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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.

TERMS:

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POETRY.

Written for the Kent News.

SWEET THOUGHTS OF HOME.

*Lines to F. Howard B***, of Kent Co.*

Modest Nature's realms, when hearts are gay,
And hours in mirth quick pass away,
When joy wherever thou dost stray
Seems 'long with thee to roam.
Oh! tell me, if each lovely scene
Does not bring back a golden dream
Of other days, in which, I ween, [home.
Thy heart oft breathes sweet thoughts of

And when amid a merry throng,
Thy soul burst forth in sweetest song,
And fondest hopes to thee belong,
With not a thought of care.
Say, is there not a heavenly light
That fills thy soul with calm delight—
With thoughts of home, where all was bright,
And angels seemed to hold sway there.

When dazzling charms are round thee thrown,
And hearts seem lighter than thine own,
When saddening thoughts for aye have flown,
And all is bright to thee—
Oh! tell me, if thy soul ne'er sighs
For that glad joys which never lies
In witching maidens, love-lit-eyes,
But in a home's own purity.

When music's sighing, low-toned strain
Flows out beneath thy touch, in vain
Thy lips will murmur: "Home again,"
With thoughts of other days.
Of other days—Oh! how my heart
Was bowed with grief when thou didst part
From home and me—but yet depart
All murmuring thoughts at His pure ways.

But yet, dear one, I'll not forget
The sweet, glad hour, when last we met,
And deeply will I love thee yet,
Wherever thou dost roam.
And wilt thou not oft think of me,
And of my own fond faith in thee?
Then thy loved heart, in constancy,
Will softly breathe sweet thoughts of home!

LILLA.

Northumberland Co., Pa.

MISCELLANY.

Destruction of the Inquisition at Madrid.

COL. LEMANOUSKI, formerly an officer under Napoleon, gives the following vivid sketch of a scene of which he was an eye-witness:

In the year 1809, being at Madrid, my attention was directed to a Roman Catholic Inquisition in the neighborhood of that city. Napoleon had previously issued a decree for the suppression of this institution wherever his victorious troops should extend their arms. I reminded Marshall Soult, then Governor of Madrid, of this decree, who directed me to proceed to its execution on this far-famed establishment. With my regiment, the 9th of the Polish lancers, he gave me two others, one of which, the 117th, was under the command of Colonel De Lile, who is now, like myself, a minister of the Gospel.

With these troops I proceeded to the Inquisition, which was about five miles from the city. It was surrounded by a wall of great strength, and defended by about four hunded soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army and open the gates of the Inquisition.—The sentinel who was standing on the wall appeared to enter into conversation for a few moments with some one within, at the close of which he presentod his musket and shot one of my men. This was a signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the wall.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I saw that it was neceessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed and brought on the ground, to be used as batteringrams. Presently the walls began totremble, and under the well-directed and persevering application of the ram, a breach was made and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition.

Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The inquisitor-general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes came out of their rooms as we were making way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces and their arms crossed over their breasts, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on, addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends, the French?"

Their intention, apparantly, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping they should thus have a better opportuniy in the confusion and plunder of the Inquisition to escape. Their artifice was too shallow. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners.

We then proceeded through room after room—found altars, and crucifixes, and wax-candles in abundance—the proportions of the architecture were perfect—the ceilings and floors were scoured and highly polished—there was every thing to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy fathers assured us that they had been belied—*that we had seen all;* and I was prepared to believe it.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready to give up the search At his instance, water was brought in and poured over the marble floor, the slabs of which were large and beautifully polished. Presently an opening was discovered, and as all hands were at work for further discovery, a soldiers with the butt of his musket struck a spring, when the marble slab flew up. The nthe faces of the inquisitors grew pale and as Belshazzar, when the hand appeared writing on the wall, so did these men of Belial shake and quake in every bone, joint and sinew. We saw a staircase. I stepped to the table, and took one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore what was before us; as I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look, said,

"My son, you must not take that with your profane and bloody hand it is holy."

"Well, well," I said, "I want something that is holy, to see if it will not shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility."

I took the candle and proceeded down the staircase, when we entered a large room, called the Hall of Judgment. In the center of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused chained to his seat. On one side of the room was an elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the inquisitor-general occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here what a sight met our eyes! How has the benevolent religion of Jesus been abused and slandered by its professed friends!

These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitional hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this practice being offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor from those decaying bodies.

In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparantly but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeons. In others we found the living suffer of every age and of both sexes, from the young man and maiden to those of three-score and ten years, all as naked as when they were born into the world. Our soldiers immediately applied themselves to releasing these captives from their chains, stripped themselves in part of their own clothing to cover these wretched beings, and were exceedingly anxious to bring them up to the light of day. But aware of the danger, I insisted on their wants being supplied, and that they should be brought gradually to the light, as they could bear it.

When we had explored these cells, and opened the prison doors of those who yet survived, we proceeded to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. At the sight of them the fury of our soldiers refused any longer to be restrained They declared that every inquisitor, monk and soldier of the establishment deserved to be put to torture.—We did not attempt any longer to restrain them. They commenced at once the work of torture with the holy fathers. I remained till I saw four different kinds of torture applied, and then retired from the awful scene, which terminated not while one individual remained of the former guilty inmates of this ante-chamber of hell, on whom they could wreak revenge. As soon as the poor sufferers from the cells of the Inquisition could with safety be brought out of their prison to the light of day, news having been spread far and near that numbers had been rescued from the Inquisition, all who had been deprived of friends by the holy office came to inquire if theirs were among the number.

O, what a meeting was there! about a hundred who had been buried alive for many years, were now restored to the active world, and many of them found here a son and there a daughter, here a sister and there a brother, and some, alas, could recognize no friends. The scene was such a one as no tougue can describe. When this work of recognition was over, to complete the business in which I had engaged I went to Madrid and obtained a large quantity of gunpowder, which I placed underneath the edifice and in its vaults, and as we applied the slow-match there was a joyful sight to thousands of admiring eyes. O, it would have done your heart good to see it; the walls and massive turrets of that proud edifice were raised towards the heavens, and the Inquisition of Madrid was no more.

[Col. J. J. Lemanouski, who was born in the Kingdom of Poland on the 9th of February 1773, is still living, being in the 83d year of his age. He is now a venerable minister of the Evan. Lutheran Church, residing in Jeffersonville, Floyd Co., Indiana. Some years ago, he preached in this city, and is well remembered by many of our citizens for his fervid eloquence, and the thrilling reminiscences with which he diversified his sermon. His testimony is history.—*Fred. Examiner.*]

Analysis of the Corn Cob.

The illustration and description of "*Scott's Little Giant Corn and Cob crusher,*" given in our last, have awakened a considerable feeling of interest in regard to the value of Corn and Cob meal, for feeding purposes. In answer to an inquiry on the subject by a correspondent in Delaware county, we present some remarks upon, and an analysis of the corn cob, which we find in the *Transactions of the N. Y. Agricultural Society for* 1848.

"It is well known that the manure of an animal varies in quality with the food which it eats; and that generally manure is richer in nitrogen bodies, and less rich in non-nitrogenized matter than the food consumed. Probably a greater proportion of 100 lbs. of nitrogen bodies would be assimilated by the system, if it were mixed with 500 lbs. of non-nitrogenized matter, and still more of it mixed with 1000 lbs., than if takeu into the system undiluted or alone. It should be borne in mind that it is as essential for food to contain bodies destitute of nitrogen, (such as starch, sugar, oil, &c.,) or those which go to support animal heat, and respiration in the body, as it is for it to have nitrogen compounds to nourish or supply the waste of the living tissues. Hence food, suited best to sustain animal life, is that which is made up of these two classes of bodies, mixed in the proper proportion. And a deficiency in the one is equally as deleterious to the healthy existence of the animal as a deficiency in the other; therefore we can hardly say that one of these classes is in reality more essential to the maintenance of life than the other. They both seem to perform equally important offices. If this view be taken, the cob cannot be regarded as deficient in those bodies which contribute to support respiration and nutrition.

The table below shows about the amount of the several proximate organic bodies thrown away in rejecting the cob, calculated from the analysis of the small white flint variety. 1000 lbs. of ears contain not far from 200 lbs. of cob and 800 lbs. of grain. These contain the following proportions expressed in pounds and decimals of a pound.

	200 lbs. Cobs.	800 lbs. Grain.	1000 lbs. Ears.
Sugar and extract	13.502	115.350	120.902
Starch	9.083	487.384	487.387
Fibre	127.687	7.712	135.399
Oil		39.824	39.824
Zein		21.856	31.858
Matter separated by potash from fibre	45.404	51.856	91.250
Albumen	1. 58	37.136	38.654
Casein	0.188	0.668	0.976
Dextrine or gum	2.310	20.224	50.534
Resin	1.806		1.806
Glutinous matte	7.402		7.402
	200	800	1000

In the above table, the inorganic matter is not separately considered, it being distributed among the several organic bodies. By rejecting the cobs of 1000 lbs of dry ears, about 200 lbs. of organic matter is lost, which consists of 13½ lbs. of sugar and extract. 127½ lbs. of fibre, 45½ lbs of matter separated from fibre by a weak solution of potash, 1½ lbs. of albumen, 0.228 of a lb. of casin, 2.31 lbs of gum or dextrine, 1.8 lbs. of resin, and 7.4 lbs glutinous matter. Hence the cob, although not rich in nutritive matter, can by no means be said to be destitute of those proximate principles which go to support respiration.

INGENIOUS SERMON.

The English Methodist Magazine for 1797 contains the following remarkable narrative:

Four gentlemen and an old minister were assalled on the highway by three robbers, who demanded and took possession of their funds. The old minister plead very hard to be allowed a little money, as he was on his way to pay a bill in London. The highwaymen, as our authority informs us, being generous fellows, gave him all his money back again, on condition of preaching them a sermon.—Accordingly they retired a little distance from the highway, and the minister addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, you are most like the old apostles of any men in the world, for they were wanderers upon the earth, and so are you; they had neither lands nor tenements that they could call their own; neither, I presume have you. They were dispised of all but those of their own profession, and so, I believe, are you; they were unalterably fixed in the principles they professed, and, I dare say, so are you; they were often hurried into jails and prisons, all of which sufferings, I presume, have been undergone by you; their profession brought them all to untimely deaths, and if you continue in your course so will your bring you. But in this point, beloved, you differ mightily: for the apostles ascended from a tree into heaven, where, I am afraid, you will never be found; but as their deaths were compensated with eternal glory, yours will be rewarded with eternal shame and misery, unless you mend your manners."

CAMELS FOR THE U. S. ARMY.—It will be remembered that by a recent act of Congress a certain amount was appropriated to enable the Secretary of War to try the experiment of introducing camels on this continent as beasts of burden and for military purposes. As the Navy Department have occasion to send stores to our squadron in the Mediterranean, the storeship Supply, now at the New York yard has been selected for this purpose, and on her retnrn voyage will bring the camels. The vessel will be commanded by Lieut. David D. Porter, of the navy, and will take out Major Wayne, an officer of the Quartermaster's department of the army, to pnrchase the camels, and on her homeward voyage will bring them to the United States. The vessel will be prepared with all despatch for sea. There is no doubt that the experiment of introducing camels as beasts of burden, and for military purposes, in the southwestern part of the country, will prove entirely successful.—Their great endurance, ability to carry large burdens, and the length of time that they are enabled to exist without water, will render them a valurble adjunct to the army in the sectiou of country for which they are intended.—*Washington Union.*

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—Mr. Joseph Gilbert, who was attached to the astronomical service in Captain Cook's expedition to observe the transit of Venus, and whose name was conferred by the great navigator on "Gilbert Island," resided at Gosport, where, according to the fashion of the day, he, like Count d'Artoice, wore very tight leather breeches. He had ordered the tailor to attend him one morning, when his grand-daughter, who resided with him had also ordered her shoemaker to wait upon her. The young lady was seated in the breakfast room when the maker of leather breeches was shown in; and as she did not happen to know one handicraftsman more than the other, she wished him to measure her for a pair of "leathers," for as she remarked, "the wet weather was coming, and she felt cold in cloth." The modest tailor could hardly believe his ears.

"Measure you, miss?" said he, with hesitation.

"If you please," said the young lady, who was remarkable for much gravity of deportment; "and I have only to beg that you will give me plenty of room for I am a great walker, and I do not like to wear anything that constrains me."

"But, miss," exclaimed the poor fellow in great perplexity. "I never in my life measured a lady; I"—— and there he paused.

"Are you not a lady's shoemaker?" was the query calmly put to him.

"By no means, miss," said he. "I am a leather breeches maker, and I have come to take the measure, not of you, but Mr. Gilbert.

The young lady became perplexed, too, but she recovered her self-possession after a good common laugh, and sent the maker of breeches to her grandpapa.

☞ "Biddy, has that surly fellow cleared off the snow from the pavement?

"Yes, sur."

"Did he clear it off with alacrity Biddy?

"No sur, with *a shovel.*"

BUYING MARBLES; OR "HARD TIMES" IN LILLIPUT.—Pa—(Reeding a newspaper, mutters)—No rise in the rivers—never going to rise again, I believe, wife.

Little daughter—I wish the rivers would rise.

Pa—Why, what have you got to do with the river's rising?

Little daughter—A great deal, papa; for then the boats would run.

Pa—And what would you have to do with the boats running, my child, hey?

Little daughter—They would bring the cotton down.

Pa—(Looking over his spectacles)—And what have you to do pet, with cotton bales?

Little daughter—Why, if the cotton was down, pa, you would be able to sell it, you know, dear papa! smilingly.

Pa—And what then?

Little daughter—You would have plenty of money.

Pa—Well?

Little Daughter—(Laying her little hand on his shoulder, and looking up in his face)—Then you could pay ma that twenty dollar gold piece you borrowed of her, you know, papa.

Pa—And what then, minx?

Little daughter—Then mama could pay aunt Sarah the ten dollars she owes her.

Pa—Ah indeed! and what then?

Little daughter—And aunt Sarah would pay sister Jane the dollar she promised to give her on New Year's, but did'nt coz she did'nt have the cotton, I mean no money pa.

Pa—Well, and what else? Pa lays down the paper and looks at her curiously with a half smile.

Little daughter—Cousin Jane would pay brother John his fifty cents back, and he said when he got it he would give me the half dime he owes, and two dimes to buy marbles, and this is what I want the rivers to rise for, and the big boats to run! And I owe the nurse a dime and must pay my debts.

Pa looked at ma. "There it is he said, we are all big and little like a row of bricks. Touch the head one and *presto!* away we all go, down to my little Carrie here. She has, as a child, as great an interest in the rise as I have. We are all, old and young waiting for money to buy marbles."—*Mobile Trib.*

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

'Can you direct me to the ——— Hotel?' inquired a gentleman with a carpet bag, of a burly Hibernian, standing on the steps of a railroad station.

'Faith,' was the reply, 'it's just I that can do the same. You see you jist go up this strate till you come to Thaddy O'Mulligan's shap, then—'

'But I don't know where ThaddyO'Mulligan's shap, as you call it, is.'

'Oh, faith, why didn't I think of that; well, your honor must kape on till ye get to the apple woman's stand on the corner of the brick church it is, and go on till ye get to the sign of the big watch, and mind you don't fall down in the cellar thereaway, then you keep on a little further till you come to a big tree, and after that you turn to the right or to the left, but by the bones of St. Patrick I don't know which.'

The traveller turned in despair to a long, lank Jonathan, who was standing whitling close by and he enquired of him.

'Maybe you are going to put up there?' querried Jonathan.

'Yes, I intend to.'

'Did you come from far off?'

'Yes, from Philadelphia,' was the impatient reply. 'But can you tell me where the ——— is?'

'Got any more baggage?' asked the impurturbable Yankee.

'No, this is all,' said the traveller, convinced that the only way to get the directions were to submit to questioning.

'Going to stay long?'

"Couldn't say,' was the reply in rather a crusty manner. 'But I'm in a hurry and would like to be directed to ———.

"Wait a minute, I reckon you're a married man ain't you?"

'No; and now I won't answer anything more till you have answered.'

'Waal Squire,' said the Yankee, cooly, 'I'd like to oblige you, but the truth is I have never been in the city afore myself."

HOW MILWAUKEE GROWS.—Milwaukee, the big town of Wisconsin, is only twenty years old, and it has a population this day of 40,000. It was laid out in 1835, in 1838 the population was 700; in 1850, 20,000; in 1855, 40,000. The manufactures last year amounted in value to $4,600,000, against $2,100,000 in 1853, showing that the amonnt has doubled in two years. The imports were $11,000,000 the exports $7,709,000.

HOW THEY TELL A KNOW NOTHING OUT WEST.—If you see two men meet in the street, and one of them gives his vest a pull "down hill," and the other hitch up his breeches and give you a wink, you may conclude that he is a "Know Nothing."

If you see a man crossing his two forefingers in the shape of X. [plus.] catching another by the arm with finger and thumb and running his other hand in his vest, you may be sure of a K.N.—*Springfield Expositor.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,
The milky baldric of the skies.
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulpher smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings soar afar,
Like the rainbows on the cloud of war.
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long lines come gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where the sky-born glories burn;
And as his spring steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreathes the battle-shroud,
And goary sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow.
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly.
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but stands before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

ELOQUENCE.—Eloquence, in its highest flights, is beyond all question the greatest exertion of the human mind. It requires for its conception a combination of the most exalted faculties; for its execution, a union of the most extraordinary powers. Unite in one thought the most varied and dissimilar faculties of the soul—strength of understanding with redundancy of imagination; fire of conception with solidity of judgment; a retentive memory with an enthusiastic fancy; the warmth of poetry with the coolness of prose; an eye for the beauties of nature, with a command of the realities of life; a mind stored with facts, and a heart teeming with impression—and you will form the elements from which the most powerful style of oratory is created. But this is not all. Physical powers, if not essential, are at least a great addition to the mental qualities required for its success. The orator must have at once the lengthened thought which is requisite for a prolonged argument, and the ready wit which can turn to the best advantage an incident which may occur in the course of its delivery. More than all is required the fixidity of purpose, the energy of effort the commanding turn which, as it is the most valuable and important faculty of the mind, so it is the most rarely to be met with in any walk of life, and least of all in combination with brilliant and imaginative qualities, which are the very soul of every art which is to subdue or captivate mankind.

TRAP FOR A TROUBLESOME TONGUE.—Sheridan was one day very much annoyed by a fellow member of the English House of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear! hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political cotemporary that wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to act the fool. "Where," exclaimed he, with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear! hear!" exclaimed the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for prompt information, sat down mid a general roar of laughter.

A BOTANIC GARDEN.—The most promising attempt yet made in the U. States towards the establishment of a botanical garden is now in progress in Brooklyn.—Messrs. Hunt, Langley, and Kent have made a donation, in fee, of sufficient land for the purpose, the value of which is stated at $25,000, and various citizens of Brooklyn and New York have subscribed munificent sums towards the great object. Thus, William Hunt, is set down at $50,000, William C. Langley $14,000, Henry A. Kent $10,000 and others for smaller sums.