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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,

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Select Poetry.

The Family in Heaven and on Earth.

'Tis but one family,—the sound is balm,
A seraph-whisper to the wounded heart,
It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,
And draws the venom from the Avenger's dart.

'Tis but one family—the accents come,
Like light from Heaven to break the night of woe:
The banner cry to call the spirit home,
The shout of victory o'er a fallen foe.

Death cannot separate—is memory dead?
Has thought, too, vanished, and has love grown chill?
Has every relic and memento fled,
And are the living only with us still?

No! in our hearts the lost we mourn remain,
Objects of love and ever fresh delight,
And fancy leads them in her fairy train,
In half-seen transports past the mourners' sight.

Yes! in ten thousand ways, on far or near,
The called by love, by meditation brought,
In heavenly visions yet they haunt us here,
The sad companions of our sweetest thought.

Death never separates; the golden wires
That ever trembled to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love, we look upon no more.

No more indeed in sorrow and in pain,
But even memory's need ere long will cease,
For we shall join the lost of love again,
In endless bonds and in eternal peace.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

The following touching story is told by the Melbourne (Australia) correspondent of the London Times:

"Some weeks back, at the station of Mr. Dugald Smith, at Horsham, two boys and a girl, aged respectively the eldest boy nine, the girl seven and the youngest boy five, the children of a carpenter named Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent by their mother, as they had often gone out on the same errand before, to gather broom, and not returning before dark the parents became alarmed and a search commenced. The father, assisted by friends and neighbors in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain. At length, in despair, the assistance of some aboriginal blacks was obtained, these people possessing an almost bloodhound instinct in following up the very faintest tracks. The blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, expatiating, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig, or flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent actings of the object of their search. 'Here little one tired; sit down. Big one kneel down, carry him along. Here travel all night; dark; not see that bush; her fall on him.' Further on, and more observations. 'Here little one tired again; big one kneel down; no able to rise, fall flat on his face.' The accuracy of these readings of the blacks was afterwards curiously corroborated by the children themselves.

"On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever being again seen alive, the searching party came on them. They are described as having been found lying all of a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awoke the eldest tried to sit up but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only just feebly groan "Father."—The youngest, who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, childlike demanding, 'Fater why didn't you come for us sooner? we were cooeying for you.'—The sister who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur, 'cold, cold.' No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, 'to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold.'

"The children have all since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and by their account, had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and this was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week, in all nine days and eight nights."

THE BACHELOR AND THE BABY.

"What shall I do?" and the old bachelor stamped about the room in a perfect rage of doubt, looking first at the napping baby in the little willow cradle, and then at the busy French clock on the mantle.

"As sure as my name is Joseph Phelps, that little, two-fisted, large-lunged nephew of mine is about waking and it wants one whole hour of the time which its mother appointed for her return. Whew! I actually sweat thinking about it. How can I treat it to sugar what-do-you-call-'ems, or hold it, or trot it, or do anything with it?"

At this juncture a faint wail from the baby receptacle brought bachelor Phelps to his taps. With an energy and alacrity that would have become a husband and baby tender, he commenced rocking the cradle, sending the indignant baby into a perfect tremor of kicks and squalls. Backwards and forwards, from one side to the other, the round red face rolled, the infant fists were clenched with a force that purpled them, while from the little white, plump throat, came a cry that set the bachelor wild with fear.

Again Joe looked at the clock.

"What in the deuce can I do?" he exclaimed, viewing woefully the little inflamed face before him.

He sat down in a big chair before the baby, spread a double cradle quilt over his knees, and with a look of terror upon his face, proceeded to take the baby into his lap, just as a very neat old lady would pick up a handkerchief, with his thumbs and fingers. A fresh yell from the rosy mouth of the baby was the only expression of thanks, as he commenced the never out-of-fashion baby-trot.

"It must be that something is pricking him. Shoo! shoo!" said Joe, commencing a search for the aggravating pin that was driving the child into such a rage.—But no pin was to be found, and he made an attempt to turn the baby over, but oh! the clumsiness of his fingers—the little elf-like form fell out of his lap to the floor, sending out a cry that was louder, clearer, deadlier than before.

"Lord save me, I've broken its neck!" and in the agony of despair tried to quiet him. A thought struck Joe. He saw a basque lying against the wall of the adjoining bedroom, and, with a smile of delight upon his countenance he went for it. Sure enough, there it was, stuffing, bodice, and all! a real monument of female ingenuity. He pinned it over his coat, and fastened the sleeves behind him. He took the baby and laid its head against the false breastwork.

"Shades of southern plantations and cotton factories!" exclaimed Joe, and the baby rooted its nose into it about a mile, then cuddled for a snooze. Then the bachelor commenced singing:

"Women are all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given;
When filled with bran and stuffed with tow,
They look quite—"

A tap upon the door stopped Joe in the midst of his suggestive song, and before he had time to disarray himself, the door was opened, and a laughing pair of eyes peered in upon him.

"Your sister is not at home, is she?" chirruped the visitor.

"No ma'am," stammered Joe, growing very red in the face; "and I have turned nurse."

Miss Hays laughed, and offered to relieve him of his charge, which he willingly consented to, sitting near by, the while intently watching her. She managed baby to a charm, without the basque, and Joe was captivated.

Joseph Phelps married Fanny Hays—upon my word he did.

DISSOLVING GENEROSITY.

Here is the last illustration given by Mons. Alphonse Karr, the celebrated French writer:

"I have for my neighbor, in the country, a man who recently was seized with congestion of the brain. His old servant became alarmed, and had scarcely time to scream for help when she fainted. A workman named Norman went by, leaped into the window, lifted up the two dying people from the floor, restored the woman to her senses, jumped on a horse, galloped to town and brought back a physician.—My neighbor's life was saved. The workman returned to his task. I said to my neighbor: 'But for Norman you would have been a dead man. I hope you intend to reward him liberally?' 'Yes, indeed, I intend to give him forty francs.' I met my neighbor a few days afterwards, and said to him, "Well, have you rewarded Norman?' 'No, not yet, but he will lose nothing by waiting. I said I would give him ten francs, and when I say a thing it is as good as done.' A week passed away. 'Have you seen Norman?' 'Norman—ah! Norman! No, I haven't met him yet; but I am fattening a rabbit—a first-rate rabbit. Oh, I'm not a man to forget a service.' A fortnight passed away. 'Well, is your rabbit fat?' 'As fat as a partridge. I ate it yesterday, and, I tell you, it has been a long time since I had such a tid-bit in my mouth.'"

PLOWING by steam is a success in England. The farmers form joint stock companies to buy and run steam plows and threshers for general use, and make money on their investments, besides getting their heavy work done much better and more promptly than in the old way.

THE LAW AND MANNERS OF THE ROAD.

We find the following article upon the foregoing subject, which we take great pleasure in reproducing. Good manners upon the highway is much an evidence of good breeding as in the drawing-room—and we presume no one who is at all acquainted with the subject will pretend to gainsay it. For bad manners in the drawing-room, however, the remedy is a social one altogether; upon the highways it is, happily, a legal one. There is law to compel an ill-tempered, careless, or reckless driver of a carriage of any kind to allow another the free use, equal with himself, of any public road.

The remarks touching this question, which we find in the *Claremont* (N. H.) *Eagle*, we commend to public attention, in the belief that their general perusal will produce a good effect:

All of us have ideas more or less correct, in regard to the law which regulates our use of the highways; and, at any rate, good sense and good nature are usually very safe guides. A few words on the subject, however, may not be amiss.

It is commonly said that every one has a right to half the road. This is particularly true, and comes about this wise:—You and I meet upon the road—our legal rights are exactly equal, and both have a right to go our several ways without obstruction, so, popularly, we say I own half and you own half. The law steps in to facilitate matters, and directs each to turn towards his right hand. This is true whatever the load or the team; for if one can drive such a team that another can pass him but with difficulty or at all, then their rights are no longer equal. This point becomes very important in winter, for it is no joke to turn your horse and all into deep snow while your neighbor goes smoothly along in the beaten path. No one has a right to so load his team as not to be able to give up half to whoever demands it.

A footman may choose the part which pleases him or any portion of his right hand half of the way, and the team must yield it to him. This is clearly so in winter, and no man is obliged to step into snow for one or two horses. This is the law and the court awards it.

Now for the manners of the road; which, in some instances, vary from the law thereof.

The first reqirement of road manners is good nature and an accommodating spirit. Do to others as you would have them do to you. Always be willing to yield more than half the space, then you will be pretty sure to be equally well treated. They who exact inches will have inches exacted of them. If your neighbor has a heavy load, consult his convenience as far as possible; you may sometimes be loaded. It has become a practical rule of courtesy to turn for heavy teams, especially in winter, and when the roads are heavy. But remember it was a favor, not your right, and you have a reciprocal duty to perform, and one which, I am sorry to observe, is not always borne in mind.

One word in relation to teams going the same way, in which case many seem to think there is neither law nor manners. When a team comes up behind you, that team has a right to reasonable space and an opportunity to pass in—in fact to half the road for that purpose—and your obstructing him in his lawful desire is both bad manners and bad law. If your load is heavy, do the best you can. In most cases the very least that can be asked is that you should stop. This is particularly so in winter, when it is a heavy tax on a team to force it into a trot in deep snow, or deep mud, or frozen and deep ruts—made necessary by your continuing to move on. Remember the good old aphorism, which can be so opportunely applied here—"Wheel grease is a great lubricator, but good manners a vastly greater one."

A LUCIFER MATCH is now in the market that differs from anything heretofore in existence. Upon the side of each box is a chemically prepared piece of friction paper. When struck upon this the match instantly ignites. When struck upon anything else whatever it obstinately refuses to flame. You may lay it upon a red hot stove, and the wood of the match will calcine before the end of it ignites. Friction upon anything else than this prepared pasteboard has no effect upon it.—The invention is an English one, and by special act of Parliament the use of other matches than this is not permitted in any public buildings. The discovery is a curious one. There is not a particle of sulpher in the composition of the lucifers in question.—*Phila. North American.*

LOOKING OUT FOR "SLIGHTS."—There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the intercourse of the family, without suspecting some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordiugly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with.—Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word or some momentary taciturnity mistaken for insult."

A LOSING GAME.

Some years since, before the secession war, a Southern gentleman visited the North for the purpose of seeing the lion and fighting the tiger. He tried the tiger and didn't like it, and thought he'd take a shy at game familiar to name only, called roulette. One turn of roulette, you know, makes the whole world win! He started out in quest of the game, only knowing that roulette had something to do with roll, but entirely ignorant whether the roll was a French or a Dutch one.—On the first corner he met a barrel organ man grinding away for dear life.

He was turning as though he had only a few moments to turn in, and didn't want to die before his work was complete. The tune was "The Bold Privateer." Our Georgian friend thought he'd found his game. Stepping briskly up, he laid a dollar bill down on the box. The organ man's eyes opened—he bagged the bill, and ground away with renewed vigor.—Our Georgian thought he had lost, and doubled up, laid down a two dollar bill. That was bagged, and the barrel of the organ went whirling around as though there were several barrels inside it.

To make a long story short, the thing went on, and the Georgian "doubled up, the organ-grinder pocketing the money all the time, until he had "nary" another dollar left. But he didn't complain. As he saw the last of his currency bagged by the delighted organ-grinder, he simply remarked: "Well, of all the games I ever bucked against, that is the dogdarndest! I guess I'll jump it;" and he left.

CURIOUS FEAT IN PHYSIOLOGY.—It is a remarkable fact that persons losing themselves in a snow-storm, manifest invariably a tendency to turn round gradually to the left, to the extent even of eventually moving in a circle. The explanation of this is found probably in the fact that the limbs and muscles of the right side are more developed than those of the left side. Shoemakers say that, as a general thing, the right foot is somewhat larger than the left, and that the right boot wears out first. Under the excitement felt when one is lost, and, in the absence of any guiding line, the superior energy of the right limbs throws the pedestrian round on the left. It may also be remarked, that in the ancient religious ceremonies of every country, circular or choric dances were a prevalent custom.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS ABOUT POULTICES.—As to inflammation, sores, cuts, wounds by rusty nails, etc., the great remedy is warmth and moisture, because these promote evaporation and cooling—whatever kind of poultice is applied, that is best which keeps moist the longest, and is in its nature mild; hence, cold, light (wheaten) bread, soaked in sweet milk, is one of the very best known. There is no specific virtue in the repulsive remedy of the "entrails of a live chicken," of scraped potatoes, turnips, beets, carrots, or any other scrapings; the virtue consists in the mild moisture of the application. Hence the memory need not be burdened with the recollection of particular kinds of poultices, but only with the principle that that poultice is best which keeps moist longest without disturbance.—*Dr. Hall.*

IF WE HAD THEM.

If we possessed the most valuable things in the world, and were about to will them away, the following would be my plan of distribution:

We would will to the whole world truth and friendship, which are very scarce.

We would give an additional portion of truth to editors and lawyers, traders and merchants.

We would give to physicians skill and learning.

To clergymen, zeal and disinterested piety.

To lawyers, merchants, brokers, public officers, &c., honesty.

To old women, short tongues and legs.

To young men, common sense, large waists and natural feet.

To servants, obedience and honesty.

To masters, humanity.

To farmers, punctuality and sobriety.

To old men, preparation for death.

To young sprouts of dandies, good sense, little cash and hard work.

To old maids, good tempers, little talk.

MRS GENERAL GRANT.—"Have you relatives in the army?" asked a Second Lieutenant of a lady sitting in the car seat beside him. "Yes." "Your husband?" "Yes, sir." "From what State?" "Illinois." "Illinois (patronizingly) has sent some fine troops, ma'am. Your husband wears a strap, I presume?" "Yes, sir." "May I inquire his name? I am acquainted with a good many brother officers there." "Certainly, sir—Ulysses S. Grant." [Exit Lieutenant for the smoking car.]

THINK.—Thought often engenders thought. Place one idea on paper, another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There's a well of thought which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be.

TO SOFTEN OLD PUTTY.—Take a common poker, at a dull red heat, and move it slowly over the old putty, say at the rate of two feet per minute, and you can easily cut it off with a pocket knife.—*Scientific American.*

BOY LOVE.

One of the queerest things to think of in after life, is boy love. No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape manish ways. He casts side glances at all the tallest girls he may meet, carries a cane, holds his head erect and struts a little in his walk. Presently and very soon he *falls* in love—yes, *falls* is the proper word, because it best indicates his happy, delirious self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region somewhat collateral to the world, and yet blended somehow inextricable with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essences over his handkerchief, and despairingly shaves and anoints for a beard. He quotes poetry in which "love" and "dove" and "dart" peculiarly predominate; and he plunges deeper in the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine afflatus, and suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash—rhyme. He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed into the most astonishing ecstacies by a smile; and is plunged into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown. He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There never was such another. There never will be. He is the one great idolater! He dotes upon a flower she has cast away. He cherishes her glove—a little worn in the fingers—next to his heart. Happy! happy! foolish boy love! with its joys, and its hopes, and its fears; its raptures and its tortures; its ecstatic fervors and terrible heart-burnings, its solemn ludicrousness, and its intensely posaic termination.

HOW TO TREAT FROZEN LIMBS.—The New York Evening *Post*, in an article on this subject, says that frozen limbs should never be rubbed. The juices of the fleshy tissues, when frozen in their minute sacs or cells, at once become in each of these enclosures crystals, having a large number of angles and sharp points; and hence rubbing the flesh causes them to cut or tear their way through the tissues, so that when it is thawed, the structure of the muscles is more or less destroyed. The proper mode of treatment is thus stated:

When any part of the body is frozen, it should be kept perfectly quiet till it is thawed out, which should be done promptly. As freezing takes place from the surface inwardly, so thawing should be in the reverse order, from the inside outwardly.—The thawing out of a portion of flesh, without at the same time putting the blood from the heart into circulation through it produces mortification; but by keeping the more external parts still congealed till the internal heat and external blood gradually soften the more interior parts, and produce circulation of the blood as fast as thawing takes place, most of these dangers are obviated.

THE BIBLE.—"Do you know some people are saying the Bible is not true?" said a man to a poor African. "No, masse." "Yes, they say so." Well, how can they say that?" asked Abakoute. "How can the Bible be a lie? I go alone into my own house, where there is no one, and I read the Bible, and he make my heart laugh. How can a lie do that? You know that before I knew Bible, I loved murder, I loved steal, but now I do not love murder, I do not love steal." Let the Bible be judged by its fruits. It blesses all who make it the man of their counsel and the guide of their lives.

SORROW.—Nearly all sorrow, while it lasts, depresses action, destroys hope and crushes energy; it renders the sensitive more acute, sympathies more genial, and the whole character less selfish and more considerate. It is said that in nature, but for the occasional seasons of drought, the best lands would soon degenerate; these seasons cause the land to suck up from the currents beneath, with the moisture, all those mineral manures that restore and fertilize the soil above. It is thus with sickness and sorrow; once surmounted, they fertilize the character and develop from the deep fountains of the human heart a joy and fruitfulness not otherwise attainable.

NEW YORK CROWDED.—New York city is so overflowing with people that houses are almost unobtainable, and rents are enormous, while the hotels are crowded with boarders at four dollars per day. Furnished houses in select localities rent at prices varying from 200 to $1,000 per month. Even at these rates, says the Express, but few houses can be obtained, and many landlords will not give leases. The tenement houses are of course crammed full. Mechanics and traders vainly seek for suitable houses for their families. There never was such a time in New York.

The *Public Ledger* (Philadelphia) has been sold by W. M. Swain & Co., by whom it was established and has for nearly twenty-nine years been conducted, to Geo. W. Childs, Esq., the enterprising book publisher, who will henceforth direct it. The *Ledger* has always been among the best journals of its class, as it will doubtless continue to be. In their valedictory the retiring publishers state that when it was started (March 25, 1836) the total issues of the daily press of Philadelphia were between seven and eight thousand copies, and that they are now nearly 175,000.

A SETTLER.—A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," came into conversation with an ancient "Varmount" lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course, the school and former teacher came in for criticism; and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked:

"Wa'al master, what do you think he larnt the schollards?" "Couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?" "Wa'al, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was *round*, and went areound; and all that sort, o' thing. Now, master, what do you think about sick stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked:—"It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things?"

"Wa'al," says she, "if the airth is reound, and goes, what holds it *up?*"

"Oh, these learned men say that it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of the law of attraction."—The old lady lowered her "specs," and, by way of climax, responded:

"Wa'al, if these high larn't men sez the sun holds up the airth, *I should like tu know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down!*"

SOME REMEDIES FOR SCALDS AND BURNS.—The best, most instantaneous and most accessible remedy in the world, is to thrust the injured part in cold water, send for a physician, and while he is coming cover the part an inch or more deep with common flour. The water gives instantaneous relief by excluding the oxygen of the air; the flour does the same thing, but is preferable because it can be kept more continuously applied, with less inconvenience than by keeping the parts under water. As they get well the flour scales off, or is easily moistened and removed. If the injury is at all severe, the patient should live mainly on tea and toast or gruels, and keep the bowels acting freely every day, by eating raw appels, stewed fruits and the like. No better and more certain cure for scalds and burns has ever been proposed.—*Dr. Hall.*

"GOING TO DO IT," never made a fortune, built a house or won a name. "Going to do it," has been the bane of more people than would fill the census of a dozen New Yorks. The man who is always "going to do it," rarely, or ever, does it. The only thing that he does do is to get out of the world without doing it. If he has a task which must be done, he announces, with a deal of boasting and a great waste of words, time and breath, that he is "going to do it." And while he is thus "going to do it," somebody else who is not "going to do it," does it, and reaps the reward.

THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION.—Washington letter writers state that preparations are already being made for the coming inauguration of Mr. Lincoln on the 4th of March next. It is hoped by those in charge of the extension of the Capitol that the entire east front will be completed, and there will be a greater assemblage than ever before. A monster ox is to be roasted whole at a banquet, and fire engines and political clubs have sent delegations here to engage accommodations. A ball will be given, and there will be other rejoicings.

RICH MEN IN BOSTON.—The Boston Traveller publishes a list of one hundred and three persons in that city whose annual incomes are about $25,000, as returned under the special income tax. Ten tax payers in the fourth district are assessed upon incomes of more than $100,000 each after the deductions allowed by law were made. One gentleman, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, has the comfortable income of $365,150. There are about thirty persons in the same district who are taxed on incomes of $50,000 and under $100,000.

SENATOR GWIN AND NAPOLEON.—The Panama Herald says that information has been received in San Francisco lately, to the effect that Dr Gwin, formerly U. S. Senator from California, has obtained, through the influence of the Emperor Napoleon, and in his interest, a commission from Maximilian as Governor General of the State of Sonora, with authority to induce emigration and settle the country, and power to grant lands.

EXTERMINATING THE INDIANS.—The people of Shasta county, California, after having failed in the vain attempt to conciliate and civilize the Indians, and suffered to a great degree from their murders and robberies, have at last resolved upon extermination. It has been resolved that no Indian shall be allowed to live east of the Sacramento and south of Pitt river. All found within these limits are to be killed.

THE joy which we inspire has this charming thing about it, that far from being weakened, like ordinary reflections, it returns to us more radiant than before.

A GENTLEMAN, walking with two ladies, stepped on a hogshead hoop, that flew up and struck him in the face. "Mercy!" said he, "which of you dropped that?"

WOMAN—the only endurable aristocrat—elects without ballot, governs without law, and decides without appeal.

THE rod that blossomed in the hands of Aaron bears excellent fruit in the hands of a schoolmaster.