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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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THE KENT NEWS,
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Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

I HAVE NO FATHER THERE.

I saw a wide and well-spread board,
And children young and fair,
Come one by one, the eldest first,
And took their stations there.

All neatly clad and beautiful,
And with familiar tread,
They gathered round, with joy to feast,
On meats and snow white bread.

Beside the board the father sat—
A smile his feature wore—
As on the little group he gazed,
And told their fortunes o'er.

A meagre form, arrayed in rags,
Before the threshold stood;
A half starved child had wandered there
To beg a little food.

Said one, "why standest here, my dear?
See, there's a vacant seat,
Amid the children, and enough
For them and thee to eat!"

"Alas tor me!" the child replied,
In tones of deep despair,
"No right have I amid yon group,
I have no father there!"

O hour of fate, when from the skies
With notes of deepest dread,
The tar resounding trump of God
Shall summon forth the dead.

What countless hosts shall stand without
The heavenly threshold fair,
And gazing on the blest, exclaim,
"I have no father there."

POPULAR TALES

THE PRIVY COUNSELLOR

OR;

IS IT POSSIBLE.

Privy-Councellor Strike had perpetually upon his tongue three words that had become to him a kind of proverb:—"It is possible." It often happened that he used them in the reports made by him to the minister in full council; and when this occurred, a smile, such as is usually given to our neighbors' weaknesses, played upon the lips of his colleagues.

Privy-Council Strike, nevertheless, was held in high consideration. The different rules of the electorate, in their turn, showed their appreciation of his varied information and talent by always employing him. Every one did justice to his ability and tact—nay, perhaps a little overrated him; and Strike, opon, upright, and conscientious, was looked upon as a deep and subtle politician, with a penetration and far sightedness little short of the gift of prophecy. And all this reputation he owed solely to the three words—"It is possible."

Often, however, they escaped him almost involuntarily; yet when they had once escaped him, he thought himself bound to follow up and maintain their consequences. Thus this saying exercised the greatest influence upon his opinions, his habits, and *all the events* of his life. Who could believe it of a man so learned and enlightened? And yet it was not only possible, but true.

He was himself fully aware of this influence, and yet not only did he remain constant to his three words, but he was seriously anxious to impress his only son with the same conviction of the omnipotence. The young man, who, like most other young people, thought himself much more clearsighted than his old father, considered this as nothing more than a very singular mania.

"This little oddity, my dear father," he said, "may be excused in you, but my adopting it would be considered a mere piece of affectation, a ridiculous copying of you."

"It is possible, my dear Frederick," said the privy councellor; "but you may let laugh those that will, when you have in these three words the secret of prudence repose, security and happiness. Think not that this maxim became habitual to me by mere chance. I adopted it upon sad experience that led to mature reflection. I owe to it all that I have, all that I am.—The misfortunes of my youth, and despair, made me first lay hold of it;—and once laid hold of, I raised myself by its help, and reconquered fortune. The little patrimony bequeathed to me by my parents only sufficed to enable me to subsist while study ing at the university; and yet, because I carefully avoided debt, I passed for having a comfortable competence, and was welcomed into society that would have disdained me, had people known that I was all the while content with bread and milk as my whole dietary. I was well received, and generally esteemed, yet I had but one bosom friend amongst the men, and but one lady had ever engaged more than a passing thought; and pretension to her, the daughter of a general officer, was hopeless, and would have remained so, had not fortune smiled upon me most unexpectedly.—I was made chamberlain to the dowager duchess, with a good pension, and shortly after, a cousin died in Batavia, and left me a considerable property. Unwilling, in my first hours as an accepted lover, to leave my Philippina, I gave full powers to my friend Schneemuller, the friend of my heart, my second self, and despatched him to Amsterdam."

"You never before mentioned this friend to me," said Frederick.

"It is possible," answered the privy councellor; "and I will soon tell you why. Alarm for his health by his long delay and total silence, I sacrificed love to friendship, and tearing myself from my Philippina, while she overcome with grief, was yet fainting in her mother's arms, I set out for Amsterdam. Suffice it to say, I discovered that my best friend had deceived me, and was by this time in America with the whole of my cousin's bequest. "It is impossible!" I cried; "it is impossible!" But soon I was obliged to say, "It is possible!" And I flew back to Philippina, to sooth the feelings wounded by the treachery of my friend; and again I was compelled to say, "It is possible," when the first greeting on my arrival at home was the announcement that, three days after the letter conveying the tidings of my loss, my betrothed had become the bride of another. I spare you my agonies. Henceforth I believed everything possible but good to me; and no matter how improbable any suggestion seemed, I replied, "It is possible!" In these three words was embodied my whole system of practical philosophy. I keep continually repeating them, till at length they became a comfort in sorrow—an antidote to despair. When I said to myself, "Canst thou ever again be happy in this world?"—my lips formed the words, "It is possible;" and the event justified the almost mechanical hope. I adopted the maxim, and no longer lived in an ideal world peopled either by angels or devils—the youthful heart seldom knows any medium. Henceforth good fortune had no power to intoxicate, for I thought of its instability, and said, "It is possible;" and misfortune could neither surprise nor wholly depress me, for I was prepared for anything. Men in general act in the ordinary, as well as the more important concerns of life, upon a sudden impulse, for which they can hardly account, and of which they are almost unconscious. Take my advice, my son, adopt my maxim, were it only to give you the power of self possession, and make you ready either to do or to suffer. Repeat it till you have made it your own. This, at least, is possible."

The favorite phrase of our privy-councellor sometimes proved unpropitious; but he was not easily dejected. For instance one day when the elector presided in person in the council, some debate arose upon the late French Revolution of '93; and as the many changes were mentioned in the people who once so idolized their Kings, the elector exclaimed, "The French are the most abominable race on the face of the earth:—no other nation could act as they do. Can you fancy *my* subject ever being seized with such madness—ever abjuring their allegiance to their Prince? Whot is your opinion, Strike?"

The councellor, just then in a fit of absence, had only half heard what the elector said, and shrugging his shoulders, said, mechanicaliy, "It is possible."

The elector turned pale. What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "Do you think that a day can ever dawn when my subjects will rejoice in my downfall?"

"It is possible," agam said the counsellor;—but this time he said it advisedly.—"Nothing is more uncertain than popular opinion; for a people is made up of men, who have each an individual interest, which they prefer to that of the Prince. Any new order of things begets new hopes.—Whatever may be the degree of love, and however well deserved, borne, by the people to your highess, I would not swear that they would not, in new circumstances, forget the benefits of their Prince, and that we might not see the electoral arms broken, to give place to the tree of liberty."

The elector turned his back upon him, and Strike was disgraced; while every one cried,—"What a fool, with his "It is possible!"

A few years after, the victorious French passed the Rhine; the elector, with all his court, took to flight. As he departed, he saw the tree of liberty planted, and the armorial bearings of the electorate broken publicly by the people.

Strike being looked upon as a victim to the despotism so lately overthrown, was soon installed in the office which his talents so well fitted him to fill; and by his diplomatic ability, contributed not a little to the establishment of the new order of things, while, notwithstanding his natural order of character, he never suffered himself to be carried away by political enthusiasm.—But attaching himself to no party, he became an object of suspicion to all. The Jacobins treated him as a concealed royalist, and the royalists as a disguised Jacobin. Still he cared not what name they gave him, and quietly went on with his official duty.

One day a commissary of the republic arrived in the new department, and was received with the greatest honors. All were crowding around him; all eager to pay their court; and some amongst them ventured to throw out insinuations against Strike, and the lukemarmness of his republican opinions. The commissary made no remark at the time; but one day, at a public dinner, at which many toasts went round in honor of universal liberty, the rights of nations, and the triumphs of the republic, he suddenly turned to Stryk, saying, "I marvel that kings yet dare to resist us, for they do but thus accelerate their own ruin.—The revolution will make the circuit of the globe. What hope is left to them? Do they dream of ever again bending the great nation, and bringing back the Bourbons? Fools that they are! all Europe must perish first? What think you, Citizen Strike, can a rational man admit that monarchy can ever ever be re-established in France?"

"It is possible," said Stryk.

"How possible?" cried the commissary, in a voice of thunder. "He who doubts of liberty has never loved it. It grieves me to see a public functionary holding such opinions. Can you state any grounds for them, citizen?"

It is very possible," answered Stryk, calmly. "Free Athens first became accustomed to Pericles, then to a king of Macedon.—Rome had at first its Triumvirate then a Cæsar, and at length a Nero. England had its Commonwealth, bowed before a Cromwell, and recalled its king."

What are you at with your Romans, your Athenians, and your English? I hope you do not dream of comparing them with the French? But I forgive you false views: you have not the honor of being born a Frenchmen."

The forgiveness was not, however, a complete one, for Stryk lost his office, and underwent some persecution, as an utterer of language not sufficiently respectful to the republic.

Some years afterwards, Bonapart became first consul, then consul for ten years, next consul for life, and finally emperor and king. Stryk was immediately reinstated in his office, as being ostensibly one of the moderate party. He enjoyed more favor and credit than ever, his predictions had been again accomplished, and he passed for a consummate politician.

Napoleon changed the face of the world, and disposed of crowns at pleasure. Stryk became prime minister to one of these new made kings, and obtained titles and honors. No such thing as a republican was to be found; all crawled in the dust before the new master. It was felt as a stigma to have ever imbibed republican opinions; and every one claimed credit for having been the only one not carried along by the current, and eschewed the shame of having ever been anything but a royalist.

"I see no shame in it," said Stryk; "an epidemic raged, and you caught the infection. It may appear again, and you may be again attacked. It is possible."

"What!" was the indignant reply; "do you deem us so weak as to be forever changing?"

"I never forget," answered Stryk, "the Sultan of Egypt mentioned by Addison.—This sultan was sceptical enough to laugh at length at an ærial voyage said to be performed by Mohammed, in which numberless transactions took place in so small a space of time, that Mohammed at this return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, thrown down as he was carried away, before the water was all spilled. A dervise, who had the reputation of working miracles, undertook to cure him of his incredulity; and in presence of his whole court, ordered him to plunge his head into a tub of water, and draw it up again. The sultan obeyed, and plunged his head into the water; but on the instant he did so, found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore.—Conceive his surprise! He execrated the treachery of the dervise; but he was obliged to submit to his fate. Some woodcutters near directed him to the next town, where, after several adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune, with whom he lived so many years, as to have fourteen children. At her death, he was reduced to get his livelihood by plying as a porter. He now heartily repented the scepticism of which he believed all these misfortunes to be the punishment. In a fit of devotion he threw off his clothes for the ablution usual with the Mohammedans before prayer, and no sooner raised his head after the first plunge, than he found himself before the tub, and heard from his whole court that he had never stirred, and that all the events that had so troubled him had been crowded into the short space of time necessary to dip his head into the water and take it out again. Gentlemen," continued the old privy-councellor, "yours is a parallel case with that of the Sultan of Egypt. If you had been told before the Revolution what you would do during its progress, you would never have believed it; and now that you have drawn your head out of the tub, you remember nothing of what you have thought, done, and experienced in the days of miracles. If the Bourbons and the emigrants ever enter France, they will look upon the history of the years that have elapsed since 1789 as a delusion, and will find themselves, like the Sultan of Egypt, standing by the side of the tub, regarding their years of suffering as a deceitful dream."

There was a general laugh. "Well," said some, "you may not be so much out in your conjecture if they did return; but who ever dreams of the poor Bourbons being restored? This would indeed belong to an age of miracles."

"Hem! It is possible," said Stryk.

But the Russian campaign was contemplated, and one of Napoleon's Generals asked our friend's opinion as to its successful issue. The privy-councellor declined answering; and the general, surprised at this reserve, said, "For my own part, I expect to celebrate the New Year in St. Petersburg: but you seem to apprehend an unhappy issue?"

Stryk, as usual, shrugged his shoulders and answered, "It is possible."

This answer was not forgotten, and his name was soon erased from the treasury list. When the allied powers invaded France, and Napoleon's creations were crumbling into ruins on every side, every one said, "Stryk is a prophet, and has had the fate of all seers."

His disgrace under the government of the usurper, as the fallen emperor was now termed, was sufficient claim upon the favor of the new legitimate monarch. But it was not long before his axiom brought a fresh storm upon his head.—The monarch giving him one day to understand that his adhesion to every successive government tended to make his loyalty somewhat suspicious, the old man reminded him that his sincerity in his own moderate political views was proved by the fact, that he had the misfortune to displease only when each government pressed on too enthusiastically, and were not satisfied with his discharge of duty to his country, whoever might be the master.—"The state," he added, "has always need of the services of its citizens, and it is their duty to serve it in every circumstance."

"The state," said the prince, "is the sovereign. Who dares to separate his person from the state is a rebel in heart."

This was his last disgrace; but he was still faithful to the maxim that had taught him moderation, and at once salutary distrust and hopefulness. When the improbability of further political changes was pressed upon him, now that the Bourbons were again firmly seated, he answered, "It is possible. They went to go back to the Inquisition, to the holy alliances. The cause of truth, of civil and religious liberty, is attacked, the freedom of the press is assailed. Thus was it in the days that produced a Franklin and a Washington—the days of the Basille; thus was it in the time of the Fouches and the Ravigos.—The same causes produce the same effects. It is possible."

But his maxim taught moderation to no one but himself; and the three days of 1830 proved its truth, and revolutionised the King of France into King of the French.

The oracle appearing no longer necessary to a ruler who was in his own person the very type of the vicissitudes of human life, it ceased. Stryk died. But who that has lived to see 1848 can decline to admit, of anything or everything, "It is possible?"

A DOSE,

OR,

WHAT DID SHE TAKE?

BY T. HOOD.

"Ellen, you have been out."
"Well, I know I have."
"To the King's Head?"
"No, John, no. But no matter. You'll be troubled no more with my drinking."
"What do you mean?"
"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word. "You—will—be—troubled—-no—more—-with—my—drinking. I have it at last."
'I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!" and leaving one coat flap in the hand of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room—sprang down three stairs at a time—ran along the passage—and, without his hat or stick, dashed out at the street door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quartern loaf, a basin of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to see if the chidren were hurt; or even to see if the infant dripped with gore or molasses. Away he run like a rabid dog, straight forward down the street, heedless alike of porter's load, beker's basket, and butcher's tray.

"Do that again," growled a placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you're goin," bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares, while a dandy, suddenly thrust into a kennel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missives, which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launched them.

But on, on scampered the teetotaler, heedless of all the impediments—on he scoured, like a he Camilla, to the shop numbered 210, with the red, blue and green bottles in the window—the chemist and druggist—into which he darted, up to the little bald man at the desk, with barely breath to grasp out—

"My wife!—poison!—pump!"

"Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the surgeon apothecary, with the utmost professional coolness.

"Both—all sorts—laudanum—arsenic—oxalic acid—corrosive sublimity"—and the teetotaller was about to add pine apple rum among the poisons, when the doctor stopped him.

"No!"

Put remembering the symptoms over night, the teetotaler ventured to say, on strength of his dream, that she was turning all sorts of colors, like a rainbow, and swelling almost as big as a house.

"There is not a moment to lose," said Esculapius, and accordingly clapping on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus—a sort of elephantic syringe, with a very long trunk—he set off on a trot, guided by the teetotaler, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated bacchanalian, Mrs. Burrage.

Now when the teetotaler, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her bedroom, which was a great convenience, for before she could account for the intrusion of a stranger—nay, even without knowing how it was done, she found herself seated in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she felt herself choking with the tube of something which was certainly neither maccaroni nor stick liquorice, nor yet peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representation of her husband must be borne in mind, and if his wife did not exhibit all the dying dolphin-like colors that he had described—if she was not quite so blue, green, yellow or black as he he had painted her, the apothecary made sure she would soon be, and consequently went to work without delay, where delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman, to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation, against her own consent so, with a vigorous kick and push, at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It's to save your life—your precious life, Ellen," said the teetotalor, very seriously.

"It's to empty the stomach, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle," retorted Mrs. B, who would have added "stick;" but the doctor, watching his opportunity, had dexterously popped the tube again into her mouth—not without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," continued the husband, confining her hand, "do, do, pray do sit quiet."

"Pon—wob wobble," said Ellen. Hub—bub—bub—bubble," attempting in vain to speak with another pipe in her throat besides her windpipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am to be composed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"O, Ellen, Ellen, you know what you have taken."

"Corrosive salts and narcotics," put in the doctor.

"Arsenic and corrosive sublimity," said the teetotaler.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opiam," added the doctor.

"Fly water and laurel water," said Mr. Burrage.

"Vitriol, prussic acid, and aquifortis," continued the druggist.

"I've took no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"Oh, Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well, what?"

"That your drinking should never trouble me any more."

"And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive proxysms of the wildest laughter. "No more it shall, for I've took——"

"What, ma'am, pray what?"

"In the name of Heaven, what?"

"Why, then, I've took the—PLEDGE!"

REVENGE EXTRAORDINARY.—A wag having had a dispute with a man who kept a sausage shop, and owing him a grudge, ran into his shop one day as he was serving several good customers, with an immense dead cat, which he quickly deposited on the counter, saying, "This is nineteen; as you are busy now we'll settle some other time;" and he was off in a twinkling. The customers; aghast, soon followed him, leaving their sausages behind.

☞One of the Ohio Lieutenants of the volunteer regiments, after the battle of Monterey, got leave to go home and do a little recruiting. He got home, and of course was the Lion of his district, and his recruiting business went on swimmingly.

"The soldiers through the town marched gay,
And the village all flew to the sound of the drum,"

When a pretty fair squad were ready to take up their march for the field of glory, the Lieutenant addressed his men, surrounded by the anxious and patriotic multitude.

"Well now, boys, I suppose when you see the General, who has been chawing up the Mexicans like a hog in a corn heap, you expect to see *a crowder!* A-n-d so he *is!* But if you expect to see him all covered up like some of our Generals at home, you'll be most d———nable mistaken.—No *sirs!* Old Zack ain't of that breed, *he* ain't; and, *there ain't no particular kind of use in hanging penny candles around the rising sun!*"

The cheers were deafening.—*Yankee Blade.*

A TOUGH STORY.

"As I was once hunting on the banks of the Sarara," said John Hawkins, a sportsmen famous for shooting, both with a long rifle and a long bow, "I saw a fine buck on the other side of tha river, and blazed away at him. Just as I drew trigger, a big salmon leaped up in the middle of the stream, right between me and the deer—Fish and buck both dropped. Quick as though, I stripped, jumped in, secured the salmon and made for the deer. After passing through him, I found the ball had bored into a bee tree, and the honey was running out in a stream as large as a gun barrel. I looked around for something to plug up the hole with, but there was nothing at hand but a rabbit. So I caught him up and tried to jam his tail into the hole, but he struggled so hard that he made me mad, and I flung him away so hard, that I knocked over three braces of partridges and a woodcock with him."

A WITTY CONSTABLE.—A fellow was arrested in New York for picking a soldier's pocket. When taken to the High Constable's Office, the Police Officer took from him two gold eagles and some silver—all the money he found in his pocket—and the hand-cuffed him, before taking him to the watch-house. "Why, what's this for?" said the prisoner. "Not satisfied with arresting me, you first take my money, and then place the "bracelets' on me!" "I take your money," replied the Police Officer, "*as indemnity for the past*; and put the hand-cuffs on you *as security for the future!*"

IRISH WAY TO MEASURE.—In reply to an inquirer, who asks how he can obtain the height of a tower without measuring it, the editor of the Irish Railway Gazette, answers thus:—"Take any two rods of *equal* length, place the *short* rod at any convenient distance from the building, and the long rod at such a distance from it, that looking over the short rod to the top of the building, the top of the long rod shall cut the sight."

☞An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills, and at another, six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying direction:—"Swallow one every two hours."

☞"The estate that was left," said an Irishman to his lawyer, "was a pig and a bushel of potatoes, which which were to be divided between the heirs, myself and brother. The Executors shut the pig up with the potatoes, and during the night he eat them up, and now we went to know how we are to divide the property."

If you are courting a young lady, and wish before you take her, to be certain of of her temper, tear her ball dress, as if by accident. If she keeps her equanimity, lose not a moment in popping the "momentous question." She will do, and you may account yourself a happy man.

☞A gentlemen in New York, wishing some information as to the whereabouts of Chatham street, addressed his interrogatories to a lad, with:—"My son I wish to go to Chatham street." "Well, old Buffer," said the boy, "vy the devil don't you go there!"

☞"Do you suppose that a person can see better by the aid of glasses," said a man in company. "I know he can," said a toper, "for I have taken a dozen glasses, and I can see double."

☞A Chaplain at one of our State prisons, was asked by a friend how his parishioners were. "All under *conviction*"—was the answer.

☞"Bob," says the master, "spell sixpence?" "S-i-c-k-*sick*, s-p-u-n-t-s-*spunts*, six-pence." "That'll do boys. Next' class 'n g'ography."