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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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Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square. Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

POETRY.

From the Methodist Protestant.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

In days of old a title was
A sign of noble birth;
And rich men looked upon the poor
As cumberers of the earth;
They thought it just the crowd should yield
To sceptre and to crown;
And when they would attempt to rise,
They were kept fastee down;
But better days on earth has dawned,
And reasons holy light
Has cleared away the sombre clouds
Upon the brow of night;
And now the poor and rich alike
Have perfect right to think;
They both can quaff from learning's font,
And its pure waters drink.

In olden times books were, indeed,
Such rare and costly things,
That none could read the hidden lore
But counts, and dukes and kings;
The poor had quite enough to do
To till the fruitful soil,
To swing the sledge, and tread the round
Of never ending toil;
But now wirhin these latter days
The light of truth has spread,
And ignorance and bigotry
With all their train are dead;
And he who has a virtuous mind,
No matter what's his rank,
Can face the man who only boasts
His thousands in the bank.

Then moarn not for "the good old times,"
Of which the poets sing,
For naught but recollections sad
From out the past can spring;
But let us hail with songs of praise
A brighter, happier day,
When causes that have fostered crime
Are wearing fast away;
For now before the pen and Press
Must old opinions fall,
And Truth and Justice harken to
Sweet Mercy's loving call;
And every heart in thankfulness
Shall the old times reviev,
Forgetting all their evils in
The advent of the new.

MISCELLANY.

FANNY TALBOT.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

There was a certain heart-sinking look about the stranger as Mr. Talbot told him he was in need of no help in his warerooms, which caused that gentleman to look up again from his ledger and eye the young man closely.

With a half audible sigh, and with an air of hopeless, utter despondency, the object of his scrutiny had turned to leave the counting room.

"Stay a moment, young man—what can you do?"

"I have never been accustomed to any kind of business except that of secretary, but I possess an excellent education, and sufficient energy to undertake and persevere in any pursuit that may offer itself."

There was a certain something in the young man's manners that interested the good Mr. Talbot. So he told him to take a seat beside him and answer a few questions.

The young man pleased Mr. Talbot.—A mutual confidence springing up between them, the stranger confided to the good merchant his pressing necessities.

He was a Pole by birth; he had been bespoiled of home, fortune, and country at one blow. He had served as private secretary for several years to an English nobleman, but a misunderstanding occurring between them he had come to this country, and had been here several months, but not being able to get anything to do, he had spent his last penny, and had not tasted food for two days.

Mr. Talbot did not read him a lecture on the uncertainty of human prospects, but he put his hand into his pocket, and handing a well-filled wallet to the stranger bid him go and make himself comfortable with good cheer, and then to return to the counting room, that he would take him in his own employ for the present, and that that contents of the wallet was but a part of his salary.

With an expression of gratitude the stranger left Mr. Talbot, wallet in hand. There was a something in the lustre of his large, earlest, grey eyes that told the worthy merchant he had not misplaced confidence.

Ildo Sternberg entered into his new occupation with a zeal and comprehension that showed Mr. Talbot had not over estimated either his mental or moral capacity.

Sternberg was employed to write Mr. Talbots most confidential letters, and to attend to his most piivate accounts; for the merchant, at that time, was deeply involvel in several complicated speculations, all of which, if successful, were to benefit the whole system of commerce.

After several months of unremitting labor, the schemes ended in sudden failure. After honorably satisfying the calls of all creditors, who were involved through the unfortunate speculations, Mr. Talbot was enabled to continue his regular business, though on a very much reduced scale.

"A professional friend of mine wishes a secretary; will you accept the situation, Ildo? The salary is good—far better than anything I can offer you, for just now, alas, I can offer you nothing. I mentioned you to my friend, telling him he could not find one more capable and more unexceptionable in every way than yourself."

"I cannot sufficiently thank you for your good opinion of me, and of your care for me," replied Sternberg warmly. "I will accept your friend's offer, whatever it may be, on your recommendation, and I hope the result may prove your good word for me not an unjust one."

"Mr. Redfield, the professional gentleman with whom Sternberg now took up his abode, was a lawyer of much repute, practising in the city, and dwelling in much style, a short ride in the country.

"Take care of yourself, Ildo, my boy," said Mr, Talbot, shaking Sternberg's extended hand, and looking upon him with the fondness of a father.

"I hope you will not forget your old friends for your new one," said Miss Talbot with a pretty plush. "Father and I shall expect to see you as often as you can make it convenient to give us a call."

Fanny Talbot's bright eyes lingered with his as he entered his new abode.—They looked up from the paper on him, day after day as it lay on his desk. They accompanied him in all his outgoings and incomings, their light had become the guiding star of his life. But yet, in his numerous visits to the merchant's house, Ildo preserved the same respectful distance of behaviour towards the bright Fanny that had marked his conduct from the first.

Mr. Talbot was once more prosperous, and learning wisdom from experience, he pursued the beaten path to wealth, leaving chimeras to the uninitiated.

It had grown to be towards the close of summer when Ildo Sternberg entered the office of Mr. Redfield one morning somewhat later than usual, and told him he could no longer remain in his employ. In vain Mr. Redfield urged him for a reason, he would give none, merely saying he had made up his mind to go to South America.

In about an hour after Ildo left the office, Mr. Redfield was summoned home; his eldest daughter had been found dead in the grove of woods by the seaside, which had ever been her favorite walk. Her sister had seen her start in the direction of the grove, in the early morning and had also seen young Sternberg take the same path a short time after, seemingly following in her footsteps.

Isabel Redfield was a belle; a dark, wilful beauty, full of headstrong passion, and from her wit and sparkling, playfulness, was the idol of her father and the imperious mistress of both father and mother, and in fact the entire household. Some of the field laborers had seen Sternberg closely conversing with the beautiful Miss Redfield in the grove, and as soon as the news of her death reached them (for it spread like wild-fire) they came forward to give in their testimony. One of the laborers said that the young lady seemed very much excited in her manner and spoke angrily, and that Sternberg seemed to be expostulating with her, supplicating her to do something that she seemed very resolute in refusing.

The testimony crowded in so closely against poor Sternberg, that a warrant was issued to apprehend him, and so rapid had been all the proceedings that he was taken on board of a South American packet; within five minutes of the time of sailing.

"Suspected and apprehended for *murder*," exclaimed Fanny Talbot. "The murder of my friend Isabel? Oh, papa, how horribly! but he is innocent. *He* never could commit murder. The court will find the real murderer and will acquit *him*," and Fanny Talbot spoke confidently.

"I hope so, my child, but appearances are strongly against him."

"But, papa, *you* do not believe him guilty?"

"My child, I will not say what I believe. I dare not *believe* anything. My good wishes are for the youth, but I fear it will go ill with him at the trial."

Oh, papa, responded Fanny fervently, "do not say so, even if you think so."

Meantime, the day of the trial approached. Fanny Talbot had watched the tide of public opinion to discover that the universal voice was against the ungrateful man who could murder his liberal employer's daughter. Fanny also watched her father's countenance to gain some consolation from him as to Ildo's chance of acquittal, but she could glean nothing there.

"To-day the trial takes place, dear father."

"Yes, my daughter."

"You are to sit in the jury box—one of the twelve?"

"Yes, dear Fanny."

"It is a tearible thing to decide upon the fate of a human being, and terrible must be the remorse of him who sentences a brother to an ignominious death, and afterwards when it is *too late* finds the murdered man as *innocent as the one he was thought to have murdered!*"

"How strangely you talk!" exclaimed Mr. Talbot, startled by her words and manner.

"Farther, Ildo Sternberg is innocent."

"Very likely," gloomily replied the father.

"And dear father, *you* must not permit his death; if all the others insist, you must refuse to be convinced. They cannot hang him without your sanction."

"But, my child, my friendship towards him is known—my reputation may suffer, may be ruined in consequence."

"But, then, you will have saved an innocent man from a frightful death. And dear father, no one can suspect you, who are so upright of partiality."

"Well, dear child, we will see what can be done to save him."

"Father you must *promise me*," exclaimed Fanny Talbot with unwanted vehemence; and then she poured into her fathers ears the deep abiding interest she took in the young man, also her deep seated convictions of his truth and innocence, and the grounds of those convictions, saying that if he were hung and could have been saved by her father, she could not live to bear the horror of the thought.

Deeply affected by his daughters pleadings, Mr. Talbot left her to attend the trial, with a solemn promise to do all in his power to save the prisoner.

The trial proceeded—the evidence was all convincingly against the young Pole. His own words were few and pointed; he declined any explanation of the case, but distinctly and firmly pronounced that he was *not guilty* of the awful charge preferred against him.

His calm, majestic manner did much toward establishing his innocence in the minds of some. But all the evidence being so strange and decided against him the presiding judge closed his speech with pronouncing the prisoner "guilty," and recommending the jury to remember the responsibility resting on them and their duty to society.

The impatient multitude, without and within, awainted the decision of the panel for twelve long hours. At length they returned and the crowd were hushed into silence.

"We cannot agree!" was the response of the foreman to the usual question.

The bench was perplexed. The president went all over the whole of the evidence, again dilating upon the points which proved so conclusively the prisoner's guilt.

The jury again withdrew, and thirty hours time were passed before they pronounced a second decision, and then the verdict of eleven was "guilty," whilst the twelfth juror firmly persisted in the belief of the prisoner's innocence and solemnly avowed that he would suffer death himself before he would assist in his condemnation.

Finding this man so solemnly impressed with the prisoner's innocence, and his arguments in his favor still sounding so convincingly in their ears, to the astonishment of all present, the eleven unanimously concurred with the one in a verdict of acquittal.

The prisoner being therefore set at liberty narrowly escaped the lynch law of the infuriated mob without. A strong police guard alone protected him.

Once more Ildo Sternberg stood upon the deck of a vessel bound for South America. A boy whom he recognized as one in the employ of Mr. Talbot, approach him and placed a letter in his hands. The captains orders meantime had been given, the anchor was drawn up and the brig under way. With a cat-like spring the agile messenger jumped upon the wharf, receiving a lustly cheer from the jolly jack tars who witnessed the feat.

Ildo leaned his head mournfully upon his hands, and gazed abstractedly upon the receding shore.

Suddenly he bethought him of his letter. He opened it, and to his surprise a roll of bank bills fell from it. They were all bills of large amount. The letter merely said:

"You will not refuse the enclosed from one who believes in your innocence.—When you make the fortune which I knew your energy will achieve in the new country to which you are going, you can repay them, if you like, to your sister

FANNY."

Three years after the above occurrences a young man lay sick to death upon his bed, raving in his delirium, to see Mr. Redfield, the father of the murdered Isabel.

Mr. Redfield stood beside the couch of the dying man who was to have been the husband of his daughter Isabel.

"I am sorry to see you so low, my poor Augustus," said Mr. Redfield kindly.

"Oh, speak not to me! It was I who stabbed Isabel!" exclaimed the young man wildly.

All were horrified at these words. His mother and sister imputed them to the dilirum of the disease; but when he grew more calm, and solemnly repeated his asservation, they were forced to believe him.

Before his death, he narrated all the particulars of his unnatural deed.

It seems that the proud Isabel, from the time the handsome Sternberg entereed her father's house, had smiled less graciously upon her affianced Augustus Raymond.—Stung to madness by jealousy, he had watched them together, had heard Isabel, the evening previous, appoint the grove as a meeting place, that she had something *very* particular to say to Sternberg.

Augustus repaired himself to the spot before day break, secreted himself—heard the conversation; saw the reluctance of Sternberg—heard the passionate Isabel avow her love for him, and urge him to make her his wife. Sternberg refused her gently but firmly. At first she was angry, but he soothed her into quiet, and left her after confessing to her that he loved another. She acquitted him of attempting in the slightests to gain her love and as he turned to depart, she smiled sweetly upon him, and said she would try to forget him except with the love of a sister, but that none other could ever supply his place in her affections.

Perfectly infuriated with passion, Augustus Raymond stood before her upon Sternberg's departure, and reproached her more like a demon than a man, with her perfidy.

Her manner was so haughty and indignant that, insane with jealousy and passion, her discarded lover plunged the fatal steel into her fair bosom, and then dashing into the thicket made his escape with the cunning caution that eluded the eyes of all, and locking the fearful secret up in his own breast, he escaped, without being suspected even of the foul deed.

The repentent lover died, and the father of the murdered girl wished to make reparation to the falsely accused Sternberg.

Finding the turn affairs had taken, Fanny Talbot confessed to her father, with a countenance suffused with blushes, that she knew the hiding place of the acquitted Ildo. She had corresponded with him faithfully in his exile.

A few weeks more, and the now happy Sternberg returned to his friends more highly in favor than he had ever been before.

It was with a proud and reluctant heart that the fond father placed his daughter's hand in that of Ildo Sternberg, who, under an assumed name, had won both fortune and fame during his exile—who had also proved himself in all ways so worthy of the trust now reposed in him—the sacred trust of the safe keeping of a woman's heart and happiness.

A wit, a barber and a baldheaded man traveled together. Losing their way, they were obliged to sleep in the open air, and to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot fell first on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head, while he was sleeping.

He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hands to scratch his head exclaimed,

"Here is a pretty mistake, rascal.—You've waked the baldheaded man instead of me."

SHARP AND POINTED.—"Miss so and so is not a reliable personage," said a gentleman to a lady the other evening—"I think she is deceitful—that she is two-faced!"

"I don't think that," said the lady.

"You don't! Why, have you not had proof of her duplicity?"

"Yes, but still I maintain that she cannot have two faces, for if she had I am sure *she would never wear the one* she always presents when I see her!"

FIGURING.—An English mathematician by the name of Baily, has been for some time past engaged in weighing the earth. Here are his figures: 1,256,195,675,000,000,000,000,000—or in words, one quadrilion, two hundred and fifty-six thousand one hundred and ninety-five trillions, six hundred and seventy-five thousand billion tons avordupois.

Why is it dangerous to walk in woods in early spring?—Because the trees are shooting.

Harry Sampson's Revenge.

Mr. Snarl resides in Forsyth street.—Mr. Snarl is an old bachelor, with an Irish girl for a housekeeper. Snarl lives in good style, but has some queer notions. He dislikes dogs above all things, organ grinders and beggars not excepted.

Snarl's next door neighbor is Harry Sampson. Now, Harry is the very opposite of old Mr. Snarl. Now he sets a high value on a dog, and thinks that there is only one article equal to "a Newfoundlander," and that's a woman. Harry has several specimens of the canine race. The other evening they got up a bowling match because the moon became eclipsed. They commenced at ten oclock and kept it up until the sun got an inch and a half above Williamsburg. This so annoyed old Mr. Snarl that he had Harry jerked up for "a nuisance," and fined ten dollars.

Harry paid the money, but resolved on revenge. The next morning the following advertisement appeared in the Herald:

"Wanted—At Forsyth street, two bull dogs, and four spaniel pups; for full-blooded dogs the highest price will be paid.—Call between four and six P. M.

James Snarl."

We need not say that the advertisement was inserted by Harry. His reason for making the calls "between four and six P. M." was because Mr. Snarl was always out at that hour taking an airing around the battery.

As the "hour specified" began to draw near, several specimens of dogs and pups might have been seen going up the Bowery to Grand street, down Grand street to Forsyth to the mansion occupied by Mr. Snarl.

The first person that pulled the door bell was a butcher boy from Centre market, with a pair of bull dogs, that would "tear the stripes off a tiger." Maggy answered the bell, when the following colloquy took place.

"Does Mr. Snarl live here?"

"Yes—why do you ax?"

"I've got some dogs for him."

"Dogs for Mr. Snarl!—mother of Moses, did you ever; you've mistock the door.

"Devil a bit of it—read that."

Here Syksie took out the "Morning Herald" and showed Maggy the advertisement. Maggy was thunderstruck; but still there was "no denying the advertisement," she accordingly told Syksie to go into the back yard "wid the dogs," and await the return of old Mr Snarl.—Syksie did so. In about three minutes Maggy was again summoned by the door bell.

"What do you want?"

"Mr. Snarl,—I've got them dogs you wanted."

"You have—well then go into the yard wid the other blackguard.

No. 2 followed No. 1. No. 2 was soon followed by No. 3. who was succeded by lots 4, 5, 6 and 7. By half-past five the "back yard" contained twenty-one bull dogs and fourten spaniels. The former got up a misunderstanding, and by the time Mr. Snarl arrived, seven spaniels had been placed *horse du combat*, while a big brindle bull dog from the Fulton market, was going through with his third fight with a "yaller tarrier" from Mott street.

Mr. Snarl reached home a few minutes before six. Maggy opened the door and burst out as follows:

"For the love of the Lord go back and stop 'em! They are eating one another up, and if not choked off will devour the cistern. Since the days of Crummell I've not seen such a hullabaloo entirely."

Snarl "went back,"—Snarl looked into the yard and would have sworn, but he could not find oaths sufficiently powerful to do justice to his feelings. When we left, Mr. Snarl was emptying the "back yard with an axe-helve.

The next morning Harry Sampson complained of him for having a "dog fight" on his premises. Snarl was fined twenty five dollars—fifteen for having "such a fight" and ten for being "an old hypocrite." It is not necessary for us to say that Harry Sampson slept better that night, than any since the war with Mexico.—*Dutchman.*

☞"I like to see the dear little creatures amuse themselves," said Mrs. Brown when her elder boy took a new bonnet and affixed it on the tail of his kite. Never fear," said the good old lady, to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air, "as soon as the kite comes down he will give it back to you."

YOUNG AMERICA AT HIS DEVOTIONS.—The editor of the Detroit Times says he heard a day or two since the following illustration of early piety: "Pray God bless father and mother, and Anna, and, by jinks I must scrabble quick to get into bed before Mary does!"

☞Dr. Keene died of a surfeit, from a roast goose he had partaken too liberally of, whereupon a witling wrote the following

EPIGRAM:

Here lies Dr. Keene, the good Bishop of Chester,
Who ate a fat goose, and could not digest her.

Hasty Marriages.

In how many instances, at the present day, is marriage merely a union of hands—the affection not being ever taken into consideration. The question on the one side, "Is she handsome?—has she money?" On the other, "Can he support me in style?—shall I be able to make an appearance?" How much better would it be to ask—"Has the woman a heart capable of pure affection?—will she be willing to share with me adversity as well as prosperity?—will she forsake all others and cleave only unto me through weal and woe?"

And woman, yes woman—she whose very nature ought to stimulate her to higher and holier motives for taking upon herself the marriage relation—is too often only anxious as to the length of her husband's purse, and the amount of his bank stock. The heart—the mind—the intellect—yes, everything really worth marrying for, being non-essentials.

But oh, the misery which too often follow such marriages. The husband, when it is too late, laments his blindness and his folly. The wife is made to realize that riches take to themselves wings and fly away; and then comes the consciousness of a want of sympathy and congeniality of feelings. Each are thrown back upon themselves, for not a chord in the breast of one vibrates in unison with the other. Let the young beware how they enter the marriage state from such motives, lest they wake too late from the delusion. Consult the judgement, and hesitate when that says "beware." Let the property be *in* rather than *with* the companion.

Oh, the loneliness of an unwedded heart. The hands may be united, but to feel that in heart you are seperated, must be misery indeed. True, the routine of duties might be regularly performed, and with that exactness which would exclude the possibility of a complaint; but with the knowledge that it was not prompted by love—that it is not the spontaneous expression expression of a heart all your own—life may be endured, it can hardly be enjoyed. Many, alas, top many, can testify to the truth from practical experience. Let their experience prove a warning to others against the shoals and quicksands of this uncertain sea.

Examine the heart, not the purse; the soul, the mind, not the tenement it dwells in. Consult judgement, not fancy. Let pure heartfeft affection be the incentive to marriage. To think of being obliged to associate for life with one who has not a feeling in sympathy with you, and who is more over in sentiment, taste and feeling, directly opposed to you—how revolting the thought. Then, let love, not ambition, lead you to form those ties that naught but death can honorably sever.

TREATMENT TO HARVESTERS.

To ensure faithful labor from, and kindly treatment to the harvesters, the master or employer should be present in the field, encourage the men by his presence and his language, for either may rest assured, that *presence and kindness* go far to ensure fidelity. If *lunches* between meals, were carried to the field and given to the harvesters, it would have the happiest effect, in bracing up their nerves for renewed labor; for besides the benefit arising to the physical part of the man, such attention appeals to his mental faculties, and excite his ambition, and stimulates him to exertion; for there are few men, however humble they may be in the scale of humanity, but feel the softening influence of kindly treatment. Besides these lunches, the hands should be supplied every half hour with some *cool refreshing beverage;* and we know of none better suited to the purpose, than a drink composed in the proportion of half a gallon good molasses to 5 gallons cool water, into which ¼th of a lb. of good pulveriqed ginger has been infused. This beverage is at once safe, pleasent, refreshing and invigorating. In the distribution of such drings every half hour, she services of a man, or boy, may be very advantageously and exclusively devoted thoughout the day.

Time of reaping the Grain.—When the straw for 3 or 4 inches become yellow and dry, is the proper time for harvesting wheat—it should never be permitted to remain uncut until it is either dead or ripe. Grain cut at this period is plumper, thinner-skinned, more nutritive, makes better flour, and weighs heavier, than when it is permitted to become dead ripe before being cut; besides which, the loss from scattering is avoided, while the danger of injury and loss from *rust*, which mostly occurs a few days before the grain is ripe, is prevented. Again, the straw for feeding purposes, is at least *one-third* more valuable, when cut in a greenish state, than when cut after it has become dry and arid standing on its roots in the field. And still again, by cutting early, *more time*, an important consideration, will be allowed for harvesting.—*American Farmer.*

☞"What plan," said one actor to another, shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?"

"Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

☞"Time is ever on the wing," as the wag said who was compelled to pawn his watch for the fourth time!