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THE KENT NEWS.

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

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

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THE KENT NEWS.

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EDWARD MANSFIELD,

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POETRY.

(Written for 'The Kent News.')

REFLECTIONS.

BY MINNA.

The moon shone down in unbeclouded ray,
While dew, like diamonds, glittered on each spray,
Bright Orion twinkled in the ether high,
And decked with splendor the blue vaulted sky,
'Twas night,
All things were silent, save the river's flow,
Which murmured softly thro' the vale below,
While, from its banks, I viewed the matchless scene,
Illumed by Cynthia's pale, cold silvery beam.
Sped by Almighty power
A meteor rolled thro' air, and blazing bright,
Left o'er the heavens a trace of golden light;
Then seemed to fall and vanish in the earth,
Or sink beneath the briny ocean's surf
Lost in obscurity.
What formed that light, that meteor's transient glare?
So luminous, yet soon to disappear—
This exhalation, brilliant, unconfined,
Flames for a moment like the human mind,
And then 'tis gone.
It quickly passes from the wondering sight,
And sinks into oblivion's gloomy night,
But does the mind in Lethe's dark river roll?
Not so; the mind is the immortal soul—
It cannot sink to nought.
No! when the stars in nature cease to burn,
And worlds no longer in their orbits turn;
When time's swift wheels stand still nor move again,
The sun blown out, the moon no longer wane,
The soul lives on
In worlds eternal as their maker God,
Formed by his power and subject to his nod;
In endless light the soul must ever reign
With Christ in heaven, or in useless pain
To Pluto's dark abode.
Mind and soul, proud intellect of man!
How small thy scope! how limited thy span!
Compared with God, the author of thy being;
Who gave his son our lost world to redeem,
And die that we might live.
That Saviour's wounds still plead, Oh man for thee!
Bore thy sins upon Mount Calvary,
Full atonement made for all the human race;
Then come to him be freely saved by grace,
Which is the gift of God.

Rock Hall, January, 1853.

LOVE ON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Love on, love on, the soul must have a shrine—
The rudest breast must find some hallowed spot;
The God who formed us left no spark divine
In him who dwells on earth, yet lovest not.
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain,
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain
May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on—ay, even though the heart
We fondly build on proveth like the sand;
Though one by Faith's corner stone stands apart,
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand;
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days,
We would not sooner trust and be deceived
Than own the cold, mean spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud;
Though dark and dense the gloom of Death may be,
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.
Truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,
The sweetest prospect Mercy can bestow,
A blessed thought that bids the soul be sure
Still meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on—Creation breathes the words;
Their mystic music even dwells around;
Each strain is echoed by unnumbered chords,
Of gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
Flowers keep springing, though their dazzling bloom
Lift put forth for worms to feed upon,
Hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
Still still be precious and shall still live on.

...u boys," exclaimed old Mrs. Turpic to a party of boys who were ...ing around her garden one day.—"boys, let them rabbits alone, for ...at has short tails are mine, for my ...ack caught 'em and cut their tails

MISCELLANY.

To the Editor of the Kent News.

ROCK HALL, Jan. 30, 1853.

Having received a letter recently from my son, who is engaged in business upon the Pacific ocean, I send you an extract of the same, in which is narrated a melancholy occurrence, and which I hope may be a serious warning to every sinner to "prepare to meet his God." GEORGE LEARY.

"We left cape Flatery bound for San Francisco. We had not been at sea more than twenty-four hours when I perceived our mate captain singularly melancholy. He was a stout, tall, splendid, and manly looking fellow; wore a fierce moustash and heavy black whiskers. He was about twenty-two years of age, and was strong and athletic.

How frequently we notice that when a calamity befalls a fellow creature that some singular conduct is exhibited previously, which we may not notice at the time, but which will not fail to be remarked afterwards. It was indeed so with this case. Two days after we left the cape he came below, looking very ill, as I supposed. After he had seated himself, he said, in a penitent tone of voice:

"Leary, I am not ill, as I have declared myself to be, but I feel wretched. Oh! I have been neglectful of my duty towards my parents! not that I have neglected to honor them, but I have neglected to honor the God whom *my mother* taught me to fear. Yes, it is Him whom I have forgotten. Mr. Leary, do you ever pray?"

"Most certainly," I replied, "and feel thankful to the God who condescends to grant me the privilege."

He then seemed entirely disconsolate—turned over in his berth and covered his face. I felt embarrassed; what to say to him, I had known this was the last warning from heaven, then I would have felt no embarrasment in advising him, and consequently would not feel thus condemned now. I did advise him, but not as fully as I could have done—for he had much confidence in me. He spoke *loudly* of the prayers of a pious mother. He continued thus melancholy for two days, the afternoon of the second day he came upon deck in fine humor, and I was afflicted to hear him swear at one of the crew. All the serious impressions seemed to be banished, and I felt that prayers and advice had lost their effect. The third and fatal day came. It was my watch below in the morning: I turned in at 10 o'clock. I came upon deck and found him at the wheel.

"Mr Leary," said he, "do you think we had better heave to?"

I replied that the sea was high, but we need apprehend no damage, unless we should come suddenly to the wind, and the sea break over us. He remarked, "that is why I am here; I was afraid they would let her luff and blow the sails to pieces."

"Yes," said I, "or throw her down on her beam ends" to which he assented with an *oath* which *was his last!*—He appeared free from serious reflections. He declared the gale was fair, and humorously remarked, "we shall soon be in San Francisco, where we shall hear from the girls."

"Mounting the house he attempted to walk, talking and laughing as he walked, when he was suddenly thrown from his feet by a plunge of the vessel, and the nezt moment he was buried in the foaming spray along the lee beam. I saw him and felt all the horrors that ever deranged the soul of man. I felt the importance of the crisis; putting the wheel down I vociferated, 'All hands ahoy! tumble out, my men, your captain is overboard! brail up the square-sail, clur up the fore-top-gallant-sail; let go the loom-tack, haul down the flying gib; lay aft to the main sheet, and be handy with all—heave a hand, my lads! The next moment the square-sail and the top gallen-sail went into ribbons, and our vessel fell on her beam ends—the crew ran wildly about the deck; she soon righted; after the sails had been trimmed, and we had fetched far enough to windward I put the helm up, and saw him upon the top of a wave as high as our fore-yard, swimming like a man, and holding his hand to me. *I waved my last adieu to him.* Giving the wheel to a man I jumped into the main rigging, and perceiving the boards which I had thrown him, we ran directly towards them, but our amiable captain had sank to rise no more!"

☞A few years ago, at a negro camp meeting, held near Flushing, the colored preacher, in his discourse, said—"I tell you, my belubbed bruddren, dat the debble is a big hog, an' one ob dese days, he'll come along here and root you all out."

An old negro, in one of the auxious pews, hearing this, raised himself from the straw, and clasping his hands, exclaimed in the agony of his fear, "Ring him, Lord, ring him!"

Terrible Doings of Joe Tucker's Yellow Dog.

A fanciful genius named Joe Tucker, a man about town—without visible means of support, a do-nothing loafing, cigar-smoking, good natured sort of a fellow—owned a yellow dog, a slick, intelligent, and rather pretty beast, always at Joe's heels, well known as his master, and liked far more by the Frogtowners. One day, Joe and his dog were passing Bunion's grocery store, when a great piebald, ugly looking dog, standing along side of a wood wagon, bounced on to Joe Tucker's dog, and knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob Carter's wife—who was passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop, with his dinner—that she tumbled backwards, and her old sun bonnet flopping off, scored the horse attached to the wood wagon. He started—hit Latherem's barber pole—upset the load of wood, half of which falling down Gumbo's refreshment cellar, struck one of Gumbo's children on the head, killed it for a time stone dead; and so alarmed Mrs. Gumbo, that she dropped a stew pan of hot, boiling oysters into the lap, instead of the dish, of a customer, who sat waiting for the savory concoction, by a table in the corner. Mrs. Gumbo rushed to the child—the customer for the door! Mrs. Gumbo screamed, the child screeched, and the customer yelled!

"O, oh! o-o-o-o-oh, my poor child!" cried Mrs. Gumbo.

"Eh, eh, o-e-e-e-e!" screamed the child.

"Oh, m-u-r-d-e-r-r-r! O, by everlasting sin, I'm scalded to all eternity!—Mur-d-e-r-r-r!" roared the customer.

The horse, a *part* of the wagon, and *some* of the went on their mad career. The owner of the strange dog came out of the store just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the strange dog; and not waiting to see Joe 'let drive,' gave him such a pop on the back of the ear, that poor Joe fell forty rods up the street, and striking the foot of a long ladder, upon which Jim Elderberry was perched, paint pot in hand, some thirty feet from terra firma—brought ladder, Jim, and paint pot to the earth—crippling poor Jim for life, and sprinkling the blue paint copiously over the broadcloths, satinets and calicoes of Abraham Miller, a formal and even-tempered Quaker, who ran out of the door, as the two dogs had fairly gone at it—hip and thigh—nip and catch. A glance at matters seemed to convince Abraham of the state of the case; and in an unusually elevated voice Abraham called out to Joe Tucker, who had righted up—

'Joseph Tucker, thy dog's fighting.'

'Let 'em fight it out!' yelled the pugnacious owner of the strange dog.—'Let 'em fight it out; I'll bet a load of wood, my dog can eat any dog in town and I can eat the owner!'

We have said Abraham Miller was a mild man; Quakers are proverbially so. But the gauntlet thrown down by the burly stranger from the country, stirred the gall of Abraham, and he rushed into the store, and from the back yard having slipped his collar, Abraham brought forth a brindle cur, long, strong and all powerful.

'Friend,' said the excited Quaker, 'thy dog shall be well beaten. I promise thee! Hike, seize upon him. Turk—here boy;' and the dogs went at it.

Bob Carter, the smith, coming up in time to hear the stranger's defiance to the town, and bent on a fight with some body, for the insult and damage to his wife, clamped the collar of the stranger, and with a series of ten pound tens up on the face, back and sides of his bully antagonist, Bob stired up the strength and fire of the burly stranger to the top of his compass, and they made the sparks fly dreadfully!

Joe Tucker's dog, reinforced by that of Abraham Miller's, took a fresh start, and between the two the strange dog was being cruelly put to his trumps.—Deacon Pugh, one of the most sedate and substantial and pious men in Frogtown, came up, and, indeed, the whole town was assembling—and Deacon Pugh, armed with his heavy walking stick, and shocked at the spectacle before him, marched up to the dogs, exclaiming as he did so—

"Fie, fie, fie, for shame! disgraceful, you men, citizens of frogtown, will you stand by and—"

'Don't thee, don't thee strike my dog Deacon Pugh!" said Abraham Miller, advancing upon the Deacon, who was about to cut right and left among the dogs with his cane.

"Your dogs!" shouted the Deacon, with evident fervor.

"Not my *dogs*, Deacon, Pugh," echoed the speaker.

"What did you say so for, then?" shouted the Deacon.

"I never said dogs, Deacon Pugh"

"You did!" responded the Deacon with excitement.

"Deacon Pugh, thee speaks groundlessly!" said the Quaker.

"You tell a falsehood, Abraham Miller!"

"Thee utters a medacious assertion!" reiterated Abraham.

"You—you—*you tell an infernal lie!*" bawled the Deacon.

"Thee hast provoked my evil passions Deacon Pugh," shouted the stalwart Quaker, "and I will chastise thee."

And into the Deacon's wool went the Quaker. The Deacon, nothing loth entered into the spirit of the thing; and we leave them to us "nip and tuck," to look to the stranger and Bob Carter, who fit and fought, fought and fit until Squire Catchem and the town constables came up; and in their attempt to preserve the peace, and arrest the offenders, the Squire was thrust through the window of a neighboring watch-maker, doing a heap of damage; while layerw Hooker, in attempting to aid the constable, was hit by a mistake by the furious blacksmith in the short ribs, an' went reeling down Gumbo's cellar with frightful velocity! The friends and fellow churchmen of Deacon Pugh took sides against the Quaker antagonist, and the shop boys of Abraham, seeing their employer thus beset, came to the rescue; while a brace of stray Irishmen, full of valor and whiskey, believing it to be a "free fight," tried their hands and sticks upon the combatants indiscriminately; so that in less than one hour the quiet and happy town of Frogtown was shaken from its propriety by one grand, sublimely ridiculous and terrific battle, heads and windows smashed—children and women ran, screeched and screamed—dogs barked—dust flew, labor ceased—and so furious, mad, and excited became the whole community, that a quite looker on, if there had been any, would have sworn the evil place had broken loose, and the evil ones were all in Frogtown! A heavy thunder storm finally put an end to the row; the dogs were all, more or less killed—a child severely wounded, a man scalded, wagon broken, the horse ran himself to death, his owner was beaten awfully, by Bob Carter, whose wife, and the wives of many others, was dangerously scared—the painter was crippled—dry goods ruined a Quaker and a Deacon, two Irishmen, Joe Tucker, town constable, Lawyer Hooker, Squire Catchem, and some fifty others shamefully whipped! Lawsuits ensued, feuds followed, and the entire peace and good repute of frogtown annihilated—all by a remark able dog fight.

'Old Kentuck."

A Kentuckian at the battle of New Orleans, who disdaining the restraint of a soldier's life, when his name is upon the muster, roll, preferred "goin' it alone," fighting upon his own hook.—While the battle was raging fiercest, and the shot was flying thick as hail, carrying death wherever it fell, "Kentuck" might have been seen stationed under a tall maple, loading and firing, his rifle, as perfectly unconcerned, as though he was "pinkin deer." Every time he brought his rifle to his shoulder, a red coat bit the dust. At last he happened to attrack the attention of "Old Hickory," who supposed he had become seperated from his company, and rode up to him to bring him behind the redoubts, as he was in a position that exposed his person to the fire of the enemy.

"Hallo! my man, what regiment do you belong to?" said the General

"Regiment h—l!" answered Kentuck, "hold on, yonder's another of 'em!" and bringing his shooting iron to his shoulder, he ran his eye along the barrel—a flash followed; another Englishman came tumbling to the ground.

"Whose company do you belong to?" again enquired the General.

"Company the d—l!" was the reply of Kentuck, as he busied himself reloading, "see that ar' feller with the gold fixins on his boat and hoss? Jist watch me perforate him!"

The General gazed in the direction indicated by his rifle, and observing a British Colonel riding up and down the advancing columns of the foe. Kentuck pulled trigger, and the gallant Briton followed the companions that his Kentucky foe had laid low in death that day.

"Hurrah for old Kentuck!" shouted the free fighter, as his victim came toppling from his horse, then turning to the General, he continued, "I'm fightin' on my own hook, stranger!" and he leisurely proceeded to reload.

HOW TO LIVE A THOUSAND YEARS.—"May you live a thousand years!" is a common Spanish compliment, but how to live a thousand years has been unknown since the days of Methusaleh, the other "old fogies" of the Old Testament. The Rev. Mr. Shaw, of Williamsburgh, has, however, found out the way in which the obsolete custom of living ten centuries may be revived.—He stated at a meeting of the Vegetarian Society, last week, that if a strict vegetable diet were introduced, "man would again live seven and eight hundred and a thousand years." Let us discard pork and pay our devours to pumpkins.

Ridiculous Epitaphs.

The London Builder has been lately calling public attention to the absurd epitaphs in English church-yards. In addition to his own strictures, the editor publishes the letters of two correspondents on the same subject, which contain a selection of epitaphs which, to this day, disfigure the grave yards.—The following are specimens:

From Dorcester:

Here lies the body of——, an honest man.
And when he died he owed nobody nothing.

From Bideford, Devonshire:

The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding-clothes provided;
But when the day arrive did,
She sickened and she die did.

From Ulverstone:

Here lies my wife,
Here lies she;
Hallelugah,
Hallelluguee.

From Sevenoaks:

Grim death took me without any warning,
I was well at night and died in the morning.

From Doncaster:

Here lie two brothers, by misfortune surrounded
One dy'd of his wounds, and the other was drownded.

Most epitaph-writers try to find out the best qualities of the departed; not so with the writer of the following taken from a church-yard at Manchester:

Here lies John Hill,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten;
He never did good,
Nor never would,
Had he lived as long again.

And yet another:

Sacred to the memory
Of Miss Martha Gwynne,
Who was so pure within,
She burst the outward shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.

The following singular epitaph is on a tomb in the parish church-yard of Pewsey, in Dorsetshire:

'Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great-niece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime: she was bland, passionate, and deeply religious; also, she painted in water colors, and sent several things to the exhibition; she was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

A VALUABLE TABLE.

From the Census report of 1850, we construct the following table, showing the average wealth of the free inhabitants, white and black, of each of the United States, for the year ending June 1st, 1850:

States.	Average wealth of each Free Inhabitant
South Carolina,	$1006 10⅓
Louisiana,	856 34⅓
Mississippi,	770 02⅓
Georgia,	621 71⅓
Massachussetts,	576 42
Rhode Island	545 67
Alabama,	525 22⅓
Florida,	485 75⅓
Virginia,	452 94⅓
Maryland,	451 11⅓
Connecticut,	418 90
New Jersey	408 70
North Carolina,	390 72⅔
Kentucky,	385 80
New York,	348 65
New Hampshire,	325 95⅓
Texas;	313 98⅓
Pennsylvania,	312 10⅓
Vermont,	293 34⅔
Tennessee,	261 63⅓
Arkansas,	259 40
Ohio,	253 10
Missouri,	232 47⅔
Delaware	212 63⅓
Maine	210 59
Indiana,	204 64⅓
Illinois,	183 07¼
Michigan,	148 71
Wisconsin,	137 70
Iowa,	118 01⅓
California,	103 56
16 *Northern States,*	305 00
15 Southern States,	460 29⅔
Territories.	
Oregon,	506 34⅔
District of Columbia,	292 16⅓
New Mexico,	82 41
Utah,	49 39⅓
31 States and Territories,	353 79½

In the above statement the value of the slave property is included. It appears that the citizens of the free States are worth, on an average, $305. The citizens of the slaveholding States, $550-29⅔—a little upwards of 50 per cent. more than their Northern neighbors—While each citizen of the United States is worth, on an average, $353 71¼.—The people of South Carolina are by far the wealthiest, being worth, on an average, more than $1,000 each

☞Why is a nursery a place of danger? Because its a *bawl* room.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—The Toronto *Watchman*, of the 30th ult., contains an earnest appeal from the Indians of Rich Lake to the whites, begging them to stay the plague of intemperance, which has been communicated by them to the children of the forest. Some passages in the appeal are exceedingly eloquent and touching It says:

"The five villages, Alnwick, Bicelake, Mudlake, Scoogog, and Credit, are all that is left of the Mississagan Indians. Save us! Our white brethren, save us!

Long ago you came to us and asked us for a place to build your wigwam; we gave you a country; say, was it not worth giving? We now ask you for deliverance from an enemy we ourselves cannot overcome; like everything else of the white man, it is too strong for us, We love our homes, and we do fight this invader of their purity and being, but our ranks are getting thinner and weaker; our deadly foe is marching onward, wasting, destroying, crushing—a victor to the West!

My white brethren, could the souls of the dead Chippewas and Mohawks, killed by Fire-water, come from the Land of Shades, and camp by the door of the whisky trader, from the city of Rock, to the head waters of the Big Lake, town and city would be crowded by the Pale Outcas; Red no more, scorched pale by the blue flame! Warriors no more, the Totems of their fathers lost; Hopeless! The track of a canoe cannot be seen upon the waters, nor the trail of an eagle in the clouds; so dies the poor drunken Indian! His canoe shoots down the stream, struck by the poison the white man brought, his spirit flies into a dark cloud!—he is gone! Who care?

Give us back our woods and the deer! Give us back our bark wigwams and our Father's virtue!

Save us, our White Brothers, save us! A dying race implores you? Put out the Blue Flame that is consuming us! Ye can?

To Young Men.

Harrison Winans left Baltimore a few years ago, a poor boy, but with an improved mind, acquired at a country school, with genius, ambition and enterprise. He worked in Europe to the head of the machinists and engineers, and became a leading contractor on the great railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg, 400 miles long. He made over $1,000,000. On his return to Paris he married a talented, amiable and beautiful lady, and will soon build a cage for her, in the shape of a villa and a park of three acres, beautifully ornamented, where rich and poor may feast their eyes on indigenous plants and rare exotics.

He goes again to Russia to fill a contract with the Emperor, on public works, by which he will bring £200,000 in gold for his mental labors.

HOW TO JUDGE CATTLE.—In all domestic animals, the skin or hide forms one of the best means by which to estimate their fattening properties. In the handling of oxen, if the hide be found soft and silky to the touch, it affords a proof of tendency to take meat. A beast having a perfect touch, will have a thick, lose skin, floating, as it were, on a layer of soft fat, yielding to the slightest pressure, and springing back towards the finger like a piece of soft leather. Such a skin will be usually covered with an abundance of soft, glossy hair, feeling like a bed of moss—and hence is ever termed a mossy skin. But a thick-set, hard, short hair, always handles hard, and indicates a hard feeder.

☞The following anecdote illustrative of railroad facility is very pointed: A traveller inquired of a negro the distance to a certain point. "Dat 'pends on circumstances," replied the darky.—'If you gwine a foot, it'll take you about a day; if you gwine in de stage or de homneybuss, you make it half a day; but if you get in one ob dese smoke-wagons, you be *almost dar now!*"

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.—A serenading party the other night, after having played before a house nearly an hour, were politely informed by the watchman "nobody lived there!"

☞A doctor in a North Carolina paper boasts that he has discovered a system by which he can make out of an old man an entire young man, and have enough left to make a small dog.

☞A gentleman was speaking the other day of the kindness of his friends in visiting him. One old aunt in particular, visited him regular twice a year, and stayed six months each time.

☞A Medical writer in the Scalpel, speaks of two old maids, as "*so dry that they rattled!*"

A bachelor friend of our sa... ways looks under the ma... he ... for the news of the w... Lead