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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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Select Poetry.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding around our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous, day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on his life a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Hold but gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past.

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our manhood dare to doom them,
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life has many a tangled crossing;
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar the realms of light again,
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow men."

A CHILD'S THOUGHT ABOUT SNOW.

Look, mother, look, for the air
Is full of falling flowers,
Out in our little garden
They wreathe in milk-white bowers.

Oh, mother, they're falling softly
Down from that Heaven so bright—
The place where the shining angels
Walk ever in fields of light.

The happy home that I dream of
When I've said my little prayer,
You have told me often, mother,
That flowers bloom always there.

And so, when the trees in our orchard
Are dead with the winter's blight,
The apple-trees up in heaven
Are waving all fair and white.

And the little child-angels, at play
Among the sweet bowers, in mirth
Are shaking the apple-blossoms
Down on the cold bare earth.

—*New York Evening Post.*

DANIEL BRYAN'S OATH.

Most of the temperance stories of the day are weak and washy dilutions of preceding ones; but the following has a startling strength and vigor.

Daniel Bryan as appears by the context had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary and a dying condition. Bryan had married, in better days, the sister of Moses Felton.

At length all hopes were given up.—Week after week the fallen man would lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was known. He was too low for conviviality; for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him. All alone in his office and chamber, he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of his jug.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are fading away and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Mose, speak not," answered the wife, keeping back her tears. "I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on and his jug in his hand.

"Ah, Moses, how are ye?" he gasped, for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a stern expression, said in a strongly emphatic tone:

"Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, but matched with a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before; you were noble, generous and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she might now live with me in comfort, only she will not do it while you are alive, yet when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. And now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place after I shall have reached my new home may be that you—are—dead!"

"Stop, Moses, I can reform."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation, and yet you are lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus shall not find me among the mourners."

Bryan's eyes flashed, as he drew proudly up. "Go," he said, with a tone of the old powerful sarcasm, "go to Ohio and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the past. I will yet make you take back your words."

"Never, Daniel Bryan, never."

With these words, Daniel Bryan hurled his jug into the fire-place, and while yet a thousand fragments were flying over the floor, he strode from the house.

Mary sank fainting on the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel moved over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of stimulants from a system that for long years had almost subsisted on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and no more."

"Aye," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath. Moses Felton shall never hear that brandy and rum killed me! If the want of it can kill me, then let me die! But I won't die; I will live until Moses Felton shall eat his own words."

He did live. An iron will conquered the messenger death sent—Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. But he had help—Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the court house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court-room and met Moses Felton.

They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached a spot where no one else could hear them, Bryan stopped.

"Moses," said he, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you take them back—unsay them forever?"

"Yes, with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured man. The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made to the scene of one year before, but Moses could read in both the countenances of his sister and her husband the deep gratitude they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryan yet lives, one of the most honored men in Vermont. Five times has he sat in the State Legislature, three in the Senate, and once in the National Congress.

AXE GRINDING.

"Axe grinding" is a term borrowed from one of the most charming stories told by Benjamin Franklin. A little boy going to school was accosted by a man carrying an axe. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names, and induces him to enter a yard where there is a grindstone.

"Now, my pretty little fellow," says he with the axe, "only turn that handle and you'll see something very pretty."

The boy turns and turns, and the man holds the axe to the stone and pours water over it until the axe is ground. Straightway he turns with strident voice and fierce gesture on the boy.

"You abandoned little miscreant," he cries, "what do you mean by playing truant from school? You deserve a good thrashing. Get you gone, sirrah, this instant!"

"And after this," adds Franklin, "when anybody flattered me I always thought he had an axe to grind."

A YOUNG LADY recently stepped into a fancy dry goods store and called for a pair of stockings, addressing herself to a nice little fellow of imperial spot and moustached lip, that stood behind the counter.

"Haven't any article of that name, miss, but we have beautiful hose of silk and Lama's hair—which do you prefer, and what color do you admire?"

"Young gentleman," she replied, "I called for a pair of *stockings!* I *mean* what I *say*, and if this shocks your modesty, you will excuse me. I know a tow-headed fellow over the way who will sell me a pair of stockings,"—and with this remark she left the young embodiment of starch, hair and ramrods, to recover at his leisure from the shock given to his modesty by this excessively *vulgah* young lady.

LITTLE GIRLS.

I cannot well imagine a home more incomplete than the one where there is no little girl to stand in the void of the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and to draw all hearts within the magic ring of her presence. There is something about little girls which is especially loveable; even their wilful, naughty ways seem utterly void of evil when they are so soon followed by the sweet penitence that overflows in such gracious showers. Your boys are great, noble fellows, generous, loving, and full of good impulses, but they are noisy and demonstrative, and, dearly as you love them, you are glad their place is out of doors; but Jennie, with her light step, is always beside you; she brings the slippers for papa, and, with her pretty, dimpled fingers, unfolds the paper for him to read; she puts on a thimble no bigger than a fairy's, and, with some very mysterious combination of "doll rags," fills up a small rocker by mamma, with a wonderful assumption of womanly dignity.—And who shall tell how the little thread of speech, that flows with such sweet, silvery lightness from those innocent lips, twines itself around the mother's heart, never to rust, not even when the dear little face is hid among the daisies, as so many mothers know.

But Jennie grows to be a woman, and there is a long and shining track from the half-latched door of childhood till the girl blooms into the mature woman. There are the brothers who always lower their voices when they talk to their sister, and tell of the sports, in which she takes almost as much interest as they do, while in turn she instructs them in all the little minor details of home life, of which they would grow up ignorant if not for her.—And what a shield she is upon the dawning manhood wherein so many temptations lie. Always her sweet presence to guard and inspire them, a check upon profanity, a living sermon on immorality. How fragrant the cup of tea she hands them at the evening meal; how cherry her voice as she relates the little incidents of the day. No silly talk of incipient beaux, or love of young men met on the promenade. A girl like that has no empty space in her head for such thoughts to run riot in, and you don't find her spending the evening in the dim parlor, with a questionable young man for her company.

When her lover comes, he must say what he has to say in the family sitting-room with father and mother, or, if ashamed to, there is no room for him there.—Jennie's young heart has not been filled by the pernicious nonsense which results in so many unhappy marriages, or hasty divorces. Dear girl, she thinks all the time of what a good home she has, what dear brothers, and, on bended knees, craves the blessings of Heaven to rest on them; but she does not know how far, very far, for time and eternity, her own pure example goes, how it will radiate as a blessing into other homes, where a sister's memory will be the consecrated ground of the past.

Cherish, then, the little girls, dimpled darlings, who tear their aprons, and cut the table-cloths, and eat the sugar, and are themselves the sugar and salt of life! Let them dress and undress their doll-babies to their hearts' content, and don't tell them "Tom Thumb" and "Red Riding Hood" are fiction, but leave them alone till they find it out, which they will all too soon. Answer all the funny questions they ask, and don't make fun of their baby theology, and when you must whip them, do it so that, if you should remember it, it would not be with tears, for a great many little girls lose their hold suddenly before the door from which they have just escaped is shut, and find their way back to the angels. So be gentle with the darlings, and see what a track of sunshine will follow in the wake of the little bobbing heads that daily find a great many hard problems to solve.

ONE OF LAMB'S BEST.—Lamb once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without doubt, he hatched in his hoax-loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and, in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened, entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and, with my penknife, quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden, on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and, on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

Against Profanity.

As polished steel receives a stain
From drops at random flung,
So shall a child when words profane
Drop from a parent's tongue.

The rust eats in, and oft we find
That nought that we can do
To cleanse the metal of the mind
The brightness will renew.

IMPORTANCE OF REST.

In his excellent Herald of Health, Dr. Trall thus sagely advises *rest:* How much has been written about water, air, food, exercise, dress, and other hygienic materials and influences, and how little about *rest!* As a remedial measure, *rest* is of vastly more importance than has been generally supposed. As a therapeutic means its place is at the very head of the *hygienic materia medica.* Very little skill, comparatively, is required for a practitioner of the Hygeio-Therapeutic school, to know when to do something and what to do.—But a vastly greater fund of professional knowledge is required to know when and how to *let the patient alone.*

One half the world is drugged to death when sick, and one half of the remainder is fretted to death. We have frequently saved life by standing between the patient and their friends. The world has got a bad fashion of making a terrible ado, keeping up a constant consternation, nursing and fussing continually, while anxious relatives, sympathizing friends, mysteriously gibbering doctors, meddlesome nurses, and whispering watchers, add their mite of mighty influence on the wrong side, and all because somebody is sick and needs rest. And the whole mischief is traceable to a false dogma in medical science in relation to the nature of disease.

The authors teach that disease is an entity, a thing which travels about, pervades the air, penetrates our dwellings, and finally attacks us; and this absurd phantasm is easily transmogrified by the ignorant and unthinking multitude (unthinking on this subject, we mean) into something analagous to a witch, a ghost, a goblin, spook, fiend or demon, which nothing but the doctor's poisons, dealt out by the doctor's own hand or pen, can assauge, pacify, eradicate, exercise, kill, or cure. The charms, incantations, and amulets of the ancients were not more silly, and the necromancy and pow-wows of the Indian tribes of the present day are not more ridiculous (and they are predicated on precisely the same false notions of the nature of disease,) than are the dosing and drugging and slopping and stuffing and watching and fretting of the regular physicians of to-day and the patrons and nurses of their school.

Nine out of ten of all the maladies of all the people of the world would get well in a few hours, or days, *if left to themselves,* with no other appliances than such as instinct would suggest and common sense employ. Yet in nine cases out of ten the doctor is called, and if he be a drugopathic doctor, one-half his patients are in danger of a protacted illness, and one-half of these are sure of a ruined constitution, not because of the disease, but in *consequence* of the drugs. When we visit a patient in the country, our greatest difficulty is to keep the friends quiet, when nothing but letaloneativeness is needed. All are willing to do something; every one is anxious to lend a helping hand; and people generally estimate a physician's knowledge and skill by the extent or variety of his prescriptions. Few can understand the quietly-working, yet efficient remedial resources of nature when undisturbed.

SMALL POX.—The Palmer Journal, in speaking of the small pox and a cure for it, says:

"About sixty cases of small pox have been treated at the State Almshouse during the past three months with a single fatal result, and that was in the case of a man who was taken there in the last stages of the disease, from a neighboring town. The remedy used in all these cases was a tea made from a plant known in medicine as *Sarrancenia Purpurea,* familiarly called Ladies' Saddle or Water Cup, the root of which is the remedial part. This remedy is a new discovery in medical science, and has been used with excellent effect elsewhere. The effect of the remedy is to allay the fever and irritation caused by the formation of pustules, the latter drying away rapidly, leaving slight if any traces of the disease."

ICE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.—The quantity of ice on the Susquehanna is larger now than was ever known before by the oldest inhabitant. The ice in some places is piled up on the banks to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and has swept over the canal, lifting the boats high above the banks. The river in many places is frozen to the bottom, and in other places the ice is from 4 to 6 feet thick. The people living along the banks are in constant dread of a sudden thaw, and have prepared themselves to quit their premises at a moment's notice. The destruction of property that would follow a sudden break up would be immense.

SOME of the merchant princes and millionaries of New York are contemplating a magnificent project. It is nothing more or less than to relieve the nation of its debt by paying the whole amount ($2,000,000,000) themselves. It is proposed to make the gift in 200,000 shares of $10,000 each, of which A. T. Stewart, Wm. B. Astor, and others, will each take fifty shares, making up at least a quarter of the whole amount in New York. The realization of such a project would place both Government and citizens in a prouder position than ever Government or citizens ever occupied before.

WHAT MANIA-A-POTU IS.

The reporter of the Philadelphia *Press* relates the following:

A pretty well-dressed young man stepped into the Central Station, Monday afternoon, to enter a complaint. He appeared to be perfectly sane, but it was not long before we came to the conclusion that we stood in the presence of a man who was laboring under an attack of mania-a-potu. "Sir," said he, "I am very much annoyed by the Reading Railroad Company. They have caused to be laid a double track from the cellar of my house to the roof; one track goes up one side of my bed and down the other side. They run the cars all night. Just as I get into a doze a locomotive whizzes by, blowing the steam-whistle and ringing the bell. Last night, sir, one of the locomotives flew off the track leaped across my bed to the other track, and the engineer grinned at me like a devil. The passengers all looked like devils; some with horns and some with no horns at all; each devil carried a canary-bird which seemed to sing like a steam-whistle." Here the informant paused.

"Well, sir, your complaint is just. We have already taken measures to have the railroad tracks removed from your house, so that you can sleep without being disturbed," was our reply.

The man seemed to be grateful that such a course had been taken, and as he arose to depart he said, "Sir, I wish you would remove that worm from my shoulder.—Only a little while ago I pulled one out of my forehead, and threw it on the pavement. Just as I was about to put my foot on it, nearly a hundred ran up my leg; and I suppose this is one of them."

We removed the imaginary worm; whereupon he exclaimed, "Why, there are more of them!" "Wait a moment," said we; a brush was obtained and properly used.—The man, evidently a gentleman, returned his thanks for our kindness, and suddenly left the office. He was a stranger. What became of him we know not, but we thought the whole scene a first-class temperance lecture.

AUSTRALIAN CLIMATE.—Night in Australia! How impossible to describe its beauty! Heaven seems, in that new world, so much nearer to the earth! Every star stands out so bright and particular, as if fresh from the time when the Maker willed it. And the moon, like a large silvery sun—the least objection to which is that it shines so distinct and so still. "I have frequently," says Mr. Wilkenson, in his valuable work on South Australia, "been on a journey on such a night, and while allowing my horse his own time to walk along the road, having solaced myself by reading in the still soft moonlight." Now and then a sound breaks the silence, but a sound so much in harmony with solitude that it only deepens its charms. Hark! the low cry of a night bird from yonder glen, amid the small gray, gleamy rocks. Hark! as the night deepens, the bark of the distant watch-dog, or the low, strange howl of his mold savage species, from which he defends the fold. Hark! the echo catches the sound and flings it sportively from hill to hill—farther and farther down till again it is hushed, and the flowers hang noiselessly over your head as you ride through a grove of giant gum trees. Now the air is literally charged with odors—and the sense grows almost painful in its pleasure. You quicken your pace, and again escape into the open plains and the full moonlight, through the slender tea trees catch a gleam of the river, the exquisite fineness of the atmosphere, and hear the soothing sounds of its gentle murmur.

POWER OF MUSIC.—As a striking instance of the power of music on the body, is the following, related by a venerable American judge, and copied by Arvine in his Cyclopedia. The morning following the battle of Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the dressing of the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation, was a musician, who had received a musket ball in the knee. As is usual in such cases, preparations were made to lash him down to the table to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer:—"Now Doctor, what would you be at?" "My lad, I am going to take off your leg, and it is necessary you should be lashed down." "I'll submit to no such thing; you may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a fiddle in the camp? If so bring it to me." A violin was furnished, and after tuning it he said: "Now doctor begin." And he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle.

ON the Imperial skating pond in Paris, that is to say, the pond on which the Imperial family and their friends skate, and to which are invited the best skaters from other ponds, Miss P. Low, of Massachusetts, has been the lioness, and Mr. Marshall, bank note engraver, from New York city, the lion. Miss Low cuts her name with facility on the ice, which is a great fete for a lady in this country; and while she and Mr. Marshall perform their wonders, the Imperial party forms a circle and look on in admiration. Mr. Cammac, Mr. Ross, Mrs. Ryer and many other American gentlemen and ladies have "gone up ahead," for superior skating, and been admitted to the ranks of the select on the reserved lake.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot that it do singe yourself.—*Shakspeare.*

Small curs are not regarded when they grin, but great men tremble when the lion roars.—*Shakspeare.*

Wit and coin are always doubted with a thread-bare coat. No one stops to question the coin of the rich man; but a poor devil can't pass off either a joke or a guinea, without its being examined on both sides.—*Irving.*

The greatness of nations like that of individuals is seldom known until they get into trouble.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty week's silence!—*Fuller.*

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets instead of cages.—*Swift.*

Life is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us as a nurse gives a plaything to a child, to amuse it till it falls asleep.

God will accept your first attempts to serve him, not as a perfect work, but as a beginning. The first little blades of wheat are as pleasant to the farmer's eye as the whole field waving with grain.

Truth is a sure pledge not impaired, a shield never pierced, a flower that never dieth, a state that never feareth fortune, and a port that yields no danger.

HOW TO FALL ASLEEP.—The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep is to escape from thought, especially from clinging, tenacious, imperious thought, which in most cases of wakefulness has possession of the mind. I always effect this by the following simple process:—"I turn my eyeballs as far to the right or left, or upwards or downwards, as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision, around in their sockets, and continue doing thus until I fall asleep, which occurs generally within three minutes—always within five at the most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other that I have ever heard to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it. Since I became aware of this I have endeavored, innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not.

As long as they were moving around, my mind was blank. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself. I wish he would; let him pause just here and make it. I venture to assure him that, if he makes it in good faith, in the manner described, the promise of a "penny for his thoughts," or for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth. Such being its effect, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to a weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest, the strain upon its faculties is removed; it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair after toiling all day in his fields.

GENERAL TERRY.—In physical appearance Gen. Terry is a trifle over six feet in height, very slim and as straight as an arrow, with a large head, brown hair and blue eyes. He is a person of gentle manners and ready intellect. In the profession of law he was as rapidly rising in eminence as he has since risen in the profession of arms. General Terry is unmarried, and is the brother of Miss Terry, well known as an angel of mercy to the sick and wounded soldiers of the Department of the South. He is also cousin to Rose Terry, poetess, residing in the vicinity of Boston.

SELF ENERGY.—Self energy is the true life of a man. To think by other men's thoughts is no true faith. The mind must by its own independent exertions, seek, and so far as its native powers will enable it, arrive at the modes and causes of the truth of those propositions it receives as truths, or substantially it will think and believe nothing. Substantially, neither will the propositions exist for it, nor for them. They will be nonentities; and it will only dream of understanding them.

Oregon sends a fresh backwoodsman to Congress, who had never seen a railroad till he came on this season. He had heard much of the tricks of sharpers, and was determined to keep his eyes open. He kept them open so wide that when the conductor came and tore off the coupon of his car ticket, he seized that worthy officer by the throat, and nearly made an end of him before he could be pursuaded that no wrong had been done.

THE DEATH of one of the democratic members of the New Jersey Legislature gives the republicans a majority of one in the House, which has not hitherto been able to organize on account of the political tie.

A LADY skater on a Philadelphia pond recently had three of her fingers cut entirely off by another skater passing over them as she fell.

EXCELLENT for these hard times is the name of a St. Louis firm—Grinn & Barrett.