

"All over creation; it is the paradise that Adam, the furst fillibuster, was turned out of."

"Smart boy; go up head."

Woman.—A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings no art can mend and leaving a portion of her soul on the upper leather of your affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others can see nothing to admire; and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molases in a bushy head of hair.

A Ready Answer.—A gentleman residtng in the neighborhood of Cork, on walking out one evening, met a young peasant girl, whose parents lived near his house. "What are you doing Jenny?" he said. Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir," was the smart reply.

☞ A young lady declared in our hearing the other day, that she would never marry no one who could not keep her a carriage and horses. We presume her favorite song is "Wait for the Wagon."