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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.

A Cup of Pure Water ne'er Causes a Sting.

Written for the American Democrat,

BY C. KEENER.

A sound through the annals of ages is breaking
'Tis the pleasures of wine mingled up with song;
It teems with the burstings of hearts that are aching—
Yet poets and bards waft its echoes along.

They have sung of its virtues and dwelt on its pleasures,
And kept all its evils so far out of sight,
That to take it away is like stealing our treasures,
And forbidding to drink is invading our right.

Yet the wisest of men bid the "eye" to beware
How it gazed on the wine-cup when sparkling with wine,
For the "poison of adders" was still lurking there,
Though in r seate brightness the tempter might shine.

Surpassing in wisdom all those that preceded,
Unrivalled by those of a subsequent age
The warning thus given, O! had he but heeded,
His follies had ne'er sullied history's page.

This one fatal error, pervading all ages,
Aware of "the poison," the wine-cup they'd sip;
Behold! here the wisdom and folly of sages—
Kistrusting the eye, while they trusted the lip

But these latter day glories the secret unfolded,
Which Sampson and Rachab both knew in their day;
Truth loses no lustre when again 'tis new-moulded,
And the lumber of ages is once cleared away.

The secret was this, tho' by angel lips given;
No precept, how good, without practice combine,
But will leave you by passions wild storms, to be driven,
And wreck all your hopes in the pleasure of wine.

Come, "fill up the wine cup"—not the wine-cup of sadness;
Bright water's a draught which no sorrow will bring;
The cup in whose minglings are joy and gladness,
You may quaff it with safety, it causes no sting.

WOMAN'S FIRMNESS.

Well, let him go, and let him stay—
I do not mean to die;
I guess he'll find that I can live
Without him, if I try.

He thought to frighten me with frowns
So terrible and black;
He'll stay away a thousand years
Before I ask him back.

He said that I had acted wrong,
And foolishly beside;
I won't forget him after that—
I would'nt if I died.

If I was wrong, what right had he
To be so cross to me?
I know I'm not an angel quite—
I dont pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once,
And now when we fall out,
He always says she was not cross,
And then she did not pout.

It is enough to vex a saint—
It's more than I can bear;
I wish that girl of his was—
Well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she was pretty, too—
Was beautiful as good;
I wonder if she'd get him back
Again, now, if she could?
I know she would, and there she is—
She lives almost in sight;
And now its after nine o'clock—
Perhaps he's there to-night.

I'd almost write to him to come—
But then I've said I wont;
I do not care so much, but she
Shan't have him if I don't.
Besides, I know that I was wrong,
And he was in the right;
I guess I'll tell him so—and then—
I wish he'd come to-night!

MISCELLANY.

Dying Advice of Hon. Mr. Smirk

Simon Smirk was on his death bed.—His son Samuel was standing by his side and while he was holding his father's hand his father spoke to him as follows:

"Sammy, I am dying—at the age of fifty-five. I wish you to pay strict attention to my dying advice!"

"Father, I will."

"And I wish you to follow my advice after I am dead."

"I will, father."

"Sammy, the neighbors and all my friends tell me I haven't an enemy in the world, and I believe I haven't. I want you to understand why I haven't. It's all owing to policy, Sam; policy and nothing shorter. When I was of your age my boy, I was as poor as a broken down village horse, turned out to die. Age has at last broken me down, but I ain't poor, thank policy! Follow my example and you will become richer by far than your father, Sammy, and die without an enemy as I do."

Samuel wept, as in duty bound, but grief and his handkerchief choked his utterance; so he said nothing.

"It has always been my policy,' resumed the dying Smirk, to avoid giving offence to any one. No matter what people said or did to me—or any one else—right or wrong—I have always endeavored to forbear and submit, wherever I could; to be calm and cautious on all occasions, and to avoid the exhibition of any sign of resentment. By long experience in this course I have found that by persevering to agree with every body, skilfully, is a sure eventual guide to universal popularity."

"But have you never had any difficulty with any one?"

"Not since I was twenty-one," said the dying man, gasping for breath. "Reach me a little more water and wet my lips. They are too parched to speak plain.—There, there,' he added as his son obeyed him, "that will do, and you shall be initiated into my invariable and invaluable policy. Be deferential, Sam, deferential, and control your temper, and flatter whenever you can get a chance—have a bow, and a smile, and a word, and a shake of the hand for every body—mark! for *every body*—and then you will get along."

"But I mu sn't be friendly to villains, must I?"

"Friendly! humph! be *friendly* to nobody—seem so. Villains; they compose two-thirds of the community, and are the most influential. As for the other third though it is well enough to keep their good opinion, they are only subordinate agents in the building up of a man. But don't get affronted with them. Oh no, Sam; never do that! Never kick a dog unless you are sure he has no owner, then kick away, if you like.'

Though his father was dying, Samuel could not help from smiling at this language.

"That's right,' said the old Smirk; "I like that. Smile again, Sam; smile again. By smiling I have gained many a good friend. But be careful you don't smile at the wrong time. A smile is a powerful weapon, but it must be used with judgment.'

"Do you know Sam, why I was always such a favorite with the women?'

"No, father."

"I was always careful, in the first place to feel my way with the women; took care to understand their characters; their sentiments their particular vanities and hobbies; keeping my own ideas in the back ground, until I could coincide with theirs. I always took care never to speak disrespectfully of the sex. I never, in the presence of a woman, called a woman a 'woman' or a 'female.' I had but one name—ladies—for all the feminine gender.'

"How did you do when they differed, and asked you opinion?'

"I would agree with one and wink at at the others slily! as much as to say "tis all humbug, what I am saying.' If a woman was ugly, I'd praise her intellect.—If she didn't know anything, I'd praise her virtue. In this way I seldom missed the mark; for it is very seldom you find a woman that is ugly, immoral, and a fool in the bargain. In fact, it's hard to find anybody who hasn't some good point, or who isn't susceptible to flattery in some way or other; and a man must be a fool who, determined to flatter, and make his flattery acceptable, can't seize hold of some merit, in mind, heart, form or face of the person he wishes to please, and, feigning to admire it, make that person friendly.'

"Must I be stingy or liberal?'

"Oh, be liberal—be liberal by all means,' said the dying man with a ghastly smile—"that is, in sentiment. Whenever a generous deed is done, exalt it to the skies. Always praise generous people. Clap your hands for philanthropy, and then clap them in your pocket and keep them there."

"Suppose a beggar asks alms of me, or I am called on to contribute to some charitable object?'

"If any person begs, say, 'certainly, my poor woman,' or 'my man,' or 'my child,' and then quickly feel in your pockets. You will find no money, of course but you must say, with a sigh and a tear in your eye, if you can scare up one, 'I am really ashamed to own it, but unfortunately, I haven't a cent about me.'—If you don't get a 'God bless you' for that, I'm mistaken. I never found it to fail."

"But a subscription?'

"Read the paper, praise the object, but say that you have just subscribed for more than you can afford, for another object of a similar nature. If the applicant believes by this that you are in a charitable line, he will let you off, whereas, if you refused out and out, without an explanation, he might abuse you behind your back. I have made myself a great reputation for benevolence merely by refusing to subscribe in this way. This is a queer world, Sam."

Here the old man was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which nearly took him out of this queer world.

"I fear, father, that talking so much will be fatal to yon.'

"No, no,' resumed his father, "I'm determined not to die till I get through. As I said, Sammy, this is a queer world, and you can't get along in it without religion,"

"Without what!' exclaimed his son in amazement. He had never mentioned religion before in his life.

"Without religion. Hire a pew by all means. Talk religion occasionally—you can get the hang of it. Profess—and practice when you are obliged to. But at any rate, profess; it helps a fellow along in business. I got some of the most profitable customers and some of the best friends by professing religion. Pew rent is no object when you come to think of that."

"But if you belong to a church you will have to defend its doctrines; and religious controversies create enmity, don't they?"

"Sometimes. But whenever I found that I was getting into trouble on account of my religion, I was always careful to yield a point or two, smile in a Christian-like way, and then back out of the scrape."

"It is best, I suppose, to be some kind of a politician?' inquired the son.

"By all means; but take care and always be on the strongest side. You can though, be rabid as a mad dog when nobody but your side is present; affect to be very liberal in your sentiments when you talk with those of an opposite political creed. Mankind love a liberal man; and if you flatter your foes you disarm them."

"There is a good deal in that," observed Sammy, musingly, reflecting upon the many existing instances of its truth.

"That there is,' responded the sick man; "double dealing, done well, will fix the flints of every body. When I lived in Squealbury—a hoggish set there, Sam—I was a great gun. I was a general favorite, owing to my management—and I had money. They were going to build a town house. There were two parties, each favoring a different site. They sent committees to ask my opinion, As the parties were about equal in numbers and influence, I hesitated at first which to favor."

"And how did you overcome this difficulty?'

"I told the committees that if they'd call a meeting of both parties, I would give them my opinion. That meeting was called, and I went. 'Smirk! Smirk! Smirk!' they all cried, and I arose, and after complimenting the rowdies generally, the town, its character and so forth, disclaimed my right either to the distinguished honor conferred on me, or to deliver my opinion on the subject. I was a native of Squealbury, I said, and no meddler. I would not express my preference or opinion. I had confidence that the intelligence of the Squealburians would enable them to choose for themselves, and with great affected modesty I bowed and withdrew, in the midst of the cheers of both parties.'

"That was well done, father," said Samuel, admiringly; "and that was the reason you were elected to the Legislature?"

"Yes," said the senior Smirk, faintly; "I made a hit. My noble-mindedness became proverbial. I was compared to Cincinnatus and Washington, and put up for representative, and elected by both parties. Do as I did, Sam, and you will prosper—oh."

"God bless you, my dear father! what's the matter?"

"I am going, Sam, I shall be off in a minute. Call in the ministers and the other bores, quick but remember policy, Sam, policy!"

And with the unfinished word, which has been his guiding star through life, upon his lips, the Hon. Simon Smirk expired.

Intelligence of his death was telegraphed all over the Union, and a great many editorial obituary notices were written upon him, ending with

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None name the but to praise."

Written for the Kent News,

I was introduced to-day to Miss ——, upon whose face and figure nature has stamped traits of nobleness. In her society I experienced a quiet serene enjoyment. My feelings were rather soothed than excited. I felt satisfied to inhale the atmosphere of her happy presence, and to bear away with me some little of its inspiration. I could discover very little brilliancy in her bearing or language, but I thought I could discover cheerfulness, truth and affection. Upon these, methought, could be reared a temple of felicity, beautiful in its fair proportions. Her mouth had that flexible fullness of outline that ever indicates feeling. Her eyes, would, at times, grow fathoms deep with sensibility. Her utterance was slow and musical, as if she were mistress of a complaisant and slumbering breast. Tall and with a majestic carriage, but at the same time evincing great frankness and cordiality. She presented a picture, upon which I could mentally ponder with satisfaction, although I have rigidly encouraged my righteous purpose to forget her. I will fall asleep with thee to-night in my thoughts, thou who hast thus crossed my pathway, perhaps, like a better angel! I will ponder upon the lofty unspoken promise, the deep delight of which, thou seem'est the herald! With thy sweet countenance will I refresh my long-bewildered and dazzled vision, as the pale astronomer who has gazed all night, turns his weary eyes at dawn from the distant sky-fires to the green and dew-bespangled herbage!

CLEOPATRA.

RATHER TOUGH.

The following story was told in Sandusky, Ohio, and appears in the Massilon News, which says:

A party of young men in that ancient city amuse their leisure moments at the hotels in drawing the long bow or telling wonderful yarns to each other for the benefit of those apparently verdent, who may happen in from other parts. They tried the effect of a few extraordinary wolf stories upon a venerable and sedate customer not long since, who had come to spend the night at the best hotel, and he listened to them with much apparent surprise and interest until their stock appeared to have run out, and the conversation flagged, when he remarked that he had been much interested in the news they had given him relative to the primeval inhabitants of the country; but regarded an event in his early life as more peculiar than any they had named. Said he:

"When a young man I was travelling in Western New York, and late of a stormy night applied at a cabin for lodging. The occupant, a woman, refused it, saying that her husband and sons were out a hunting and if they found me there they would murder me. I preferred the chance to the storm, and she consented that I might lie down before the fire. In the night I heard them coming, and scrambled up the chimney.

"Thinking I was safe when at the top I stepped over the roof, and jumping down at the back of the cabin, jumped plump into a wolf trap. A scream of pain brought the man and boys, and they declared I deserved a worse punishment than death, so they kept me in the trap and in suspense until the morning, and then heading me up in a hogshead with no air or light but through the bung hole they put me on a sled and drove me some four mile up a hill, and there rolled me off to starve. This I undoubtedly should have done but for a very singular occurrence. The wolves smelled out and gathered around, and one happened to thrust his tail in the bung-hole. It was my only chance. I caught firm hold and held on like death to a negro, which frightened the wolf, of course, and he started down the hill, followed by the hogshead and me. It was a very uneasy ride, over the stones and stumps; but I had no idea how long it was until the hogshead, striking a stone fairly, the staves, worn by long travel, were broken in, and I jumped out to and was away down in the lower end of Cattaragus county, some 30 miles from the scene of the disaster. Good night gentlemen, I did not express any doubt of the truth of your stories, and I hope you will not of mine."

It is currently reported that the "sell" club of Sandusky, has not had a full meeting since that occurred.

The New System.—During a search instituted by the editor of the Newark Times for female compositors, it is reported that the following short dialogue took place:

Bristed—"Good morning Mr. Henpeck have you got any daughters that would make good type setters?"

Henpeck—"No; but I've got a wife that would make a very fine devil."

TO FARMERS.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

To the Farmers of Maryland and Virginia.

PERUVIAN GUANO.

This article, as a fertilizer of the soil, particularly in some of the Southern States, seem to be held in high repute, and without doubt has been of almost incalculable benefit in reclaiming old worn-out fields; and at a fair reasonable price, would continue to be for some years to come. It has, however, become evident that, by the application of it, year after year, to the same lands, it looses its power of action to such an extent as not to pay one-fourth of its cost in the extra crop produced; hence it is obvious that to the farmer it must prove a loosing business. For old worn out fields, there can be no doubt (as experience has proved it) that the owner or tiller of such fields, can afford to pay $50 the long ton, which has been heretofore the maximum price, rather than dispense with its use altogether; but for lands that will grow clover and other green crops to turn under, whether they have been guanoed or not, is very questionable whether the owner or tiller can afford to pay $30 per ton. That a clover crop turned under will grow a larger yield of corn or other grain per acre, than can be grown on similar lands without clover, with an application of 300 lbs. Peruvian guano per acre, there cannot be a shadow of doubt. It will require but few figures to show (if such be the fact) that a clover crop for manure is far the cheapest. The Peruvian Government seem disposed to let the supply in this country get exhausted. The stock on hand is thought to be quite limited, and wholly in the hands of the dealers, and appearances are that prices the coming season will rule very high—from the fact of the Government Agents having charged the dealers a very high price; too high to admit of its application to any lands that can possibly pay in the return crop.

If it is true that gold can be bought too dear, is it not equally true in regard to guano? Farmers of late years seem to have put forth all their energies to improve their lands, and have expended their *millions* in the use of this peculiar fertilizer, but have all taken a fair account of the loss and profits arising from this great outlay? It is believed not. Would it not be well to pause and look into the matter, and see how the account stands and find out what price the article will bear to make it pay the cost in the increase of production; and if it is found that the price asked is higher than the extra yield in crops will pay, would it not be well for the farming interest to dispense with its use altogether, until such time as it can be had at prying rates?

A merchant could not expect to do a very profitable business, to pay more or even as much, for his goods as he could get for them. Would not the result be the same with the farmer, in the purchase of manures that his crops would not reimburse him for his outlay? It does seem that the farmers with a united voice, might do something towards checking this unjust monopoly; they can say to the Peruvian Government, "We want your guano and will pay you a liberal price, all that we can afford; but the price now demanded we will not pay; keep your guano and we will keep our money, we are not aware that you have any just claims on us (poor as you are) to pay your government debt without a fair equivalent in return." Let us speak out in a manner not to be misunderstood, and say we will use no more of your fertilizer, until you will let us have it at a price that we can afford to pay, say $30 per ton of 2240 lbs., which is the extent that can be paid, and which will leave to the government as large per centum profit.

There was a time when the women of our land refused to use the article of tea. Has not the time come when the farmers of the same land ought to refuse to use Peruvian guano?

ONE OF YOUR NUMBER.

Garden Fruit Trees.—If you have any fruit trees in your garden whose bark is filled with moss, or become rossy, scrape them and give the body of each tree a painting with a mixture comprised in the proportion of 1 gallon soft soafs 1 lb. of flour of sulpher, and one quart of salt, to be well mixed together and applied with a white wash brush. Next spring early, (or now, if the ground is not frozen,) dig in around each tree, two inches deep, as far out as the limbs extend, a dressing of well rotted manure 1 gallon of bone dust, ½ gallon of ashes, 1 quart of salt and one quart of plaster.

The effect of this treatment will be to greatly improve the health and appearance of the trees, improve the quality of the fruit as well as increase the productive capacity of the trees The bone dust ashes, salt and plaster should be raked in.

Colic in Horses.—The best remedy for cholic in horses is one pint of whiskey and two-thirds of a teacupful of gunpowder. Mix well and drench the horse. In ordinary cases the horse will be well in half an hour.

To Relieve Choked Cattle.—Mix a spoon full of gunpowder with enough of hog's lard to form a ball the size of a hen egg, open the animal's mouth, pull out the tongue lightly, chuch the ball of lard and powder into the throat, let the tongue go, and the work is done. In two instances it produced almost immediate relief.

The Gapes in Chickens.—A correspondent says: "Tell those of your readers who are interested in raising chickens, that a small pinch of gunpowder given to a chicken with the gapes, will effect a sure and complete cure in from one to three hours' time, and leave poor chick healthy and hearty. I speak from what I know, having tried the remedy with perfect satisfaction.

How to Consume Coal.—No stove should ever contain, on a fair average, a greater layer than four inches of coal—less in a majority of cases will answer.—A beautiful red heat is then generated, the coal parts with all its inflamable elements, and deposits its earthly matter in fine particles in the receiver. Try the experiment and see the results.

How to Cook Corn Meal.—The Tribune gives the following receipts for making wholesome and nutritious bread out of corn meal:

Corn and wheat bread is wholesome and nutritious, and easily made if you know how. Stir two teacups full of white meal in a pint of hot water for each loaf; free it of lumps and let it stand 24 hours.—Boil two or three potatoes, peal and slice, and mash in a pint of hot water which thicken with flour till it is stiff batter, and then add half a teacupfull of bakers yeast. You will use about one third as much meal, scalded as above, as you do of flour; knead the meal the yeast and sponge, and add a little salt with the flour all together and work it well, and mould in pans to rise moderately, and then bake at first in a hot oven. This bread will be moist, and more nutritious and more healthy than if it were all flour. Buckwheat cakes are improved by adding corn meal prepared in the same way, in about the same proportion as for bread. A little wheat flour may be added to advantage. Don't let your batter over-rise and sour, and never use saleratus if it does. Cornmeal pudding may be made of yellow meal, stirred into scalded skimmed milk until as thick as gruel, and, when cooled, add ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt and sweetening to suit the taste, and a little fine cut suet, and some raisins or dried peaches, or a fine cut apple. It should bake an hour or more according to size. You who do not believe anything made out of corn meal can be good, will please try this recipe for a pudding.

PLAIN TALK FOR LADIES.

The western editors are certainly very free speaking individuals, and their rhetoric like the bowie knives of some of them is sharp and to the point. One of them speaking of low neck dresses and short sleeves, says:

The prevailing fashion among the ladies, which transposes an angel into a model artist, is universally detested by every gentleman whose good opinion a lady should desire. It blunts the finer feelings of both sexes, and is a disadvantage to the other. A round, plump, white arm is beautiful, and may be admired with all propriety; but an arm shaped like a three cornered file, with red elbows is not beautiful, and in competition with a Spanish garrote would stand no chance of being elected to one's neck. A white round neck with an alabaster base half concealed by a coquetish collar, is the most bewitching sight in the world; but a large expanse of bony shoulders, painted like a patent ham, with its contiguous unprotected territory, has almost as many attractions as a newly painted Windsor chair.

The Greatest Trial of Patience.—A stammering lawyer examining a stuttering witnes in the presence of a deaf judge.

CONUNDRUMS.

What tune is that which ladies never call for? Why the spit-tooh!

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Why is a four quart jug like a lady's side-saddle? Because it holds a gal on, (*gallon!*)

When is a man not a man? When he's a-shaving, or when he's a salt-seller.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay?—Because the cat'll eat it up.

Why are boys like gold diggers in California? Because they are minors, (*miners.*)

Why is a dead duck like a dead doctor? Because they have both stopped quacking.

Why is a gunsmith's shop like a chicken pot-pie? Because they both contain fowl in pieces.

What is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops? It aint no use to the wagon, an I yet the wagon can't go without it? Why it is the noise, to be sure.