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THE KENT NEWS,
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Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

From the Charlestown Mercury.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

BY U. SINCLAIR BIRD.

Look around thee, there are others
On the earth beside thyself;
Thy heart tells thee they are brothers,
Though unblest with friends or pelf.

Poor and weak, depraved, imbuted,
Of one Father are we all;
Thou, like them, with heart polluted,
Feel'st the evils of the fall.

By the blood-sweat and the anguish,
And the sufferings on the tree,
They were ransomed, though they languish,
In their life long misery.

Why then in thy heart degrade them?
All have blood and soul the same;
And the mighty God who made them
Knows the meanest by his name.

Go forth, then, with hearts all tender,
And let love attend thy voice,
To the friendless succor render,
Make earth's singing one's rejoice.

With thy strong arm upbearing
Those too weak to stand alone;
Bid hope shine on the despairing,
And to bread dare turn the stone.

Oh! the heart hath wondrous power!
And a sigh may save a soul,
And the timely word's a tower,
And a touch the sick makes whole.

Touch with practised hand and skilful
The right chord and music sweet
Charms and melts the wild and wilful
He sits conquered at thy feet.

See the hated helpless lying,
Naked, starving, sick and cold,
Give thy hand, the laugh defying,
It were more than mines of gold.

Lo! thy brother's shoulder bleedeth,
Bear his heavy load awhile;
A respite is all he needeth—
Now he bears it with a smile.

Gentle words and words of power,
Speak sincerely without fear;
Drop some seed in every hour,
And the seed will soon appear.

Clothe thy hours in radiant beauty—
Beauties of the word and deed;
And along the path of duty,
Always scatter fruitful seed.

If thou would do good to others;
Sit not down and wonder how;
But regard them all as brothers,
And go forth and do it now.

MISCELLANY.

The Three Homes;
—OR—
THE MAGIC OF NEATNESS.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

It had been an uncommonly warm and sultry day, and as the cool air of evening swept onward and fanned the brows of the heated laborers, they, one, and all, thanked heaven that the toil of the day was over. But to none of the homeward bound did the evening breeze seem more refreshing than to three whose baskets of tools denoted then to be carpenters. At the entrance of the village where they lived, Jones, Yates, and Fields, seperasale. each to seek his own dwelling.

Nov. 24, 1855 as not a cleaner or neater a- ir than that awaiting the os. Not a speck of dust the windows; every article of furniture was polished till it shone like a mirror, fresh flowers breathed forth their fragrance from the chimney piece; a spotless cloth covered the little supper table, and Mrs. Jones and the children were as neat as it was possible to be.

Far different the scene which awaited Yates; his house was in disorder, and his wife absent. The last named evil was, however, soon remedied, for one of the children was dispatched in quest of his mother, who soon returned with her.

'You here, already Bill?" she exclaimed, rushing in breathlessly, in a dim, dusty gown; 'I had no idea it was so late. Light a fire, that's a good boy, and we'll have supper.'

'I am so tired, Mary, that I'd rather do without supper,' said Yates, throwing himself upon a seat.

Are you? Well, then, I'll make it;' and, as she hurried to light the fire, more than one piece of crockery was broken, which had for the time been put in the wrong place.

'Where have you been?' inquired Yates.

'Just next door to see poor Mrs. Browns sick baby.

'Mother has been gone ever since two,' chimed in a youngster.

'You abominable story teller, take that' and here the mother boxed the ears of the child.

Off went the child in a crying fit, and off went Mrs. Yates to prepare the supper. The children became cross and sleepy, and when tea was at last ready, she had to go up stairs and put to bed, and then returning, swallowed her own meal hastily, and putting aside the dirty plates, declared she must now go and wash.

'Wash!' exclaimed her husband in astonishment, 'I thought you were to do that yesterday!

'Well, so I meant; but Mrs. Brown came in and prevented me. And now I must wash, for neither I nor the children have a clean thing to put on.'

'So it seems,' said Yates, sarcastically.

'So it seems—indeed!' she cried angrily. 'I suppose you expect me to keep as clean and neat as if I kept twenty servants.'

'No, Mary,' said her husband gravely, 'I form no such extravagant notions; all I ask is that the hours I'm working to earn our bread, may be spent by you in a manner more profitable than gossiping; and so let me find a quiet and orderly house on my return, and a companion such as you used to be in the earlier days of our wedded life.

But the affectionate tone of the last words exercised no softening influence on the roused spirit of the indignant wife, and a quarrel ensued, which ended in Yates taking his hat and finding in a public house the comforts which he could not find in his own.

Meanwhile, Jones passed through his trim little garden, entered his pretty cottage home, and sitting down his basket seated himself by the window.

'O, Jones, you never wiped your feet when you came in,' was his wife's salutation when she entered the room.

'Well, my dear, if I did not, there could be no mud on them,' he said.

'No, but I'll be bound there's plenty of dust on them,' she retorted crossly, 'and you know how I hate dust. And here—Lord bless me, if your dirty basket ain't set down on the clean wax cloth. What is the use of my being a slave if this is the way you act?'

'But Nell, I'm so tired.'

'Tired, forsooth, and dont you think I get tired, working about all day as I do.'

'You are indeed a very industrious wife, Nell,' yet even as he spoke he sighed, for his home, though it was pleasant to look at, was very uncomfortable.

Mrs. Jones was a conscientious and industrious woman, and she esteemed it her duty to work hard for her husband and children. But she perceived not how far her spirit of house-worship interfered with her duties as a wife and mother. The latter demanded her house should be a home; the former that it should be an idol, and she bowed unresistingly down to the image she had herself set up, without once suspecting that the magic word 'home' was in her keeping but an empty sound. Her husband, when his hours of labor was over, felt as if he had fairly won a happy evening; but he was ever offending against her rules of propriety, and therefore betook himself to a public house, where he was an object of consideration, which he never was at home. And thus, though Mrs. Jones was considered a better wife than Mrs. Yates, they both by very different means accomplished one end—of driving from their homes domesticated husbands.

Fields, too, had gained his home—a neat little cottage, like those of his fellow workmen. Within all was clean and neat, and as orderly as the gambols of the children would permit, and the wife who advanced to meet him, was as neat a person as the eye could wish to rest upon.

'Well, Carrie,' cried Fields, gaily, 'here I am, tired and hungry, wanting my supper—do you mean to give me any?'

'Why, if you behave yourself I will,' she replied in the same tone, 'and it is all ready, you might as well have it now. I should think you needed it after so hot a day.

At length the comfortable though frugal meal was ended and the children put to bed, and then the little wife came gaily down stairs. Fields was weary, and had placed his feet upon a chair but no frown darkened Carrie's brow at the sight. On the contrary, she advanced good humoredly to his side, and inquired if she should go on with the book she had been reading the previous evening, or if he would rather chat while she worked. But the pleasure of listening to an interesting book was far greater to the weary man than of hearing the village gossip, and so Carrie read on till bed time.

Time passed on, and with it Mrs Yates grew more careless and fond of gossip, Mrs. Jones a more devoted house-slave, and their husbands, as a necessary consequence, grew more attached to ale-house company; while Carrie Fields pursued the even tenor of her way, contented, neat, cheerful and good-tempered; her house a haven of peace and happiness, to which her husband ever returned with pleasure, and herself most happy in making him so.

One day Carrie was busily engaged in weeding her little garden when Mrs. Yates passed by, and seeing her paused to 'chat a bit.'

'You have not seen the new cloak Fields brought me on my birth day,' said Carrie.

'No, I've not, but I'll come in now,' and Mrs. Yates entered.

'Upon my word, it's a pretty cloak; I wish I could afford such a one,' said Mrs. Yates. 'And how nice you have everything around you. I wish I could be so comfortable.'

'And why should you not?' said Carrie, 'your husband has the same wages as mine.'

'Ah! but your husband does not spend so much of his money at the public house.'

'No, he never enters it.'

'And yet when they were both married everybody said mine was the best match, because Yates was the steadiest man. I can't think how you manage to keep him at home.'

'By making it neat, clean and comfortable: by letting him find his supper waiting for him, and his wife and children ready to welcome him and keep him company.'

Mrs. Yates stood for a moment silent and self-convinced. She said little to Mrs. Fields, but bidding her soon "good-bye," sped home, resolving as she went that if her husbond's reformation depended on her, it should be set about without any delay.

That evening at the usual hour the three men returned to Bel-Air, Fields jesting on the way, for his heart was light, the others dull and weary, for they were exhausted by their day's work, and had no bright home-thoughts to cheer them. At length Yates parted from his companions and sauntered slowly homeward, knowing that however late he might be he was always too soon.

At last he reached his home, but stood still in astonishment, at the scene before him. The room was swept and dusted, everything had been put in its proper place, the supper ready and the children neat.

But the next moment his wife entered, and he knew his home again, for her own dress was a matter that amid all her reformations she had quite overlooked. But those she had effected sufficed for the time, for pleased with unwonted comfort, her husband remained contented at home.

A proud happy woman that night was Mrs. Yates. She looked upon the victory as already gained, and great was her disappointment when on the following evening Yates went to the public house. The next morning she took her way to Mrs. Field's cottage to communicate to her the hopes and fears of the last two days.

"You must not be down hearted," said Carrie, 'only go on in the way you have begun, and before long your husband will sit home of an evening as happy and contented as mine does.'

"Do you think so?' said Mrs. Yates, wiping away the tears.

"To be sure I do," said Carrie, gaily, 'and now I tell you what I'll do; I'll lend you a book, read a little to him of an evening, and when it is ended you shall have another.'

'Thank you,' said Mrs. Yates and departed. Carrie looked after her for a moment, and then calling her back exclaimed:

"Whatever you do, Mrs. Yates, don't forget to put on a clean gown before evening."

Mrs. Yates took her advice—she read the book and it answered exceedingly.—Carrie had proved a true prophet, and at the end of a year or two both seemed reformed, and were as happy and peaceful in their neat little cottage as any couple in Bell Air.

Meanwhile months came and went and brought no spell upon their wings for Jone's happiness. One evening there had been the usual display of great anger for little sins, when Jones, weary of the share that fell upon himself, pushed back the chair, and rising, turned to leave the house

'And now,' obserded Mrs. Jones, drily 'I suppose because you are not allowed to make everything in a mess, you are going to the public house to spend your money."

'No,' replied he, 'I am going down to Yates'."

'To Yates',' replied his wife contemptuously, 'truly you have good tasth to chose a dirty house like that.'

'Mrs. Yates does not keep a dirty house now; it is as neat and clean as any one may need to see,' replied Jones, 'and what is more she lets her husband live in peace and quietness and good temper.'

Peace, quietness and good temper.—How these words echoed to Mrs. Jones' ears long after husband had left the house. Yet peace, quietness and good temper, conscience whispered to her, were not to be found in her dwelling. There was an error somewhere she had always been used to ascribe it wholly to her husband, but could it be possible that it existed as much, perhaps more, in herself?

Mrs. Jones took counsel of none save her own conscience, but in the end they guided her aright though painful indeed were the efforts made so follow their dictates, and much it cost her to sacrifice even in part the habits which had grown upon her until they almost seemed a part of herself. But time and good intentions on both sides brought back the peace and happiness which seemed to have deserted their dwelling, and at length the faces within grew as bright as the tables which were ready to mirror them; for the neatest cottage in Bell Air became one of its cheerful and best loved homes.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

FROM THE "WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS."

Mr. Crane.—"Well, widder, I've been thinking about taking another companion—and I thought I'd ask you—"

Widow.—"Oh, Mr. Crane, egscuse my commotion—it's so onexpected. Jest hand me that are bottle of camfire off the mantletry shelf—I'm ruther faint—do put a little mite on my hankercher and hold it to my nuz. There—that'll dew—I'm obliged tew ye—now I'm ruther more composed—you may perceed Mr. Crane.'

Mr. Crane.—"Well, widow, I was a-going to ask you whether—whether—"

Widow. "Continner, Mr. Crane, dew, I know it's terrible embarrassing'. I remember when my dezeased husband made his suppositions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I s'pose its gineraly the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me—you see they are ginerally concerting about what kind of an answer they are agwine to git, and it kind o' makes em narvous. When individdiwal has reason to suppose his attachment reciprocated, I don't see what need there is o' being flustrated—though I must say it's quite embarrassing to me—pray continner."

Mr. C.—"Well, then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Melissy?"

Widow.—"The dragoon!"

Mr. C.—"I haint said anything to her about it yet—thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Trypheny, we were engaged some time before mother Kenipe knew anything about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out because I didn't go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll do it right this time, and speak to the old woman first—"

Wvdow.—"Old woman, hey! that's a purty name to call me!—amazin' perlite! Want Melissy, hey! Tribbleation! gracious sakes alive! well, I'll give it up now! I always knowed you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I must confess I dident think you was quite so big a fool—want Melissy, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlastin' old calf you must be to s'pose she'd look at you Why, you are old enough to be her father and more tew—Melissy aint only in her twenty-oneth year. What a reediculous idee for a man of your age! as gray as a rat, tew! I wonder what this world is a-comin' tew; 'tis astonishin' what fools old widdiwers will make o' themselves! Have Melissy! Melissy!"

Mr. C.—"Why, widder, you surprise me—I'd no idee of being treated in this way after you'd been so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls."

Widow. "Shet you head, Tim Crane; nun o' your sass to me. There's yer hat on that are table, and here's the door, and the sooner ye put on one and march out the other, the better it'll be for you.—And I advise you afore you try to git married agin, to go out west and see 'f yer wife's cold—and arter ye are satisfied on that pint, just put a little lampblack on yer hair—'t would add to your appearance ondoubtedly and be of sarvice to you when you want to flourish round among the gals—and when you've got your hair fixt, just splinter the spine o' yer back—'twouldn't hurt yer looks a mite—you'd be interely unresistable if you was a little grain straighter."

Mr. C. "Well, I never!"

Widow. "Hold your tongue—you consarned old coot you—I tell you there's yer hat and there's the door—be off with yerself, quick metre, or I'll give ye a hyst with the broom stick."

Mr. C. "Gimmeni!"

Widow, rising.—"Git out, I say—I ain't a gwine to stan here and be insulted under my own ruff—and so—git along—and if ever you darken my door agin, or say a word to Melissy, it'll be woss for you—that's all."

Mr. C. "Treemenjous! what a buster!

Widow. "Go long—go long—go long; you everlastin' old gum. I won't hear another word (stops her ears.) I wont, I won't, I won't" [Exit Mr. Crane.]

THE RACES OF MEN.

Whatever opinion we may adopt in reference to the much mooted question of the original unity or diversity of the human races, the fact that strongly-marked differences now exist, rendering divisions and a classification nescessary, is obvious. Blumenbach makes five grand divisions or races—the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopic, the American and the Malay races.

The Caucasian Race.—This is the leading branch of the human family. It is remarkable for physiological developments, personal beauty, and intellectual superiority. We find in it the farthest remove from the animal brain, features and hair. Its progress in literatuae, science and the arts has left all the other races far behind. The chief families of this race are the 'Caucasians proper,' the 'Germanic,' the 'Celtic,' the 'Arablan,' the 'Lybyan,' the 'Nilotic,' and the 'Hindostanee.'

The Mongolian Race.—In physiological character, as well as intellect, this race is very decidedly inferior to the Caucasian. The Mongolians, embracing the Mongul Tartars, the Turks, the Chinese and the Polar tribes, are distinguished by long, black and straight hair, scanty board, olive-colored skin, black eyes, short, broad nose, broad, flat cheek-bones oblong and flattened skull, and low forehead.

The Ethiopic Race.—This race embraces the *Negroes* of Central Africa, the *Caffres* and *Hottentots* of South Africa, the *Australians* and *Icetanders* of the Indian Archipelgo and the Pacific Ocean. The physical characteristics are too well known in this country to require description. In disposition they are easy, indolent, cheerful, sympathetic, confiding, obsequious, fond of sensual pleasure and gaudy attire, and exceedingly improvident. In intellect this race varies much, but a majority of its tribes rank very low, though exceptional individuals have occasionally exhibited a good deal of talent.

The American Race.—The American race embraces most of the *Indian tribes*, which formerly inhabited North and South America. The Indians are generally of a reddish brown or copper color, but vary considerably in complexion. Their hair is long, straight and black, beard deficient eyes black and deep-set, cheek bones high skull small and high at the crown, features rough, form well developed and symmetrical. They are sedate, proud, firm, brave, revengeful, and exceedingly slow in acquiring the arts of civilization.

The Malay Race.—The Malays have tawny or dark brown skin, coarse, black hair, large months, broad and low foreheads, and low topheads. They exhibit considerable intellectual capacity, but their moral character is very low. They inhabit Borneo, Java, the Phillippine Islands, New Zealand, the Polynesian Island and a part of Madagascar.

This subject opens a wide field for discussion and illustration, and may profitably receive our attention in future numbers.

Sentimentalism.—Miss Swisshelm, in noticing the publication of a new love story says:—

,'All that stuff about woman's love has been said over and over again a hundred thousand times, to the great detriment of the best interests of humanity. There is no kind of necesity for using the press to persuade silly girls that it is very remontic and womanly to love a scoundrel—to leave her affections unguarded by reason or experience, and drift helplessly into sin, shame and dispair, as an evidence of her unsuspecting womanhood.

"It is not true that woman's affections are any stronger or more endurable than man's. We think the opposite is the case and that two thirds of all the women who pine away or die of love, do so for the want of something better to do. Everything calculated to make love-sickness a feminine acquirement is a great injury; but to strew the path of the suicide with the flowers of poesy and romance, in a high degree reprehensible.

"The best motto to guard young girls through the mazes of love is, 'Do right, and trust in God.' A young girl who has done no wrong, has little cause to mourn over the fickleness of a pretended lover. Better he should change his mind before than after marriage."

This is the best piece of common sense we have ever heard uttered on the subject.

House Surgeon—'Ah, by the way there is Higgin' case; there has been a slight mistake, it was the sound leg cut off?'—Visiting Surgeon—'It's of no consequence we can cure t'other—so it comes to the same thing.'

SALT FOR ANIMALS.

Professor Simonds, Veterinary Inspector to the Royal Agricultural Society, observes, in relation to the action of salt on the animal economy, that 'it is exceedingly beneficial in moderate quantities, but prejudicial in large ones." He thought horses might take with advantage from an ounce and a half to two ounces of salt daily; but that an excess of it would renanimals weak, debilitated and unfit for exertion. Similar facts were also applicable to oxen, which accumulate flesh faster by the judicious use of salt than without it. He cited Arthur Young, and Sir John Sinclair, to show that salt had a tendency to prevent the rot in sheep.—Prof. S. added as his own opinion, that salt, by its action on the liver, and the supply of soda it yielded to the bile, led to a greater amount of nutriment being derived from the food. The substance, he said, was also well known as a vermifuge, destroying many kind of worms in the intestines of animals, and conferring a healthy tone of action which prevented their re-occurrence. Several members of the R. A. Society, as Col. Challoner, and Mr. Fisher Hobbs, stated that their experience led them to agree with Prof. Simonds in regard to the value of salt for animals. In referring to the mode of giving it, the practice of placing large lumps of rock salt in fields or yards where it was accessible to the stock, was mentioned with approbation. This practice is now adopted by many farmers in this country, and after several years' trial, is preferred to the former mode of giving salt periodically. When animals are only allowed to have salt once or twice a week, it is sometime the case that they eat too much at once, but by having it constantly in their reach, they eat such quantities as their systems require, and ft assists the digestion, and promotes health and thrift.

☞ Two Irishmen on landing in this country, and sitting down to their first dinner on shore, found on the table a dish of prepared mustard, which neither of them had happened to meet before. One of them took a spoonful on a venture, which quickly brought a deluge of tears over his face.

'What are you crying for," asked his companion.

'I was crying at the recollection of my poor father, who was hung twenty years ago.'

The dinner proceeded, and soon the other made a dip into the mustard, with a result similar to the former.

'What are you crying for?' was the grave inquiry of his comrade.

'I am crying because you were not hung when your father was.'

Old Bachelor.—What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerful house and his rueful phiz, on a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow, and the earth is covered with a foot of snow.

When his fire is out, and shivering in dread, he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. How he draws up his toes, all encased in yarn hoes, and he buries his nose 'neath the chilly bedclothes that his nose and his toes still encaseb in yarn hoes, may not chadee to get froze.

Then he pufis and he blows, and says that he knows no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes, and with ah's! and with oh's! and with limbs so disposed, that neither his toes nor his nose may be froze to his slumbers in silence the bacheler goes.

The Parson and the Farmer.—An honest bluff farmer meeting the parson of the parish in a bye-lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erect chest, told him that "he was better fed than taught."

"Very true, indeed, sir," replied the farmer, "for you teach me, and I feed myself."

☞ A Vermout editor gives this advice to ladies:—"When you have a man to the sticking point—that is, when he proposes—don't turn away your head or affect a blush, or refer him to pa, or ask more time. All those tricks are understood now; but just look him right in the face, give him a hearty smack, and tell him to order the furniture.

A Victim of Confidence.—A fellow on the race course was staggering about with more liquor than he could carry.

'Hallo, what's the matter now?' said a chap whom the inebriated individual had just run against.

'Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes.'

Improper Treatment of one's Grand Mother.—Longfellow in his Hiawatha, speakr of a "warrior, very angry," who

"Seized his grand-mother and threw her
Up idto the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there!"

The horrid wretch, to treat his grand maternal parent thus!

☞ Mrs. Partington says a gentleman laughed so heartily, that she feared [illegible] bust his *jocular* vein.