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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.

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POETRY.

COME TO ME IN MY DREAMS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh come to me oft,
When the light wing of sleep,
On my bosom lies soft.
Oh come when the sea,
In the moon's gentle light,
Beats low on the ear,
Like the pulse of the night—
When the sky and the wave,
Wear their loveliest blue,
When the dew's on the flower,
And the stars on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh, come and we'll stray,
Where the whole year is crowned,
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is as sweet
As the coo of a dove,
And the gales are as soft
As the breathing of love:
Where the beams kiss the waves,
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet lesson they teach.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh, come and we'll fly,
Like two winged spirits,
Of love through the sky;
With hand clasped in hand
On our dream wings we'll go,
Where the starlight and moonlight,
Are blending their glow;
And on bright clouds we linger
Through long dreamy hours,
Till love's angels envy
The heaven of ours.

MISCELLANY.

(*From Ballou's Pictorial.*)

Adventure in the Chinese Sea.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was Captain Sampson's turn to tell the next story. He was a stout, bronzed and hard-fisted, but kind-hearted son of the ocean, fifty years old, and full of thrilling adventure. Our pipes were refilled, and then Sampson took his turn as follows:

It is now ten years next November that I took charge of the "Yankee." She was a noble ship, and I felt proud of the charge. We lay at the Wharf down Peck Slip, (we cleared at New York, you know) and had got the last duds on board when I felt something touch me on the leg. I turned around and there stood a boy some fourteen years of age, with a bundle on his shoulder. He kind o' trembled when I looked at him, but there was n't any dishonesty in that face—not a bit. He had great grey eyes, almost dark enough for hazel, and his hair curled over his head like a girl just rigged for a party. Then he looked so earnestly and steadily at me, that I knew whatever he wanted he'd be truthful about it.

'What is it, boy, said I, speaking kindly.

'I want to go to sea with you,' says the boy.

'Who says you may go?'

He pointed up to a store at the head of the Slip, and told me if I would only go up there with him, I could learn all about it.

'But what use will you be to me?' I asked him before we started.

'Any use you put me to, that's honest, and that I can do,' he said.'

I liken the answer, for I saw that he meant it, and I went up to the store with him. I did want a cabin boy, but I had'nt made arrangements for any, because just such a one as I wanted about me all the time was hard to find. At the store I asked Mr. Van Wart (he was an old friend of mine) about the boy. He told me that the boy's father used to be a porter in his store, and that he died two months before, and that the boy was now an orphan, his mother having been dead some years. Then he took me aside, and says he:

'If you want the boy, captian, you will find him a most faithful one. He's been with me, off and on, ever since he was so high.'

Of course, I took him. His name was Edward Grover, though he said 'twas Ned and Ned we called him. Two days after that a tug towed us out of the harbor, and we stuck our nose clear of Sandy Hook before dinner. First we went to Calcutta and then to Canton; and many and many a time did I bless my stars that Ned Grover was with me, for an own child couldn't have been more faithful than he was. And then he was a bold fellow, too; and never was the blow that could shake him, nor the storm that could blanch him. On the royal yard he was like a squirrel on a tree, and he was as quick of wit as he was of body.

Well, our business was all done at Canton, and I only had to touch at Singapore on my way home, unless I choose to heave to at Batavia. We had a splendid run down the Ghinese Sea, making the passage to Nantunas in just eight days. In three days from that we were among the Anambus Islands—off Malacca, you know. Most of these Islands we left on the starboard beam, and along towards the middle of the afternoon Lampang was on the lee bow, and not more than six miles distant. I always took the eastern run of Lampang, because I knew the channel. Since morning the wind had been variable, though no baffling, and now it had settled down in the west'rd as though to rest itself—for with stud'n' sails alow and aloft, we didn't run off more than three knots an hour at the outside.

It was just four o'clock when I came on deck to see how the land lay, and I found Lamping then just about abeam, but as the wind now came, the island was to the windward of us, and four miles distant. I had look at the compass and at the sails, and was then looking out for the land, when the man at the main top hailed the deck.

'What is it?" I asked.

'A Malay proa!' he answered, 'right in ashore by that rock. There, don't you see her.'

I looked and did see her. I sent Ned for my glass, and by the time he came with it the proa had come out in full sight from the rock. I levelled my glass and could make the fellow out plainly. 'Twas one of the largest proas I ever saw. I should say seventy-five feet long, with bows like an old man's nose turned bottom upwards, and a stern about the same. I counted the men in her, and I could do it pretty surely.

What is she sir, asked Walter, my first mate.

'A Malay proa,' I told him.

'How many men?'

'Seventy-five, at least.'

'A pirate,' he uttered.

'She isn't likely to be anything else,' I answered, assuming as much composure as I could; but you may be sure I felt but little of it, for a Malay pirate is just about the worse thing in the world—bloodthirsty as a Bengal tiger, with all the wit of a man to back it up. Their very religion makes piracy a holy virtue, and a man is honored among them for the many times his knife has found a human heart. And they are powerful fellows, too, and trained from childhood to the use of arms.

'She coming after us,' cried the man at the top. But then he needn't have told us of it, for I had seen that from the beginning.

The men look anxiously towards me, and I saw that they were stricken with fear. And our position was not one to inspire a poor chap with very deep joy.—The wind was still to the west'rd, and three knots was the most the ship could be made to run. The Malay was now within three miles, and shooting through the water like mad. He had twenty broad paddles out—you know the bloody hounds can send those long, narrow, sharp proas fast. We were now sure that there vas over seventy men in the great boat, for we could even see their long knives and clumsy fire arms through my glass. My crew, all mustered numbered twenty-nine, and one of them was only a boy. Of swords and cutlasses, we had only six, but I had thirty brace of pistols in the arm chest, and a dozen pikes by the mast. It was a dubious show wasn't it?'

However, resolved to do the best I could, for I knew if those Malays captured us, we were simply dead men; so of course there was some ground for resistance. First, I made myself as calm as I could, and then I got out the pistols, and had them all loaded. I gave two to each man, reserving two extra ones for myself. The six cutlasses I gave to those I thought best qualified to handle them, and then I distributed the twelve pikes. Beyond these I found four boat hooks, and these I also gave out, for they would be useful in repelling boarders when the pistols had all been fired.

'Now, boys,' said I, 'you know what fellow is after; and if I'd thought of lull in the wind, I shouldn't have in here. But that can't be helped. We can't run away, and we all w if those Malays take us, they'll cut throats every one. I fancy you had ather fight to the death than to be d so. Will you stand it?'

f course they all said "yes;" but then didn't speak like men who had any t, and surely I didn't blame them, for enemy was more than double us.—ll saw that my brave fellows meant to fi.

he proa was now about a mile distant, would be alongside in ten minutes, unwe caught a smart breeze. I looked at, but saw no signs of any such breeze a single bank of vapor to the north'd. lled after Ned to run to the cabin and ge my slippers for the boots I had on w stiff and clumsy. Bu Ned was not to bound.

Never mind," I said to myself as I nown, "he isn't to blame. Poor boy, he couldn't do much, unless it was to sh a pistol, and perhaps blow his own fin's off."

ould'nt find it in my heart to haul him om his hiding place, for you see he ha been a faithful fellow to me, and if he did escape, I hoped he would. I got my slippers and then returned to the ck. The Malay was now within half mile, and we could see their knives plain.

The were just seventy four of them, thereping twenty seats in the boat, and all ept one or two at the bows and stern ving four on a seat.

"We shall never be able to beat them off, sir whispered Walker in my ear.

"We are able to try, at all events," I replied.

"But just look at their force," he said, blanchir.

"The you mean to die like—'

"—sh" he hissed, "do not, I pray you, say my more about it, of course I'll fight."

He graped his cutlass as he spoke, and I could see that his eye had changd, and there was now some fire in it. By this time we could see the faces of the Malays plainly and in all my wanderings don't think I ever saw such another set f diabolical, ugly looking villains. h two minutes more I saw those who worked the paddles take their knives in their teeth. I had the men standing by with their pistols, and I ordered them to fire one volley before the boat got fairly alongside.

At this moment just as the pirte was within a cable's length, I felt a col puff of wind upon my cheek. I turnd and saw that the wind had whipped ou from the north'd.

Quick as lightning I ordered th yards squared, and the men obeyed me romptly, but while this was being done, he Malay was coming on. The pirates saw that our sails had caught the new breeze, and with a few quick and long strokes they sent their craft alongside like a rocket.

"Fire!" I shouted.

And my men did fire, but their hands must have trembled, for not more than half a dozen of the enemy fell. I called the men to shove their pikes over, but I tell you those few pikes looked kind o' dismal in the faces of seventy stout Malay pirates. I took one look into that proa, and my heart sank, for I knew they would make but short work with us. We might kill a score of them, and even then they'd be up with us.

"What do you want?" I shouted with all my might.

"You' mooney—you' blood! you' sheep, you 'ng dom crappoo Shawn Bull"

The fellow evidently thought us John Bulls, and what the crappoo meant I couldn't tell, unless he had got the French and English mixed up. However I had no time to think of that.

Already were the pirates upon their feet their long knives in their mouths, clenched firmly between their teeth, and in a moment more they would leap. The bows of the proa touched our side just under the mizen chains, and her stern was sweeping swiftly in as she shot ahead.

At that moment something brushed past me towards the stern, and I smelt the strong, rank fumes of turpentine. Before I had time to look or to think, a sheet of smoke and flame danced before my eyes, and on the next instant a howl like the roar of a hundred liens broke upon my ears.

"Beat 'em off! beat 'em off!" cried a sharp, clear voice, which I recognized as Ned's and as I heard it the whole truth flashed upon me.

I sprung to where half a dozen of the villains, all covered with flame, were trying to crawl up over the side. I awoke the men to a comprehension of the fortune that had burst upon us, and the few who were trying to board us were either shot or driven back.

The breeze was now fresh, and in a very few moments more we shot ahead, leaving the proa, all enveloped in flames, at a safe distance behind, while the crew, every man of them, had leaped into the water to extinguish the fire that clung to them.

As soon as we were safe, and our nerves had become somewhat composed, we looked into the strange fortune that had saved us, and we soon understood it. Noble Ned Grover, while I thought him hiding away from the enemy, was setting on foot a plan which had entered his head alone. In the fore peak there was a large can of pure spirits of turpentine. Ned had taken the cook's great copper kettle, which held some twelve gallons, and filled it as full as he had dared with the inflamable stuff and then he watched his opportunity. The moment he thought the proa near enough, he set fire to the spirits, and then lifting the kettle high up by his sides, he went aft, so that the wind would help him and with a strong careful throw he sent the fiery mass into the boat. It went in one sheet, all blazing and hissing, and the light, cotton clothing of the pirates ignited instantly.

Of course the villains were blined and stunned by the unexpected visitation, and I don't 'spose they knew much what they were about till they got into the water. The wind, which was just now starting fresh, carried the blazing liquid the whole length of the boat, and you know even a dozen drops would have been enough to set their cotton shists afire.

The old Yankee now gathered headway good, and ere long the proa and her crew were far astern. The boat was still burning and smoking like mad, and we could see that most of the pirates were striking out for the island. But 'tisn't likely one of 'em ever reached the shore, for the fresh breeze had kicked up a smart wave and their heads were under water half the times.

'Tisn't much use of my telling how Ned Grover was disposed of, for you can judge for yourselves. He was mild and modest as ever, and begged us to say nothing more about it. When we got home, the owners made him accept a thousand dollars, and made me promise to teach him navigation. Ned is now four and twenty—as noble a fellow as you could wish to see—and last month he left New York as the captain of the good ship Daniel Boone. Now, who comes next?"

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

Some years since we were a student of medicine in a neighboring State, and with a number of associates and highly respectable class mates, were attending a course of private lectures under the direction and instruction of a gentleman of extensive experience and unsurpassed scientific attainments and skill. During the course, medical and surgical cases were investigated, prescribed for, and lectured on before the class; clinical demonstrations and lectures at private houses, and dissections, whenever subjects could be, by any means whatever, obtained. We were assembled one dark stormy evening in the lecture room. A lecture by the Professor of the Theory and practice of Medicine was progressing, when a feeble rap on the outer door was heard. The porter, whose duty it was to attend and answer and report all of the business calls, immediately announced a man in waiting, and that he had a dead body in his wagon under the shed, and if the Professor or the students wished one fresh from the grave and but recently deceased, he would dispose of it a fair compensation. A bargain was at once made, the price demanded, $50, was paid, and the body deposited on the table. The lecture, of course, was interrupted, but as soon as this matter was disposed of, the lecture proceeded. At the close of the lecture, however, it was proposed and decided to dissect the body. It was disrobed of grave cloths, and lo, behold the body of a young lady, even in death of unsurpassing beauty, and it seemed, more in a state of calm and placed sleep, than in death, and involuntarily all were still and hushed as the grave from whence the body had been taken, lest she should be waked from pleasant dreams. No sculptor could mould, or imagination conceive a form more beautiful, more perfect than the form before us. No member of the class could raise the knife as a token of commencing the task of dissection. No one could mark or mar a form so lovely. But horrors of horrors! One of our most intelligent and promising associates, whose attention had been diverted during the act of uncovering the body, took his place at the table. And shall we forget the heart rending scene that followed? No never!

This young man was about closing his course of study, and had promised his heart and hand to an interesting and dearly beloved young lady in a neighboring village, fondly expecting as soon as he could establish himself in business, to be united to her in marriage. But about one week prior to this eventful evening, she died, and it was her body on the table before us! The first glance on the remains of this lovely female, by this student, he recognized it, and with a most unearthly groan and a shriek, fell to the floor, and that moment his reason took its flight, never to return; that moment he was left a wreck of departed intelligence and promising greatness. Until death closed the scene he was a raving lunatic.

GOOD ADVICE.

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care—
Of Whom you speak,
To Whom you speak,
And *how* and *when* and *where*.

A "WICTIM" TO TYRANICAL LAW.

Mr. Robert Russell, who formerly lived in Schobarie county, N. Y., now resides in the city of Albany. Russell appears to be the victim of unpropitious circumstances. Russell has an unhappy faculty of doing business contrary to law. On Tuesday last, Mr. Russell was arrested for the eleventh time since autumn set in. We give his examination:

"Well Russell," said the magistrate, "you are here again, I perceive."

"Yes, sir. The fact is, Squire, I am a wictim. Blow me if I care what Bobby Russell does, he is sure to violate some law or other. When I comes to Albany, I says to myself, Russell, my boy, we'll take a hunt to-morrow and try them fox hounds! Well, sir, out I goes and what do you think?'

"Go on," said the magistrate.

"Before I got to the next corner, Barney Whalen tapped me on the shoulder, and says, 'that's agin the law.' 'What's agin the law?' I replies; and he says, 'having dogs in the street without muzzles.' He accordingly arrested me, and brought me to the police court. The result of that piece of fun was a fine of five dollars. Well, what did I do then?"

"Can't say."

"Well, listen, and I'll tell you. I sold the fox hounds to one of 'Aunt Put's' friends for twenty five dollars. With the proceeds, I bought a sow and five pigs, I took them home, built a pen in the back yard, and thought all my troubles were at an end, but I was mistaken. Officer Bradwer called upon me the very next morning, and says, 'Russell keeping hogs in the yard is agin the law.' I doubted it. This riled the officer, who had me arrested agin. This time I was fined five dollars."

"Well, what did you do then?" asked the magistrate.

"I sold my sow and pigs, and bought a horse and cart, and undertook to draw wood. The very first load I put on drew the attention of policeman Sickles, who said that driving a cart without license was 'agin the law.' He arrested me for that offence, which caused me another fine of five dollars."

Well, what next?"

"Why, I sold the horse and cart, and then I bought the half of a charcoal wagon."

"What success did you meet with after that?"

"The same old luck, sir. The first day I commenced peddling, policeman snooks took me by the collar, and says, 'Russell that's agin the law, old feller.' What's agin the law, I said. He replied, 'selling charcoal in a wooden measure.' That cost me three dollars."

"Did that drive you out of the charcoal business?"

"Yes sir. I sold out, and thought I would try my fortune in carrying baggage between the steamboats and railroads.—What's the use? I only commenced to work this morning, and yet here I am again."

"What for, now?"

"For soliciting baggage without a permit from the Mayor. As I said before I'm a wictim. If I should save a man from drowning by jumping into a whirlpool, dash my vig if I don't believe the first policeman I met in coming ashore would up and say, 'It's agin the law, Russell, to go overboard without a license from the Coroner.'"

The Justice having heard Mr. Russell to the end, admitted that he was a "wictim," and let him off without paying a fine.

Russell left the office, saying he would go and kill himself "if it were not for one thing." On being asked what it was he replied that some policeman would discover it was "agin the law to commit suicide," and undertake to collect the fine from his "misfortinit children."

Russell's case calls for sympathy.

☞An old fellow who became weary of his life thought he might as well commit suicide, but he didn't wish to go without forgiving all his enemies. So at the last moment he removed the noose from his neck, saying to himself—"I never can or will forgive old Noah for letting the copper head snakes get into the ark.—They have killed $2,000 worth of my cattle, and when he and I meet there'll be a general fuss."

☞A Yankee boy once had a whole Dutch cheese set before him by a waggish friend, who, however, gave him no knife.

'This is a funny cheese, uncle Joe, but where shall I cut it?'

'Oh,' said the grinning friend, "cut it where you like.'

'Very well,' said the Yankee, coolly putting it under his arm, 'I guess I shall best cut it at home.

'Gol. W——, is a fine looking man,' said Jenkins.

'Yes,' said Noggins, 'I was taken for him once.'

'You! why you are as ugly as a stump fence!'

'I can't help that, I was taken for him. I endorsed his note, and was taken for him by the sheriff.'

☞Why is a kiss like creation? Because it is made of nothing, and yet it is something.

THE DANGER OF LEARNING GRAMMAR.

We take the following from an exchange:

Mr. Editor:—I hav ben sendin' my dater Nancy to school to schoolmaster in this naborhood. Last Friday I went over to the scool to see how Nancy was gettin along, and I seen things I did'nt like by no means. The scoolmaster was larnin her things entirely out of the line of edycation, and as I think improper. I set a while in the schoolhouse and heered one class say ther lesson. They was a spellin and I thot spelled quite well exceedingly. Then cum Nancy's time to say her lesson, and she said it very spry. I was shot! and determined she should leave the scool. I hav heerd gramer was a uncommon study, but I don't want eny more gramer about my house. The lesson that Nancy sed yas nothin but the foolishest kind uv talk, the rediclest luv talk you ever see ed. She got up and the very first word she sed was

I love!

I looked rite at her hard for doing so improper, but she went rite on and sed

Thou lovest,
He loves,

and I reckon you never heerd such a riggermyrole in your life—love, love, love, and nothin but love. She sed one time,

I did love.

Ses I; "who did you love?" Then the scolars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and I sed, "who did you love, Nancy? I wan't to know—who did you love?" The scoolmaster, Mr. McQuilister, put in and sed he would explane when Nancy finished the lesson. This sorer pacyfied me, and Nancey went on with awful love talk It got wus and wus every word.—She sed,

I might, could or would love,

I stopped her again and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The scoolmaster tried to interfere but I wouldent let him say a word. He sed I was a fool and I knock him down and made him holler in short order. I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show him how I iecde larn my dater gramer.

I got the nabors together and we sent Mr. McQuilister off in a hurry, and I reckon thar'l be no more gramer techin in these parts soon. If you know of any rather oldish man in your regon that dont teach grammer, we would be glad if you wood send him up. But in the footur we will be keerful how we employ men.—Yung scoolmasters wont do, especially if they tecches gramer. Its a bad thing for morils.

Yuors til deth,

THOMAS JEFFERSON SOLH.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.

Gather a sufficient quantity of sand or fine road dust and have it thoroughly screened dry. Put a thin layer of sand upon the bottom of the box, and lay in a cours of potatoes from 8 to 10 inches thick, then pour in more sand until the insterticces between are filled. When this is done, next fill up the box (which in no case should be over two feet deep) with potatoes, and then again pour on sand to fill up as before, and fasten on a top to keep mice out if necessary. If several boxes are used, they may be piled on the top of each other, and in this case always with sticks to leave a space between of one or two inches to allow a free circulation of air.

In order to complete success in keeping, it is indispensable that the boxes be stored in a dry room, where a pretty uniform temperature may be maintained, the safest range being 50 to 60 degrees, Fahrenheit. A wider range, if not of too long duration, may not do much harm. Potatoes put up in this manner, will not be subject to loss of over 5 to 10 per cent.

Sweet potatoes for winter use can be preserved in much the same way, and will keep good for cooking all winter, with but a slight deteriation of quality. To keep them from the atmosphere—dry and of equal, moderate temperature, are the great requisites to complete success. *Ohio Cultivator.*

Curing Bacon without Smoke.—To smoke the best bacon fat your hogs early, and fat them well. By fattening early you make great saving in food and well fattened pork. Then kill as soon as the weather will allow, and salt as soon as the animal heat is gone, with a plenty of the purest salt, and about a half an ounce of salt petre to one hundred pounds of pork.

As soon as the meat is salted to your taste—which will generally be in about 5 weeks, take it out, and if any of it has been covered with brine, let it drain a little. Then take black pepper finely ground, and dust on the hock end as much as will stick, then hang it up in a good clean, dry, airy place. If all this is done as it should be, (it ought to be done now,) you will have no further trouble with it, for by fly time in the spring, the bacon is so well cured on the outside, that flies or bugs will not disturb it.

Curing bacon is like the Irishman's mode of making punch. He said, "Put in the sugar, then fill it up with whisky, and every drop of water you put in after that spoils the punch." Just so with curing bacon; after following the directions given above, every "drop" of smoke you put about it spoils the bacon.—*Portage Democrat.*