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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Select Poetry.

A RETROSPECT.

ADDRESSED TO AN OLD SCHOOLMATE.

Dost ever think of our boyhood, Joe?
When life was fair and young;
When love from every heart did flow,
And joy from every tongue?
Ah, hearts were light, and hopes were bright,
In the sunny days of youth;
E're care had wrought its with'ring blight,
And marred the spirit's truth.

Dost ever think of our schooldays, Joe?
The merriest days of yore,
How happy did the moments flow,
E're youth's bright dream was o'er?
Oh, how the old woods echoed, then,
To our shouts of childish glee;
How blissful were the moments, when
Our hearts were fancy-free!

Dost ever think of our schoolmates, Joe?
That wild, true-hearted band,
Who gave no thought of future woe,
Nor watched time's flowing sand,
Who spurned, with springing step, the sod,
From morn till set of sun;
Their only fear, the master's rod,
Their only wish was fun.

Those days are dear to mem'ry, Joe,
Their joys Ine'er forget,
No happier hours our hearts shall know,
Than those we both regret;
No kinder, truer friends shall find
Than those of early youth—
The joys old time has left behind—
The hearts of childhood's truth.

But childhood's hours were fleeting, Joe;
Old Time would not delay,
And onward, with relentless flow,
He bore us swift away.
And now like wanderers on the main,
When breakers round us roar,
We turn with longing eyes again
Unto the fading shore.

Of all those happy schoolmates, Joe,
But you and I remain;
Their hearts with love no longer glow,
Nor feel the throbs of pain;
Nor joy, nor hope, no longer thrill,
As in the days of yore;
Their hearts are dim, their hearts are still,
Life's smiles and tears are o'er.

Alas! all, all have vanished, Joe;
Youth's sunny days have flown,
And life looks cold and dreary now
That we are left alone.
The joys, hopes, pleasures, friends we know,
We shall know no more;
And we, alone, are left to view
Life's shipwreck from the shore.

CRUMBS OF THOUGHT.

Singing is the only part of earthly worship we shall take to Heaven with us.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have their limits.

Truth, like cork, will be uppermost one time or another.

Education *begins* the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must *finish* him.

Errors, like stains, upon the surface flow!

He who would search for pearls must dive below.

It requires more courage to forgive than to fight.

A kind *No* is often more agreeable than a rough *Yes*.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.—*Shakspeare.*

Conscience is the solitary seer in the heart, from whose eye nothing is hid.

Artemus Ward defines War as hard tack for the soldiers and hard taxes for the citizens.

It is common to speak of those whom a flirt jilted, as her victims. This is a grave error. Her real victim is the man whom she accepts. This reminds us of a simile—"A coquette is a rose from whom every lover plucks a leaf—the thorn remains for the future husband."

IF you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

No one is a fool always. Every one sometimes.

Saturday Night Musings.

There is a great white counterpane of snow on the ground this Saturday night. God's charity covering a multitude of sins! Would that human charity would thus do—would whiten over the little bannocks and ridges of life which can be removed from one place only to rise again in another. The week just passed has been a short one. Too short for many a one to settle with himself, yet he has gone home. How time flies! Has it always gone by thus rapidly? If all the Saturday nights God has ever given us were before us, what an array of crime would be seen.—Yet the day comes when they will soon loom up with their debits and credits to curse or bless. Do you ever pause to think, readers? If so, pause again. If not, begin now. Draw your chair to the fire. Turn the light so it will not hurt your eyes. Pull the curtain down at the corners. Listen! A footstep on the creaking snow. Some laborer going to his loved ones, weary and heart-tired—may God warm his little home with love. Look back over the past week: It is not far—a room with six folding doors. Open all of them. Turn the room into a hall—look down its short walls and see in memory the pictures you have hung there.—Another footstep! How the boot creaks as the snow is crushed beneath its weight. Listen! a lighter step. Some wife who is hastening home to greet her husband with the marketing for the morrow. Tired man. He sits and rests with little hands in his whiskers—little heads on either shoulder—stars which rank him a Major General in the army of life! Hold them closer to you—kiss them fondly to-night. Who but God knows who will be in shroud, coffin or grave ere another Saturday night comes around?

Another step! The other way! Some husband with heart full of ruined hopes going to meet at the beer table. Some foolish youth swift stepping by, anxious to join the revel. Pitied husband. 'Twas not thus a few years since. Who is to blame? Let us, who know not the cares and shadows of the heart, not do that which God has told us not to do. Let us not condemn. He will reward and he will punish. The step dies away, around the corner. So her hope dies away. So his heart thoughts have died out. Why will he leave the home fireside this Saturday night, over all others? Home once had its charms. The eye now so indifferent once lit its way to her very soul. The lips now cold except in petulency, once put their rich fullness up to revel in the loved kiss. The tongue which now speaks but to chide, once knew no language but that of love. It was many Saturday nights ago perhaps—but it was once. Why go to-night? Is there not some little corner in the heart where the old love—the old hope—the old pleasure lingers? Must you go to-night? One you would not have left for an hour. Who has poisoned the feast? Who has bittered the spring? Talk it over this Saturday night. See who has shrouded the Pet and buried the Darling of years agone. Go not elsewhere for happiness. It is not to be found in the wine cup. The glass of poison does not contain it. The allurements of the gaming table give no happiness. Rest this night. If you love each other, sit beside each other—eye to eye at times—hand upon or in hand at times. Read to him or her you love. Read this little chapter. It is kindly meant, even so for those who differ from us. Look back and see how much happier you have been than you might have been—how much happier you might have been than you are. Do not blame. Do not chill the rivulet into an icicle.

Good wife, don't let him go. Make home happy for your own sake. Give him love for love—kiss for kiss—confidence for confidence. Be to him as you were when you won him. Call back the glance, the word, the old cares—the electric touch, and sit down together to bless God that you have each other to love and live for. Let new resolves be born to-night. They may die before another one comes around, but let them be born. God sent us here to be happy. We live to make ourselves miserable. God gives us Saturday night for reflection. He gives us the Sabbath for rest. He gave us six days for labor. And you, brother reader—comrade in life's battle must you go from the home you have? It may not be quite pleasant, but, can you not help to make it so? Save your earnings. Save your heart. Save your manhood. Keep faith with yourself. Give this night to rest—to-morrow for worship, and give to God a heart-felt blessing for the mercies you have. Some Saturday night will be your last!

CURIOUS ANALYSIS.—We find in one of our French exchanges, published in California, the following analysis of the human system, considered in relation to the principal countries:

An Englishman is composed of mutton and water; an Irishman, of potatoes and water; a Scotchman, of water-gruel; a Frenchman, of omelet, frogs and water; and a German of cheese, sourkrout and water. The author of this analysis, says our cotemporary, is an American, and does not, either from pride or modesty, mention his own nationality; but, having been called to analyze him, we ascertained with surprise that he consisted of tobacco-juice and water.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Clasp the hands meekly over the still breast—they have no work to do; close the weary eyes—they've no more tears to shed; part the damp locks—there is no more pain to bear. Closed alike to love's kind voice, and calumny's stinging whisper.

O, if in that still heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away, if your loving glance, and kindly word, and clasping hand have come—all too late—then God forgive you. No frown gathers on the marble brow as you gaze, no scorn curls the chisseled lip—no flush of wounded feelings mounts to the blue veined temples.

God forgive you! for your feet, too, must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faltering tongue ask: "Can this be death?" Your fading eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth, your clammy hands feels its last feeble flutter.

O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What! no words of greeting from the household sleepers? No warm welcome of a sister's loving lips! No throb of pleasure from the dear maternal bosom?

Silent all!

O, if these broken limbs were never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there were no eternal shore! If for the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart the cloud sprang no bright bow of promise!

Alas for the lover, if this be all,
And naught beyond.

CIRCULATION OF AIR.—Winds are put in horizontal motion. Their influence is most beneficial. Were there no winds, the vapors that rise from the sea would be returned back from the clouds in showers, to the very same places in the sea whence they came. On an earth where no winds blow, we would neither have green pastures, still waters, nor running brooks. Air is more liable to population and corruption than water; stagnation is ruinous to it. Ceaseless motion has been given to it; perpetual circulation and intermingling of its ingredients are required of it. The necessity of ventilation in our buildings, the wholesome influence of fresh air, is universally acknowledged. The cry in cities for fresh air from the mountains or the sea, reminds us continually of the life-giving virtues of circulation. It has been well said that the girdling encircling air makes the whole world akin. It is the laboratory for the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. The carbonic acid with which our breathing fills the air to-day, to-morrow seeks its way round the world. The date-trees that grow round the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature. The oxygen we are breathing now was distilled for us, some short time ago, by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great Amazon. By the winds, superfluous water is carried off and removed to other lands, where its agency is required; or it is treasured up as the material of clouds, in the crystal vault of the firmament, the source, when the fitting season arrives, of the showers which provide for the wants of the year.—*Dickens' All the Year Round.*

A SAD SIGHT.—B. F. Bivens, the poor wretch who deliberately murdered his wife father and mother, in Michigan, a few weeks ago, instead of occupying his mind with matters suitable to his case, seems to be studying and planning how he can make the most money out of the morbid curiosity created by his unparalleled crimes! To this end, he advertises that he is engaged in getting out an autobiography, to include a full account of his life, all the circumstaces of his murders, &c., &c. It is reported that he has applied to Barnum to buy the clothing in which he murdered his parents and wife? An Adrian paper publishes a card, signed by him, warning the public against purchasing certain photographs of him, because he is about getting out some "genuine ones, taken with the clothes he had on at the time of the murder." He also says he will soon have the pictures of both of his wives, and advertises for agents.

HUNGER.—If a man in good health has not eaten anything for some days, he will die if he eats heartily. When persons are found in an almost starving condition, light food, in small quantities, and at short intervals, is essential to safety. The reason is, that as soon as we begin to feel hungry, the stomach rolls and works about and continues to do so unless satisfied, till it is so exhausted that there is scarcely any vital energy; it is literally almost tired to death, and, therefore, digestion is performed slowly, and with great difficulty. Hence, when a person has been kept from eating several hours beyond his usual time instead of eating fast and heartily, he should take his food with deliberation, and only half as much as if he had eaten at the regular time. Sudden and severe illness has resulted from a want of this precaution, and sometimes death has followed.

THE whole number of sick and wounded in different military hospitals throughout the country, on the 31st of January last, was a little over seventy-nine thousand.

THERE are two reasons why we do not trust a man; one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

FARMERS' GIRLS.

Up early in the morning, just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy, turning the cows away,
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen, making the beds up stairs;
Washing the breakfast dishes, dusting the parlor chairs;
Brushing crumbs from the pantry, hunting for eggs in the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner, spinning the stocking yarn.
Spreading the white linen down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow, where the red strawberries grow.
Starching the "fixens" for Sunday, churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer, down in the running stream,
Feeding the geese and turkies, making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle, driving away the flies,
Grace in every motion, music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature, thousands might covet to own,
Cheeks that rival spring roses, teeth the whitest of pearls—
One of these country maids is worth a score of your city girls.

WHAT MONEY WILL DO.

Money is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and healeth wounded honor. Everything resolves itself into cash; from stock jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies, youth aspires to dimes, manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client, the judge decides the case of life and death for a salary. Money makes the man therefore man must make money, if he would be respected by fools—for the eye of the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys Brussels crapets, lace curtains, gilded cornices, rich furniture and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in splendid equipages, and pays the rent of the pews. It buys silks and jewelry for my lady, it commands obsequious attention. It enables us to be charitable; to send Bibles to the heathen. It gilds the rugged scenes of life, and spreads over our rugged existence a velvet carpet soft to our tread; the rude turmoils and scenes are encased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish, and soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness—stops short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spare none, but levels all mortal distinction, and teaches poor humanity that it is dust. This wealth passes on the brink of eternity—the beggar and millionaires rest side by side beneath the sod; and rest in an equality to answer the final summons.

THE SILVER NUISANCE IN CANADA.—Our Canada neighbors complain of too full pockets—full of just what is a curiosity on this line—five and ten cents pieces. The Toronto Globe declares that the "American silver nuisance has again grown into proportions which renders it almost unbearable;" and that "by general consent, a discount of four per cent. is allowed and charged on twenty-five and fifty cent pieces; but the smaller coins, five and ten cents, are received at par." The consequence is, that quarters and half dollars are rarely to be seen, while traders of all kinds are flooded with five and ten cent pieces. The Globe also complains that American coin has driven out the Canadian; and the Canadian twenty cent pieces are as scarce as British sovereigns, and that in fact the influx of American silver has disarranged to no inconsiderable extent the whole Canadian course of trade. Our nickel cents are a still worse eye-sore to Canadians, and in most of the towns and cities they are no longer tolerated as currency. Speculators in currency imported them in considerable quantities, and will have to return them or suffer loss.—"Silver nuisance" sounds oddly enough to a people who have so long used only a paper circulating medium.—*Syracuse Cour.*

THE WIND A MUSICIAN.—The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevices of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paginini must go somewhere else for honor; for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string. It tries almost anything on earth to see if there is music in it; it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home and asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made out of the humblest chimney in the world. What a melody it sings when it gives a concert with the full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds. Then, how fondly it haunts old houses; mourning under caves, singing in the halls, chanting a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearths.

TURKISH COURAGE.—The Turkish soldier marches to meet the foe with the same nonchalance as he smokes his pipe. He is taught from his birth that the moment of his death is fixed and that a whole charge of artillery aimed at his heart would miss him if destiny had decreed his time not come. He is taught also that he wings straightway to Paradise the moment of his death. With both these ideas he is so fully impressed, that no danger moves him and he lies on his death-bed as calmly as on a bed for sleep.

IT is better to be struck with an idea than with the kitchen poker.

ADVERSITY AND MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.

Hardship alone will not make a man great, but it is an important aid in the development of greatness. Ability and aspiration are doubled in power by the stimulus of want. There is an untold might in deprivation. Imprison a gill of water in a solid rock, and simply deprive it of heat, and it will burst its flinty bonds as Sampson burst the cords of the Philistines. Ignited in the free air, a spoonful of powder explodes with a harmless flash; confine it in a rifle barrel, teaze it with the minutest spark, and it carries doom to a distant life. Nature's forces crave expansion; if space is abundant, they take it quietly; if it is limited, then look out for results. It is so with developing boyhood. Character demands scope. If it finds it readily, it accepts gracefully the easy boon; if it does not find, it takes it at whatever cost.

The rich man's son has plenty of wants, but they are easily gratified; the poor man's son has the same wants, and he can only hope to gratify them by strenuous exertion of muscle and brain. Our motive power is always found in what we lack. He is strongest who lacks most; the poor boy's inheritance is in those tastes and aspirations which urge him to perpetual effort. He has plenty to work for, while his rich cousin has only plenty to enjoy. The latter may be lifted into a high position as a lady is into her side-saddle, but he will generally find it convenient to ride with an attendant, or he may get thrown and hurt.

The heir of wealth begins at the wrong end for permanent success. He is like a crocus, blooming in spring, blighted in summer, and in autumn nowhere. He reverses the law of nature, which gives us the unsightly husk before the tempting kernel, the sprouting acorn before the giant oak, effort before strength, struggle before achievement, pain before pleasure, the law before the gospel. The ease and refinement of his boyhood is no aid to future energy and power He begins at the end, and generally ends at the beginning. A rudely formed but well tempered blade may be subsequently polished, but a polished blade cannot be hardened without losing all its glitter.—*Springfield Rep.*

WHAT IS LIKELY TO FOLLOW PEACE.—One of the commercial circulars of New York, said to be the production of a shrewd financier, thus speculates as to what is likely to ensue when the present civil war is ended:

"With peace we must immediately enter upon a career of unexampled activity. Enterprise will be vastly enlarged. We shall avoid in a great measure that prostration and distress which commonly follow long wars, for the productive capacity of our people is five times greater per head than at the close of the war of 1812. We had then hardly begun to use the mechanical aids to labor which have since revolutionized society. At that time all waste had to be made good by human toil alone. Now it is restored by the agency of mechanical engines which have given to each laborer a hundred hands. There is no limit to the employment of such aids. We shall come out of the war, consequently, with every means and stimulus to renewed activity in industrial pursuits and the development of the natural wealth of the country. The immense sums invested in the production of petroleum have made it already one of the leading articles of export while the development of our mines of precious metals is most important as giving us the means by which we can return to specie payments. They supply already a larger quantity than we export. This fact should remove all anexiety of any probable scarcity, though speculation or apprehension as to the future may cause a temporary advance far beyond its real value."

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—It is related of Origen that he was indebted to his father, Leonides, for his profound knowledge of Scripture and for the early direction of his thoughts to Christian truth. He was required to commit a portion of Scripture to memory every day, his father explaining to him its meaning. The boy took great delight in his task, and the influence of his father's piety seconded his instruction. The awakening intellect of the child was thus brought from the first into contact with the pure truth of God, and his life took its direction from this early training. Leonides, with deep thankfulness to God for the hopes which his son's diligence and interest in Divine truth encouraged him to cherish, devoutly longed and prayed that the Holy Spirit might take up his heart. It is said that he would often lean over the sleeping child, kissing his breast as "a temple in which the Holy Spirit designed to prepare His dwelling."—*Neander.*

BUNKER HILL.—A good story is told of a Yankee hackman who was engaged to convey Englishmen about the environs of Boston, including of course, Bunker Hill. After going up and inspecting the monument, the Englishmen returned to the hack, where the driver was quietly waiting for them. "I say, driver," says one of the Englishmen, "this is the place where we Englishmen gave you Yankees a good thrashing about eighty years since."

"Well, says the driver, "dont know as I ever heard tell about that; but who owns the land now?"

Fourteen Ways by which People Get Sick.

1. Eating too fast, and swallowing food imperfectly masticated.
2. Taking too much fluid during meals.
3. Drinking poisonous whiskey and other intoxicating liquors.
4. Keeping late hours at night, and sleeping too late in the morning.
5. Wearing the clothes so tight as to impede circulation.
6. Wearing thin shoes.
7. Neglecting to take sufficient exercise to keep the hands and feet warm.
8. Neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores of the skin open.
9. Exchanging the warm clothing worn in a warm room during the day for the light costumes and exposures incident to evening parties.
10. Starving the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress.
11. Keeping up a constant excitement by fretting the mind with borrowed troubles.
12. Employing cheap doctors, and swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill.
13. Taking the meals at irregular intervals.
14. Reading the trash and exciting literature of the day, and going crazy on politics.

MAKE YOUR OWN NEATS-FOOT OIL.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph tells what they do with beeves' legs in his family:

"The hoofs are chopped off, and the other portions are cracked and boiled thoroughly. From the surface of this boiled mass, about one pint of pure neats-foot oil is skimmed, which is unsurpassed by any other oleaginous matter for harness, shoes, &c. After the oil is taken off, the water is strained to separate from it any fatty particles that may remain, and then it is boiled again, until upon trying it is found it will settle into a stiff jelly. It is then poured into flat-bottomed dishes, and when cold cut into suitable sized pieces. It hardens in a few days and you will then have a very fine article of glue, free from impurities of every kind, sufficient for family use for a twelve month.

"By taking a portion of this glutinous substance before it becomes too thick, and brushing it over pieces of silk, you will have just as much courtplaster as you desire, inodorous, tenacious, and entirely free from those poisonous qualities which cause (as much of the article sold by apothacaries does) inflammation, when applied to scratches, cuts, and sores."

A TENDER EPISTLE.—The following letter was the cause of much amusement on being read during the trial of a recent breach of promise of marriage case:

My deer Sweetest Ducky—I am so happy to hear from you so often—it affords me sich grate plesher. You always was so deer to me I hope you will sune be deerer. You know I never hinted nothin about marrage and never meen too—take your own time for that. I shall always remember the old sayin procrastination is the theef of time, but mam sez nothin shud be did in a hurry but ketchen fleez. The fondest wish of my heart is that we may sune becum one. Did you ever feed Franklin's Extract—his remarks concernin marrage is deliteful. Our hearts, he sez, ought to assemble one another in every respect; they ought to be hetergenius so that our union may be mixed as well as uniting—not like oil and water but tee and shugar. Truly I can feel for the immortal Watts when he says—

The rows is red the vilets blue
Shugars sweet and so are you

Mother sez matrimony is better to think of than the reality. I remain till death or marrage, your own sweet candy.

MARY ANN.

N. B.—I had a kussen married last month who sez there ain't no true enjoyment but in the married state.

Your swetis dove, MARY ANN.

P. S.—I hope you will let me know what you mean to do as there is four or five other fellers after me hot foot, and I shall be quite oneasy till I hear.

Your lover swete, MARY ANN.

A YANKEE drunkard's advice is thus given: "Every drop of licker I swallows is taxed—taxed to support the war. S'pose all us fels' was to stop drinkin'? why, the war'd stop and the guv'ment'd stop.—That's the very reason I drinks. I don't like grog; I mortally hate it. If I followed my own inclination I'd rather drink buttermilk or ginger-pop, or soda; but I licker for the good of my country, and to set an example of loyalty and virtuous resignation to the rising generation."

"JOHN," said a stingy old hunk to his hired man as he was taking dinner, "do you know how many pancakes you have eaten?"

"No."

"Well, you've eaten fourteen."

"Well," said John, "you count and I'll eat."

THE pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

"He that would increase in riches,
Must not hoe corn in silken breeches."
Thar now!

Labors of the body free us from the pains of the mind. This is what constitutes the happiness of the poor.