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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.

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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.

SONG OF THE UNION.

BY A LADY OF CAMBRIDGE, MD.

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.
The rocket's red glare, and bombs bursting in the air,
Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there,
O say, does the Star Spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

Thus sung a brave band, in their glory and might,
When the long weary watch was relieved by the morning,
And the grey mists, dispersing, revealed to their sight,
The flag of their *country*, the ramparts adorning.
'Twas the emblem of Union, the emblem of strength,
And proudly they gazed on its shadowy length,
With the hope that their banner, forever might wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And thus it has been, through a vista of years,
We may look on our country with fond admiration,
Not a spot to dishonor their memory appears,
No blemish to tarnish our name as a nation,—
The banner they planted on fortress and hill,
Through the long lapse of ages is floating there still,
The *Star-Spangled Banner* our forefathers gave,
To o'er shadow the home of the free and the brave.

But now this bright banner, so dear to their hearts,
Is threatened, alas, with a foul desecration,
And the stars and the stripes, once our pride and our boast,
No longer may float o'er an unsullied nation
Woe, woe to our country, when recreant hand
May pluck from its standard the badge of our land,
O, fanatics falter,—and still let it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

What son of our Union, the queen of the world,
One jot from its once happy soil would divide?
Or who, with the flag of his country unfurled,
Could e'er plant a disunion banner beside?
Misguided the heart, to temptation would yield,
And blot the first star from the azure blue field,
The STAR SPANGLED BANNER!! long, long may it wave,
O'er the land of Columbus, the home of the brave.

O, woman, to you it is given to guard
The spot where the bones of our Washington rest,
Let the foot of dissension ne'er sully the swan,
Nor the flag of disunion o'er shadow his breast.
May the country he fought for, the country he won,
Still bask in the pure light of freedom's warm sun,
And the Star-Spangled Banner increasingly wave
O'er his last lone asylum—our Washington's grave.

Let us cling to the Union, our anchor and rock,
Let us cling to our standard whatever betide us,
If tempests beat o'er us we'll weather the shock
For our pulses leap high with our banner beside us,
From the East, from the West, from the South, from the North,
Let the friends of the Union come gallantly forth,
And the "Star Spangled Banner" shall yet proudly wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE WAY DESERTERS ARE PUNISHED.—At the St. Louis Arsenal, says a St. Louis paper, the deserters from the service are punished by mounting them on a tall hobby horse, nine or ten feet high, coming to a point at the top about four inches wide. The men sit on these and ride there from daylight till night, saving and excepting a rest of half an hour for breakfast, an hour for dinner, and half an hour for supper. The exercise, it may be judged, is not pleasant. The "horses" are not provided with saddles, and the seats not as "soft as downy pillows are." Some of the sinning equestrians manage to tuck their coat tails under them for relief, but others, alas! wear roundabouts. A sentinel is stationed to prevent the riders from dismounting, and to hand them up water whenever they get thirsty.

Speech of Reverdy Johnson.

The Ladies of Frederick, a short time since, presented the "Home Guard" of that city with a National flag. The Hon. Reverdy Johnson made the presentation address, in a speech of great eloquence, reviewing briefly the causes of secession, and predicting its utter failure in the end. We make the following extracts:

But to my mind one thing is certain.—The Government, by no single act of its own, has given cause for resistance to its rightful authority. The powers which it was exercising at the moment when rebellion began to muster its "armies of pestilence" were clearly conferred upon it by the Constitution. And if the Executive, then just legally chosen, had meditated any illegal policy, the friends of constitutional rights were numerous enough in Congress, had they all remained at their posts, as they were bound to do by their oaths and their duty to the holy cause of Constitutional Government, successfully and peacefully to have thwarted it.

The truth is, and I regret sincerely to believe it, that fear of a violation of Southern rights was with the prompters of the rebellion but a pretence.

What they have done and are still doing at the sacrifice of the nation's welfare, and of the welfare of their own section, exciting every nerve to accomplish, was and is but to retain official power, which they fancied was passing from them. Look at the usurped Government at Montgomery. The mention of names is unnecessary—they are destined to an unhappy immortality. Those who have plotted the seizure of forts, arsenals, mints, navy yards custom-houses, the admitted property of the United States, seducing soldiers and sailors from their sworn allegiance; using the very Senate chamber, dedicated and sacred to duty, as a spot from which to issue their treacherous telegrams, are there to be seen all in power, actual or prospective. The fact too clearly tells the revolting story. Men long enjoying public honors, earning through many years of service a national fame, owning their renown but because of the world-wide renown of a glorious Government, are striving, day and night, to reduce it to dishonor and destruction. Thank God, our consolation is that the effort, however pregnant with the present calamity, will fall short of its horrid aim. They may "as well strike at the heavens with their arms" as lift them against the "American Union."

That the end must fail, who can doubt? The recent census furnishes pregnant proof of this. It shows that the Free States have a population of males between eighteen and forty-five of 3,778,000, and all the Slave States only 1,655,000, and the seceding States, excluding Virginia, but 531,000; and if to this vast difference of men is added that of wealth, inventive skill, habits of industry, and the absence of any element of domestic danger, the disparity is infinitely greater. In a struggle between such hosts—which may God in his mercy avert—who can fail to see what must be the end?

But to our State these facts teach a lesson that all can understand. If mad and wicked enough to attempt it, what could we do to resist the immense power on our borders? Call on the South? Make our State the battle-field? How long could the entire South, if flying to our succor, remain with and aid us? They might assist in drenching our land with blood; they might witness with us our desolation, but that doom in such a contest it would be. They would be driven back within their own limits and we left alone in our calamity, to be rendered the more acute when, as we should, we awoke to the insanity and crime which occasioned it. Looking, therefore, to interest alone, adherence to the Government is our clear policy. But when, as in my judgment it obviously is, that policy is demanded by the most obvious demands of patriotic duty, we should not hesitate one moment in adopting and finally abiding by it.

Let those who have produced the rebellion exclusively share its certain adverse fate. Let them not, by specious promises of assistance and future prosperity, swerve us from our allegiance. They are even now promising themselves comparative exemption from the perils of the struggle. A recent Secretary, after having used his high position to produce the result, and by his grossly ignorant or faithless measures bankrupt the Treasury, is now addressing the people of his immediate section to persuade them that the coming war and its horrors will be kept far from them, and confined to the Border States. Let us, as far as ours is concerned, be wise enough to frustrate this cowardly policy. If to gain their traitorous views war is to be waged, let them bear its entire brunt.—Let us not be their deluded victims.

What is there in the modern history of South Carolina which should recommend her teachings to Maryland? What is there in the intellects of the Rhetts, the Yanceys, the Cobbs, and *id genus omne*, to make them our leaders? They did all they could to achieve the election of Mr. Lincoln, and hailed its accomplishment with undissembled delight. They thought they saw in it the realization of their long cherished hopes—the precipitation of the Cotton States into a revolution; and then fancied exemption from the worst of the perils—and they now seek to effect it—in the intervention of the other Slave States between them and the danger. Short-sighted men, they never anticipated the calamities already upon them, and the greater certain to follow. Besides relying on the fact just stated, they also counted securely on a large and influential support in the Free States. Little did they know the true patriotic heart of the land. The first gun fired on the nation's flag raised that feeling in the Northern heart. That gun, fired without cause, and upon a noble garrison about to be starved into a surrender, by being, through timidity or a worse cause, left in that condition, caused every man able to bear arms to rush to the support of the Government. Where, in the past, the South could count its friends by thousands and hundreds of thousands, not one is now to be found. The cry is, the Government must be sustained—the flag must be vindicated. Heaven forbid that the duty of that vindication should be forgotten by Maryland! A temporary cause may have made it prudent in a part of the State (I have not the heart to name the locality) to suppress it. It may have happened that the Stripes, so often borne by her sons to victory or a proud death, were justly esteemed the national emblem, to outrage which the constituted authorities (though before justly boastful of their power to preserve the peace, as they had before faithfully done) were unable to prevent or quell, and were immediately made to share the fate of the rebellious standard. But it is not less true that there is in every true Maryland bosom a devoted attachment to the national emblem, which will cause every man of us, whenever and wherever hearing the inspiring sounds, to unite in the chorus of our national anthem, "Oh long may it wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Letter from Senator Douglas.

CHICAGO, May 10, 1861.

My Dear Sir—Being deprived of the use of my arms for the present by a severe attack of rheumatism, I am compelled to avail myself of the services of an amanuensis in reply to your two letters.

It seems to me that some of my friends are unable to comprehend the difference between arguments used in favor of an equitable compromise, with the hope of averting the horrors of war, and those urged in support of the Government and flag of our country, when war is being waged against the United States with the avowed purpose of producing a permanent disruption of the Union and a total destruction of its Government.

All hope of compromise with the Cotton States was abandoned when they assumed the position that the separation of the Union was complete and final, and that they would never consent to a reconstruction in any contingency—not even if we would furnish them with a blank sheet of paper and permit them to inscribe their own terms.

Still the hope was cherished that reasonable and satisfactory terms of adjustment could be agreed upon with Tennessee, North Carolina and the border States, and that whatever terms would prove satisfactory to these loyal States would create a Union party in the Cotton States which would be powerful enough at the ballot box to destroy the revolutionary Government, and bring those States back into the Union by the voice of their own people. This hope was cherished by Union men North and South, and was never abandoned until actual war was levied at Charleston, and the authoritative announcement made by the revolutionary Government at Montgomery, that the secession flag should be planted upon the walls of the Capitol at Washington, and a proclamation issued inviting pirates of the world to prey upon the commerce of the United States.

These startling facts, taken in connection with the boastful announcement that the ravages of war and carnage should be quickly transferred from the cotton fields of the South to the wheat fields and corn fields of the North, furnish conclusive evidence that it was the fixed purpose of the Secessionists utterly to destroy the Government of our fathers and obliterate the United States from the map of the world.

In view of this state of facts there was but one path of duty left to patriotic men. It was not a party question, nor a question involving partisan policy; it was a question of Government or no Government, country or no country; and hence it became the imperative duty of every Union man, every friend of Constitutional liberty, to rally to the support of our common country, its Government and flag, as the only means of checking the progress of revolution and of preserving the Union of the States.

I am unable to answer your questions in respect to the policy of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. I am not in their confidence as you and the whole country ought to be aware. I am neither the supporter of the partisan policy nor the apologist for the errors of the Administration. My previous relations to them remain unchanged; but I trust the time will never come when I shall not be willing to make any needful sacrifice of personal feeling and party policy for the honor and integrity of my country.

I know of no mode by which a loyal citizen may so well demonstrate his devotion to his country as by sustaining the Flag, the Constitution, and the Union, under all circumstances, and under every Administration, (regardless of party politics,) against all assailants, at home and abroad. The course of Clay and Webster towards the Administration of General Jackson, in the days of Nullification, presents a noble and worthy example for all true patriots. At the very moment when that fearful crisis was precipitated upon the country partisan strife between Whigs and Democrats was quite as bitter and relentless as now between Democrats and Republicans. The gulf which separated party leaders in those days was quite as broad and deep as that which now separates the Democracy from the Republicans. But the moment an enemy arose in our midst, plotting the dismemberment of our Union and the destruction of the Government, the voice of partizan strife was hushed in patriotic silence. One of the brightest chapters in the history of our country will record the fact that during this eventful period the great leaders of the Opposition, sinking the partisan in the patriot, rushed to the support of the Government, and became its ablest and bravest defenders against all assailants until the conspiracy was crushed and abandoned, when they resumed their former positions as party leaders upon political issues.

These acts of patriotic devotion have never been deemed evidences of infidelity or political treachery on the part of Clay and Webster, to the principles and organization of the old Whig party. Nor have I any apprehension that the firm and unanimous support which the Democratic leaders and masses are now giving to the Constitution and the Union will ever be deemed evidences of infidelity to Democratic principles, or a want of loyalty to the organization and creed of the Democratic party. If we hope to regain and perpetuate the ascendency of our party, we should never forget that a man cannot be a true Democrat unless he is a loyal patriot.

With a sincere hope that these my conscientious convictions may coincide with those of my friends, I am, very truly yours,

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

To Virgil Hicox, Esq., Chairman State Democratic Committee.

Effect of War Upon a Nation's Wealth.

The Scientific American says the firing of a 9-inch shell gun, like those used on one of our naval steamers, cost $9.34 at each discharge. Now, the burning of $9 worth of coal in one of our cotton, or carpet, or steam-engine manufactories, generally results in the production of from $10 to $20 worth of value in some other kind of property; but the burning of powder in warfare does not produce any other kind of property; its only products are noise, and smoke, and death, which are not saleable in any market. Of all modes of consuming wealth unproductively, the most rapid are conflagrations and war.

It is frequently the case that the productive power of a people is so great that the aggregate of individual savings more than counterbalance the public waste of wealth in war, and thus the national wealth may increase even during the continuance of expensive wars. Macauly says that this has been the case with England in all of her wars; and was most conspicuous in the most expensive that she ever engaged in, the long contest against the opinions of the French revolution, which continued, with two brief intervals, from 1893 to 1815. In this gigantic struggle, England not only supported her own armies, but she also contributed vast sums to her allies—the other governments of Europe—to enable them to keep up the fight. It is true that a large portion of this money was raised by borrowing, the national debt having been increased during the period about two thousand millions of dollars. But a government cannot borrow unless somebody has it to lend, and this whole immense sum was saved by the English people right in the midst of the war, and loaned to the government.

In some cases, indeed, so large a portion of the community is taken from productive labor and put to the work of destroying property in fighting that the national wealth is rapidly diminished.

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 Macauly 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. Louis XIV, 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.

If we put aside the vail which the interposition of money throws over the transaction, we shall find that what really took place was this. It does not require the whole of the labor in any community to produce the food and clothing needed; and when a sufficient number of laborers are employed in the production of these first necessaries, the remaining labor of the community is directed to making such articles as are most desired. In time of peace, this surplus labor is principally devoted to making machinery, constructing steam engines, building railroads, and, in short, in increasing the various kinds of active capital which facilitate industrial operations and thus augment the annual production of wealth. But in war, this labor is diverted to the production of food, clothing, powder, muskets, cannon, &c., to be worn out and destroyed by the armies; and thus the accumulation of wealth is stopped, or at least, checked.

Drill Room of the Seventh Regiment.

The most notable feature of this building is the grand regimental drill room, which occupies the whole extent of the third floor. Its dimensions are 185 feet in length by 120 feet in width, and it is wholly unobstructed by columns, or any permanent object contained in it. A couple of howitzers, with their carriages, stand in a corner and are brought out now and then for artillery manœuvering. But the entire sweep of the immense surface is spread out before you like a wooden plain, and to the eye of the soldier it offers the most tempting of all possible surfaces for infantry exercise.

As I entered this drill room, company 8 of the regiment, was just forming for its accustomed Friday night drill. There were about seventy-five muskets in line, and from eight till half-past ten o'clock, the men were put through the manual, marching and counter-marching, the Zouave quick step and other difficult evolutions, which they performed with admirable order and precision. It is a fact very well known to architects, though it may be new to many readers, that there is no strain that can be made upon the strength of a building at all comparable to that of the measured tramp of a considerable body of men. Not more than five years ago, a battalion of French infantry, in passing over a bridge across the Loire, brought it down by the combined force of their regular step, precipitating several hundred soldiers into the river, with a large loss of life. Since that time, it has been a rule with commandants of the French army to break the step and make the men march confusedly in entering large buildings or passing bridges and platforms. In constructing the drill room of the Seventh Regiment Armory, it was necessary, therefore, to have special regard to the strength of the supports, and these are contrived in such manner that, while there is just a perceptible jar with each heavy foot fall of a company, there is no shock upon the walls, and a drill every night in the week (Sundays excepted) works no dangerous wear and tear of the building.

This new armory is a gift to the Seventh Regiment from the city of New York, and cost the corporation a very large sum of money.

The Cost and Waste of War.

The disbursements of a belligerent Government, drawn of course by taxation from the laboring community, form an incalculable amount. Our last war with England cost us more than a hundred millions of dollars per annum. During the last 175 years England has had twentyfour wars with France, twelve with Scotland, eight with Spain, and two with America, besides all her other wars with India and elsewhere. These cost her government, according to official returns, *three thousand millions* of pounds sterling, or FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! The war which ended at Waterloo cost five thousand millions of dollars! Thus one long war cost Europe at least forty thousand millions of dollars—enough almost to banish suffering poverty from Europe!

We often hear much railing against useless expenditure, and proposals for economy in dress, furniture, &c., and it is well. But those who insist on these modes of frugality and the like, should be consistent. Let them remember that all the retrenchments they recommend are but as the dust of the balance as compared to the expenditure of war. But vast as are the expenditures of belligerent governments, they do not constitute a tenth of the true expenses of war. We must reckon the destruction of property, private and public—the ruin of trade and commerce—the suspension of manufactories—the loss of the productive labor of soldiers and camp followers.

Further still, war causes the great bulk of taxation even in the time of peace. Witness the annual appropriations for fleets and standing armies, forts, arsenals, weapons, pensions and the like. Ever since our last war with England, we have been paying *annually*, for the above objects, about *ten* times as much as for the support of our civil government! "The war spirit" is taxing our people to the amount of unnumbered millions *now* in times of profound peace. A single 74-gun ship, beside all her cost of construction and equipment, costs in time of peace, while afloat $200,000 per annum—eight times the salary of the President of the United States. *Nearly all the taxes paid by civilized nations go in some form or other to the support of war!* All the British debt which is grinding her people into the dust was created by war.

Things that are Foolish.

For a young man to think that he does himself credit by hanging around stores and taverns, smoking cigars and paying for whiskey and orders, in order to be called 'liberal' by a clique of youths as soft in the brain as himself.

For a girl to think she is establishing her character as a young lady of fashion, by allowing her mother to toil through all the drudgery of the house and then investing her money in goudy brooches and artificial flowers.

For an old bachelor to attempt to darn his own stockings without a good stock of patience, or to venture where there are a dozen pretty girls.

Waterloo the Day After the Battle.

On the surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth, and the surface trodden down by the cavalry and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewed with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered firearms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments, lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plumes and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums bugles; but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field? each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle....Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amid its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses—friend and foe intermingled as they were—often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and sometimes impossible.....In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth.

Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in bootless essay by the musketry of the inner files. Further on, you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the gay chargers which had carried Albion's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tiralleur lay side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, grappling in death with the Polish lancer. On the summit of the ridge, were the ground was cumbered with the dead, and trodden fetlock deep in the mud and gore by the frequent rush of cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, the favored corps, on whom his last chances rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the guard was traceable to a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard attempted to meet the British and afford time to their disorganized companies to rally.

An Editor in a New Suit.

"CLARK," editor of the Kendall (Ten.) *Clarion*, gets off the following:

DISGUISED.—We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could feel more effectually disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting them on we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long while thought we had been swapped off.

We went to the house and scared the baby almost to death; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and told us that we would find him at the office; went there, and pretty soon one of our business men came in with a paper in his hand.—He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked if he wished to see him particular; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we did not think he'd be in; business man left.

We started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies; one of them asked the other "What handsome stranger is that?" In our dilemma, we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife who is now as proud of us as can be.

The next time we get a new suit of clothes we shall let our wife know it beforehand.

CHALLENGES.—A gentleman from the troops at the Relay House says that the sentinels have, in some instances, a pleasant way of making challenges. A fellow who had been fishing on the Patapsco, and had secured a string of fine fish, was stopped by the usual question, "Who goes there?" "Fisherman," was the answer. "Advance, fisherman, and drop two shad," said the alert sentinel, looking out for his own commissariat.

The Montgomery Confederation gives the following from a correspondent:

"On the first night after my arrival, in passing from one quarter to another, I was stopped by a sentinel, whom I recognized as private P—— (though he did not recognize me.) I was asked for the countersign, and replied, 'a friend with a bottle;' the reply was, 'advance bottle and draw stopper,' which I did, and was suffered to pass on my way rejoicing."

THE Louisville Journal tells a good story of Vice President Breckinridge. He was making a speech at Bowling Green, the other day, in which he assailed the Republicans, and drew a glowing picture of the evils of the country. Pausing a moment, he then exclaimed, "And who is guilty of bringing about this terrible condition of affairs?" This interrogatory was answered by three of the most respectable citizens present, who rose and said, "*Warren county charges you with it.*" Whether Mr. Breckinridge continued his speech we are not informed.