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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

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THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

THERE ARE NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

BY JOHN T. SWARTZ.

...ct a child; his feet were bare;
...His weak frame shivered with the cold;
...s youthful brow was knit by care;
...His flashing eye his sorrow told.
...I, "Poor boy, why weepest thou?"
...y parents both are dead," he said;
...have not where to lay my head;
...m lone and friendless now!"
...friendless, child; a Friend on high
...or you his precious blood has given;
...er up, and bid each tear be dry—
...There are no tears in heaven."

...w a man in life's gay noon,
...tand weeping o'er his young bride's bier;
...d must we part," he cried, "so soon!"
...s down his cheek there rolled a tear.
...t-stricken one," said I, "weep not;"
...eep not!" in accent wild he cried,
...t yesterday my loved-one died,
...hall she be so soon forgot?"
...otton? No! still let her love
...stain thy heart, with anguish riven;
...e then to meet your bride above,
...d dry your tears in heaven.

...a gentle mother weep,
...to her throbbing heart she prest
...fant, seemingly asleep,
...its kind mother's shelt'ring breast,
...ne, said I, "pray, weep no more;"
...ed she, "The idol of my hope
...am called to render up;
...e has reached death's gloomy shore."
...g mother, yield no more to grief,
...be by passion's tempest driven,
...nd in these sweet words relief,
...here are no tears in heaven."

...trav'ler o'er life's troubled wave—
...t down by grief, o'erwhelmed by care—
...is an arm above can save;
...n yield not thou to fell despair.
...ward, mourners, look above,
...though the thunders echo loud:
...n shines bright beyond the cloud;
...st in thy Redeemer's love.
...er thy lot in life be cast,
...ate'er of toil or woe be given—
...—remember to the last,
...ere are no tears in heaven."

MISCELLANY.

MR. PEPPER'S WIFE.

...HE SHUT HER UP.

...Pepper, I labor under the im-
...that it is high time you were
...breakfast. As my former house-
...understood all my wishes with re-
...hese things, I found it unneces-
...ive any orders respecting them;
...you it is different. As you have
...a meal in this house, of course
...nothing of the regulations of
...hold. In the first place, you
...a nice fire in the kitchen, put
...tle, &c.; then you will make a
...e. That done, you will cook
...fast and bring it in here, as I
...ys been accustomed to taking
...ed, and do not think it necessa-
...rt from that custom on your ac-
...should you prefer it, you can
...n the kitchen, as it is perfect-
...ial to me."

...urred the morning after Mrs.
...nt to housekeeping. Mrs.
...a sensible woman—she made
...Mr. Pepper's commands; but
...er toilet was finished, she left
...d sitting down in the kitch-
...ruminated:

...e kitchen fire! I'll do that.
...fire in the bedroom! I'll
...oo. Then take his break-
...dside! Just see if I do!"—
...rs. Pepper sat and thought deeply for a few minutes, when, apparently having arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she proceeded to business.

Having got a nice fire kindled in the kitchen, she carried some coal into Mr. P's apartment, and filled up his stove, having first ascertained that there was not a spark of fire in it. That duty performed, she next prepared the breakfast, of which she partook with a great relish; and after matters and things were all set to rights in the kitchen, she went down town on a shopping excursion.

Meanwhile Mr. Pepper began to grow impatient. He "labored under the impression" that the atmosphere of his room did not grow warm very fast, and he began to feel unpleasantly hungry. Peeping out from behind the bed-curtains, he saw how affairs were with regard to the stove. Something like a suspicion of the real state of affairs began to dawn upon his mind. He listened for a few minutes, but all was still about the house.

Hastily dressing himself, he proceeded to investigate the affair. He soon comprehended the whole of it, and was very wrathful at first; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he had the power to punish Mrs. P., and he felt bound to do it, too. After some search he found the remains of the breakfast, of which he partook with a gusto, and then sat down to wait for Mrs. P. She was a long time in coming, and he had ample time to nurse his wrath. While sitting there he thus soliloquized:

"That ever I, Philander Pepper, should be so treated, and by a woman too, is not to be believed. I can't believe it, no, nor I won't, either. But she shan't escape, that's certain; if she should, my reputation for dignity would be forever gone; for havn't I told Solomon Simpleton all along how I was going to make *my* wife stand around, and how I was going to make her get up and make the fire every morning, and let me lie abed, and how I was going to shut her up, and feed her on bread and water, if she dared to say she wouldn't do it."

"A cosy little arrangement, Mr. Pepper," said a soft voice behind him.

Mr. P. started up, and there stood Mrs. P. right behind his chair, laughing just as she could. Mr. Pepper put on a severe look.

"Sit down in a chair, madam," he said, pointing to the one he had just vacated, while I have a little conversation with you. Now I should be pleased to know why you did not obey my orders this morning, and where you have been all the forenoon?"

"Where I have been this forenoon, Mr. Pepper, I have not the least objection to tell you; I have been down town doing a little shopping. I have purchased some lovely napkins, just look at them," said she holding them up demurely for inspection; I only paid a dollar a piece for them—extremely cheap, don't you think so?" she said.

Mr. Pepper was astonished; how she dared to turn the conversation in this way, was mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled wrath broke loose. Turning fiercely upon her, he said—

"Betsy Jane, you disgust me; you seem to make very light of this matter; but it is more serious than you imagine, as you will find to your cost presently.—If you do not instantly beg my pardon in a submissive manner, I shall exert my authority to bring you to a proper sense of your misconduct, by imprisoning you in one of my chambers until you are willing to compromise strict obedience to my wishes."

At the close of this very eloquent and dignified speech, Mr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height, and stationed himself before Mrs. P. ready to receive expressions of sorrow and penitence; he had no doubt that she would fall down at his feet and say—

"Dear Philander, won't you please forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more!"

And he was going to say, "Betsy Jane you'd better not;" but instead of doing all this, what do you think she did? Laughed him right in the face.

Mr. Pepper was awful wrathy. He spoke up in a voice of thunder, and said:

"Mrs. Pepper, walk right up stairs this very minute, and don't you let the grass grow under your feet, neither. You have begun your antics in good season, Mrs. Pepper, but I'll have you to know that it won't pay to continue them any length of time with me, Mrs. Pepper.—Again I command you to walk up stairs."

"Well, really, Mr. P., it is not at all necessary for you to speak so loud—I am not so deaf as all that comes to; but as for walking up stairs I have not the least objection to doing so, if you will wait until I have recovered from my fatigue; but I can't think of doing so before."

"But you *must*, Mrs. P."

"Then all I've got to say is this, you'll have to carry me, for I *won't* walk!"

"Mr. P. looked at his wife for a moment with the greatest astonishment; but as she began to laugh at him again, he thought to himself—

"She thinks I won't do it, and hopes to get off in that way; but it won't do; up stairs she got to go, if I do have to carry her; so here goes," and taking the form of his lady in his arms, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her safely lodged in her prison, and carefully locking her in. ...on good, and I'm fully prepared to ...ister it."

He stationed a red-headed ... front door steps to attend to calls and also see that Mrs. P. did not escape; and then he betook himself to a restaurant for his dinner, and after dispatching that he hurried off to his office, and was soon engrossed in business.

About the middle of the afternoon, our young sentinel rushed into the office and said, never stopping to take breath:

"Mr. Pepper had better run home just as fast as he can, for that woman what's shut up be making an awful racket, and she be tearing around their, and rattling things the distressingest kind, and if she aint splitting up something or other, then I don't know what splitting be!"

Without waiting to hear more, Mr. P. seized his hat, and hurried off home at a most undignified pace.

Opening the hall door, he stole up stairs as carefully as possible, and applying his eyes to the keyhole, he beheld a sight which made him fairly boil with rage.

Mrs. P. was sitting in front of the fire-place, reading his love-letters. The one she was engaged in at that particular moment, was from a Miss Polly Primrose, who it appeared had once looked favorably on the suit of Mr. Pepper; but a more dashing lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent him a letter of dismissal, promising her undying friendship, and accompanying the same with a lock of her hair, and some walnut meats.

But it was not the love-letters alone that made Mr. P so outrageous. He had been something of a traveller in his day, and had collected a great many curiosities in his rambles, which he had deposited in a cupboard in the very room where he had confined Mrs. P. and she had got at them.

She had split up an elegant writing desk with his Indian battle axe, in order to have a fire, as the day was rather chilly. In one corner of the fire-place was Mr. P.'s best beaver, filled up with love-letters.

On a small table, close to Mrs. P., was a beautiful flat China dish filled with bear's oil, in which she had sunk Mr. P's best satin cravet, and having fired one end of it, it afforded her sufficient light for her labors—for Mr. Pepper had closed the blinds, for the better security of the culprit.

On some coals in front of the fire was Mr. P.'s silver christening bowl, in which Mrs. P. was popping corn, which she ever and anon stired with the fiddle bow; meanwhile, occasionally punching up the fire with the fiddle, for Mr. P. had with commendable foresight, removed the shovel and tongs.

Mr. P. condescended to peep through the keyhole, until he had obtained a pretty correct idea of what was going on within. Never was a Pepper so fired as he. He shook the door it was securely fastened within, and resisted all his efforts to open it. He ordered Mrs. Pepper to open or take the consequences; but as she did not open it, it is to be presumed that she preferred the consequences. Mr. P. darted down stairs like a madman.

"I must put a stop to this," he thought, "or I shall not have a rag of clothes to my back."

Procuring a ladder he began to mount to the bed-room; but Mrs. P. was not to be taken so easily. She knew that he had left the door unlocked, for she had examined it as soon as he had left; but she had no idea of letting him have the benefit of her fire, so, hastily seizing several large bottles of cologne, she threw the contents upon the fire, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing it entirely extinguished. That duty performed she left the apartment, and locking the door, she stationed herself in a convenient position to hear everything that transpired within.

In a few moments Mr. P. was safe in the apartment, and as soon as he had closed the window, he stood bolt upright in the middle of the room, and said in a deep voice—

"Jezebel, come forth!"

No answer.

"Jade, do you think to escape?"

Still no response. Mr. P. begins to feel uneasy, and hastily commences to search the room; but had not proceeded far when he hears a slight titter somewhere in the vicinity of the door. He listens a moment, and it is repeated; darting to the door he attempts to open it, but he finds himself a prisoner! There is one more chance, he thinks, and hurries to the window, but alas! for Mr. Pepper, his wife has just removed the ladder and he cannot escape.

He sits down on a chair and looks ruefully around him, and presently he arises and picks up a few fragments of a letter which is lying on the carpet, and finds it from Miss Polly Primrose. He wonders what she has done with the lock of hair.

At this moment his eye falls upon his Daguerreotype, which is lying on the table before him—mechanically taking it up he opens it and sees—what? nothing but his own face—all the rest of him being rubbed off, and around his lovely phiz is the missing curl, and the walnut meats carefully stowed away in the corner of the case. Mr. Pepper fairly blubbered aloud.

"Good!" thought Mrs. P., "when you find your level, I'll let you out, and not till then. A little wholesome discipline will then. hey for the cock-pit! There, Signor Oldfogie meets the Marquis de Shinplaster, or the Padre Corcorochi and of course gets ...ointed out of his earnings. ...

How long Mrs. Pepper kept her liege lord in durance vile, deponent saith not, and as to what passed between them when he was released from captivity, we are not any better informed; but of this we are sure, M. P. might have been seen, a morning or two afterwards, to put his head into the bed-room, and heard say in a meak manner—

"Betsy Jane, I've made the kitchen fire, and put on the tea kettle; won't you please to get up and get breakfast."

JOURNEY AROUND THE TAPIOCA PUDDING.

Dr. Bushwhacker folded his napkin, drew it through the silver ring, laid it on the table, folded his arms, and learned back in his chair, by which we know there was something at work in his knowledge-box. "My dear madam," said he, with a Metamora shake of the head, "there are a great many things to be said about that pudding."

Now, such a remark at a season of the year when eggs are five for a shilling, and not always fresh at that, is enough to discomfort anybody. The Doctor perceived it at once, and instantly added,

"In a *geographical* point of view, there are many things to be said about the pudding. My dear madam," he continued, "take tapioca itself; what is it, and where does it come from?"

Our eldest boy, just emerging from chickenhood, answered, "85 Chambers street, two doors below the Irving House.

"True, my dear young friend," responded the Doctor, with a friendly pat on the head, "but that is not what I mean. Where," he repeated, with a questioning look through his spectacles, and a Bushwhackian nod, does tapioca come from?"

"Rio de Janeiro and Para!"

"Yes, sir, from Rio de Jeneiro in the Southern, and Para in the northern part of the Brazils, do we get our tapioca; from the roots called the Mandioca, botanically the *Jatropha Manihot*, or, as they say, the Cassava. The roots are long and round, like a sweet potato; generally a foot or more in length. Every joint of the plant will produce its roots like the cuttings of grape vine. The tubers are dug up from the ground, peeled, scraped, or grated, and then put in long sacks of flexible rattan; sacks six feet long or more, and at the bottom of the sack they suspend a larger stone, by which the flexible sides are contracted, and then out pours the cassava-juice in a pan placed below to receive it. This juice is poisonous and very volatile. Then, my dear madam, it is macerated in water, and the residuum, after the volatile part, the poison, is evaporated, is the innoceus farina, which looks like small crumbs of bread, and which we call tapioca. The best kind of tapioca comes from Rio, which is, I believe, about five thousand miles from New York; so we'll put that down as one fifth of the voyage around the pudding."

This made our eldest open his eyes.

"Eggs and milk," continued Dr. Bushwacker, "are home productions; but sugar, refined sugar, is made partly of the most and sweet yellow sugar of Louisiana and partly of the hard and dry sugar of the West Indies; I will not go into the process of refining sugar now, but I may observe here that the sugar we get from Louisiana, if refined and made into a loaf, would be quite soft, with large loose crystals, while the Havana sugar, subjected to the same treatment, would make a white cone almost as compact and hard as granite. But we have made a trip to the Antilles for our sugar, so you may add fifteen hundred miles more for our saccharine."

"That is equal to nearly one-third of the pudding we live upon, Doctor."

"Vanilla," continued the Doctor, "with which this pudding is so delightfully flavored, is the bean of a vine that grows wild in the multidinious forests of Venezuela, New Granada, Guina, and, in fact, throughout South America. The long pod, which looks like the scabbard of a sword, suggested the name to the Spaniards: *vayna* meanitg scabbard, from which comes the diminutive vanilla, or little scabbard—appropriately enough as every one will allow. The beans, which are worth here from six to twenty dollars a pound, could be as easily cultivated as hops in that climate; but the indolence of the people is so great, that not one Venezuelian has not been found with sufficient enterprise to set out one acre of vanilla, which would yield him a small fortune every year. No, sir. The poor *peons*, or peasants, raise their garabanzas for daily use, but beyond they never look.—They plant their crops in the footsteps of their ancestors, and if it had not been for their ancestors, they would probably have browsed on the wild grass of the plains. Ah! there are a great many such bobs hanging at the tail of some ancestral kite, even in this great city, my dear learned friends."

"True, Doctor, you're right there."

"Well, sir, the vanilla is gathered from the wild vines in the woods. Off goes the hidalgo, proud of his noble ancestry, and toils home under a back load of the refuse beans from the trees, after the red monkey has had his pick of the best. A few reals pay him for the day's work, and then, hey for the cock-pit! There, Signor Oldfogie meets the Marquis de Shinplaster, or the Padre Corcorochi and of course gets ...ointed out of his earnings. ...with the first click of the gaffs. Then back he goes to his miserable hammock, and so ends his year's labor. That sir, is the history of the flavoring, and you will have to allow a stretch across the Carribian, and twenty-five hundred miles for the vanilla."

"We are getting pretty well around, Doctor."

"Then we have sauce, here, wine-sauce; Teneriffe, I should, I should say, by the flavor."

"———from beneath the cliff
Of sunny side Teneriffe,
And ripened in the blink
Of India's sun.

"We must take four thousand miles at least for the wine, my learned friend, and say nothing of the rest of the sauce."

"Except the nutmeg, Doctor."

"Thank you, my dear young friend, thank you. The nutmeg! To Spice Islands, in the Indian Ocean, we are indebted for our nutmegs. Our old original Knickerbockers, the web-footed Dutchmen, have the monopoly of this trade.—Every nutmeg has paid toll at the Hague before it yields its aroma to our graters. The Spice Islands! The almost fabulous Moluccas, where neither corn nor rice will grow; where the only quadruped they have are the musky crocodiles that bathe in the high seasoned waters. The Moluccas,

"———the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs."

"There, sir, Milton, sir! From Ternate and Tidore, and the rest of that marvellous cluster of islands, we get our nutmegs, our mace, and our cloves. Add twelve thousand miles at least to the circumference of the pudding for the nutmeg."

"This is getting to be a pretty large pudding, Doctor."

"Yes, sir. We have travelled, already, twenty-five thousand five hundred miles around it, and now let us recircumnavigate and come back by the way of Mexico, so that we can get a silver spoon, and penetrate into the interior."

TRICKS UPON THE UNWARY.

Labor Lost.—There appears to be no use in warning the innocents throughout the country against the arts of city sharpers. There is scarcely a trick or dodge of any sort which does not number a multitude of victims, and that, too, for a long time after the swindle has been publicly exposed. Mock auctions still attract greenhorns, as a lamp does the moths; pocket-book-dropping wears a face as fresh as when it was first invented; the patent safe is as successful as if its patent were recognised by act of Congress; and, not to enumerate farther, the people throughout the interior of all classes—clergymen, doctors, schoolmasters, and even lawyers—are daily sending money to unknown correspondents or in answer to quack advertisements, where the exercise of a little common sense would save them from the imposition. We saw, on Saturday, a letter written from Illinois to a firm in this city, setting forth that a respectable citizen of that State had received a letter from "Law, Grinnel & Minot, of New York," announcing a valuable package for him which he would receive upon forwarding six dollars. He had *twice* forwarded the money, but still the package did not come and he had now written through a house in Shawneetown to have the charges paid here on delivery of the package. Of course there is no package here for him, and his money twice paid is lost. We have already exposed this swindler, and also the one (perhaps the same) who wrote such affecting notes to clergymen; but he, or a sharper of the same school, is undoubtedly still operating, as we see daily advertisements of benefits to be derived by sending money to some address here, and the post office is crowded with letters baited for the country gudgeons. Good people in the country! there is no such firm here as the one above named; nor is there any person here unknown to you who has a valuable package for you. If you send a dollar to address of any advertisement you will *not* "hear of something to your advantage," nor will you ever again hear of the dollar. Do not put any faith in the pretensions to disinterested benevolence of those people who are ready to do you a favor—for a consideration. Be sure you keep your pockets buttoned against all claims. Open your purse-strings wide as you can at the call of charity, but do not make any bargains with unknown correspondents.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

Rotted and Unrotted Manure.—For coarse, or field crops, the *best* manure I ever used, was a compost of bones, meat and saw-dust. The second best was new horse manure; the third best, cow manure; the fourth best, old rotted manure, from six months to three years old. The chemical points I have not examined, but I have closely watched the result in growing corn, potatoes, wheat, and other crops. Clear dry straw and corns-talks are of no use. Manure becomes damaged by exposure to the air, as fast as hay or grain. The liquor which leaches from a manure heap, is the principal of the manure. Two or three pails of this liquor, leached out of a load of manure, are equal to the remainder of the load.—*Correspondence of Ohio Farmer.*

"THPIT ON IT, CAPTAIN."

A good story has been told of a lisping officer in the United States Army, having been victimized by a brother officer, (who was noted for his coal deliberation and strong nerves) and his getting square with him in the following manner. The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lisping officer, a lieutenant, for his nervousness.

"Why," said he, one day, in the presence of his company, "nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you do thpose a shell with an inch fushee thould drop itthelf in a walled angle, in which you had thelter from a company of tharp-thooter's, and where it was thertain if you put out your nothe, you'd get peppered?"

"How?" said the captain, winking at the circle, "why, take it cool and spit on the fusee."

The party broke up, and all retired for the night except the patrole. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled, and talking in clusters, when along came the lisping lieutenant; lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an experiment thith morning, and thee how exceeding cool you can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately up to the fire which was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest centre a powder canister, and instantly retreated.

There was but one mode of egress from the quarters and that was upon the parade ground, the road being built up for defence; the occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley, let me out, if you love me!" shouted the captain.

"Thpit on the canithter!" shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost; he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded, *sans culotte*, sans everything, but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shout which hailed him brought out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why did'nt you thpit on it?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Because there were no sharp shooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain.

"All I got to thay, then, ith," said the lieutenant, "that you might thafely have done it, for I'll thware there wathn't a thingle grain of powder in it!"

The captain has never spoken of nervousness since.

☞ A little boy about five years of age was sent to the grocery store at the corner on some trifling errand, and while there his bright eyes lighted upon a barrel of pipins exposed temptingly to view just outside the door. In going out, it appears he took one, and returned to his mother munching it.

"Where did you get that nice apple, Willie?" enquired his mother.

"I dot it at the docery," replied Willie.

"Did the man give it to you?"

"No, I took it."

"Why, Willie, that was naughty; you should not take apples or anything else without permission."

"But nobody saw me."

"Oh, yes, Willie, there was One who saw you."

"Who saw me?"

"Why, God saw you."

Willie stopped a moment to consider, and then with a good deal of satisfaction expressed in his face, replied, "No, he didn't, ma, *there was an awning over the door!*"

We heartily commend the perusal of the following lines to young folks who "feel a sort of all overish-like."

"Oh, kiss me and go."
Said the maid of my heart,
And proffered her lips
As my pay to depart;
"The morn is approaching,
My mother will know,
My kindest and dearest,
Oh, kiss me and go!"

She gave me the blessing
In such a sweet way
That the thrill of its pleasure
Enticed me to stay;

So we kissed till the morning
Came in with its glow,
For she said every moment,
"Oh, kiss me and go!"

Corn Cobs.—Permit me to advise you not to sell your corn on the cob, but have it shelled, and keep the cobs for your cattle. By crushing and steaming the cobs, when mixed with cut straw or hay, they make an admirable mess for dry cattle, and if a quart of meal be added to each mess given, and made into slop, a milch cow will thrive well and contribute generously to the pail.—*American Farmer.*

"Keep your dog away from me," said a dandy to a butcher boy.

"Darn the dog," said the boy, ...