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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.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

BY JOHN H. HEWITT.

"Father, look up, that banner see,
How gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies."
"Your country's banner, 'tis, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's wave—in foreign climes
A symbol of our might."

"Father—what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering in the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?"
"It is the voice of cannonry,
The glad shouts of the free,
This is a day to memory dear—
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee."

"I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don't you?"
"I'm getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this—
Shout you aloud, my boy!"

"Hurrah for Freedom's Jubilee!
God bless my native land,
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand!"
"Well done, my boy—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell
Is paradise on earth."

THE FEMALE SEBASTOPOL.

BY TAUNTON DEAN.

There is a fortress fair as art,
And cold as Russia clime of winter,
Walled round within a maiden's heart,
My love hath sought in vain to enter.

Long I've beseiged her castles fair,
With all love's forces sweet and tender;
But still she reigns unconquered there,
And still refuses to surrender.

O, for some friendly power in arms—
Some Austria of contending nations—
To soften her resisting harms,
And bring her to negotiations!

For by consent of heathen Jove,
The seige shall never be forsaken,
Till conquest crowns the arms of Love,
And *my* Sebastopol is taken.

MISCELLANY.

From Peterson's Lady's National Magazine.

MINNIE'S RUSE.

BY LIZZIE ELMWOOD.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Minnie Arlin "what a plague these lovers are! Particularly if one is not quite certain whether they are enamored of one's self or one's fortune. I wish I knew——" and as she said this, she glanced thoughtfully after the retreating form of a tall, gentlemanly looking young man, at that moment passing out of the gate in front of her father's mansion.

Minnie was not a beauty, as heroine's usually are, but she possessed a sunny, cheerful temper, a warm heart, and a well cultivated mind, which amply compensated for all deficiences of form and face, so that among the truly discerning she found many and warm friends.

As her father was very wealthy, many visitors knelt at the feet of Minnie, who otherwise would have sought a lovelier bride. But to all she had given a kind but decided negative, until she met with Walter Roby, the visitor who had just bid her adieu. He was a young lawyer, who had recently come into the village of Belmont, and who, possessing a handsome person, fascinating conversational powers, and bland and agreeable manners, very soon won the confidence and good-will of the people, and particularly of the ladies.

He did not, at first, however, notice Minnie with much attention; but in the course of a few weeks, he seemed to be suddenly enamored, and soon become very attentive.

Though Minnie was much flattered by this apparent devotion of the "handsome lawyer," yet she had a large share of that important article, common sense; and as she suspected that this assiduity did not arise wholly from a love of her own rather plain self, she determined to prove her lover. He had, this very day, made her the offer of his heart and hand, and begged hers in return; but Minnie had given him this reply, "Mr. Roby, I am not prepared to answer you immediately—I shall require at least two weeks to reflect upon it." He was somewhat daunted by this cool answer to his rather eloquent and ardent proposal. He urged her for a shorter probation; but she would not relent only telling him that if she decided before the time had expired, she would inform him.

Minnie sat long in her room that night devising some means to ascertain his real sentiments. She thought if she were only handsome, she might rest assured that he loved her; and then she could return that love. She resolvee many schemes, but none seemed plausible; and finally, when the bell chimed twelve, she retired, resolving in the morning to impart her trouble to her father, and implore his aid, for she was motherless.

Morning dawned, and Minnie arose unrefreshed and pale. As the breakfast bell rang, she greeted her father at the foot of the stairway.

"What ails my birdie this morning?"—he said as he gave his accustomed kiss.

"I'll tell you after breakfast, papa," replied Minnie.

Accordingly, when the meal was finished, she twined her arm within his, and accompanied him to the parlor, where she unfolded to him her suspicions, plans, and hopes. Minnie's father was not suprised Mr. Roby had applied to him to sanction his contemplated proposal to Minnie; and as Mr. Arlin thought him a talented young man, he told him that "if Minnie consented, he should." When she had concluded Mr. Arlin said,

"Don't be troubled, my daughter. It would be strange if we could not devise some means, by which to ascertain what this young lawyer is in love with." He then unfolded his plan, and when they parted, Minnie's face had resumed something of its old look of careless gayety.

The first week of Walter Roby's "banishment" (as he told her he should call it) had not passed, when it was rumored that Minnie Arlin had entered the shop of Mrs. Rand, the milliner, as an apprentice, and that when questioned, she had replied, "She did not wish to be a burden upon her father in his present circumstances." There came also flying reports of loss of property, which seemed in accordance with Minnie's conduct, and many people began to believe that Esq. Arlin would be obliged to dispose of his handsome mansion and fine farm. Minnie continued her daily tasks at the milliner's shop until the two weeks had nearly expired. Two days before the time expired she despatched to her lover the following note:—

"Mr. Roby—If you still entertain the sentiments you professed at our last interview, I will give you my reply this evening,

Minnie Arlin."

Walter had heard the rumors, and had endeavored to ascertain their truth. He trembled lest they were true, for he felt that he could not make Minnie Arlin, if poor, his bride. He was quite undecided what to do, when he received Minnie's note; but immediately sallied forth, determined to satisfy himself as to the truth of the rumor, if possible. Stepping into the office of a physicion, with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, he said, after a few moments conversation,

"What is it, doctor, about this affair of Esquire Arlin? Is he really so reduced that Minnie is obliged to become a shop girl?"

"Well," replied his friend, "I thought at first there must be some mistake, but I heard the old gentleman say this morning, when some one spoke of Minnie being so industrious, that Minnie Arlin would not see her father reduced to poverty, and not make some effort to assist him. So I presume there is foundation for the reports. But, my dear fellow, Minnie is a noble girl without her property—if she has not so pretty a face as some."

"Oh," replied Roby, carelessly, "I hope you don't think I'm committed there, I have been somewhat friendly with Minnie it is true, but nothing serious, I assure you. No trouble about the heart," and he laughed, "though," he added, "I should regret exceedingly to have them meet without verasa."

He soon after took his leave, and returning to his office, seated himself at his writing desk, and wrote, sealed and despatched the following note:—

"My Dear Miss Arlin—During the time that elapsed since I saw you last, my feelings have somewhat changed—or rather I have analyzed them more closely—and I fear we can never be happy together. I see now that I was somewhat premature in my proposal; though I still entertain the warmest feelings of regard and friendship for you. Your cool reply to my proposal led me to suppose that your feelings were not very much interested in myself—and perhaps it were best for both that the affair should terminate here. I remain, most respectfully, your obedient servant, Walter Roby.

Minnie shed some tears when she received this cool epistle; for she had hoped as maidens sometimes do, that her lover might "be tried in the balance and not found wanting." But brushing the tears away, she went to her father, she handed the note to him saying, "Ah, father, you have lost the handsome, accomplished young lawyer for a son-in-law. He don't think your homely, poor Minnie can make him happy."

Leaving the room, she caught up her straw hat, and went out to ramble in the woods to a favorite haunt, hoping the sweet influences of nature might soothe and calm her somewhat troubled spirits.

The scene was lovely, for it was the sunset hour, and the dreamy, golden light glanced down between the interlacing boughs upon the soft green moss, making dancing lights and shadows in every path. The air was soft and balmy. No sound broke the stillness of the forest shades, save the sighing, plaintive wind-harps, or the occasional carol of a bird. Yielding to the lulling influence of the scene, Minnie seated herself upon a fallen tree, and was soon lost in a reverie.

In her musings she thought how pleasant it would be to be loved for one's self alone; and a voice seemed whispering in her ear, with soft, thrilling tone, love's own cadence, and dark eyes were gazing into her own with tender, loving look.—She had wandered thus far into love's fairy dreamland, entirely unconscious of all around, when the crackling of a dry twig startled her, and she sprang up in alarm, but a pair of dark eyes looked into her own, and a familiar voice reassured her. She laughingly greeted the intruder, saying, "Why, Herbert, how you startled me!" He smiled, and advancing to meet her, replied, "I am sorry I occasioned you a fright—I did not think to find you here; but you are looking pale—are you faint?" and he gazed at her with such anxious solicitude, that poor Minnie's equanimity was entirely overthrown, and sinking again upon her seat, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. The feelings so long pent up, and the tears that had been gathering for several days, had at last found vent.

Herbert Clayton had grown up with Minnie from childhood. He had always loved her, but had felt that a deep gulf separated him, a poor widow's son, from the only child of the wealthy Esq. Arlin, and therefore he compelled himself to "worship from afar." He, too, had heard the rumors of Esq. Arlin's losses, and he supposed this was the cause of Minnie's agitation. He could scarcely repress the hope, sweet and faint though it was, that Minnie might now be his; but checking his feeling, he seated himself by her side to comfort and cheer her, if possible.—Gradually she became calm, and then she imparted to him the story of Roby. He was indignant at such baseness, and led on by his feelings told Minnie of his own love and hopes. His unselfish affection touched her heart. Here was one who loved her for herself, and was willing to take her, even if poor. But the wound she had received was too fresh to do aught but rise embarrassed, and though thanking Herbert with her eyes, to shake her head sadly.

But that chance interview decided the fate of both The more she thought of of Herbert's disinterested offer, the more his character rose in her estimation.—Meantime, as she had consented to receive him as a friend, he often visited her: and gradual esteem for him ripened into love.

One soft, summer evening, Herbert ventured to urge his suit again; and this time, Minnie, tho' as embarrassed as before, did not say him nay, but returned a blushing answer that filled his heart with joy. They lingered long amid the forest shades, and when they returned, Herbert sought Esq. Arlin, while Minnie ran up to her room like a frightened deer.

When Herbert had confessed his suit, Esq. Arlin, looking archly in his face, made reply, "Do you wish to make poor Minnie Arlin your bride? Can you think of taking a doweress wife?"

"Oh! yes," earnestly replied Herbert, "I should never have told my love, had she still been as in days gone by."

The old gentleman smiled a peculiar smile, and said, "Yes, Herbert, she is yours—you are worthy of her, but I am glad for her sake and yours, that I am not so poor that she will be a portionless bride. But you must let Minnie tell the story.

Minnie did tell him the story, and Herbert was almost aghast at the idea that he had won the hand of the heiress of Esquire Arlin's wealth, but Minnie laughingly told him that her poverty had lost her one lover, but gained her another.

Herbert was also a lawyer. But poor, and without influential friends, he had many times been nearly discouraged; but now he felt his heart become strong within him, more because he had won the hand and heart he so long desired, than at the prospect of a portion of her father's wealth.

They were soon after married, and Esq. Arlin's handsome mansion was thrown open to the crowd of friends who gathered to witness Minnie's bridal.

Before the day arrived, however, the story of Minnie's ruse had become rumored forth in the village, and Roby, finding himself and his selfish principles too much the topic conversation, found it convenient to leave Belmont for some other field of labor.

FAMILY JARS.

Alas, what slight occasions breed dissensions between hearts that love! Somebody has done that though in poetry; but no matter, it is true as prose.

There was Mr. Milligan, who married Fanny Lee, one of the sweetest, prettiest, lovingest girls in the village. Milligan was a young lawyer, and all the girls had taken a notion after him; but being a lawyer himself, he kept his own counsel, and though he was often in Court he did his courting very quietly. He was successful in his suit with Fanny, issued an attachment, and as she was under age, and so had no property in her own right, he took her person, under the habeas corpus act, and made her his own.

They were married and settled down in a lovely cottage, close by the stately mansion of Fanny Lee's father. On the first day that they took possession of the cottage and towards the close of it—a sweet day in May—they were sitting at tea-table, happy as two birds whose nest was just completed.

While they were enjoying their first cup of domestic bliss and tea, the eye of each of them caught sight of something running from the chimney corner. Instantly they exclaimed, almost in one breath:

He—"Oh, see that mouse!"

She—"Oh, see that rat!"

He—"I think it was a mouse, my dear."

She—"But, my love, I think it was a rat."

He—"Yes, but I saw it, and I am sure it was a mouse."

She—"And so did I see it, Henry, and I know it was a rat.'

He—"I say it was a mouse."

She—"Well, I say it was a rat.'

He—"It was a mouse.'

She—"It was a rat.'

He—"'Twas a mouse.'

She—"'Twas a rat.'

And so they went on—'mouse,' 'rat,' 'mouse,' 'rat, rat, rat,' "mouse, mouse, mouse,' louder and louder, Milligan got mad, and Fanny got to crying, and from bad to worse things grew fast, until Fanny said she wouldn't live with such a brute of a man, and so she took her things and went over to her fathers and stayed all night. Milligan had a solitary time in the cottage—all alone by himself, but he was a lawyer and a man, and wasn't to be put down by a little woman the very first day. He went to his office the next morning, "whistling to keep his courage up," and in the midst of business tried to forget the past. He was quite sure Fanny would be home when he returned in the afternoon.

Not a bit of it. She was too spunky for that. He would not go after her, as that would be giving up, beat; and she wouldn't come till he did. Several days passed in this way, and weeks and months and the summer was nearly gone, when the friends of both, who had heard of the foolish cause of separation, interfered, and very easily brought them together.—They were glad enough to forgive and forget, and return to that pleasant cottage, wiser if not better than they were before.

And now they are once more seated at the same tea-table, in the same cheerful room, and looking across the table in each other's eyes brimming over with love; they could not but recall the last time they had set there—and laughing at the folly of their quarrel, Milligan said just what she was ready to say:

"Well, now, Fanny, was there ever anything so foolish as for us to have such a quarrel about that confounded mouse?"

Fanny—"You forget, Henry, dear, it was a rat."

Henry—"No, no, Fanny, it was a mouse."

Fanny—"I say it was a rat.'

Henry—"'Twas a mouse."

Fanny—"'Twas a rat."

And so they went at it again worse and worse, untill they both lost their temper, Fanny went home crying and they are now separated for life.

☞ The following toast was recently given by a "stricken" young man: "The ladies—May we kiss the girls we please, and please the girls we kiss.

☞ "That motion is out of order," said the chairman of a meeting, when a rowdy raised his arm to throw an egg.

FEELING HIS BUMPS.

Our neighbor, Col. S——, tells a good story of a certain wag in Erie, Pa., a jolly publican, who contributes a good deal to the life of that pleasant, but sometimes very obstinate borough. One morning a travelling phrenologist arrived at his inn, and took lodgings. The next day in the village newspaper appeared an advertisement, stating that Professor B—— had arrived in Erie, and would make "for a consideration," examination of the heads of citizens, and accompany the same with accurate reliable charts of character. For two or three days the calls were sparse; but on the fifth day, there was a rush of five or six to the apartments of the Professor. One morning a countryman entered the inn where the phrenologist had his rooms, and said to our landlord aforesaid:

"Is this the place where the phrenologist 'holds out,' who can tell a man's karacter by the bumps onto his skull?"

"Yes," replied Bouiface, with a reserved and dignified manner.

"Wal, I want my potato-trap looked into a little. Where is the man?"

"I am the man," said the landlord.

"Oh! you be, eh? Wal, put in; feel of my bumps, and gin us a map. What's the swindle?"

"There is no swindle, sir; phrenology is a science, sir—a liberal science."

"Oh, yes, expect so; but what's the price for feeling a fellow's head?"

"One dollar, with a chart."

"Wal, go it; what do I do?—lie down or sit up? Does it hurt?"

"Not in the least, sir; take your seat in that chair."

There were four or five morning loungers in the tavern, who checked a laugh as the countryman took his seat, having first, as requested, removed his coat, vest and neck cloth. The wag of a landlord ran his hands through the hair of the "patient" and then said to his bar-tender:

"Mr. Flipkins, take a sheet of paper, draw four lines down its whole length, and put my figures under the heads I mention to you."

It was done.

"Have you got it?"

"Yes; all right."

"Very well."

And the the landlord went on with his examination, which was rather rougher perhaps, than there was any necessity for.

"Put down Philo-progenitiveness, *sixty*."

"Down, sir."

"Very well; Reverence two."

"Booked, sir."

"Combatitiveness, *two hundred*."

"What's *that*," said the victim."

"No matter, sir, you'll see it on the chart. Caution *one*; Credulity, *four hundred*.

"What's that last lump?" asked the patient.

"Never mind, now; you'll understand it by and by. And now, (to the barkeeper) Mr. Flipkins, yon put these in seperate columns, as usual."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; add 'em up!"

"*Add 'em u-u-p!*" exclaimed the phrenological subject; is that the way you do?"

Of *c-o-u-r-s-e!* How else could we get your balance of mind—of intellect."

"Wal, go ahead."

"How does it daboll, Mr. Flipkins?"

"The three columns are equal—they fhot up precisely the same!"

The landlord solemnly and sympathisingly looked towards his subject—

"It is very strange," said he, "but *it is so*. Phrenology never lies. You have *no* predominant character, sir; you have *no* intellectual *status*; you don't know *anything*, sir. Excuse me, sir, but I must state the truth, whether you take a chart or not; but sir, if there is any truth in phrenology, *you are a cussed fool*.—Under the circumstances, sir, I can scarcely expect you to take the chart which you have contracted for; that is a matter of small consequence, as it will be a valuable illustration of an unique species, which I can use in all my lectures hereafter. I authenticate all my lectures, sir, with real name and residence. The charge of deception, in science, is one which was never brought against me, sir, and never *will be—never!*"

"Oh! never mind; give us the map," said the subject; here's the swindle, for it is a swindle; but I'd rather pay than to have you going around the country making a fool of me everywhere else, as you have here, you blasted philoprogenitive humbug you!"

With this explosion the subject retired.

NUTS.

If a small boy be called a lad, is it proper to call a bigger boy a *ladder?*

A school mistress advertised lately for an assistant accustomed to confinement.—She received an answer from the mother of 12 children.

A wag, seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying that she out-*stripped* the whole party.

A tradesman having sunk his shop-floor a couple of feet announces that "in consequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold *considerably lower* than formerly."

SAVING A SHILLING.

A parent asked a priest his boy to bless,
Who forthwith charged him he must first confess;
Well, said the boy, suppose, sir, I am willing,
What do you charge? To you 'tis but a shilling!
Must all men pay, and all men make confession?
Yes, every man of Catholic profession?
To whom do you confess, then? Why, the dean.
And does he charge? O, yes, a whole thirteen,
And do the deans confess? Yes, boy, they do
Confess to Bishops, and pay smartly, too.
Do bishops, sir, confess?—if so, to whom?
Why, they confess and pay the Church of Rome.
Well, quoth the boy, all this is mighty odd;
And does the Pope confess? O, yes, to God!
Does God charge the Pope? No, quoth the priest,
God charges nothing! O, then, God is best;
God charges nothing, and is always willing—
To *Him* will I confess and save a shilling!

A Negroe's Excuse for Stealing.—"Tom," said Jack, "you've been stealing massa's turkey."

"I ain't no such a thing; who say I tuk massa's turkey."

"I say so," said Dick, for I seed you go into do turkey house, and come out wid the turkey head sticking out the bag.

"Oh, well," rejoined Tom, "if you did see me sure enuff, Dick, den I did take it; and if you won't say nothing 'bout it, I'll give you de drum stick, dat's all dat's left."

Dick made no promise, but the master who had overheard the conversation, soon had the delinquent Tom before him.

"Tom," said he, I have just heard you confess having stolen my turkey.

"Well massa," says Tom, "since I'se been cotched, I'll jest own I tuk it; I wan't going to deny it, no how."

"Now, Tom, you know I don't allow stealing on my land, and I must punish you for this."

"Pray, massa, don't let the overseer flog me; for massa, (a sudden thought seeming to strike him,) you hain't lost nothin' if I did steal dat turkey.

"Why, you rascal, didn't you admit you had stolen and eaten it?"

"Dat's true, massa," said Tom, "yet still you haint lost nothing."

"How's that?" said his master.

"Well, you see, massa, I tuk the turkey and I done eat it up. When I took the turkey and eat it up, it got to be part of me—it went into me and made more nigger for massa. So you see *what you lost in Turkey you made up in nigger!*"

Tom was excused for his wit.

The Devil Right for Once.—The N. Y. correspondent of the Congregationalist writes:

"Dr. H., who is pastor of an Orthodox church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to 'speak' whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that 'an opportunity would now be afforded for any brother to offer an exhortation,' had always a secret dread of the loquacious member. On one special occasion the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue, with an account of a previous controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary. 'My friends,' said he, 'the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silent; he even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now that I have gained the victory I must tell you all that is in my heart.' Then followed the tedious harangue aforesaid. As they were coming out of the session room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member and whispered: 'Brother, *I think the Devil was right.*"

Hydrophobia.—It is said that in every instance where a person is bitten by a mad dog, small pustules make their appearance sooner or later on the underside of the tongue, but generally in from six to nine days. These pustules must be opened with a sharp pointed instrument, as they are too tough to break off themselves and the matter must be discharged and spit out, or it will bee re-absorbed, which reabsorption is said to cause the poroxysms termed hydrophobia. The above is the substance of a communication which appeared in the New Orleans Tropic some year since, from the pen of a Southern physician, who says:

"In 1832 I was called to visit a negro woman who had been bitten by a mad dog and by pursuing the treatment here laid down, I was successful in curing her.—This course is the same that was recommended by Prof. Marochitti, of Moscow, in 1820, and proved effectual, and my first intimation of this mode was from an English magazine published forty years ago, containing a communication from a gentleman recently returning from Tartary, where mad dogs are common; and this method of treatment usual and successful."

☞ Why are the reinforcements before Sebastopol like a new born baby?

Because it is the long looked for sucor (sucker.)