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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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Select Poetry.

UNWRITTEN POEMS.

BY MARY H. C. BOOTH.

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives—
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives,
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of the May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold—
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us,
Written on lives, all in letters of gold.

Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest!
Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idol of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, O beautiful friend!

THE FATAL JOKE.

BY HELEN M. GAGE.

I was once present—where a small party of young persons were warmly discussing the subject of *practical joking*. After a long and interesting debate, the question seemed about to be decided in its favor, when a gentleman, whose singularly melancholly and dejected air at once attracted our attention, related the following story:

"In my younger days I was remarkable for my fondness for practical joking, even to such a degree that I never allowed a good opportunity to pass unimproved.

"My orphan cousin, Robert, to whom I was fondly attached, was of a different nature from this. He was sober, sedate, and grave almost to a fault, very thoughtful and very bashful. This stupidity, as I called it, was often a check upon my natural gaiety, and it was seldom that I could induce him to join my boyish sports, though he sometimes did merely to gratify me. Poor Robert! the green turf of his native valley, on whose bosom the fairest flowers that New England could boast of, have blossomed, and withered and passed away to eternity, leaving behind them a lasting impress of their loveliness, now covers his moulding ashes. Yes—Robert is dead and I am the unhappy cause of his untimely end, the circumstances of which will serve to convince you of the folly of *"practical joking."*

"It was late one evening early in September that Robert and myself retired to our room to talk over the exciting scenes of the day, for it was the night after the election, and a fine holiday it had been to us. I had just returned from a visit to some friends in the city, and had brought with me many curious things which Robert had never seen nor heard of. Among them was a mask, the use of which I explained to my unsophisticated cousin, who laughed and wondered why people could wish to look horribly enough to wear one.

"I was in my gayest mood, just ready for an adventure, and seeing he was disposed to make fun for my mask, I proposed an experiment.

"What!" exclaimed my cousin, "you do not intend to wear it to bed, do you?"

"Far from it," I replied, "it is you who shall wear the mask; not I. I am quite ape enough without it."

"A very just remark, indeed," he observed, gravely.

"I had never seen him in a better humor, and I thought it best to unfold my plans at once.

At our next door lived a worthy gentleman, with whose daughter my bashful cousin was already smitten. That very night as we passed by on our return from the village, he had called and bade her good night, and had received in return one of the sweetest smiles from the happiest eyes and most charming lips I ever beheld. I was his bosom friend, and to me he always entrusted his secrets, (alas! how little have I deserved confidence,) yet he was blushed when I spoke of Julia.

"Some evil spirit, I know not what else it could have been, prompted me when I proposed to have a little sport at her expense. My plans were these: He was to dress himself in a suit of clothes to correspond with the mask, which by the way, was the most frightful looking thing I ever saw, repair to the dwelling of his love, and call her to the door by rapping. I was to stand near to witness the result, and participate in the joke.

"He blushed, hung his head, and of course refused. I had expected this, but flattered myself that I could easily persuade him to the contrary. It was, however, a harder task than I had anticipated, for his unwillingness seemed greater than ever: the reason I readily understood.

"I poh'd and p'shaw'd and finally threatened to expose to all boys his cowardly disposition, as I pleased to term it, and tender feelings towards Julia, which as yet none of them had discovered. The last argument proved more successful than the other, for he well knew that I never suffered the idlest threat to remain unfulfilled; and the fear of being laughed at—beside betraying that which he most wished to conceal, conquered, and he yielded, though reluctantly, his consent. At that moment I even exulted over my triumph, though I have often since wished my lips had been struck dumb, before I had uttered those words that sealed the after fate of two pure beings. But in my thoughtlessness I rushed heedlessly on in whatever I undertook regardless of consequences. My wild, reckless spirit had never been tamed.

"Finding that there was but one alternative and that to submit cheerfully to my whim, he suffered himself to be arrayed as my fancy suggested, with good grace, and even laughed quite heartily, as I added garment after garment in order to make him look as frightful as possible; yet, after all, I could see that his mind was ill at ease; and I half condemned myself for being the cause of his unhappiness.

"When at length all was arranged to my satisfaction, I placed the horrid mask over his face and led him to the mirror. He started back and involuntarily placed his hand to his head, as if to take it away, but my interference prevented. He even pleaded that the penalty I had threatened to inflict, in case he refused to go, might be secured him. But I was inexorable. I was anxious to see the result, and the delay caused by his unwillingness vexed me.

"A renewal of my threats of exposure succeeded in removing all obstacles, and we immediately set about our adventure. Cautiously as thieves, we crept through the yard, and each took his station, Robert at the door and I at the window nearest him.

"The curtain was partly drawn aside, so that I could easily distinguish every object in the room. As I had anticipated, she was alone. The domestics had retired, and I knew her old father too well to believe that he was anywhere but in the arms of Somnus; for he was one of those sensible persons whose maxim is—"Early to bed, and early to rise."

"Julia—and I shall never forget how lovely she was—sat beside a small table in the centre of the room, apparently deeply absorbed in a book. Her fair hand supported her head, and her hair fell gracefully down upon her neck, in beautiful natural ringlets. She was a delicate wild flower, that had budded and blossomed under the shelter of a father's roof; and the sunshine of gladness, and the dews of affection had ever lighted and cheered her way.

"At length I gave a signal, and a loud rap was given. She paused for a moment, listened attentively, and then laying down her book arose and approached the door. As she opened it, the mask stepped boldly in according to my directions. How shall I describe the scene that followed? Even now I shudder to think of it. Instantly all earthly hue fled from her face, and with a piercing shriek, she staggered back a few paces and fell heavily to the floor. Quicker than lighting I sprang through the open door way, and knelt at her side. I grasped her wrist; its pulsation had ceased! I placed my hand upon the heart; that also was still. She was dead! * * I can recall but little else that took place that night. The domestics, who slept in an adjoining room, had been awakened by that terrible shriek, and came rushing in to learn the cause of the uproar. I could not have spoken even had explanation been necessary. I was overwhelmed with grief and self-condemnation. I could only point at the lifeless form of poor Julia, and of the mask, which Robert had torn from his face, and dashed to the floor. He stood gazing at me, with a cold, vacant stare, that I but too well understood. More I cannot remember.

"Ten days passed and I awoke from a raving delirium. My first inquiry was for Robert. They led me to his bedside; but, oh, what a change! I stretched out my clasped hands, in an agony of grief and remorse, to implore his forgiveness. He neither moved nor spoke but that same unmeaning stare drove home to my heart the fearful conviction. Alas! he was a hopeless idiot! Fifteen years have elapsed since that never to be forgotten era of my life. I never have, never can, forgive myself for having been the cause of so much misery, through I have sought and hoped for forgiveness from on high; I never can look upon a mask without a shudder, or hear its use denounced without alluding to my experience. And you my young friends, when you are tempted to play tricks upon others, I am sure, will stop to consider, that what seems to be so innocent and harmless, may perhaps, in the end prove a *'fatal joke.'*

FARMERS SHOULD VISIT MORE.

American farmers work too hard. Our seasons are so short, help so scarce, and there is so much to do, that it is impossible to find time to attend to mental improvement, and the cultivation of social feelings. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is so with those who have attained to riper years. We all need relaxation, and we all take it one way or another. Would it not be well to find it by visiting a little more among our brother farmers? Do not make formal visits. Get into your buggy some evening before dark, and take your wife to visit some good farmer friend. Talk over your agricultural plans and prospects.—Look at the crops and the stock, and you will be almost sure to get some hint that will prove useful.

If you see anything particularly good, say so. It would encourage your friend and stimulate him to renewed exertions. If your own crops are better than his, you will feel none the worse for knowing the fact. Don't gossip. Leave that to those who have nothing better than personalities to talk about. Don't stay too long. Don't bore your friend or let him bore you. Be cheerful and pleasant. Return home early, and you will be astonished with how much more spirit you will go to work the next morning. Things which had depressed you for days and weeks will put on a different aspect. We can accomplish much more than we do if we only thought so, and had courage to systematically go to work. A little relaxation, a conversation with one who has the same trials and labors, gives us new courage, and we attempt and accomplish with ease things which before oppressed us with their magnitude.

A GOOD APPEARANCE.—The best possible style of dress and manner is that which pleases without attracting any particular attention. The highest compliment you can pay to the dress of a lady or gentleman is not to remember what it was—only that they were well and appropriately dressed. Even elegance, grace, and beauty become offensive the moment they are in excess. We see people overdressed, over-elegant, over-polite.

But is it not worse to err in the other extreme? The lady who was going up the aisle of a church to be married, but turned and walked off without waiting for the ceremony, because her husband elect had dirty shoes, was probably right. A man, who could treat his wife with disrespect, rudeness, and indecency then, was not likely to make a good husband.

People who wear long uncombed hair, terrific beards, broad shirt collars, and clothing made up in eccentric fashion, have a screw loose somewhere. We show wisdom by a decent conformity to social customs. A pleasing external appearance is not only a matter of self-interest, but benevolence. How can we better contribute to the happiness of our friends than by making them glad to see us? It is only excess of neatness of display that is dandyism in a man or coquetry in a woman.—But it is safer to err on the side of attractiveness and take too much rather than too little care of our personal appearance.

REAL TRAGEDY.

The history of Sweeden records a very extraordinary event which took place at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, under King John II., in 1513. The actor who performed the part of *Longinus*, the soldier who was to pierce the Christ on the side was so transported with the spirit of action, that he really killed the man who, falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrow the actress who represented the Holy Mother. King John who was present at this spectacle, was so enraged against *Longinus*, that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators, who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their King, fell upon him in a throng, and killed him.

KINGS ought to be environed with good will instead of guards.—*Bias.*

Kingdoms must be most happy, if either philosophers ruled or the rulers were inspired with philosophy; as nothing is more pernicious than power and arrogance accompanied with ignorance.—*Plato.*

Learning teaches youth temperance, affords comfort to old age, gives riches to the poor, and is an ornament to the rich.—*Diogones.*

Know thyself.—*Chilo.*

LIFE.—For every one life has some blessing—some cup that is not mixed with bitterness. At every heart there is some fount of pure waters, whose sweetness is sometime or other tasted. Who is he that has not found in his path of life some fragrant rosebush, scenting all the air with its sweet perfume?

RESIGNATION.—A suffering but godly man was once asked if he could see *any reasons* for the dispensations which had caused him so much agony. "No," replied he; "but I am just as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the perfection of all reasons."

AN AUTHOR, whether good or bad, or between both, is an animal whom every body is privileged to attack; for though all are not able to write books—all conceive themselves able to judge them.

COMMUNICATION with the FAR WEST.

The enterprise of the West has achieved another important undertaking in opening a new highway towards the Pacific slope, which promises to be of infinite value in developing the resources of that comparatively unknown region. In April last, a number of steamboat-men in St. Paul, Minnesota, organized an expedition, with a view of proceeding up the Missouri river into the heart of the mining region.—Two small steamers were engaged, and with one of these, after conveying 250 passengers to Fort Benton, the officers in charge started up the Yellowstone river, the largest tributary of the Missouri.—This river rises in about 43 deg. 40 min. north latitude, and runs a distance of 1,000 miles through heavy timbered bottom-lands, back of which are barren bluffs. It is navigable for seven hundred or eight hundred miles. It was explored for about one hundred miles from its mouth, and the expedition finally returned, having demonstrated two important facts—first, the practicability of reaching a point on the extreme upper Missouri by steamers of light draught; and second, that the Yellowstone can be navigated by small steamers. The result of this discovery must be that a new route will be opened towards the Pacific, affording more convenient and rapid access to the region lying in the far Northwest, and leading to the development of the vast resources which there await the hand of enterprise. The rapidity with which facilities for communication with the domain remote from existing settlements are now being supplied, following directly on the heels of discovery and adventure, affords ground for the belief that within a quarter of a century at farthest, the whole region lying west of the Mississippi, down to the very borders of the Pacific, will be as convenient of access from the east as Cincinnati was forty years ago, and will enjoy far more of the conveniences and comforts of civilization than St. Paul now a flourishing city and the starting point of this new enterprise, enjoyed at the beginning of the last decade.

VISIT OF BRITISH OFFICERS TO GEN. GRANT'S ARMY.—Two British officers, who served with high distinction in the Crimean war, one of them now commanding a regiment at Quebec, having lately returned from a visit to our armies before Richmond, have given most satisfactory reports of their observations. They speak of their visit to our armies as the most instructive in their military experience.—The works of defence and attack are regarded as constructions of the highest science and are equal to any in the world. These officers were astonished at the achievements of such vast and perfect military organizations by a people who, four years ago, knew nothing of war. The morale of the army, as compared with that of European armies, was a matter of admiration. In those armies, when in the field, the camp-followers are more numerous than soldiers, and drunkenness among the soldiers was an evil which no precaution can prevent. They remarked that they saw not a soldier under the influence of liquor, or a place where liquor could be obtained. They conversed with the private soldiers and found them not, like European soldiers, mere automatons, but intelligent as to the policy and plans of the war. They were peculiarly impressed by the high tone of the officers, whom they regarded as comparing most favorably in intelligence, culture, and courteousness of manners, with those of the best European armies,

THE NEXT NEW STATE.—We had presumed that Colorado would be the next State to be admitted into the Union, but if the accounts from Montana come anything near the truth, the latter will get in ahead of all competitors. A traveller who has arrived at St. Paul, Minn., from that region, furnishes the Pioneer with some rather astonishing statements. He says that the west line of Montana territory is ascertained to have cut off from Idaho, Virginia City and the gulch in which it is situated, said gulch being twenty miles long, with five settlements and fifteen thousand inhabitants, mostly miners; that Virginia City is growing very fast, has a number of solid and even fine stone buildings, and an air of permanency and prosperity; that the miners are generally doing well, but that the farmers make the most money and, finally, he estimates its present population at from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand.

TORPEDO PREVENTIVE.—Large locomotive lamps are about to be placed on all the Monitors attached to Admiral Porter's fleet. These lamps will be kept burning at night when anchored in the proximity of the enemy. The broad glare of light which they throw upon the water will render the attempted approach of torpedo boats plainly visible to the men on watch, if there should be any frantic Rebel bold enough to attempt the bringing of torpedoes with the halo of an illuminated Monitor.

"WHY IS IT," said one of our schoolmarms to a young scapegrace who had caused her much trouble by his bad conduct, "why is it you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" "Because," said young hopeful, looking up into the teacher's face, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

SEBASTOPOL AS IT IS.

Great ruins never die. The Tartar Arab and the official's drosky roll over the plateau where the fresh springing vine rise up amid a rude necropolis. Stately forts still frown over the deep, calm fiord in which lie the bones of a navy, as if waiting for its resurrection; and crumbling quays, shattered towers, and broken shells of horses mark the margin of waters on which once floated the armaments of a giant aggressive power. A few greycoated soldiers clamber over the heaps of broken masonry, and creep in and out of the dilapidated barracks and shot-riven buildings.

Listless, flat capped, and booted citizens saunter through the city of the past. A group of boats in the centre of the harbor is engaged in endeavors to raise to the surface the hull of some rotted ship. All semblance of power is departed. Encircling this scene of desolation and violent decay, rounded knoll, and deep ravine, and undulating plain, all seamed and dented with grass grown earth-works, spread from the sea to the great cleft in the plateau through which rolls the stream of the Tchernava.

Within that narrow front, once white with the tents of Western Powers, where the thunder of the cannon never ceased day after day, and the lightning of battle flashed from cloud to cloud, and leaped from hill to hill, for long, long months, the herdsman now peacefully tends the flocks which browse quietly in the enriched ravines, and all that strikes the ear is the plover's whistle, mingled with the lowing of the kine.—*Englishman paper.*

GREAT ARRIVALS OF SOUTHERN REFUGEES.—The Nashville *Union* says:

"During the past week hundreds of refugees from Northern Georgia have arrived here, having been furnished, by the kindness of the military authorities, with transportion on the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad. Subsistence was also furnished them from the Government stores. These refugees were compelled to leave their homes to escape the perils of guerilla warfare—the murderous character of which is pretty well understood now amongst all classes willing to be enlightened—and threatened starvation. The country has been literally stripped of food, and if there has been enough left to carry them through the winter and spring, there was no assurance that it would be safe to attempt, with the ruturn of the vernal season, to make a crop of any kind. It was regarded, therefore, as preferable to leave home and all the associations which attached them to the country and seek a refuge of peace, repose and plenty among strangers. We are sorry to say that a very large portion of them are entirely destitute, and we fear that they will suffer greatly the coming winter.

DESERTERS IN CANADA.—*Their Condition.* That deserters from the forces of the United States are in Canada, and can be counted by thousands, is no new story. By the arrival of a gentleman of this city, who has recently been among them, we learn they are in a very poor condition; in fact, they are, for the most part, beggars, roaming where the laws allow them, tendering their services to any person who will hire them for their board. They are in a ragged, miserable state, many of them being barefooted. The day our informant left Queen Victoria's territory, he saw one hundred and fifty of those poor wretches engaged by the Great Western Railroad Company. They were going to work some distance up the road, and their pay was to be simply their scanty board.—*Wash. Chron.*

THE DAVIS AND QUITMAN PLANTATIONS RESERVED FOR FREEDMEN.—Major General Dana has issued an order placing the freedmen in his district, as many as can find room there, upon the lands formerly possessed by Jeff. Davis and his brother Joseph, and by the heirs of Gen. Quitman, of filibustering memory. These estates lie together in an easily defended "bend" of the Mississippi, called Palmyra bend. They contain about ten thousand acres of arable land, and it is intended that cotton speculators shall be kept away from this point, which the negroes can defend, and where they can live in security and maintain themselves without expense to the government.—*Wash. Rep.*

THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.—When Mr. Lincoln has filled the present vacancy on the Supreme Court Bench just half of that court will have received their appointments from him. Of the nine present members of the Court these four have been appointed under his administration: David Davis, of Illinois; Noah H. Swayne, of Ohio; Samuel F. Miller, of Iowa; Stephen J. Field, of California. The other five judges, appointed by former Presidents, are as follows: Nathan Clifford, of Maine; Samuel Nelson, of New York; Robert C. Grier, of Pennsylvania; James M. Wayne, of Georgia; John Catron, of Tennessee.

THE population of San Francisco is one hundred and twenty thousand. In September, 1848, the number of inhabitants was four hundred and fifty.

A TAILOR who, in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave his hot goose for a cold duck.

DESTROYING THE ROMANCE.

A capital story is told of a young fellow who, one Sunday, strolled into a church, in West Philadelphia, and, during the service, was electrified and gratified by the sparkling of a pair of brilliant black eyes, which were riveted on his face.—After the services he saw the possessor of the witching orbs leave the church alone, and emboldened by her glances, he ventured to follow her, his heart aching with rapture. He saw her look behind, and fancied she evinced some emotion at recognizing him. He then quickened his pace, and came up with her; but we will permit the young gentleman to tell the rest in his own way:

"Noble young creature," thought I; "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bounds of a slavish custom."

"I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting, I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel. She spoke:

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, my dear girl, that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, eyeing me very sternly, "I thought when I saw you in the meeting house that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half dollar on me about three weeks ago, and so I was determined to keep an eye on you.—Brother John has got home now, and he says if he catches the feller he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't right sure but that you are the good for nothing rascal after all."

GENERALS IN THE REGULAR ARMY.—The following are the names and rank of the regular officers of higher grade as they now stand on the Army Register, in the order of their precedence:

Lieutenant General: Ulysses S. Grant.

Major Generals: H. W. Halleck, W. T. Sherman, Geo. C. Meade, Philip H. Sheridan.

Brigadier Generals: Irwin McDowell, W. S. Rosecrans, P. St. George Cooke, John Pope, Jos. Hooker, Q. A. Gilmore, George H. Thomas, W. S. Hancock.

WHILE General Grant was in Philadelphia, standing upon the sidewalk, surrounded by the enthusiastic populace, a bright looking boy, about ten years of age, slipped between two policemen, and, approaching General Grant with extended hand, said: "I want to shake hands with you, General." The General took the little fellow's hand and gave it a hearty shake, after which the boy stole out of the enclosure, and, with his face beaming with gladness, related the incident to several of his companions on the opposite corner of the street.

A VERY talkative little girl used often to annoy her mother by making remarks about the visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected, whose nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child particularly to say nothind about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed, 'Ma, you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose; why, he hasn't got any."

INTERNAL REVENUE DECISIONS.—It has been decided by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, that persons selling Drake's Plantation or Hostetter's Bitters must take our liquor-sellers' licenses.—State banks must pay a monthly tax of one-sixth of one percentum upon their circulation above their average for six months prior to July 1, 1864, notwithstanding the increase may arise from increased capital.

CATTLE of all descriptions, horses, calves and sheep, may be led by making a slipping noose and fastening it to the lower jaw, passing the rope (which must be small) around the neck and through the noose on the jaw. It is a very easy way of leading a sheep, one not being obliged to go behind and push." After once pulling, the sheep will follow right along with no trouble. It costs nothing extra. Try it.

A GOOD REASON.—A few days ago I was in a grocery store, when an Englishman came in to make a few purchases, but was not suited with the prices, so he broke out with: 'What a bloody country; I could get more for two pence at 'ome, than I can 'ere for 'alf a crown.' 'Why the devil didn't you stay at 'ome,' said the angry grocerer. 'I'll tell you,' replied John Bull, 'I couldn't get the two pence.'

GEN. SHERMAN is described by a Captain "as a man who has a gaunt look—about as if he got hungry when a boy and never got over it. A nervous man, never quiet, pulling his whiskers or buttoning his coat, or twisting a string or rubbing a finger—never quiet, but with a kind look in his face that reminds one of a panther, if he gets angry, fiery, keen, powerful, and a genius."

THE carriage drive in the New York Central Park, now completed, is about eighty miles in length, and the walks twenty miles.

HE that tells his wife news is but newly married.

THE society of ladies is a school of politeness.