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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:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

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POETRY.

WATCH, WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother! watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall,
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs.
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay,
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said, and what is sung
By thy happy joyous child.
Catch the word whilst yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 't is broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

From the California Golden Era.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming—
When we shall all married be,
And ended single misery—
In this good time coming;
Nothing but happy faces round,
Men's love to us grow stronger,
Ducks of husbands will be found,
But—wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming,
When husbands shall no longer rule,
And treat their wives like girls at school,
In the good time coming;
Such men we'll rule and keep them down,
And make the wife the stronger;
The husbands then won't dare to frown,
But—wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming,
If husbands will kick up a row,
We'll show them we'll not cringe and bow,
In this good time coming;
And if we wish to take a roam
For half a day or longer,
The men must mind the 'bairns' at home,
But—wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming,
Men will then respect their wives,
And love and fear them as their lives,
In this good time coming.
Then how diff'rent things will be,
Women's rights will grow the stronger;
If this thing you wish to see,
Why—wait a little longer.

Warning to Young Men.—Willis Kelly promised to take Nancy C. Servoss to his home and heart, but as he failed to fulfil the contract, the fair lady instituted a suit against him and recovered $3,500 damages for loss of time in courting, and the wear and tear of affection. The case was tried in Lyons, Wayne Co. Kelly will be less attentive to "Miss Nancys" in future, and devote himself to some less expensive "Servoss."—*Buffalo Courier.*

MISCELLANY.

THE BEREAVED HUSBAND.

FROM THE NOTES OF A BOSTON POLICEMAN.

Whitcomb of the Tremont House, when it was under the excellent management of Mr. Tucker, was as well known to the traveller, as the Tremont House itself.—Everybody who made his acquaintance will always remember him, for he was, in the truest and highest sense, "a good fellow." Universally esteemed and respected, he made it the study of his life to promote the comfort of those who were brought into connection with him, and he was one of the instrumentalities which mrde the Tremont House so justly celebrated both at home and abroad.

He is dead now, and when his cold form was laid in the grave, though he had neither wife nor child, many real, sincere tears were shed upon his bier, and his memory is still cherished in many a warm heart.

The little story I am about to tell was communicated to me at the time it occurred. It was Sunday morning and Mr. Tucker was absent on a distant journey. Whitcomb was at his post—a post which no one could better fill than he. Methinks I see him now behind that marble slab, with the register open before him. I can almost hear him call the numbers of the bells that rang—that was a noticeable feature in his official conduct, for he seldom looked at the painted number on the bell, so familiar had the sounds become to him.

There he stood, polite and gentlemanly to every body that came whether it was a foreign count or a poor irish porter.—His humanity was too large to permit him to make distinctions; and if it were it were not for the oddity of the thing we would say that the most appropriate inscription for his tombstone, would be:

"Here lies a true gentleman."

A seedy looking person entered the office. His face was the most woe begone that could possibly be imagined, and even before he spoke, poor Whitcomb's heart began to melt in sympathy.

There was sorrow grief and calamity written on the features of the seedy stranger, as he diffidently walked up to the counter.

"Is Mr. Tucker in?" he asked, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"He is not; he has gone a journey," replied Whitcomb, kindly.

"Gone!" exclaimed the stranger, in a half audible tone, and a gesture that seemed to indicate the very depths of despair.

"He will not be back before Wednesday."

The lips of the seedy gentleman compressed and his eyes involuntarily closed, as though a terrible struggle were going on within his bosom. He appeared as though it was with the greatest difficulty that he could refrain a flood of tears.

Whitcomb was deeply moved, albeit it required but little to move him at any time.

"You appear to be in distress," said he, tenderly.

"I am," sighed the stranger.

"And you wish to see Mr. Tucker?"

"I do."

"Perhaps I might do as well as Mr. Tucker, suggested Whitcomb.

"No," breathed the stranger, disconsonately.

"If you are in distress, I doubt not I or some others about the house, would be able to aid you."

"No, no; I could not think of mentioning my business to any other person than Mr. Tucker. He is my friend, though fortune has been kind to him and cruel to me."

"He will be back Wednesday night."

"That will be too late."

"Then you had better open your business to me."

"I cannot do that; it a very sad and a very delicate matter."

"You may rely upon my discretion."

The disconsolate stranger looked earnestly oo the sympathizing clerk for a moment, choked down his swelling emotions and said:

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance, Mr. Whitcomb, but I have frequently heard my friend, Mr. Tucker speak in the highest terms of you."

"You may rely upon me."

"I am in a very sad situation," and the stranger pulled out a ragged white handkerchief, with which he wiped away half a dozen hot tears that slid down his pallid cheek.

"I thought as much."

"My wife, whom I loved with all my soul, my wife——"

But he could not go on. A flood of tears deluged his cheek, and his scalding emotions had well nigh choked him.

Whitcomb kindly opened the door of the inner office, and he allowed him to screen his woe behind the book keeper's desk.

"She is dead, sir!" continued he, with a mighty effort—"dead sir,"—and again he gave way to the tumultuous emotions that swept through his soul.

"I sympathize with you, my friend."

The stranger dried his tears, after a struggle of some time.

"Oh, God! that I, that *I*, should come to this! She died last night. For a week I have watched by her bedside, and of course have not been able to attend to my business. My last dollar is gone!"

"Do not weep on that account."

"But, Mr. Whitcomb, poor as I am, I never asked money of any person. I feel that I cannot do it. That *I* should come to this!"

"Nay, nay, my friend——"

"If Mr. Tucker had been here, I could have asked him for the ten dollars I want. My poor wife is dead, and I have not the money to buy her a coffin."

And again he vented his anguish in a copious flood of tears.

"I will gladly help you my friend."

"May God in Heaven bless you! If my friend had been here——"

"I can do just as well," interposed Whitcomb, as he took a ten dollar bill from his pocket.

"I can hardly take this from a stranger;" replied the disconsolate, taking the bill; 'but the first money I earn shall be religiously saved to pay you."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, friend," said the kind hearted clerk, "and if you need further assistance, do not scruple to call upon me."

"God bless you, sir!" ejaculated the bereaved husband, as he slowly retreated from the office.

Whitcomb parted with him, giving him words of comfort; but as the stranger was descending the steps to the street, a thought occurred to him and he hastened after him.

"Where do you live, my friend?" he asked.

"No.— Pitts Street," replied the disconsolate.

Whitcomb was returning to the office, when he encountered the "Deacon" in his rotunda.

"What have you got there?" said the latter.

"A man in distress, a friend of Mr. Tucker, who wished to see him," replied Whitcomb, whose heart was expanding under the influence of the benevolent deed he had done.

The "Deacon" smiled rather queerly, and Whitcomb proceeded to give him the particulars of the interview, not omitting to mention the ten dollars he had advanced.

"I'll bet five dollars, Jonathan, that you have been 'diddled,'" said the Deacon.

"Diddled?"

"You are as green as a pumpkin," laughed the other.

"I think I know the difference between an honest man and a rogue. He is a friend of Mr. Tucker, whom misfortune has used rather roughly."

"Good!—friend of Mr. Tucker!"

"He lives at No.—Pitts Street."

"Suppose you send down there and see."

"I will."

"Here's Rawlin."

I happened in the house at that moment, and the Deacon maliciously told me the story. I volunteered to satisfy him, and immediately repaired to Pitt Street. There was no death anywhere in the street.

Whitcomb "caved in" on my return, and laughed as heartily as any of the crowd which had got hold of the story.

Mr. Tucker, on his return, removed the last lingering doubt. He knew no person as the one described.

It took a great many months for people to forget this sell; but Whitcomb patiently bore their humor—he had done a thousand such good deeds before, and could afford to bear the sarcasm of this one, in the real pleasure he derived from the others. Unlike many others, it did not cure him of the habit of listening to the call of pity though perhaps, he was a little more careful about "bereaved husbands" than before.—*Star Spangled Banner.*

Interesting Adventure.

It was about the middle of an afternoon in the month of September, that I arrived at Paris, and entered my name at a well-known hotel. After supper, I took a stroll around some of the principal streets, and concluded to go to the theatre; so off I started. It was just eleven o'clock when it was done, and I wandered around to enjoy my silent reveries of home, and take a moonlight view of the metropolis. How far I had wandered I could not tell, when raising my eyes suddenly, I saw a lovely female arrayed in white, leaning against a lamp post.

As I approached, she stepped forward, bowed, and told me that by some misfortune her partner had lost her. She was afraid to go home alone, and she wished that I would accompany her. She was sorry to put me to such inconvenince, but she was really afraid to go. I, who was then a young man, politely offered her my arm, and we proceeded as she directed.—She led me through numerous streets, until we came to a very pleasant looking brick house of two stories. She entered and invited me up one flight of stairs into a small bedrom neatly furnished, and left me, without a light, to call her mother, who she said would be glad to see a gentleman that had been so kind as to wait upon her home. Suddenly, I thought I had better go; I had done them but a slight service at the best; if she had lost her partner, I had done but my duty. I went to the door to go out. I was fastened. I was a prisoner!

My mind conceived all sorts of ideas regarding my wellfare; but I felt now that I was in an abode of wickedness. The artful woman had trapped me. A feeling of fear now began to start over me. I looked around for a place of egress, but could see none.

At last, I came in contact with something—it was a bed. Perhaps it might be placed near a window. As I was groping around my feet hit against something under the bed. It seemed like a human body. I stooped down and felt it. It was a human body, warm, in its last sleep—the sleep of death!—the shrill cry of murder now rang on the air!

My hair stood on its end, and my teeth chattered with inward terror. I could hear a police posse clattering on the pavements. They were on the stairs!

My fate was sealed. The guillotine would be satisfied with the blood of the innocent; there would be no hope for me; I was a foreigner in a foreign land; no consul could save me from my inevitable doom. Luckily the moon just then peeped into the long-looked-for window. I ran, broke the spring, raised the window and jumped on a shed hear by, and from thence some fifteen feet to the ground.—My hotel I soon reached, and then sought my bedroom to dream of my very remarkable escape. In the morning, I took up the newspaper, and read the following:

"Murdered.—Last night about 12 o'clock, the cry of murder rose from the second story of a house of ill-fame in —— street. On entering the building, the murderer, as is supposed, escaped through the window, leaving his victim under the bed, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The police are on his track and will arrest him by noon if he is in the city."

After reading this, I quietly settled my bills, and left the city, resolving that I never would go home with another strange woman.

A Marshal of the United States.

Among the Americans who attended the late ball given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky.—Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and sported epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start four Major Generals in business. Jack was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party that his friends could not account for. Wherever the marshals of France went, there went Jack; and when the marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor. The day after the ball, Jack called on his old acquaintance, Mr. Mason, our Minister to France, who started up a little conversation in the following manner:

"I hear, Jack, your were at the ball last night?"

"I was, sir, and had a very high old time."

"For which you are indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with? By the way, how came you associated with the marshals?"

"How? by virtue of my office—they were marshals of France, while I am nothing else than a marshal of the Republic. I showed my commission, and took post accordingly."

"By rights of your office; what do you mean?"

"Read that and see."

Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a whitey-brown paper, with a seal big enough for a four pound weight.

"What in the name of Heaven is this?"

"My commission of 'marshal,' I received it in 1850, when I assisted in taking the census in Frankfort."

"You don't mean to say that you travel on this?"

"I don't mean anything else. That makes me a 'marshal' of the Republic, and I intend to have the office duly honored."

Mr. Mason allowed that Jack was doing a large business on a very small capital. We should not wonder if the reader did the same. A census marshall of Frankfort mixing in with the marshals of France is certainly rushing matters in a manner that requires as much brass as epaulettes. Jack, we are happy to say is equal to the requirgment.

A Spirited Bride.—A couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church door; the gentleman then stopped his intended bride, and thus unexpectedly addressed her:

"My dear Eliza, during our courtship I have told you most of my mind, but I have not told you the whole; when we are married I shall insist upon three things."

"What are they?" asked the lady.

"In the first place said he, "I shall sleep alone, I shall eat alone, and find fault when there is no occasion. Can you submit to these conditions?"

"Oh yes, very easily," was the reply, "for if you sleep alone, I shall not; if you eat alone, I shall eat first; and as to your finding fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care you shall never want occasion."

The conditions being thus adjusted, they proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony was performed.

Jonathan's Hunting Excusion.—"Did you ever hear of the scrape I and uncle Zekial had ducking on't on the Connecticut river?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him in consideration of a bran new tin milk pan.

"No, I never did—do tell it."

"Well—you must know that I and uncle Zeke took it into our heads to go gunning arter ducks, in father's skiff; so in we got and skulled down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew backward and forward, I tell ye, and bime-by a few of them lit down on the marsh and went feeding on muscles. I catch up my peauder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear and I could see it on the bottom. Now, I couldn't swim a jot, so I sez to uncle Zeke "you're a pretty clever feller—jest lett me take your peauder-hoan to prime," and don't you think the stingy critter wouldn't.—"Well," says I, "you're a pretty good diver, and if you'll dive and get it, I'll give you a primin'. I thought he'd leave his peauder horn, but he didn't, but stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid."

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder, and pause of some time ensued, when Jonathan added—

"I looked down and what do you think the critter was doin?"

"Lord," exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was settin' right on the bottom of the river, porin' the peauder out of my horn into hizen."

Facts about the United States.—The United States are composed of 32 States and 9 territories.

They contain a population of 26,000,000, of whom 21,000,000 are whites.

The extent of the sea coast is 12,000 miles.

The length of its ten principal rivers is 20,000 miles.

The surface of its great lakes is 90,000 square miles.

The number of miles of Railway in operation is 20,000, which cost $600,000,000, it contains the longest railway on the globe—the Illinois Central—is 734 miles.

The annual value of its agricultural productions is $200,000,000.

Its most valuable production is Indian corn, which yields annually 400,000,000 bushels.

The amount of registered and enrolled tonnage is 4,407,010.

The amount of capital invested in manufactures is $600,000,000.

The amount of capital imports for 1853, was $267,979,947—and, of its exports $339,971,167.

The annual amount of its internal trade is $600,000,000.

The annual products of labor (other than agricultural) is 5,000,000,000.

The annual value of the income of their inhabitants is $1,000,000,000.

Size of London.—London extends over an area of 78,029 acres or 122 square miles, and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was some 2,362,239 on the day of the last censes. A conception of this vast mass of people may be formed by the fact that, if the metropolis were surrounded by a wall, having a north gate, a south gate, an east gate and a west gate and each of the four gates was of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out freely, four a breast, and a peremptory necessity required the immediate evacuation of the city, it could not be accomplished under four-and-twenty hours, by the expiration of which time the head of each of the four columns would have advanced a no less distance than seventy-five miles from their respective gates all the people being in close file, four deep.

Taking down a Judge.—One of the old-fashioned attorneys practising in Indiana, insisted on arguing a case before Judge B., after it had been decided.—Judge B., repeatedly told the unfortunate attorney that he would listen to no further argument in the case.

"But, may it please your honor," says the advocate, "your honor will certainly hear an argument if your honor has decided wrong?"

"No replied the Judge, "if you decide to argue the case any more, take it to the Court of Errors."

"May it please your honor, I don't see where in the devil I'd go to, for if this ain't a court of errors, I don't know where to find one."

Rags in 'Em.—A southern paper states that a young gentleman of Alabama, generally known for his *oleaginous* proclivities, recently attended an Auburn camp meeting. He made himself quite serviceable in gallanting the young ladies; but at last (we weep to say it) wound up with a glorious fizzle. While seated at the table with his "dulcina," some tripe was passed to him by a servant, which he pitched into in the most cadaverous manner. An attempt to cut it proved a failure, and turning his head with dignified contempt, he exclaimed: "*Waiter, take away this plate. These buttercakes has got rags in 'em!*"

For Invalids.—In some advice to consumptives Dr. Hall says: "Eat all you can digest and exercise a great deal in the open air, to convert what you eat into pure healthful blood. Do not be afraid of out-door air day or night; do not be afraid of sudden changes of weather; let no change hot or cold, keep you in doors. If it is rainy weather, the more need for your going out, because you eat as much on a rainy day as on a clear day, and if you exercise less, that much more remains in the system of what ought to be thrown off by exercise, and some ill result, some consequent symptom or ill feeling is the certain issue. If it is cold out doors do not muffle your eyes, mouth and nose in furs, veils, woollen comforters, and the like. Nature has supplied you with the best muffler, with the best inhaling regulator, that is, your lips. Shut them before you step out of a warm room into the cold air, and keep them shut until you have walked briskly a few rods and quickened the circulation a little; walk fast enough to keep off a feeling of chilliness, and taking cold will be impossible.—What are the facts of the case? Look at railroad conductors, going out of a hot air into the piercing cold of winter and in again every five minutes; you will scarcely find a consumptive man in a thousand of them. It is wonderful how afraid consumptive people are of fresh air, the very thing that would cure them, the only obstacle to a cure being that they do not get enough of it; and yet what infinite pains they take to avoid breathing it, especially if it is cold, when it is known that the colder the air is the purer it must be.—Yet if people cannot get to a hot climate, they will make an artificial one, and imprison themselves a whole winter in a warm room, with a temperature not varying ten degrees in six months. All such people die, and yet we follow in their footsteps. If I were seriously ill of consumption I would live out of doors day and night, except it was raining or mid-winter, then I would sleep in an unplastered log house. My consumptive friend you want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone Physic has no nutriment; gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you. If want to get well, go in for beef and out door air, and do not be deluded into the grave by newspaper advertisements and unfindable certifiers."

A New Branch of Female Education. We were always aware that it takes a great many accomplishments to 'finish off' a lady's education; but we must confess that we saw the other day, in the advertisement of a female seminary, "Down East," a branch of study which struck us as new; it is the art of "Fainting."

It has often been maliciously hinted that ladies can smile, weep, and faint, at will; but our Yankee neighbors are the first to announce to the world that they have in the lady's schools teachers of "Drawing and Fainting."

Well, this is an age of improvement, and whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and if fainting is necessary, it should be accomplished gracefully. Success to the institution that adds one more fine art to the catalogue.

A Lucky Escape.—The Memphis Appeal says a physician of that place paid a morning visit, recently, to one of his patients in the upper end of town, and on entering the room of the sick man, the following dialogue took place:

Patient—"I say, Doctor, I've got you cheated this load of poles."

Doctor—"How?"

Patient, (raising on his elbows and looking across the room)—"Look there doctor at that feller lying there; I got him to take that arc pill you left me, and it killed him in an hour."

The doctor mizzled.

Carrots.—The poor are paying $2.50 per bushel for potatoes, while they do not contain more nutriment than carrots, at a good deal less than half price. The reason is that it is fashionable to eat one and not the other. Carrots are good in several ways; but seldom used except for soup. There is another value of carrots that ought to be known. They are the most healing vegetable that grows. Grate or cut carrots fine, and stew in lard until the substance is cooked out and then strain it, and you have a salve or ointment of the best kind for all sorts of old sores of man or beast.

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" asked an Illinois magistrate of the masculine of a couple who stood up before him.

"Well, squire, you must be a tarnal green hand to ax me such a question as that ar. Do you think that I'd be such a plagued fool as to go to the bar hunt, and take this ar gal from the quiltin frolic, if I wan't determined to have her? Drive on with your business and don't ax foolish questions."

Cure in Horses.—Horses affected with colic are speedily and effectually relieved by the following simple remedy:

Dissolve in a quart of pure water as much salt as will thoroughly saturate the liquid, and drench the animal thoroughly till you discover symptoms of relief.