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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:

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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.

Don't Fret.

Has a neighbor injured you?
Don't fret—
You will yet come off the best;
He's the most to answer for;
Never mind it, let it rest,
Don't fret.
Has a horrid lie been told?
Don't fret—
It will run itself to death;
If you will let it quite alone,
It will die for want of breath;
Don't fret.
Are your enemies at work?
Don't fret—
They can't injure you a whit;
If they find you heed them not.
They will soon be glad to quit;
Don't fret.
Is adversity your lot?
Don't fret—
Fortune's wheels keep turning round:
Every spoke will reach the top.
Which like you is going down.
Don't fret.

THE JERSEY LAWYER'S FIRST CASE IN MINNESOTA.

Did I ever tell you about the Jersey Lawyer's First Case in Minnesota? No! Well, then, here goes—for it is worth circulating.

You are no doubt well aware that many sprigs of aristocracy in eastern cities labor under the impression that in order to extinguish all other sights, they have only to emigrate to some western town and dazzle the natives. Many a man has thus started out in search of wool and been himself badly shorn. And in no town in the world does this class stand a poorer chance than in St. Paul, Minnesoto. The majority of its hardy, healthy and active inhabitants first went to the place for health; to recruit those energies which had become exhausted in active mental labors in the east. The place commenced, in fact, as a sort of Nature's Hospital. No one thought of locating there, because he was too far out of the world. But invalids flocked in; convalescents wrote back to their families and friends; the verdict of thousands who have been snatched, as it were, from their graves, was published far and wide, that pure dry air was better than drugs; and it was soon discovered by artists, speculators and capitalists, that for beauty of location and artistic building spots, the place had no rival on the globe. The result is, St. Paul has to day a population of fifteen thousand of as active, go ahead, sharp jokers, financiers and old travelers as can be found in any city in the Union, and is doing a healthier business, and is erecting more buildings and better ones than any other three cities of its size anywhere.

So much for introductions, and a key to the fact why the mass is made up of the ablest lawyers, judges, clergy, merchants, capitalists and speculators, who overtaxed their mental energies in eastern cities.

And now to the story.

It was a pleasant morning in the month of August—(no matter what year)—while the large and splendid 'Key City,' (Captain Jones Harden and Clerk L. Eldred) was proudly plowing her way up the Mississippi from La Crosse, that a brilliantly dressed gentleman of about 25 years of age was to be seen leisurely reclining in front of the office, puffing a 10-cent regalia, just taken from his pocket, and evidently wondering if the half-civilized people of St. Paul ever smoked anything more expensive than pipes.

Turning to a plainly dressed gentleman at his side, he exclaimed:

"Are you—ah, acquainted in St. Paul."

"O, yes; I know most of the leading citizens," was the reply.

"Do you, indeed?" exclaimed the flashy gentleman. "Well, then, I am in luck—pretty lively place?"

"Quite so, sir. Every man has something to do, and all are making a good living"

"Do you live—an, in St. Paul?"

"I do."

"Have you any lawyers there?"

"Quite too many. That is my profession."

The dandy looked at the man at first with incredulity, and then with a patronizing air, he said:

"I have reference, my good fellow, to first class attornies—men of education, who have graduated at College."

A light seemed to break in upon the man's mind as he replied:

"Ah! I see what you mean. No, we have no lawyers of education? Are you a lawyer, sir?"

Inflating himself with importance and great condescension, he replied:

"A graduate, sir, of the best college in New Jersey! And if sufficient encouragement is held out by the members of the bar in St. Paul, I will stop among them and give them the benefit of my knowledge."

At the same time the brilliant young sprig produced and handed over a very minute card, which read—

G——— E———L,
Newark, N. J.

The man seemed delighted He claimed the privilege of at once extending to the stranger the hospitality of the bar of St. Paul: and declared that within two hours after the arrival of the boat, a public reception should be given him.

As the sun was sinking in the west, the "Key City" touched the levee at St. Paul, and the distinguished stranger was at once conducted to a leading hotel, to await the arrival of the city bar in a body.

In about two hours they arrived, and were presented in due form, by the man who came up on the boat the brilliant scholar, and who had introduced himself as Mr. Spotless. Then came Judge Kerby, Judge Allfish, Advocate Bloodeye, lawyers Keen, Kenifpoint, Badax, Heavry, and some two dozen others—all anxious to show their respect to the lawyer who had been "edicated," and "a gwine for to show'm how they dew things in Jarsey."

During the excitement of shaking hands and taking drinks for the twentieth time from the row of bottles placed upon the table, a long, gaunt, six-and-a-half footer came in, with both boots off and without any hat, coat or vest, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed:

"Evenin' court is now open, and I'll shoot every man who don't attend in three minutes!"

There was at once a scattering from the room. Some escaped by one door and some by another; but Judge Kerby, grasped the Jersey lawyer by the hand and whispered:

"Follow me and you'll be safe!"

Escaping by a back door, and treading innumerable dark lanes and cow-yards, the Judge and his young friend at length reached the extensive livery stable at All-bones—the madest wag in the State.

Here they found a row of twelve barrels for the Jury to sit upon, inverted water pales for the lawyers, and a bundle of hay for the Judge. The prisoner at the bar—who was being tried for the murder of his mother with a butcher knife—was seated on a wheelbarrow, smoking an Indian pipe, and swearing that he could whip any three men on the jury.

"Good God! gentlemen!" gasped the educated man, "can it be possible that you conduct Courts in this manner in St. Paul?"

"It's only lately that we have had so nice a room as this," replied a half dozen lawyers. "We used to meet in Bloodeye's wood shed—but this is extra."

The presiding Judge now called the Court to order, and asked the prisoner if he had any counsel.

"Not a one!" was the loud reply; "but if that ere chap with nice clothes on will take a holt of the job, I'll give him two cows and a hundred acres of perary."

Young Jarsey was undecided and wavering, but at length stuttered out that he wished to be excused; whereupon the prisoner sprang the length of his chain, upset the wheelbarrow, and swore if the man did'nt take hold of the case, and clear him, that he would follow him from house to house and drink the last drop of his heart's blood. This decided the matter at once; and the proud sprig of aristocracy felt that his own life, as well as that of his client, dependent upon the amount and quality of forensic ability that he would bring to bear on the jury. On his rising to address the Court, the presiding Judge indignantly informed him that no college baby with a coat on would be permitted to speechify in that Temple.

George removed his coat, and was peremptorily ordered to remove his vest, necktie, suspenders, boots and stockings. The orders were all obeyed at the pistol's muzzle, held by the crier of the Court—a convalescent invalid, six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighing about two hundred and six pounds.

At this stage of the proceedings, two of the jury, who had been playing cards for a gallon of whiskey—got into a quarrel, and one drove his bowie knife, apparently, up to the hilt in the other's body. The corpse was conveyed from the room as unconcernedly as if it had been the body of a defunct dog, and the crier screamed at the top of his voice, "Go on with the Court!"

George had been a member of the Sons of Malta, or at least he made his way into the Lodge at Trenton, a few winters ago, when Judge Naar was wont to put the candidates over the "rugged path," with bells on. George, we say, had been there, but now he was frightened, and made up his mind to save his precious life by flight.

With a bound that would have been creditable to the Ravels in their palmiest days, he leaped over a fanning mill, eluded the grasp of his client, who had now broken from the wheel-barrow, and by the aid of the almost impenetrable darkness succeeded in hiding himself in a lumber yard until near morning, when, stealing down to the levee in his almost nude state he ran on board of a small steamer, and begged the clerk in the name of pity, God and humanity, to give him a passage down the river to some town five hundred miles from St. Paul. He would give no explanation of his half-dressed condition, but only begged to be secreted until the boat was at least a hundred miles down the river. On coming out of his state room the next morning when the boat was near La Croose—he was informed by the smiling clerk that there was a bundle of clothing and a trunk in the office for him, placed on the boat at St. Paul, with his address, by lawyer Spotless, a man of fine character, but no education.

"I thank him for my baggage?" gasped the student, turning pale at the recollection of the midnight scene in the barn; "but these Minnesota lawyers are worse than savages. They'd gamble, smoke, drink rum, and murder in the court room, and cut the throat of an educated man with as little compunction of conscience as they'd stab a toad. I've heard it said that St. Paul is a beautiful place! It may be in the night. And if it is a healthy place for invalids, it is an unhealthy one for lawyers. I'm an educated lawyer myself! I've had my first case in Minnesota, and thank God it's my last!"

On arriving at La Crosse he went to "Brick Pomeroy," of the Democrat and tried to get him to publish the story of his St. Paul experience; but "Brick" indignantly replied:

"Can't do it, my boy! 'Fraid 'taint true! it's too funny for reality, and the Democrat never deals in fiction!"

Being determined to relate his experience, however, he went and hired a hall and advertised a 'Lecture on Emigration;' and after he had received at the door nearly enough to recover his expenses, the Deputy Mayor stepped up and exclaimed:

"Have you got a license, sir, for this ere show!"

"This is not a show, and I have no license!"

"Well, I want ten dollars; and I don't care a red whether you call it a show or exhibition."

"But, my dear friend———"

"Don't *but* me, sir! I know what the law is! I hold office! you must pay up or mizzle!"

And so he mizzled, and when on the point of returning home to old Essex, by overland easy stages, on foot, was met by his former friend of the boat, who explained to him that the Court scene was all a joke and prevailed on him to return and locate. He dropped his airs at once and soon became a favorite.

He now holds an important office at St. Paul.

HOW HE STARTED THEM.—A Methodist preacher, whose hearers were in the habit of going to sleep over his preaching, got a tin whistle, and on Sunday, when he saw a goodly number under the sommoloscent influence, he drew forth his whistle and blew a shriek. In an instant the whole congregation was awake, upon their feet, staring at the minister, at one another, and wondering what in the of human nature was to come next. "You're a set of smart specimens of humanity, aint you?" said the divine whistler, as he slowly gazed around on the astonished assemblage.

"When I preach the gospel to you, you all go to sleep: but the moment I go to playing the devil you'r all wide awake, up and coming, like a rush of hornets with a pole in their nest.

TEACHING HOGS TO DESTROY THISTLES.—A writer in the Southern Homestead says: "I will give a method of exterminating thistles which I have tested and found effectual, and which costs nothing. It consists in teaching hogs to eat the roots of the plant. Tramp on the buds of a goodly number of the largest plants in the Spring and place on each bud a teaspoonful of salt; then turn your hogs on them. They will eat the roots of the salted plants first, and will thus acquired a fondness for the roots, and will continue to eat them daily as long as any can be found. If but one hog be educated in this way, he will teach the whole herd to eat them, and they will exterminate all on the farm."

The Montreal Witness says, "the proved power of iron-clad gunboats, has, we think, settled the question of war between Britain and the United States forever in the negative. Neither nation can hereafter venture to encounter the terrible destruction which would certainly result from a war with the other."

A bit of alum, held in the mouth, will enable the sensitive to take any quantity of disagreeable medicines, as they wish. One of our friends tried it and was enabled to take a secession newspaper three months.

Woman—to her virtues, we give love; to her beauty, our admiration; to her hoops, the whole side walk.

CAMP CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP AT STEWART'S HILL,
Baltimore, April 3, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:—Since my last communication our regiment, by order of Brigadier General Lockwood, was concentrated at "Camp Dix," Bobtown, Accomac county, Va., thence after a stay of a week it was summoned with his whole brigade to Baltimore. The Brigade, you may not be apprised, now consists of Purnell's Legion, Col. Wharton's Second Delaware, Colonel Wallace's First E. S., and Col. Wilkins' Second E. S., numbering in all about thirty-five hundred. Our removal from Camp Dix was quite unexpected to Col. W. himself, I suppose, as he had displayed his characteristic taste in laying off the encampment and beautifying it with ornamental trees procured in its vicinity. The regiment left the new camp on Sunday, the 23d ult., for Salisbury, where we arrived on Thursday at 1 o'cl'k p. m., having traveled a distance of 80 miles in three and a half days, through a country which renders pedestrianism both difficult and tiresome in consequence of its great sandiness and the numerous branches and swamps which must be encountered. Many of the soldiers and officers suffered severely from sore feet and other disabilities incident to such marches, though I was among the fortunate that escaped unscathed. We left Salisbury for Baltimore on Thursday at 2 p. m., in a special train of fifteen cars, arriving here at 2 a. m. We marched through the city in the still hours of night, to the grounds of General Stewart, now of the Confederate army, where we remained till morning in the barracks evacuated the previous day by a Massachusetts regiment, which report says had left to join Gen. Burnside. By order of senior Col. Wharton, of the 2d Delaware, we were obliged to vacate them for his own command and pitch our tents directly in their rear The location of our camp is near the extreme end of W. Baltimore street, and presents one of the finest suburban views I ever witnessed. The unaided eye can behold almost the entire Patapsco, dotted with its whitened canvass, and Fort Carroll lashed by its waves, though distant some eight miles, presents an appearance so singular and diminutive as to resemble the hull of some deserted vessel. The whole city is almost visible from this summit, and its contemplation cannot fail to excite feelings of wonder and exultation at its vastness, beauty and grandeur, especially if viewed during the quiet hour of unclouded night. Upon turning one's vision the beholder will not only discover a thousand cattle ready for the shambles, grazing in fancied security, but rural scenes of remarkable loveliness, rendered more so by the improving skill of the architect and the tasteful hand of the florist.

But I must now say a word about the country through which we have recently passed. As a pedestrian I have traveled from Cape Charles to Salisbury, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, and a more barren and miserable country I have never seen than Worcester county, the southern portion of Somerset, and a part of Sussex county, Del. Snow Hill we found much improved since my visit to it when a boy. Salisbury, the southern terminus of the Delaware Railroad, is a town of considerable business, and has a population of more than 2,500 souls. The amount of its trade exceeds that of any town on the peninsula, though the surrounding country is exceedingly poor. Some of the towns in Delaware exhibit signs of rapid improvement—the invariable concomitant of the introduction of railroads. We were greeted by throngs of ladies and gentlemen along the route, who were awaiting the arrival of the Second Delaware, and consequently received compliments intended for our comrades in arms, which we becomingly acknowledged.

Our departure from Virginia, we are satisfied, was generally regretted, as our presence afforded the inhabitants not only the preservation of their rights unmolested, but the deportment of the whole regiment was such as to elicit the strongest commendation from every class of citizens irrespective of political sentiment. Their sincerity was manifested at our departure, when dissemblance would no longer have been necessary if repressible. We have left the Eastern Shore of Virginia probably never to return, and our opinion concerning it, at least about Northampton county, where we chiefly remained, we will state with the utmost candor. The inhabitants are far more intelligent than we expected, and to the credit of this county be it recorded, that it maintained until the commencement of the war a primary school system, unaided by State appropriation. A large number of course cannot read nor write, and in other respects are lamentably deficient, still we consider them relatively *equal* if not *superior* to at least *three* Eastern Shore counties. The people as a whole are eminently social, kind and obliging, and externally at least exhibit no assumed superiority which too often results from the possession of wealth. In dress they are plain, if not careless, and exhibit a peculiar fondness for long hair. Their pronunciation of the King's English if not elegant, is ordinarily proper, except a provincial use of a few such words as *whar*, *thar* and *par* (pair). A majority of the men are inexcusably ignorant, however, about matters specially appertaining to their own communities, such as distances, the population of towns, the number of inhabitants and voters of the county, &c. Their computation of farms is so apparently bad, that but few farmers know accurately the number of acres they own, and in answer to an inquiry as to its size, will invariably reply that it is a "*five horse farm*," or a "*six horse farm*," as the case may be.

The use of alcohol is very prevalent, though I can testify that during my stay in Virginia I never saw more than one or two persons much intoxicated. "General treats" are unknown, a system doubtless disliked by spongers. The natives are excessively fond of fox-hunting, gunning, fishing, &c., and the opportunities for their successful indulgence are very great. As to domestic life I cannot speak experimentally, since I uniformly declined frequent invitations to partake of private hospitality. Politically they are all secessionists, or as they style themselves—Virginians. Their State attachment is so strong that they blindly endorse any folly or wrong which she commits, though it ruins their Commonwealth, as their attempted secession has done most effectually. Not one in ten of their most opulent citizens has been able to command a hundred dollars at a time for the past nine months. Till recently they have been estopped from all intercourse with either section of the country, which has prevented the procurement of the absolute necessaries of life, whilst the few articles of merchandize have been sold so exorbitantly high as to render their purchase by the masses impossible The wealthy for instance have been generally obliged to substitute sweet potatoes as a beverage for Coffee, which is by no means equal to the best Rio. The currency, which I briefly noticed in a previous communication, is as unsound as is the paper upon which it is written or engraved is destructible. The ladies—I ask their pardon for my omission of their names before—are by no means *handsome*, neither will they compare in good looks or accomplishments to the fair belles of Kent.

Messrs. Editors, I have thus given your readers the result of some of my own observations concerning the people of Eastern Virginia, penned, I assure you, under very unfavorable circumstances. The remembrance of their kindness to me when a stranger, introduced in their midst in the relation of an enemy, will continue, I believe, whilst life survives, and renders in the future an indifference to their welfare by myself both unnatural and cruel.

The health of the regiment is relatively not so good since our arrival here, though no deaths at present are likely to occur. Dr. VALK, the Regimental Surgeon, has been remarkably successful; not a single death has resulted in any case personally treated by himself since his connection with it. "J."

The Politicians and the Rebellion.

The Nashville Banner, in an excellent editorial upon the subject of the rebellion, comes to the conclusion which the people, we hope, in time to come, will give due heed unto, that—

"The people of this country, despite the honesty in their hearts, have devoted themselves too much to party politics.—Aspiring men—corrupt men, taking advantage of the well-meaning masses, North and South, in a moment when they had gained public confidence and entwined around them the public hope, have chosen to sacrifice them both upon the altar of their own ambition. Thus were set to work the elements of the wild storm now raging around us. Who does not feel in his heart that this is the unvarnished truth?

"The people of America have been well nigh deranged for twelve months past.—Sober thinking men tell us this every day. But they will finally regain their reason. They are going to think about the welfare of this great country, whether divided or united, as they have never thought of it before. This revolution, if our conviction be right, will sift and purify American politics. A day of terrible reckoning is coming, when the judgment of an enlightened people, sensible of their rights and their power, will be pronounced upon all political demagogues, upon all political corruption!

"Every battle fought, whether resulting in a Federal or Confederate victory, and every soldier's bier, whether it be the remains of a Northern or Southern volunteer, is teaching the honest public mind a lesson whose fruit will be fully seen when the din of this conflict shall have died away. Mark what we say: the PEOPLE of this country will yet demonstrate their perfect capacity to govern it. Let this sad period pass away, and, you may rest assured, it will not be governed by *politicians* again."

We cannot be expected, says Prentice, while attempting the full discharge of our duty to the country, to give attention to the insects of the Rebel press that are buzzing around us and alighting when they dare. We sometimes think it almost a pity that a man isn't furnished with a caudal appendage like an ox, so that while his hands are busy with their proper work he might brush the flies away with his tail.

The story published a few days since about two ladies, named Tennant, having been carried off from their residence, near Chain Bridge, by a detachment of rebel cavalry, is said to be without foundation.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

THE CAPTURE OF RICHMOND.

The Richmond Examiner has the following editorial:

The Northern mind has settled down upon the purpose of overrunning Virginia and capturing Richmond, the Confederate capital, at every cost. In this enterprise all hearts are enlisted, and upon it all the energies of their government are bent.—For this purpose they have assembled an army of a hundred and eighty thousand men, including that of Burnside, which they regard as one of the most formidable in machinery, discipline and equipment that ever took the field. Whatever be the grit and stamina of the men, there is probably no doubt of the fact that it possesses all the advantages which wealth and pains can give to troops.

It is certain that the North regard the demonstration against Richmond as the grand *coup* of the war, and we need not conceal from ourselves that the danger is serious and formidable.

It is believed that, while heavy bodies of troops will attempt to cross the country from different points on the Potomac, in conjuction with an army marching up the Valley from Winchester, the heaviest columns of their forces will be landed from our river estuaries and a march attempted along our eastern peninsulas. No doubt remains that we are approaching momentous and decisive events, and that some of the most important battles that will have a place in history are soon to be joined.

"SUBSTITUTES."

A correspondent of the N. O. Crescent, at Richmond, writes as follows:

Our chief article of commerce now-a-days is a commodity known in the market as "substitutes" The article has risen from $100 to $200, again to $500, and from that to $1,000 and $1,500. The cheapest kind now offering commands $500 readily. A wretch, named Hill, has been making enormous sums, as much as from $3,000 to $5,000 a day, by plundering substitutes, some of whom are the very scum of the earth, while others are poverty-stricken Marylanders of high social position at home and men of real moral worth. A friend of mine bought a substitute from Hill for $500. He saw Hill give the poor devil $100 and put the remaining $400 in his pocket. As my friend went out the door, he met a gentleman, who told him he had just paid $1,500 for a substitute.

This does not speak very well for the "chivalry!"—though in view of rapidly approaching events, we do not consider the highest figure too much!

ARMY WANTED TO REPULSE THE YANKEES.

The New Orleans *Crescent* says that they shall need at least eight hundred thousand men, including the militia, to repel the Northern invaders. It therefore suggests that all the lands of the cotton States will be needed to raise food for the army.

COTTON NO LONGER KING.

The Mobile *Register* of March 18 says: We have tested the power of King Cotton and found him to be wanting. We must now abandon all dependence on foreign intervention and trust only our sword and the justice of our cause. As to the offers said to have been made to the French Emperor of a portion of Louisiana or Florida as a guarantee for her assistance, I do not believe a word of it. France is no more in position to accept such an offer than Mr. Slidell is to make it.

CAPTURE OF ISLAND NO. 10 EXPECTED.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, speaking of the progress of the bombardment at this Island, says: We have done well thus far and we hope for victory, but should not be surprised if the facilities of the enemy for reinforcing their troops at pleasure should enable them eventually to capture the Island, nor should we attach much consequence to the fact.

FORT DELAWARE.—This fort, to which the Confederate prisoners taken near Winchester, Va., have been sent, is a powerful stone fortification on the Pea Patch Island, in the middle of the Delaware bay.

The Pea Patch is a large island, in the centre of which stands Fort Delaware, one of the best fortifications in the country, mounting three tiers of guns. It is two miles from the fort to either shore, and the island contains a number of residences outside of the fort, so that it can be made a prison place for at least a thousand prisoners. The present installment of prisoners will, it is stated, be confined within the stone fortress The garrison of the place consists of a company of regulars and a few itinerant parties of artillerists that go down to the Pea Patch to practice artillery evolutions.

AT a hotel table one day, a boarder remarked to his neighbor:

"This must be a very healty place for chickens."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because I never see and *dead ones* about."

"TOBY, what did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?"

Toby.—"I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

WHEN some people make a great deal of you—you may be sure they mean to make a deal out of you.