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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing Two DOLLARS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

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Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

THE DYING WIFE.

Though many a sorrow-stricken heart will bleed afresh and many a manly eye grow dim with tears, over the remembrances of a reality which the following beautiful lines will awaken, no one, we are sure, will blame us for publishing them:

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
Let me feel her sweet warm breath;
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure—
Scarcely given e'er I go—
Feel her rosy dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,
But a blessed shore appears;
Kneel beside me, husband dearest,
Let me kiss away thy tears.
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive from midnight until day,
It may leave an angel's blessing
When it vanishes away.

If a cherub call thee "Father!"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first born! Oh, my husband!
Turn not from the motherless.
Tell her sometimes of her mother—
You may call her by my name!
Shield her from the winds of sorrow;
If she errs, oh! gently blame.

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping;
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets,
When my voice in blessings falls.
Her soft, black eyes will brighten
And shall wonder whence it came;
In her heart, when years pass o'er her,
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal
Walks between two angels here;
One records the ills, but blots it,
If before the midnight drear
Man repenteth—if uncanceled,
Then he seals it for the skies;
And the right hand angel weepeth,
Bowing low with veiled eyes.

I will be her right-hand angel,
Sealing up the good for Heaven;
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeeds unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband,
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod?
Oh, love the jewel to us given,
As I love thee—next to God.

GENIUS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—Corneille did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, said, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village and a great city." Addison was unable to converse in company. Virgil was heavy colloquially. La Fontaine was coarse and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke said of Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so timid that he never ventured to speak in public. Dryden said that he was unfit for company. Hence it has been remarked, Mediocrity can *talk*—it is for genius to *observe.*"

A VETERAN OF OLD TIMES.—The Hon. John Cramer, the only N. Y. Elector surviving, that voted for Jefferson, attended a war meeting last week in Waterford, and spoke:

"It pained him to reflect upon the present position of Virginia, a State that had given to the world some of the noblest and purest statesmen, warriors and patriots that have ever lived. If tears could be shed in Heaven, he felt that the spirits of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Henry would weep as they looked down and behold the sad degeneracy of those who now represent her sentiments."

INTERESTING CALCULATION.—A Yankee is a calculating institution, and nothing comes along that he does not subject to the ordel of figures in some way. The last instance that has come under our observation is the following, which occurs in the course of some editorial speculation upon the comet. "It's tail is at least six millions of miles in length. To grease that tail, it is estimated, would use up a basin of fat as large as Lake Erie and give constant employment to 50,000 daubers for ten years.

My Two Friends who Married.

BY MARGARET.

During the past year two of my young friends were married; and the different ways in which they have begun the world are so suggestive, that I will bring them before the reader. My young friends are daughters of two of our citizens, in moderate circumstances, yet living in a very comfortable way, and enjoying not a few luxuries. In fact, the families to which they belong, are of that genteel class of people who live quite up to their income. The daughters, in these families, were educated with ideas of life, quite beyond the ability of any men with moderate means to sustain; and yet, they all looked forward to marriage and domestic establishments. The gentlemen who visited them were clerks, or young professional men, who had their fortunes to make.—Few of these were bold enough to think seriously of matrimony, except as a thing remote in the future; that is, after they had realized the fortunes they hoped to gain, and by means of which they could support a modern domestic establishment.

One of my young friends was named Florence Lee. Her hand had been sought by Edward Marks, whom I knew very well as a person always handsomely dressed on the street or in company, and of very pleasant manners, though superficial. He was clerk in a wholesale store on Market street, and received a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. I called to see Florence a few weeks before her marriage. Her thoughts were full of the approaching change, but her mind did not realize its nature, nor the responsibilities it involved, in any adequate degree.

"Do you go to housekeeping?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she replied.

"Have you selected a house?"

"Yes; and where do you think it is?"

"In this neighborhood?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Edward has taken one of those nice houses on Green street. You've seen them, with the little gardens and iron railings in front."

"What is the rent?" I asked, gravely, for the declaration took me by surprise.

"Five hundred dollars, I think Edward said."

It was not for me to object; so I said nothing, as I could not approve of the payment of five hundred dollars, out of a salary of twelve hundred.

I went away feeling rather sober for my friend. No practical common sense ideas seemed to have penetrated her mind, and I could not help feeling that the young man whom she was about to marry, had as little forethought as herself. It was plain, that he was of those, who are ambitious to begin life in the style of men who have fought their way up to competence through a long series of years.

The other friend to whom I have referred—her name was Lucy Bell—was engaged to a young physician, Dr. Ellwood. The Doctor had been in practice about three years, and his prospects were encouraging. Outside of his practice which yielded him a thousand dollars, he had an income of about three hundred. I saw Lucy frequently before her marriage, and one day asked her in regard to her future prospects, putting the same question I had asked of Florence.

"Do you go to housekeeping?"

"Yes;" was her smiling answer. "The Doctor has rented three rooms in the house where he has his office, and we shall live there. He has laid up five hundred dollars, and we can furnish handsomely on this and have something over."

"What will be your rent for the rooms?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars. The Dr. pays a hundred for his office in the basement; so the whole rent for office and dwelling will be only two hundred and fifty dollars; which will not be extravagant."

"No," I answered. "You and the Doctor cannot be charged with that sin. For one, I commend your prudence. It is much easier to begin in an humble way, and rise gradually, as means increase, to a higher position. But to commence life wish a dash, and then have the mortification of a break-up and a come-down, is by no means agreeable or creditable. I'm glad to find one sensible couple in this day of blind folly and extravagance. Live for right and duty, and not for the eyes of silly people.

My two young friends were married in due time, and each began the world in her own way—one fashionably, and for her position, extravagantly; to be seen and remarked upon—the other, sensibly and prudently, regarding life as real and earnest. Months passed, and I visited them occasionally. Last week I called on both Florence and Lucy. The house of Florence had been furnished at the cost of not less than two thousand dollars. As Marks belonged to that class of showy young men who spend as fast as they earn, it is presumable that he had very little laid up on his wedding day. The inference was fair, that in furnishing after this style, he had gone in debt. Florence kept two servants to take care of this house, while she lived an idle life. She talked of the opera, amusements, dress, party giving and party going, as if they were life's highest aims.

During my call, which was near dinner time, her husband came in. He did not look so cheerful as when I last saw him. The smile faded more quickly around his mouth; his eyes fell from mine as I looked at him steadily, with something troubled in their expression. Florence seemed to observe this dullness in her husband's countenance, I thought, and a shadow came over her face.

"No wonder," I said to myself, "you have obtained, but you cannot enjoy; the cost of all this elegance is too great. You, Edward, know well that this cannot last. How strange that one of your age and observation should have committed so fatal a mistake!"

I remained but a few minutes after Edward's return, and went away feeling sad at heart for the error my young friends had committed—an error so destructive of happiness. Like thousands around them, they had let regard for external appearances, instead of right considerations, determine their actions; and already the fine gold of their life was dimmed. They had a house, but not a home. There was beauty around them, but no tranquility in their hearts. They had committed the great mistake of trying to bring the world's spirit into their home, instead of shutting out the world, and treating it rather as an alien than a friend and confidant.

A day or two afterwards I called on Lucy. She still occupied the two rooms in which her married life began. Plain, but very neat and tasteful, was everything around her. I found her sewing, and as she lifted her eyes on my entrance, the sweet tranquility of her face touched my spirit almost like a benediction.

"Still in your modest home," I said.—"You and the Doctor are not ambitious."

"Ambitious of what?" she answered, as she held my hand and looked at me with a gentle smile.

"Ambitious of an establishment. It isn't the way of the world, now-a-days, for young married people to hide themselves away in a couple of rooms, as you and the Doctor are doing. Why don't you take a large house, furnish it handsomely, and give parties? That's the modern style. Young people begin now, as to expenses, where their parents leave off. There are not many young ladies who would consent to be cooped up in this way."

"I am a wife," was her quiet, firm answer, "and love my husband. I did not marry the world, and therefore owe it no allegiance. It has no right to say to me, 'set up a fine establishment and run your husband into debt,' and, therefore, I do not heed its injunction. If it turns from me, well; I can do without its favors, if they are to be had only at this cost. My husband's interest and peace of mind are more to me than all the world has power to give."

"Well answered, Lucy," I replied, "you have begun right and will have your reward. A handsome establishment is a poor compensation for a husband in debt. He can have no true enjoyment of life; is exposed to temptation; while care, anxiety and fear, too often extinguish love. I pity most young men who marry now-a-days, for they do not get soul-companions and helpers in the way of life, but drags and burdens; and they too often fall in the way, overwhelmed by misfortunes which prudence, economy, and denial of pride would have avoided."

The lesson is for you fair maidens and youth. If true love be in your hearts, marry; but marry for yourselves, and not for the world. If you would be happy and prosperous, begin life according to your means, and let the world think and say just what it pleases. In any case, people will think better of you for doing right than for doing wrong; for being prudent instead of extravagant; modest and retiring instead of emulous in fashionable display. So take, I pray you, the lesson to heart, that it may be well, and not ill with you, in the time to come.

THE FRENCH MODE OF GRAFTING.—The French are practising a new method of grafting, a knowledge of which may prove valuable to American horticulturists, inasmuch as it can be performed at any season of the year when the sound, matured buds can be had, whether the sap is in a flowing state or not. It is performed by removing a small piece of bark and wood, leaving a smooth and flat surface, to which a similar piece containing the bud which is to form the tree is fitted, which is sealed over immediately with collodion. This forms a strong, impervious cuticle, which secures a free circulation of the sap on the approach of warm weather, and a perfect union of the parts.

THE FRUITS OF WAR.—The withdrawal of large masses of people from productive labor and put to work destroying property and fighting, necessarily diminishes the national wealth. When Frederick the Great, of Prussia, was contending with Austria for the possession of Silesia, he said that he would fight as long as there was a potato in the kingdom, and Macaulay says that he did fight till the great mass of the people had nothing to eat but potatoes, and every private fortune in the country was destroyed. Lewis XVII too kept France at war with combined Europe till the very nobles were reduced to a diet of black bread, and numbers of the people died of starvation.

AT A BANQUET, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to one of his courtiers, "What is that which did not come last year, and will not come this year?" A distressed officer, starting up, said, "It certainly must be our arrears of pay." The king was so diverted, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his pay.

Interview between the President and Hon. Garrett Davis, of Kentucky.

The Hon. Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, who recently visited Washington for the purpose of consulting with the President and other members of the Government in reference to the national troubles, furnishes the Louisville Journal with a lengthy account of his interview with President Lincoln, from which we make the subjoined extracts:

I found the President frank and calm, but decided and firm. He expressed deep concern and regret for the existing condition of public affairs, and his hope that there would yet be a restoration of the Union, and peace and amity among all the States. He remarked that neither he nor any other President who had been elected by a party, could administer the Government in exact accordance with his own opinions and judgment, but must make some departure to satisfy those who had placed him in power. That, before the Carolinians had made their attack on Fort Sumter, he had decided not to reinforce its garrison, but merely and only to supply its handful of famishing men with food, and that he had distinctly communicated these purposes to the authorities of the Southern Confederation. That he had also determined that until the meeting of Congress he would make no attempt to retake the forts, &c., belonging to the U. States, which had been unlawfully seized and wrested from their possession, but would leave the then existing state of things to be considered and acted upon by Congress, unless he should be constrained to depart from that purpose by the continued military operations of the seceded States.

The President further said that events had now reached a point when it must be decided whether our system of federal government was only a league of sovereign and independent States, from which any State could withdraw at pleasure, or whether the Constitution formed a government invested with strength and powers sufficient to uphold its own authority, and to enforce the execution of the laws of Congress. That he had no doubt of the latter proposition, and he intended to make it good in the administration of the government to the extent that he should be sustained by the people of the U. States.

He remarked, also, that he had expected all the States, upon which he had made a requisition for military aid to enable him to execute the laws, to respond to that call, and particularly the State of Kentucky, which had been so loyal to the Union and faithful in the performance of all her duties. That he greatly regretted she had not acted up to the principle of her great statesmen now no more, and for which she cast her vote in the late presidential election, "the Union, the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws."

That he intends to make no attack, direct or indirect, upon the institutions or property of any State; but, on the contrary, would defend them to the full extent with which the Constitution and laws of Congress have vested the President with the power. And that he did not intend to invade with an armed force, or make any military or naval movement against any State unless she or her people should make it necessary by a formidable resistance of the anthority and the laws of the United States.

PAY OF THE TROOPS.—The following, says the Harrisburg Patriot, gives the rate of pay allowed in the army of the United States to which the militia is entitled when called into service.

	Per month.
Colonel,	$218 00
Lieutenant Colonel,	194 00
Major,	175 00
Captain,	118 50
First Lieutenant,	108 50
Second Lieutenant,	103 50
Brevet Second Lieutenant,	103 50
First, or Orderly Sergeant,	29 00
Other Sergeants,	27 00
Corporals,	22 00
Privates,	20 00
Musicians,	21 00

Officers are required to provide their own uniforms and equipments, but the men are clothed and armed by the Government.

GARIBALDI ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—*The Hero of Sicily Deprecates Disunion.*—Mr. Edwin C. Bull, of New York, has received an autograph letter from Garibaldi, which is as follows:

GENOA, April 3, 1861.

It is indeed painful to my heart to observe that while the Italians are using every endeavor to reunite themselves, the Americans, hitherto united, are working equally hard to separate. Try to avoid it. Your great people, like those of Rome, ought to understand that its mission is to form one great family from the North to the South. Do so, and you will be blessed by men and God. Yours, G. GARIBALDI.

BALLOONS FOR THE ARMY.—Two balloons have been sent to Washington by order of Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island. They are in charge of an experienced ærial voyager, and will be used, when necessary, under the orders of General Scott.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION IN KENTUCKY.—Governor Magoffin has issued a proclamation ordering the election of Kentucky Representatives to Congress, on the 30th day of June.

THE TRUE QUESTION.

No part of the labors of disorganizers so manifestly displays the animus of the party—if it may be called a party—as their persistent effort to ignore the main issue. If they can succeed in getting up a discussion upon any one of the multitudinous side questions, they accomplish their principal object, which is to divert attention from the enormous interests involved in the maintenance of the Union. The leaders in this work of national destruction proceed systematically, and display an ingenuity worthy of a better cause. At first they tell us that there is no longer a Union, and that we cling to a shadow when the substance has departed. The Ordinance of Secession in South Carolina—with which the play opened—was, according to their showing, the annihilation of American Nationality, and the succeeding acts of the other withdrawing States were but superabundant proofs of the fact—so many blows or stabs bestowed upon a defunct carcase. Society was already resolved into its original elements, and the Gulf States passed their formal declarations more for the purpose of preserving their own identity in the midst of the general chaos than for the purpose of proclaiming their separationfrom a Government already destroyed.

The next step is to assure us that we have lost nothing in parting with what we have called the Union. As for nationality, the thing is a myth. There has never been a nation on this continent, but merely a compact between little sovereignties. If the Old World has been deluded and befooled into the recognition of a "first class Power on this side of the Atlantic, it is no business of ours. The treaties existing between us and the rest of the world do not bind the individual members of the Confederation one moment longer than may suit the convenience of any one of them. What we have been accustomed to call the United States Government was in fact an irresponsible agency, and France and England should have discovered long ago that they were to treat with Massachusetts and South Carolina separately if they expected their treaties to be binding.

It is scarcely worth while to answer such tomfoolery as this. No part of the argument will hold water, and yet just such reasoning has been gravely put forth by men claiming to be statesmen. The first proposition is that we have never had a birthright; and the second is that it would have been worthless if we had really inherited it.

Suppose we admit all that the Revolutionists claim—what do we gain? If we have no Government *in* the Union—what have we to fall back upon? We will be infinitely worse off if we cast in our lot with the Confederated States, because they have never been acknowledged anywhere outside of their own limits. It may be very fine to proclaim ourself a distinct power in the earth, but the proclamation does no good if nobody will listen to it.

Our own good old State is the most unfortunate of all. If she should cast off her present moorings she is to drift about in an unknown sea without compass, chart or rudder. She cannot go with the withdrawing States, because she has no security against a second exodus that may leave her more helpless and more poverty-stricken than ever. She has to decide to abide by the remnant of a Union in which there is some show of power and legal authority, or she has to bear the brunt of all the battle. On one side there is liberty regulated by law—on the other, either anarchy or despotism. If Maryland is not a portion of the American Union she is a subdued province without a history of any sort, and without any elements out of which a future history may be constructed. She has to make the choice, and there is but one alternative: either to remain a Commonwealth in the Union—or to be nothing.—*Baltimore American.*

AGAINST SECESSION.—Thomas H. Clay, of Kentucky, son of Henry Clay, has addressed a letter to the citizens of Fayette county, reviewing the action of the Confederates and denouncing secession. He says that Kentucky has one hundred millions in slave property which would be destroyed by Secession and the establishment of a foreign border on the North. He advises a conference of the Border States for the purpose of combining to maintain a neutrality.

THE WAR CONTRIBUTIONS.—The New York Herald says:

The Common Council has voted a million and a half of dollars for this purpose, the Board of Supervisors a quarter of a million, and private subscriptions to the amount of $390,000 have already been contributed in this city alone—making a total of $2,140,000—not a mere loan, but a free gift to the Government without interest or return of principal. Throughout the entire North, up to this time, not less than eleven millions of dollars have thus been contributed.

WE now see the first results of secession—bankruptcy, ruin, want, hunger. These are but the beginning. Next in order will come burning houses, sacked cities, and fields and streets wet and red with the blood of human victims.—*Prentice.*

TRUE greatness consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing that which deserves to be read, and in making mankind happier and better for your life.

WHAT IS MARTIAL LAW?

At the present crisis the significance of a term so much used, and with so little accurate sense of its meaning, becomes unusually important.

Bouvier defines martial law, as "a code established for the government of the army and navy of the United States," whose principal rules are to be found in the articles of war, prescribed by act of Congress. But Chancellor Kent says this definition applies only to *military* law, while martial law is quite a distinct thing, and is founded on paramount necessity, and proclaimed by a military chief. Martial law is generally and vaguely held to be a suspension of all ordinary civil rights and process, and as such approximates closely to a military despotism. It is an arbitrary law originating in emergencies. In times of extreme peril to the State, either from without or from within, the public welfare demands extraordinary measures. And martial law being proclaimed, signifies that the operation of the ordinary legal delays of justice is suspended by the military power, which has for the time become supreme.

It suspends the operation of the writ of *habeas corpus;* enables persons charged with treason to be summarily tried by court martial instead of grand jury; justifies searches and seizure of private property, and the taking possession of public highways and other means of communication. Involving the highest exercise of sovereignty, it is of course capable of great abuse, and is only to be justified on emergencies of the most imperative and perilous nature.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

The following are said to be as successful as anything known for the cure of the diseases for which they are recommended:

COLDS.—For a sudden appearance of a cold, cut a lemon or two in slices, and pour on boiling; if chilly, go to bed and sip it while hot, continuing to drink it, eating nothing until relieved. This is to be used without sugar, and is an excellent preventive as well as remedy.

SORE THROAT.—For the *first symptoms* of sore throat, swallow one drop or more of spirits of camphor, and immediately inhale strongly from the vial until irritation is produced, and relief will be immediate.

HOARSENESS.—Before retiring for the night take a glass of hot lemonade, with a teaspoonful of gum arabic dissolved in it.

FOR COLD IN THE HEAD.—A teaspoonful of tincture of Guiac will give relief at once. This dose may be doubled without evil effect; a headache arising from a cold is cured immediately.

For spasmodic irritation in the throat, producing coughing and a distressing tickling, simple sweetened water is an excellent remedy.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—Among the many diseases that humanity is heir to, there are scarcely any which, in violent pain and acute suffering, rival the toothache. And yet, so far as we are able to judge, though the affection is common to all, but few are aware of the fact that other remedies exist besides the extraction of the tooth. The following, for instance, will prove invaluable in the relief of this torment: Take equal quantities of alum and common salt, pulverize and mix them and apply them to the hollow tooth on a wet piece of cotton. The remedy is very simple, very cheap, and within the reach of all. If any one will try it, it will be found infallible.

A HINT TO MEDICINE TAKERS.—If any person who is obliged to take offensive medicine, would first take a bit of alum into the mouth, the medicine could then be taken with as much ease as though it were so much sugar.

LAMPAS IN COLTS.—A writer in the "Journal of Agriculture" recommends to wash the mouth with a weak solution of alum, and the lampas will never trouble colts. The practice of burning the bars is an unnecessary barbarity which should never be countenanced.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—In the *Irish Gardener's Magazine* it is stated not only that dedoction of the leaves of the camomile will destroy insects, but that nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of the plants dispersed thro' it. No green-house or hot house should be without it in a green or dried state; either the stalks or flowers will answer. It is a singular fact that if a plant is drooping, and apparently dying, in nine cases of ten it will recover if you place a plant of camomile near it.

A "CRACK" REGIMENT.—Colonel Pettigrew, of Charleston, is raising a regiment of mounted riflemen for service in Virginia. It is composed wholly of picked men, each member being required to furnish horse and equipments. The regiment will be specially pitted, it is said, against the famous "Seventh" of New York.

"MY MOTTO," says John Jacob Astor, "through life has been, work and advertise. In business, advertising is the philospher's stone that turns whatever it touches into gold. I have advertised much, and for every one hundred dollars invested in this way I have realized thousands.

MRS. PARTINGTON says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers "bile their water on shore." In her opinion, "all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board."