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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

"HE LABORS VAINLY WHO ENDEAVORS TO PLEASE EVERY ONE."

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HE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
ted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.
WARD MANSFIELD
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

50 payable in advance—$2 at the expira- of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 co- for $10. No subscription received for a er period than six months, and no paper will scontinued until all arrears are paid.
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DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

t run in debt; never mind, never mind,
My clothes are faded and torn;
em up make them do, it is better by far,
an to have the heart weary and worn.

ll love you the more for the set of your hat,
your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
hape of your vest, or your boots or cravat,
hey know you're in debt for the new?

's no comfort, I tell you, in walking the street
ine clothes, if you know you're in debt,
el that perchance you some tradesman may meet,
o will sneer—"they're not paid for yet."

Friends, let me beg of you, don't run in debt;
e chairs and the sofas are old,
vill fit your back better than any new set,
se they are paid for with gold.

ouse is too small, draw the closer together,
it warm with a hearty good will;
ne unpaid for, in all kinds of weather
send to your warm heart a chill.

un in debt, now dear girls take a hint,
fashions have changed since last season,
ture is out in the very same tint,
old Nature, we think, has some reason.

to your friends that you cannot afford
end time to keep up with the fashion;
ur purse is too light and your honor too bright
tarnished with such silly passion.

don't run in debt, let your friends, if they can,
fine houses, fine feathers and flowers,
less they are paid for, be more of a man
to envy their sunshining hours.

e money to spare, I have nothing to say;
your dollars and dimes as you please;
d you, the man who his note has to pay,
man who is never at ease.

shand, don't run in debt any more;
fill your wife's cup of sorrow,
that a neighbor may call at your door,
bill you must settle to-morrow.

my advice, it is good, it is true,
st you may some of you doubt it,
per a secret, now seeing 'tis you,
tried it and know all about it.

n of a debtor is heavy and cold,
ks all corosion and rust;
'er as you will, it is never of gold,
spurn it aside with disgust.

who's in debt, is too often a slave,
h his heart may be honest and true;
hold up his head, and look saucy and rave,
a note he can't pay becomes due?

e Consequence of Crime.

he Court of General Sessions, at ork, on Friday last, *William Kis-* ho had been convicted of forgery, ught up for sentence, and, having ked by Recorder Smith why judg- ould not be pronounced against ording to law, addressed the Court s:

t please the Court, I shall avail f the opportunity now offered, it e last I shall possibly ever have, a few remarks. And I wish to tly understood that what I am ay is in no way whatever inten- e as suing for mercy; on the I feel that I deserve any penal- the Court may deem proper to

, sir, as most of the public prints orth, has not been one continu- ion of crime. Two years ago ng with my family in Ohio, contentment, and happiness; respected by a large circle of es and friends, without one ain upon my name. But in there came about my dwel- who had blighted and blasted e before. I shall not enter of the wretchedness and deso- have brought about me and hich, sir, has been the means of bringing me before you this day; also, o' sending my family penniless, houseless and homeless wanderers on the face of the earth, ashamed of the very name they bear, which name was handed to me without a blemish, as the driven snow.—May God forgive; I never can!

And yet, sir, it was my fault. Endowed with all the feeling and sense of manhood, I should have known that to be breathed upon by them was death; that the very atmosphere which surrounded them was poisonous as that which surrounds the Upas tree. I should have indignantly spurned them from me, as you, sir, would the most loathsome reptile that crawls on the face of the earth. Had I paused, had I pondered, I had not been here. I must have been in a dream, a sort of spell, when I permitted the *ignis fatuus* to lead me to destruction. And though I stand here, charged with and convicted of crime, yet my heart tells me, and I feel it and know it to be true, that I have no sympathy with it; that I have no fellow feeling or emotion in common with the perpetrators of it. Had I paused, had I pondered, you, sir, would have been spared the disagreeable duty which devolves upon you this day; and I can fancy no duty which can be more irksome to an enlightened and humane Judge than that of consigning a fellow creature to a living tomb. But the edicts of the law must be fulfilled; the consequences must fall on those who come antagonistic to it, and cheerfully, gladly, yes, joyfully would I go hence, to wherever it may please you to consign me, did I but feel that I might yet live to return regenerated, untarnished as I was; that I could once more take that proud station amongst family and friends which I then held.—But, alas! sir, this cannot be, and the overwhelming consciousness of it inflicts more wretchedness and misery upon than any penalty the law can inflict. There is no escape from one's feelings except thro' the portals of the grave. I could escape from the railroad cars at the risk of my life, as has been given in testimony, and I could lay out in the wild woods, night after night, with no covering but the canopy of Heaven. But there was one ever watchful companion whom I could not avoid. It was the constant promptings of the heart: What have you been? what infamy and disgrace have you entailed on yourself! I could hear it in the leaves that rustled o'er my head; I could hear it in every sound that was borne upon the breeze. The whole world may forgive me, but I cannot forgive myself. I had hoped, sir, to have reached some distant country unknown, where those who have known me would know me no more, where I could have settled down amongst strangers, and once more been a man amongst men. The ever present memories of the past would have been a bright light to guide in the path of rectitude in all the future, and would have illumined the rock upon which I was cast away.—Providence has otherwise decreed, and I am here; but were I permitted to depart this day, and whenever it shall please the powers that be to permit me to depart, such shall be my course, I trust a wiser and a better man.

This speech was listened to with close attention by all present. When it was concluded Recorder Smith, in substance, spoke as follows:

You have been tried and convicted of an offence the punishment for which is confinement in the State prison. If there is any duty more painful than another, it is that which sometimes devolve upon a Judge of consigning to such a doom a person who has moved in a circle of society such as you have moved in—a person possessing intellect, ability, genius, such as you evidently possess. There is no act in the life of any individual more painful. Your genius, properly appropriated, would have qualified you to become a useful member of society, a bright and shining light in the community. To myself it is indeed painful, and I hope never again, while I have the honor to preside in a court of justice, to have such a duty to perform. At an early age you found yourself, through the position and influence of your friends, placed in an enviable position. Latterly your name has become somewhat historical, but that history is a record of crime, transacted through the brief period you have named, the lapse of two years. I remember that it was generally the public opinion that it was almost impossible for any one holding the position which you held—that of a wealthy merchant—to be guilty of such a crime.

After alluding to this crime, the Recorder remarked that there was a sincerity in what Kissane had uttered, a show of repentance for the past, which promised amendment in the future, when he should be released from that prison to which the law consigned him. In view of that feeling, though he had intended to have sentenced him for the longest period that the law allowed, still, as he believed that no man could have spoken as Kissane had done unless there was some remnant of virtue left in him, he would pass a lenient sentence. If I err, added the Recorder, it is on the side of mercy. The sentence of the Court is, that you be imprisoned in the State prison for the term of two years and six months.

The Recorder was affected to tears while addressing the prisoner.

From the New Orleans Bee.

A Prostrate Party.

New Hampshire has declared against the Administration. This is one great fact. The Granite State has endorsed the principles of the American Party by a by a round majority. This is another.—The Administration sheets may rave till the crack of doom—the Washington *Union* giving the cue to its kindred presses, may fill the air with malignant outcries, and protest that Abolition has triumphed, but all its invective and all its detraction are unavailing. The same silly game had been played from the first, and with most mortifying results. The South can no more be terrified by clamorous assurance that the American party is anti-slavery, than can the North be dragooned into the ranks as Abolition by solemn declaration that Know-Nothingism is intended to cherish, protect and propagate slavery. Forney and Greely stultify and contradict each other, while aiming at a most fraternal alliance or the paramount object of putting down the American party.

But this is digression. We simply desire to put on record the double victory achieved in New Hampshire. The State that gave Franklin Pierce birth, that has ever proved the unswerving bulwork of Democracy, that remained firm during the hurricane of 1837, and did not blench before the whirlwind of 1840, has now deserted the Administration, declared against the President, and signally vindicated and approved American principles. In thus deciding New Hampshire pronounces in favor of the Union and against sectional agitation. We honor her for this manly exhibition of political independence.

Where shall our miserable Administration fly for refuge? If the Granite State repudiates it, where else can it look for protection and support? Did ever the world witness so complete, so overwhelming a downfall as that which has visited Mr. Pierce and his party? The like was never beheld before. They have fallen purely from inherent weakness and with scarcely an effort of their adversaries.—They have toppled down headlong, and lie grovelling in the dust of humiliation, just because they were too feeble to stand alone. Their fate is a striking lesson to the citizens of the Republic; admonishing them hereafter to eschew obscurity and mediocrity and to elevate to the most exalted offices in the State those only who are endowed with the necessary qualifications. We fancy we shall have no more fifth-rate men as Presidents for some time to come.

Barnum's Baby Show.—A Baby Show is to take place at Barnum's on the 5th of June. The premiums ranges from $250 down to $10. A committee of Ladies has been appointed to act as Judges. Their names are as follows:

Mrs. W. Leland, Metropolitan Hotel.
Mrs. W. H. Burroughs, Irving House.
Mrs. E. F. Ellet, No. 145 East Thirteenth street.
Mrs. R. T. Trail, No. 15 Laight street.
Mrs. L. N. Fowler, No. 308 Broadway.
Mrs. H. Williamson, No. 160 Barrow St.
Mrs. J. N. Genin, No. 214 Broadway.

The "finest under five years of age," will receive $100 for being so nice. The "finest" twins $50; the "finest" triplet, $50; the "finest quatern (four at a birth) *two hundred and fifty dollars*. The fatest child, $50. These are inducements. Barnum says: "Two *triplets* and one *quatern* are already engaged, and we expect a woman from Ohio with *five* at a birth."

Manufacture of Port Wine.—A London paper gives the following account of the manner in which port wine is manufactured.

When port is required to be manufactured, two separate processes are deliberately and systematically gone through first, the wine itself is made, and then the bottles are prepared into which the liquor is to be transfered. When the mixture itself is deficient in the fragrancy peculiar to the grape, a boquet is contributed by means of sweet scented herbs, orris root, elder flowers, or laurel water. A vineous odor is sometimes imparted by small quantities of the liquid known as 'the oil of wine.'—The pleasant juice of the sloe imparts a port-like roughness to the compound, and sawdust or oak bark effect the same purpose. A fruity taste is given by a tincture of raisens, and the rich rudy color has probably flowed in the vessels of sandlewood tree.

But the bottle have to be crusted. This is done by tincture of catechu and sulphate of lime. The corks are steeped in a decoction of Brazil wood, and the very casks are prepared with a layer of cream of tartar, which is formed at the bottom in glittering crystals. Thus a pipe of port which was young in the morning is made to fall into extreme old age in the course of the afternoon. These are no exaggerations, and the following has been given as the chemical analysis of a bottle of cheap port wine, though for obvious reasons we suppress the quantities:—Spirits of wine, cider, sugar, alum, tartaric acid, and a decoction of logwood. In most instances, when the wine is not manufactured in this country the consumer is victimised by a three-fold adulteration. The exporter adulterates, the Importer adulterates, and finally the retail dealer adulterates.

The Design of Affliction.—Many years ago a pious and devoted clergyman entered the shop of a prosperous London book-seller with whom he was on terms of intimate and christian friendship. He inquired for his friend and when told that he was at home, but particularly engaged sent a messenger to him to the effect that he wanted an interview with him, if but a few minutes. This message being delivered, the clergyman was invited to walk up stairs into the bookseller's sitting room and found his friend sitting by his child's cot. The child was dying, but with affection strong in death, it had clasped its father's hand, and was holding it with a convulsive grasp.

"You are a father," said the afflicted parent, "or I should not have allowed you to witness such a scene."

"Thank God, thank God," fervently exclaimed the minister, as he instinctively comprehended at a glance the situation of his friend; "thank God, He has not forgotton you! I have been much troubled on your account, my dear sir. I have thought much about you lately. I have been much afraid for you. Things have gone so well with you for so long a time, you have been so prosperous, that I have been almost afraid that God had forgotten you. But I said to myself, surely God will not forget such a man as this; will not suffer him to go so long in prosperity without some check, some reverse! And I see he has not. No! God has not forgotton you."

These were the sentiments of Richard Cecil on the design of affliction, and his friend Thomas Williams, thankfully and joyfully responded to them. Within three weeks of his death he related the incident as it is related here, and the feeling of his heart was, "He hath done all things well." "For, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." Heb. xii, 6; 8.—*London Baptist Magazine.*

Flowers.—Every lady should cultivate flowers. A natural fondness for them is an evidence of a refined mind, and we know of no better method to foster or create a delicate taste. We think it is Bulwer who says that he never saw flowers in window of a country town, without finding on enquiry, that the residents were more refined than their neighbors. We never shall forget the impression made upon us, after a hot and dusty ride for hours over a bleak mountain road, by the sight of a neat cottage, with flowers in the window, suddenly betrayed to us by a turn in the road as we entered the first village in the plain. We felt that we were once more among friends. It was like a welcome from one long absent: like the sight of the roof-tree of childhood: like the song our mother use to sing, heard, in after life, in a strange land.

The Jennings Estate.—For the gratification of the numerous persons in this country interested in the "Jennings estate," many of whom have propounded to us a variety of questions concerning it during the past two or three years, we copy from a late number of Reynold's Miscellany the following item furnished by a correspondent:—William Jennens of Acton Place, by his will, simply devised his real estate to his wife for her life, leaving the reversion, as well as the whole of his personal estate, undisposed of. He appointed no executor, and on the 6th of July, 1798 administration, with the will annexed, was granted to, "William Lygon, Esq., and the Right Honorable Mary, Viscountess Dowager Andover, the cousins-german once removed and next of kin of said deceased." As next of kin, the personalty was shared between these parties; while the real estate descended to the testator's heir-at-law, Geore Augustus William Curzon, and from him to his brother, the present Earl Howe."

Emigration to Kansas.—A company, consisting of one hundred and sixty-seven persons, among whom were twenty ladies, arrived yesterday morning on the steamer Reindeer, en route for Kanzas. They are all from the New England States, and come out under the auspices of the New England Emigrant Aid Society. They are to settle at Lawrence, on the Kanzas river. The company is under the lead of Mr. Farwell, of Fitzburg, Mass., who some years since was celebrated as a manufacturer of scythes. Among the emigrants is an own cousin of President Pierce.—*St. Louis Intelligencer.*

The Late Lieut. General Arnold.—Lieutenant General James Robertson Arnold died in London on December 27th. He was the second son of Benedict Arnold, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Chief Justice Shippen, of Pennsylvania. He entered the corps of Royal Engineers in 1798, and served more than half a century. He married in Va., daughter of Bartlett Goodrich, Esq., of the Isle of Wight, and for his military service was created a Knight of Hanover, was appointed aid-de-camp to William IV, and presented with a costly sword.

Spring Fashions.

Thursday was "opening day" among the New York milliners, and the *Herald* gives the following description of the Spring bonnet:

"The bonnets this season are not so much flared as last; the crown droops more and the front is slightly projecting, and very many are covered with dotted lace, either black or white. They are trimmed with a profusion of flowers, intermingled with white and black blonde. Flowers, are much used in trimming, both inside and out, and quite a novel effect is produced by the combination of white and black blonde. Straw enters largely into the composition of bonnets this season, the fronts of many being formed of it, and the trimings of others receiving additional beauty from the intermixture of flowers of the same glancing material. Madame Ferrerro exhibits two splended specimens. The crown and edge of the front is made of the finest splint straw, and the front and part of the side crown is of hair, arranged so as to resemble puffings, each puffing being confined to a single row of braid. An exquisite border of hair lace, with a shell like edge, light as blonde and far more beautiful, is attached to the front rim of the last and thrown back. With the exception of the crown, the hat is transparant, and it is, without exception the rarest and most *recherche* we have ever seen.

Soap, White Lead and Oil.—It is not so generally well known as it should be that a mixture of the above named ingredients makes an excellent coating for gates and fences, and out-buildings. The addition of the soap (soft soap only is to be used,) considerably diminishes the expense of the paint, without in any degree lessening its durability, or the facility of laying it on.

I have a house, the north-west side of which was painted with this mixture nineteen years ago, and the paint is now much more brilliant than that put upon the other sides, at the same time, though the latter was of the best quality of white lead and oil, and four heavy coats applied while of the soap paint I applied but two. Fences painted with this mixture, as well as the roofs of buildings, for which purpose any coloring matter, or pigment, may be substituted for the lead, endure much longer, it is ascertained, than those painted with pure oil paint. The alkalescent qualities of the compound tend to indurate the fibres of the wood, and render them impervious to those atmospheric influences which are the chief cause of decay and rot. The quantity of soap to be used can be best ascertained by experiment; on this point no definite rules can be prescribed.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Remedy for Scalds and Burns.—The American Medical Gazette, for March, calls attention to an unfailing remedy for scalds and burns. It says:

"A few pounds of wheat flour should be promptly applied to the wounds made by fire, and repeated until the inflammatory stage has passed. We have never known a fatal case of scalding or burning in which this practice has been pursued during more than thirty years experience and having treated hundreds in both public and private practice. Flour is *the* remedy, and the only one, in severe cases of scalding and burning, casualities which else so often destroy life. Let us keep it before the people, while the explosion of steam boilers and burning fluid lamps are so rife all over our country."

Harrowing Wheat in the Spring.—A correspondent of the Michigan Farmer, says that Mr. J. Worthington, of Homer, Michigan, had last spring, a lot of wheat which looked so bad that had not the field been seeded down to clover he should have plowed it up and sown it with spring crops. Instead of doing so, he took a 'sharp strap harrow," and with it "tore the land thoroughly to pieces." He then rolled it down with a smoth, heavy roller. This covered the roots again and they soon took hold and the wheat began to improve. The field contained some forty acres, and the result is that every acre of it yielded over 15 bushels, and a majority of it 20 bushels to the acre.

To Destroy Peach Tree Insects.—A very intelligent writer in the London *Gardner's Magazine* who had tried many experiments to preserve the peach tree in health, gives the following as the composition for this purpose:

"Take half a peck of unslacked lime, a quarter of a peck of soot, two pounds of soft soap, and one pound of sulphur. Upon these, warm water must be poured, till the whole mass becomes of a creamy consistency. This composition is applied to the whole tree—trunk and branches, with a cloth or spong, as hot as the hand can bear it. The proper time of using this wash is immediately after pruning in the spring."

☞ The following was picked up inside the bar of a Court House lately:

"Now arter settin here 7 weeks
Tels Keat is goin' for to adjourn
And eny won hee jestis seeks
May kum next Keart & take his turn."

"OUR BOYS."

A SONG FOR "YOUNG AMERICA."

Our Yankee boys! the world is wide,
And search it as you will,
Our Yankee boys the noblest are,
And best and bravest still:
The truest and the gallantest,
For knowledge, fun or fray,
And wide awake to beat the world,
Whate'er the world may say.
Our Yankee boys, &c.

Our Yankee boys are free and fair,
And kind of hearts as true,
And stout of hand for peace or war
As ever nation knew;
To scorn the wrong, defend the right,
In truth and honor's name,
Our Yankee boys contented are,
And ask no prouder fame.
Our Yankee boys, &c.

Our Yankee boys! on sea or shore
Their trophy splendors gleam,
They've taught the world that freedom is
No poet's idle dream;
And wider still their starry flag
Of empire they shall fling,
Till freedom crowns the world of men,
And every man's a king.
Our Yankee boys, &c.

A Model Dun.—An editor out West thus talks to his *non*-paying subscribers and patrons. If this appeal does not bring the *'pewter'* we think he need never try again:

"*Friends, Patrons, Subscribers and Advertisers:*—Hear us for our debts and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we are in need and have regard for our need, for you have been long trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets, that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you, one single patron that don't owe us something, then to him we say—step aside; consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer: Not that we care about cash ourselves, but our creditors do.—Would you rather we go to jail, and you go free, than you pay your debts, and we all keep moving? As we agree, we have worked for you, as we promised, we have furnished our paper to you; as we promised, we have waited upon you, but, as you dont pay we dun you! Here are agreements for job work; contracts for subscriptions; promises for long credits; and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so mean that he don't take a paper? If any, he needn't speak—we don't mean him. Who is there so green that he dont advertise? If any, let him slide—he aint the chap either. Who is there so bad that he don't pay the printer? If any, let him shout—for he's the man we're after! His name is *Legion*, and he's been owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight years—long enough to make us poor and himself rich at our expense. If the above appeal to his conscience does'nt awake him to a sense of justice, we shall have to try the law and see what virtue there is in writs and constables."

Young America at School.—A little incident occurred in one of the schools in West Lynn, Mass., on Wednesday, says the News, which is, perhaps, worth relating:

One of the classes was reciting, and the teacher asked a little American girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next scholar, an Irish child, who answered: "Adam, sir," with apparant satisfaction. "La," said the first scholar, "you need'nt feel so grand about it, *he wasn't an Irishman!*"

A Yankee Taken In.—An ingeneous down-easter, who has invented a new kind of "Love-Letter Ink," which he has been selling as a safeguard against all actions for breach of promise of marriage, in so much as it entirely fades from the paper in two months after date, was recently "done brown" by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, and gave him his note for ninety days. At the expiration of the time the ink inventor called for payment, but, on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a piece of blank paper. The note had been written with his own ink.

Curiosity.—Looking over other people's affairs and overlooking our own. If a spy may be executed by the laws of war, surely a Paul Pry may be kicked or horsewhipped by the laws of society.—There is no peace with such a man unless you declare war against him—Xenocrates, reprehending curiosity, said: "It was as rude to intrude into another man's house with your eyes as your feet.

A Prohibitory Liquor Law.—The bill prohibiting the sale liquor has passed both Houses of the Massachussetts Legislature. It is described as far more particular and sweeping in its provisions than the old law. The Boston Atlas refers to what it calls a curious fact, that fifty two members were absent or did not vote on the final passage of the bill. This dodging is severely reprehended. It is supposed the Governor will sign the bill.

Contentment.—It is always best to put up with the first loss—as, for instance, when a person loses his hair.—*Punch.*