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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet:—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
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Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

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☞All communications must be postpaid.

POETRY.

THE PLOUGH.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Though clouds o'ercast our native sky,
And seem to dim the sun,
We will not down in languor lie,
Or deem the day is done:
The rural arts we loved before
No less we'll cherish now;
And crown the banquet as of yore,
With Honor to the Plough.

In these fair fields, whose peaceful spoil
To faith and hope are given,
We'll seek the prize with honest toil,
And leave the rest to Heaven,
We'll gird us to our work like men
Who own a holy vow,
And if in joy we meet again,
Give Honor to the Plough.

Let Art, arrayed in magic power,
With Labor hand in hand,
Go forth, and now in peril's hour
Sustain a sinking land,
Let never Sloth unnerve the arm;
Or Fear the spirit cow;
These words alone should work a charm—
All honor to the Plough.

The heath redress, the meadow drain,
The latent swamp explore,
And o'er the long expecting plain
Diffuse the quickening store:
Then fearless urge the furrow deep
Up to the mountain's brow,
And when the rich results you reap,
Give honor to the Plough.

So still shall health by pastures green
And nodding harvests roam,
And still behold her rustic screen
Shall virtue find a home:
And while their bower the muses build
Beneath the neighboring bough,
Shall many a grateful verse be filled
With honor to the Plough.

THE EXTRA LODGER.

A HUMOROUS TALE.

BY DR. BIRD.

was once my fate to pass a night in ain wayside caravansary among the tains of Virginia—a lonely habitaom whose mean appearance no one have inferred the majestic spirit of der within. Up, or rather down—for d at the bottom of a hill—one fine g in September, rolled a mail coach. ammed with passengers, of whom I, y sins, was one. We numbered souls in all—nine inside and three of which latter group I, being hat of a valetudinarian, was honorseat beside his highness of the whip; y two companions, the one a Misan, the other a "varmint," as he imself, of Tennessee, sat gallantly e top, where they rolled and pitch, as we thundered down the rocky a manner admirable to behold— Mississippian expressed it, "like tailed dogs in a boiling pot"—a nce that was somewhat the stronhe tremendous bow-wows and yelth which he, sometimes assisted Tennesseean, beguiled the weariness day.

ainly there never was such a set of personages together in a mail fore. Besides the Mississippian, on top, there was another of the t inside, who could imitate the of an ass to perfection—a melody kept up rivalry with his friend er aloft. Add to these an Alawho sung negro songs; a Rock noian, who whooped like an Indixan, that played the mustang, or e of the prairies, and, besides near the bottom form the stage, neighhinnied till the very team horses ad responded to the note; and five others who did nothing but scream and laugh to fill up the concert, and you have a set of the happiest mad-brained roisterers that ever astonished the monarch of a stage house.

At this place we were destined to sup and lodge; and, accordingly, in due course of time, we were all seated at the board, where we had the satisfaction of being tyranized over both by mine host and mine hostess—the one glum, yet facetious; the other ugly as ill-temper, and haughty as a princess. There was nothing at all remarkable in the supper, which was no better nor wore than usual, with the exception of that sin qua non of a Virginia table, fried chicken—or, indeed, of chickens in any shape; there being not so much as a wing or claw on the table. This omission producing a gentle interrogatory, somewhat in the tone of expostulation from one of the Mississippians, who, as well as all other travellers, it is proper to remark, was not playing the part of a very modest, well behaved young gentleman, mine host very wittingly gave as to understand "it was our own fault, seeing that the diabolical noise we had made while approaching the house and scared all the fowls into the mountains." This, the Mississippian declared, reminded him of Captain Dobbins' chickens, in Kentucky, which, he had the captain's own word for it, no sooner caught sight of a traveller approaching, than they immediately took to their heels—being well aware, from long experience, as Capt. Dobbin's said, that the visit of a stranger was certain death to them.

Before we had finished supper, a thirteenth guest made his appearance—at all, raw-boned, Yankee pedlar, it seemed who drove up his wagon through a shower that had begun to fall, and presently entered the supper room, bearing a pair of saddlebags, which he laid beside him with great care, as if afraid the contents would be injured if placed out of his protection. He had a very meek, solemn, unpresuming, solitary look, and rather sneaked into than took a chair at the foot of the table, where he waited very submissively for the cup of coffee which my landlady deigned, after sundry contemptuous looks, and five minutes delay, to send him.

Upon the whole, he did not seem to produce any more favorable impression upon his fellow-travellers, who left him to consume his chickenless supper by himself, while they proceeded to the bar-room, to resolve a debt which had entered the head of the Mississippian, Captain Dobbins' friend—to wit: whether the thunder of our approach had not killed all the mint plants, and so deprived them of their juleps. This was fortunately proved not to be the case. The young gentleman concocted their sleeping draughts, smoked their cigars, settled the affairs of the nation, and then, having received a hint that such was the will and pleasure of the landlord, ascended to the traveller's room to seek their beds.

This traveller's room was the garret, or the half thereof, and other moiety being partitioned off and applied to some other purpose; and, as it was neither ceiled nor plastered, it presented no very striking look of luxury and comfort, but exhibited the rare and captivating spectacle of a dozen different beds, in which each man was to possess the happiness of sleeping without a bed-fellow. The beds were moreover, all single ones, only one excepted, which was neither single nor double, and, indeed, was a mere plank stretched between two stools, with a feather bed hung over it, pannier wise; and so far it appeared to us, that our landlord, in this out-of-the-way nook, must have been visited with some inklings of civilization, but, upon further consideration, it was agreed that we owed the size as well as the number of the couches to the necessity of the case, the garret being of such a figure as to show a dozen truckle beds much more commodiously than half that number of double ones.

Nevertheless, we were all well pleased with the arrangements; nor did any difficulty present itself until the braying gentleman, regaling us at first with a moderate burst of his music, by way of calling attention, demanded, "Who the nation is to sleep with the Yankee?"—a question which no one answered until he had first popped into the cot, and so secured its possession, after which, each swore, with an oath as terrible as any in Flanders, the Yankee should not sleep with him. Upon this point the determination was quite unanimous. I might, indeed, except myself, having made no rash vows on the occasion—which was the more unnecessary, as I had, partly by choice, fallen heir to the narrow bed of plank spoken of before, in which there was no fear af my being troubled with a bed-fellow.

We had scarcely arranged this important matter, when the supernumerary guest and extra lodger, who had, perhaps, been detained securing his property for the night, came up stairs, bearing his saddle bags and a candle, and, with hesitating steps, and modest countenance, stole through the room, looking for an empty bed, but, of course, without finding one.

"Perhaps, gentlemen," said he, with an extremely solemn, wo begone voice of inquiry, "Some of you can tell me where I am to sleep to night?"

"In Paradise, I suppose," said the braying gentleman; "for, I'll be hanged if there is any room for you here. You see the beds are all full."

"I do," replied the stranger, looking all around, "and they are shocking narrow ones, too. But I rather calculate the landlord meant me to have half of one somewhere or other among you."

"Well, that seems but reasonable," said the Mississippian; "and I should be very willing to let you have part of mine, only—" Here he turned over in the bed clothes, and displaying a huge bowie-knife lying on one side of him, and the pistol on the other—"only that I never slept without my arms, and they are somewhat dangerous when I dream at night, as I always do after a bad supper. 'Pon my soul, sir, if you had seen how I slashed my bed to pieces last night, and shot off the bed post! Had to pay ten dollars damages to old Skinflint, the landlord."

The Yankee recoiled with trepidation from his perilous bed-fellow, and preferred his request to the Tennesseean, stating, very piteously, that he had an "affection of the head," though of what kind he did not inform us, which was always aggrivated by want of, or even by uncomfortable sleep.—The Tennesseean swore that he was just as bad as his neighbor, the Mississippian, though in another way. He never could sleep with anybody without beginning to fight the moment he fell asleep, and it was but a fortnight ago, he said, that he had gouged a fellow's eyes out.

The Alabamian declared he chewed tobacco in his sleep, and that his quids would be fully as dangerous to a bed-fellow's eyes as the Tennesseean's fingers.

The second Mississippian had taken up a position, directly across the bed, his head sticking out one side, and his feet on the other, in which position, only, he swore he could sleep with any comfort; and, therefore, desired the Yankee to apply to some one else, which he did, with no better fortune—some excusing themselves on pretences as ridiculous as those I have mentioned; while one or two others, whose wit was not so ready, met his supplicating glances and his hesitating applications with downright refusals. As for myself, the narrowness of my couch was so manifest as to secure me from application.

The poor Yankee thus rejected on all sides, and, with the prospect of remaining bedless all night, took the desperate resolution of preferring a complaint to his majesty, the inn-keeper. For this purpose, he opened the door and called twice and thrice, but with timid tones, to mine host, who having already retired to his bed, and not choosing to be troubled, took no notice of his first calls, and only replied to his last, by threatening to turn his unfortunate customer out of doors if he did not keep quiet.

To be turned out of a house in which he was so inhospitably treated, might have seemed no disagreeable alternative, but, unluckily, a dismal rain had now commenced falling, and there was no other place of refuge within eight or ten miles.

Nothing remained for the extra lodger but to stretch himself on the floor, which he at last did, but with sundry groans and complaints, pillowing his head upon the saddle-bags, in which position he lay until his fellow-travellers, myself with the rest, all dropped soundly asleep.

We had not slept, I imagine, more than a quarter of an hour, when we were all, at the same moment, aroused by a terrible voice crying in the midst of the room: "If there is no other way with them, cut their aristocratical throats!"

The words and the voice were alike alarming; but judge our atonishment, when, starting from our beds, we beheld the Yankee rising, half-naked, from the floor, as grim and gaunt as Don Quixote himself, holding a bowie-knife, to which the Mississippian's was a pen-knife to a razor, and brandishing it with looks of blood and fury.

"By snakes and niggers!" cried the braying gentleman, with something like alarm—"he dreams harder than I do!"

"Wake him up—he will do mischief!" exclaimed others; for all thought the poor fellow was suffering under some frightful dream. The Tennesseean, bolder than the rest, seized him by the arm, upon which he dropped his knife, and his countenance changing from rage to trepidation, exclaimed:

"I give myself up—I am your prisoner. But take notice, gentlemen, I yield to superior force. Give me five minutes to say my prayers!"

"Death and thunder!" cried the varmint of Tennessee, starting back, "the man is mad!" And so it seemed to us all.

"Give me five minutes to say my prayers!" quoth the Yankee, who, however, instead of dropping on his knees, burst into tears, and harangued us in somewhat the following words:

"I am an honest man, and a patriot, a democrat and a man of the people. I have fought the battles of my country and I die a Roman hero! You are too many for me, gentlemen—twelve hundred men against me, and a regiment of scalping savages behind you! I surrender, and am ready to die. I am a democrat; but what is one democrat among twelve hundred myrmidons in power? I know you'll kill me, but I don't care, all I ask of you is to do justice to my memory—to do me justice before the world—(here his voice was almost drowned in sobs)—to bear witness that I die like a brave man—die like a patriot—the victim of despots and martyr of freedom!"

Great was the consternation and confusion that now prevailed. The man was mad—North, North-west, and all around the compass—politically mad, a mad patriot, nobody doubted that. Some asked what was to be done—others would have argued that mad man out of his frenzy—others again, slipped out of the door and stood ready for a run.

In the meanwhile, the maniac, reinspired by his own eloquence, or the pusillanimity of his enemies which even a madman might perceive, lifted up his voice again, but lifted it in defiance.

"You are the hired myrmidons of power!" he cried; "purse-proud, rich men—tyrants that grind the faces of the poor—that live on the sweat of the poor man's labor and rob his hungry children of their food! I am a poor man, and a poor man's friend. I hate you—I defy you—I call you to the reckoning. Yes!" he roared, snatching up his knife from the floor and waving it aloft, as if to unseen backers; "your triumph is now over; your hour is come! I call you to the reckoning—to the reckoning of blood! Advance, men of the people, and cut their tyranical throats!"

And with that he advanced himself, flourishing his weapon against our aristocratic breasts. There was no withstanding that terrific charge—pell mell we went, one over another, out of the door, which we esteemed ourselves fortunate in being able to close, and thus secure ourselves from the distracted assailant.

We then made our way down to the bar room, where we found the glum host and his haughty spouse in as great alarm, and as elegant deshabille as ourselves—they, and indeed every soul in the house, having been aroused by the madman's vociferations.

What was now to be done? The unfortunate man was still raving. We could hear him thumping against the door, as if endeavoring to break through, and roaring all the while with a phrenzied cry of "Victory!" with that savage knife in his hand; nay, with a dozen knives perhaps, for arms and clothes were all in the hurry of our flight, left together in the room. Who should dare attack or disarm him? Nobody showed an appetite for the enterprise; and although the ugly landly proposed, in her ecstacy of terror, a plan that might have ended the difficulty—namely, that some of us should take her husband's gun and shoot the Bedlamite through the key-hole—(and really she did not seem to consider the shooting of a mad Yankee my very atrocious crime)—the business was ended by our sitting up all night in the bar-room, in extremely simple costume, debating the difficulty.

The terrible din with which we had been outsted from the garrett, did not continue long, but was succeeded, first by a dead portentous calm, then by a half-groaning half-snorting kind of noise, that was represented, by some one who had the courage once or twice slowly to creep to the garret door to listen, to the peculiarly terrific, and which, indeed, lasted all night long.

When the morning broke, we held another consultation; and finally, growing more courageous, as the day grew broader, wrought ourselves to the resolution of proceeding in a body to the traveller's room—the landlord magnanimously leading the van, armed with a broad-axe; ourselves intrepidly following at his heels, some carrying such means of defence as could be gathered, and others cart-ropes and bed cords, to tie the madman; and mine hostess, behind with the dog. We paused a moment at the door, listening to the groaning sounds, which were still kept up, and softly entered the room, where we had the satisfaction of finding the poor fellow lying very soundly and comfortably asleep in the best bed, sending from his upturned nostrils those anomalous and horrid sounds, which now appeared to us the natural music of sleep. He opened his eyes, stared upon us some what inquiringly, yet with a look so extremely natural and lucid, that we refrained from laying hands upon him, as we supposed would have been necessary.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said he, quite like a sensible person; "a fine morning we have, after the rain; and a very fine sleep I've had," he added. "I hope you can say the same?"

"It's his lucid moment, poor devil," said the varmint; and gathering up our indispensables, we all went down to breakfast.

The Yankee was now the "observed of all observers"—as solemn, as sad, modest, as ever, and, to appearance, quite unconscious of his late paroxysm. We were all too prudent, or too generous, to remind him of it, even by a distant hint, and, for the same reason, we all took care not to cross him in anything at the table. Whatever dish he looked at, it was immediately surrendered to him; even the ugly landlady requested his acceptance to a tumbler of cream she had poured out for her own use, but on which he chanced to cast his eye. And thus it happened that our gentleman, whose appetite by no means suffered from his affliction, ate the best as well as the hugest breakfast of all; after which, he ordered his horse, called for and paid his bill, and, with every air of sanity departed.

A few minutes after we were ourselves on the road, thundering along in our mail coach, and by and-bye we caught sight of our extra lodger on the top of a hill, at a cross road, where indeed, he seemed waiting for us, as he looked back upon us frequently, while he slowly mounted the hill.

"Mad again!" quoth the braying gentleman, with an air of commisseration; "poor devil!"

"Gentlemen!" said the madman, touching his hat with an air of suavity, and giving the sweetest intonation to his screeching voice; "I believe I forgot to bid you farewell; at all events, I omitted to express my thanks for the uncommon kindness you all displayed in giving me a poor Yankee pedlar, so much more room than I had any occasion for."

"Oh," said the Tennesseean, having some doubt about the poor fellow's meaning, but willing to humor him to the best of his power; "it is our southern way; hospitality, sir—mere hospitality!"

"Sir," said the pedlar, with a greatful look, "I shall always remember it. But I do assure you, one bed would have served my purpose just as well as a dozen."

"No doubt, sir," said the varmint; "but the truth is, as you were sick man—"

"Only a little affliction in my head," said the stranger, touching his cracked *as fronlis.*

"Yes, sir; a little affliction," rejoined the Tennesseean; "for which reason each man desired to give you his bed; and *that,*" added the gentleman, pleased at his own ingenuity, "is the reason you had all the beds."

The pedlar gave us a Satanic grin, and touching his forehead again, exclaimed, after sneezing in a highly natural manner:

"Remember me, gentlemen! I have an affliction here to be sure, but—*I never lost a bed by it.*"

With that he whipped up his horse, and cheering on his way, with a laugh that sounded like a chuckle of a kettle drum, it was so deep and tremendous, left us to our meditations.

"Bitten," said the varmint, giving a sneaking look around him.

"Choused out of bed!—humbugged every man of us," growled the Alabamian.

The Mississippian jumped on his feet, and roaring "Bray, gentlemen, bray; we are all jackasses together!" set us the example, by pouring his most exquisitely donkeyish notes upon the ears of morning.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

That General Cass was at one time a rank Federalist, and wore the black cockade to distinguish him from the Republican Party.

Keep it before the People,

That General Cass employed his time while in Europe, in writing the praises of Louis Philippe, who has since been driven from France by his wronged and indignant subject.

Keep it before the People,

That General Cass labored to plunge our country into a bloody, expensive, and terrible war with England in regard to Oregon.

Keep it before the People,

That General Cass was in favor of the war with Mexico, which has cost us 20,000,000 millions of dollars, and thousands of valuable lives.

Keep it before the People,

That General Cass, contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and the counsel of Washington; is in favor of making war upon foreign nations for the purpose of robbing them of their territory.

Keep it before the People,

That General, Cass voted a *censure* upon that brave old General, Zachary Taylor, for the capitulation at Monterey—and we dare any of his friends to deny it.

Keep it before the People,

That General Cass cannot get the vote of the South, because he is not sound on the subject of slavery.

Keep it before the People,

That General Cass did not break his sword at Hull's surrender; but that Col. Mc Arthur was the man, and again we challenge a denial.

Finally—

Tell it in Gath and publish it in the streets of Askelon;

That General Cass has been seeking the Presidency for years—that he has been *every thing* by turns and nothing long—that he is a caterer for public favor, and would sacrifice the best interests of his country at the shrine of unholy ambition.

Keep it before the People,

That General Taylor is their candidate for the Presidency.

Keep it before the People

That General Taylor is the man whom General Cass voted to censure for the capitulation of Monterey.

Keep it before the People,

That General Taylor is the hero of Fort Harrison, Okee Chobee, Palo Aito, Rasaca dela Palma, Monterey, and ever memorable Buena Vista; and that he had never lost a battle, no matter what the odds against him.

Keep it before the People,

That General Taylor goes for the real Republican doctrine, that all power is visited in the PEOPLE, and that the President is only their agent.

Keep it before the People,

That General Taylor is opposed to making war to acquire Territory—that he is in favor of attending to our own business and leaving others to do the same.

Keep it before the People,

That General Taylor will administer the Government in the "good old way" of Washington—with an eye to the interests of the whole People, without respect to party.

Keep it before the People,

That General Taylor, instead of seeking the Presidency, has devoted his whole life to the good of his country; that he is a plain, honest common sense farmer whose days have been spent not in the Palace of Louis Phillippe—not among the proud aristocracy of Europe, not in the pleasure and Luxuries of Washington city—but in the wilds of the far west, in the savannahs of Florida, on the parched plains of Mexico, at the head of his gallant soldiery—with no couch but the hard earth, no covering but the broad canopy of the skies.

And lastly—

Tell it in Gath, publish it in Askelon.

That General Taylor will receive the votes of thousands of honest, hard fisted Democrates, who love him because he is plain, honest and patriotic, and because he is one of the People.—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

For the Kent News.

Compiled from the Patent Office Report of 1848, p. 550, 570.

	Bushels.
Quantity of wheat produced in the United States in the year 1847,	114,245,500
Quantity of wheat consumed and used for seed in the U. S.	73,663,750
Surplus for exportation,	40,581,750
Quantity of wheat in the grain, in ship bread and in flour (allowing 2 bushels per bbl ship-bread, and 5 bush. per bbl. flour) imported from U. S. to England, Scotland and Ireland, for the year commencing July 1st, 1846, and ending June 30th, 1847,	14,979,943
Quantity of wheat, including flour and ship bread, exported from U. S. during same period to other grain importing countries,	11,835,530
Total exports of wheat for said period,	26,815,473
Surplus wheat in U. S.	13,766,377
Quantity of Indian Corn produced in U. S. in 1847,	539,350,000
Quantity consumed by people and animals and used for seed, distiling, &c. in U. S.	365,695,096
Surplus for exportation,	173,654,904
Quantity of Corn including corn meal exported to Great Britain and all other countries, for the year commencing July 1st, 1846 and ending June 30th, 1847,	20,118,298
Surplus corn in U. S.	153,535,606
Quantity of Rye produced in the U. S. in 1847,	29,222,700
Quantity of rye used for seed drilling and consumed by the people in U. S.	24,325,787
Surplus for exportation,	5,296,913
Quantity flour (allowing six bush. grain per bbl. exported from U. S. from July 1st 1846 to June 30th 1847 to Great Britain & other countries,	293,892
Surplus Rye in U. S.	3,003,021
Quantity Buckwheat produced in the U S. in 1847,	11,673,500
Quantity used for seed and consumed,	6,723,343
Surplus Buckwheat in U. S.	4,950,167

RECAPITULATION.

Surplus Wheat,	13,766,377
" Corn,	153,535,606
" Rye,	5,003,021
" Buckwheat,	4,950,167
Total surplus bread stuff in U.S.	177,255,171

The ordinary annual demand for wheat in the grain importing countries of the world is about 33,000,000 bushels, Rep. p. 553. With our surplus of upwards of 40,000,000 bushels we could supply this entire demand and still have a surplus of more than 7,000,000 bushels. From this report it appears that the grain growing countries of the world except the U. S. could have furnished Great Britain, the principal grain market, with 37,600,000 bushels of wheat in 1847, p. 553. It is manifest then, that the grain growers of the United States must encounter a powerful competition in the foreign market. If they could *entirely* this, their *surplus* would be *more* than sufficient to supply it. It is as clear as sunlight in a cloudless day, that it is for the best interests of the American Agriculturists to seek to increase the home market for their products, which is always certain, rather than to place much reliance upon the foreign, which is always subject to fluctuations—to encourage, aye, to demand such legislation as will promote the growth of American manufactures, which inevitably augments the number of consumers of agricultural products. It is not probable that there will soon be so