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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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Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be published three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

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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.

Voyage of the Good Ship Union.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

'Tis midnight; through my trouble dream
Loud wails the tempest cry;
Before the gale, with tattered sail,
A ship goes plunging by.
What name? Where bound? The rocks around
Repeat the loud halloo,
The good ship Union, Southward bound:
God help her and her crew!

And is the old flag flying still
That o'er your fathers flew,
With bands of white and rosy light,
And field of starry blue?
Ay! look aloft! its folds full oft
Have braved the roaring blast,
And still shall fly when from the sky
This black typhoon has past!

Speak, pilot of the storm-cast bark?
May I thy peril share?
O landsman, these are fearless seas
The brave alone may dare!
Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,
What matters wind or wave?
The rocks that wreck your reeling deck
Will leave me nought to save

O landsman, art thou false or true?
What signs hast thou to show?
The crimson stains from loyal veins
That hold my heart blood's flow!
Enough! what more shall honor claim?
I know the sacred sign;
Above thy head our flag shall spread,
Our ocean path be thine.

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,
Whose sentinels look down
From moated walls that show the sea
Their deep embrasures' frown?
The Rebel host claims all the coast,
But these are friends we know,
Whose footprints spoil the "sacred soil,"
And this is—Fort Monroe!

The breakers roar—how bears the shore?
The traitorous wreckers' hands
Have quenched the blaze that poured its rays
Among the Hatteras sands.
Ha! say not so! I see its glow!
Again the shoals display
The beacon light that shines by night,
The Union Stars by day!

The good ship flies to milder skies,
The wave more gently flows,
The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas
The breath of Beaufort's rose.
What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,
Fair-striped and many-starred,
Whose shadow palls the orphaned walls
The twins of Beauregard?

What! heard you not Port Royal's doom?
How the black war-ships came
And turned the Beaufort roses' bloom
To redder wreaths of flame?
How from Rebellion's broken reed
We saw his emblem fall,
As soon his cursed poison weed
Shall drop from Sumpter's wall?

On! on! Pulaski's iron hail
Falls harmless on Tybee!
Her topsails feel the freshening gale,
She strikes the open sea;
She rounds the point, she threads the keys
That Guard the Land of Flowers,
And rides at last where firm and fast
Her own Gibralter towers!

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
At anchor safe she swings,
And loud and clear with cheer on cheer
Her joyous welcome rings;
Hurrah! hurrah! it shakes the wave,
It thunders on the shore—
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation, evermore!

COTTON COMING.—The *Glendale* arrived here, yesterday, from Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee River, with some two hundred bales of cotton, shipped by the planters to their brokers in this city. One of our houses received 108 bales, another 74, and a third a smaller number, making about 200 bales. *This cotton was shipped by the planters, for their own benefit, and is not confiscated cotton.* Some of the planters of that region, now here, represent that large quantities of cotton have been burned, but *not* by the planters. It is done by the Rebels, at the command of the military authorities. It is only a few days since that some planters from the interior applied to Gen. Grant for assistance in saving their cotton from destruction at the hands of the Rebels, and he sent a force of five hundred men, with a large transportation train, and brought no small amount within our lines, where it was safe. Talk about the planters burning their cotton! All such tales are nothing else but lies.—*Louisville Democrat, 8th inst.*

THERE have been thirty-seven rebellions in England between A. D. 1069 and the present century.

The Battle at Pittsburg Landing.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times gives the following account of the fight:

Our forces were stationed in the form of a semi-circle, the right resting on a point north of Crump's Landing, our centre being in front of the main road to Corinth, and our left extending to the river in the direction of Hamburg, four miles north of Pittsburg Landing.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, four hundred men from Gen. Prentiss' division were attacked by the enemy, half a mile in advance of our lines. Our men fell back on the Twenty-fifth Missouri, swiftly pursued by the enemy.

The advance of the rebels reached Col. Peabody's brigade just as the long roll was sounded and the men were falling into line. The resistance was but short, and they retreated under a galling fire until they reached the second division.

At six o'clock the attack became general along the entire front of our lines.—The enemy, in large force, drove in the pickets of Gen. Sherman's division, and fell on the 48th, 70th, and 72d Ohio regiments These troops had never before been in action, and being so unexpectedly attacked, made as able a resistance as possible, but were, in common with the forces of Gen. Prentiss, compelled to seek support on the troops in their rear.

At one o'clock the entire line of both sides was fully engaged. The roar of cannon and musketry was without intermission from the main centre to a point extending half way down the left wing.

By eleven o'clock several commanders of regiments had fallen, and in some cases not a single field officer remained; yet the fighting continued with an earnestness which showed that the contest on both sides was for "death or victory!" Foot by foot the ground was contested, and finding it impossible to drive back our centre, the enemy slackened their fire and made a vigorous effort on our left, endeavoring to outflank and drive it to the river bank. For nearly two hours a sheet of fire blazed from both columns, the rebels fighting with a valor that was only equalled by those contending with them. While the contest raged the hottest, the gunboat Tyler passed up the river to a point opposite the enemy and poured in broadsides from her immense guns, greatly aiding in forcing the enemy back.

Up to three o'clock the battle raged with a fury that defies description. The rebels had found their attempts to break our lines unavailing. They had striven to drive in our main column, and finding that impossible, had turned all their force upon our left. Foiled in that quarter, they now made another attack on our centre, and made every effort to rout our forces before the reinforcements which had been sent for should come up.

At five o'clock there was a short cessation in the firing of the enemy, their lines falling back for nearly half a mile. They then suddenly wheeled, and again threw their entire force upon our left wing, determined to make a final struggle in that quarter; but the gunboats Tyler and Lexington poured in their shot thick and fast with terrible effect.

In the meantime Gen. Lew. Wallace, who had taken a circuitous route from Crump's Landing, appeared suddenly on the enemy's right wing. In the face of this combination of circumstances, the rebels felt that their enterprise that day was a failure, and, as night was approaching, fell back until they reached an advantageous position somewhat in the rear of, yet occupying, the main road to Corinth.

The gunboats continued to send their shell after them until they got out of range.

After a weary watch of several hours intense anxiety, the advance regiment of Gen. Buell's army appeared on the opposite bank of the river, and the work of crossing the river began, the Thirty-sixth Indiana and Sixty-eighth Ohio being the first to cross, followed by the main portion of Nelson's and Bruce's divisions. Cheer after cheer greeted their arrival, and they were immediately sent to the advance, where they rested on their arms.

All night long steamers were engaged in ferrying General Buell's forces across. When daylight broke it was evident that the rebels too had been strongly reinforced.

The second day's battle opened by the rebels at 7 o'clock from the Corinth road, and in half an hour extended along the whole line.

At nine o'clock the sound of artillery and musketry fully equalled that of the previous day. The enemy was met by the reinforcements and the still unwearied soldiers of yesterday, with an energy that certainly could not have been expected.

It became evident that the enemy were avoiding the extreme of our left wing, and were endeavoring with perseverance and determination to find some weak points by which to turn our forces. They left one point, but returned to it immediately, and then as suddenly, by some master-stroke of generalship, directed a most vigorous attack upon some division where they fancied they would not be expected, but the fire of our lines was as steady as clockwork, and it soon became evident that the enemy considered the task he had undertaken a hopeless one.

Further reinforcements now began to arrive, and they were posted on the right of the main centre, under Wallace. Generals Grant, Buell, Nelson, Sherman, and Crittenden were everywhere present, directing the movements for a new stroke on the enemy.

Suddenly both wings of our army were turned upon the enemy, with the intention of driving them into an extensive ravine. At the same time a powerful battery was stationed in the open field, and poured volley after volley of cannister into the rebels ranks.

At half-past eleven o'clock the roar of the battle shook the earth. The Union guns were fired with all the energy that the prospect of the enemy's defeat inspired, while the rebel's fire was not so vigorous, and they evinced a desire to withdraw. They finally fell slowly back, keeping up a fire from their artillery and musketry along their whole column as they retreated. They moved in excellent order, battling at every advantageous point; and delivering their fire with considerable effect. But from all the divisions of our army they were closely pursued a galling fire being kept upon their rear.

The enemy had now been driven beyond our former lines, and were in full retreat for Corinth, pursued by our cavalry.

The forces engaged on both sides in this day's battle are estimated at about seventy thousand each.

The responsibility of the surprise rests with the commanding officer. On Friday a large force of Rebel cavalry appeared in sight of our lines and remained there, but General Sherman, who occupied the advance, had been ordered not to bring on an engagement, consequently he sent out no corresponding force to meet them.—They remained in position until Sunday morning, and served as a screen behind which Beauregard formed his troops in line of battle undiscovered.

An old surgeon, who has been long in the service, and who has just returned from the field for the first time since the battle began, said to me, as he sat down to-night on the river bank, "I have been present at both Bull Run and Fort Donelson, but they were skirmishes to what I have seen since yesterday morning." Such, it seems, is the testimony of all with whom I have conversed in relation to this great contest.

An officer of the New Orleans Creole battalion, who was taken prisoner, says that Beauregard made a speech on Saturday, the day before the battle, in which he told the troops that the result was a sure thing, they could not fail to capture Grant's army and then whip Buell, and thus hold their railroads. If they lost the day, he said, they might as well lay down their arms and go home.

Beauregard intended to make his attack two days previously, but the extraordinary rains impeded his progress and delayed his arrival at the time intended.—General Buell could not possibly have reached us in time to save us from defeat had Beauregard's original plans succeeded.

The battle lasted thirteen and a half hours on Sunday and eight hours on Monday, when the enemy fled. We captured all their cannon except two or three. Among the batteries captured is the famous Washington Light Artillery of N. Orleans.

NO STAND AT CORINTH.

I am of opinion that the Rebels have fought their last grand fight in this vicinity. That they will make no stand at Corinth is evident from the fact that the surrender of Island No. 10, and the Memphis and Charleston Railway in our possession, we shall be able to throw the forces of General Pope on their left, while the entire force now here will be in front of them, eager for another trial as to bravery, endurance and military skill.

A Proclamation by the President.

The President of the United States, on the 10th inst., issued the following timely proclamation:

It has pleased Almighty God to vouchsafe signal victories to the land and naval forces engaged in suppressing an internal rebellion, and at the same time to avert from our country the dangers of foreign intervention and invasion.

It is therefore recommended to the people of the United States that at their next weekly assemblages in their accustomed places of public worship, which shall occur after the notice of this proclamation shall have been received, they especially acknowledge and render thanks to our HEAVENLY FATHER for these inestimable blessings. That they then and there implore spiritual consolations in behalf of all who have been brought into affliction by the casualties and calamities of sedition and civil war; and that they reverently invoke the Divine guidance for our National Councils, to the end that they may speedily result in the restoration of peace, harmony and unity throughout our borders, and hasten the establishment of fraternal relations among all the countries of the earth.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.—Taking Richmond as the centre, the following table shows at a glance the distance of different points in Virginia from there:

From Norfolk to Richmond is	106	miles.
From Suffolk to Richmond,	85	"
Cape Henry to Richmond,	150	"
Hampton to Richmond,	96	"
Fortress Monroe to Richmond,	99	"
Yorktown to Richmond,	70	"
Williamsburg to Richmond,	60	"
Fredericksburg to Richmond,	65	"
Washington to Richmond,	130	"
Winchester to Richmond,	150	"
Gordonsville to Richmond,	70	"
Staunton to Richmond,	120	"

Malignity of the Abolitionists toward the Border States.

The abolitionists hate the Border States as good people hate the devil. This is manifest enough; and the reason is plain. They hate the Constitution, and would gladly let the Union slide rather than have its preservation attended by the preservation of the Constitution likewise. They want to abolish the Constitution, regardless of consequences, under the pretext of saving the Union. The Border States, on the contrary, want to save the Union by saving the Constitution, which they believe the only effectual method possible. The Border States, being a unit in favor of this policy, naturally form the head of the great body of patriots who rally around the Administration that declares and carries out the policy in defiance of abolitionism everywhere. Such is the offence of the Border States in the estimation of the abolitionists.

The very head and front of their offending
Hath this extent, no more.

It is for this, and nothing else, that they are denounced, decried, derided and defamed by every Abolition spouter and scribbler in the country.

In a word the abolitionists and secessionists hate the Border States for the same reason in different aspects. The abolitionists hate the Border States, because they stand by the Constitution, just as the secessionists hate the Border States, because they stand by the Union. The Border States as the steadfast upholders of both the Union and the Constitution are the equal and common enemies of both the abolitionists and the secessionists. And in this two-fold enmity every true patriot must share. Let the true patriots of the North bear in mind this explanation, and the venemous railing of the abolitionists against the Border States in general and Kentucky in particular, if it should be kept up, will do good rather than hurt.—We hope it is doing no great hurt as the case is.—*Louisville Journal.*

General Magruder's Boast.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer writes from the head-quarters of the army near Yorktown, as follows:

The house we are now writing in was but a short time ago used by General Magruder, this being his head-quarters.—When he left he informed the owner that the Yankees were coming down here, but he would make "*every house* between Hampton and Richmond *a hospital*, and *every field a graveyard*, before they reached their capital." He has not done so the first twenty-five miles—what he will do for the next twenty, remains to be seen.

The peach trees are out in blossom.—Another week will give us pasture for our horses, and the trees will be out in leaf.

There is no great wealth around here. The man who owns the place from which we write informs us he has about two hundred acres and a dozen slaves. Before the war he thinks it was worth about fifty dollars per acre. He has a family of about nine, and his only son is in the Rebel army. He never had anything to sell.—It took all he could raise to keep his family and slaves. All live on corn cakes, bacon, fish and oysters, and trade off chickens and corn for slave clothes and groceries. This is about a fair sample of the residents of this region.

Corinth, Mississippi.

Corinth is at the intersection of the Mobile and Ohio, and Memphis and Charleston railroads, in Tishomingo county, Mississippi, ninety-three miles from Memphis, forty miles from Grand Junction, one hundred and fifty-five miles from Columbus, Kentucky, fifty-eight miles from Jackson, Tennessee, eighty miles from Decatur, Alabama, and about twenty miles in a direct line from Savannah, Tennessee. From Pittsburg, where the main body of our army was lately encamped, the distance to Corinth is about eighteen miles, by a good turnpike road.

Corinth is a very important strategical point. It is situated in a hilly, semi-mountainous country, a branch of the Apalachian range, which diverges from the Alleghany mountains, and forms the mountains and gold-bearing regions of Georgia and Alabama. The village is nearly surrounded by an irregular circle of hills, rising on the north, about four miles distant, with the State line between Tennessee and Mississippi crossing their summit. The Mobile and Ohio railway crosses this ridge through a cut seventy-five feet in depth. Similar cuts, of lesser depth, penetrate the hills on the east, west, and south, where the railways enter.

THE TAX ON DOGS.—The tax bill before Congress imposes an annual tax of one dollar per head on dogs. One dog to each family in the United States would be a very moderate computation. This would give us in round numbers probably 8,000,000 dogs, each of which consumes annually food sufficient to raise a pig worth a dollar. The cost, therefore, of feeding the dogs in the United States is $8,000,000, which amount may be considered nearly if not quite a dead loss to the nation.

COTTON AT NASHVILLE.—The Nashville Patriot of Saturday says that there are indications that the cotton trade will be revived in that city. At one warehouse several wagon loads of the great staple had been received; also samples of 50 bales of fine cotton.

Coffee Adulterations.

Before the "American Institute Farmer's Club," which assembled in New York, Dr. Trimble, Chairman of the Committe upon Frauds and Adulterations, presented the first of a series of reports.

The doctor thinks there is no economy in substitutes for coffee—that it is better to use the pure article and less of it, if it is necessary to economise, for there is nothing that contains the same principle that gives coffee its value.

Whoever uses coffee would, if they were aware of all the frauds of adulterations, the Committee thinks, roast and grind their own coffee. It looses 15 per cent. in roasting, and costs half a cent a pound for grinding; yet it is commonly sold at a lower price per pound than the lowest priced green coffee. This should be sufficient proof of its adulteration. The articles most used are peas and beans, and generally such as are unsaleable for food. Often, too, deleterious drugs are used to give taste or color. Succory, or chiccory, a root that grows something like a parsnip, is extensively grown in Germany, and dried and packed in casks, and is imported into New York in vast quantities to adulterate coffee. It is also imported from other countries, and it is charged that in one case a cargo of hides and chiccory came together from South America, and the hides spoiled and soaked the chiccory so that it was a half putrid mass; yet it was taken by a coffee roaster and dried, and roasted and all ground up with coffee, and all who buy ground coffee are liable to partake of a portion of this delectable substance.

Chiccory is extensively grown and used in England, Belgium and France, and after a little use the taste becomes educated to it so as to like it as well as coffee. Its continuous use is asserted by medical men to be injurious, producing a sort of stupor. Even chiccory is adulterated, and Venetian red added to give color, and Venetian red is adulterated with brick dust.

Every housekeeper should resolve firmly never to buy ground coffee. Use the best and never use it weak—that produces indigestion. Make it strong and drink it as a stimulant, not for a warm drink, and avoid all the substitutes, which are nothing better than swill.

One gentleman truthfully said, as to adulterations of coffee, they are the natural fruit of indolence. Since people have grown too lazy to prepare their own coffee, rogues are tempted to prepare it for them, and to mix in all sorts of stuff that fools will buy.

Housekeepers—Beware of the fraud.

National Telegraph around the World.

An appropriation of $100,000 and two small vessels will be asked for in Congress for the purpose of instituting survey, in conjunction with other nations, of a telegraph line from San Francisco to the northwest coast, overland, via Behring's Straits and Asiatic Russia, to the mouth of the Amoor river, as proposed by McDonald Collins. The scheme is to connect the American system of telegraphs, from a point in Missouri, with the line now being constructed from Kazan to the Amoor. When finished, the line will bring in telegraphic union the whole European and American systems, and belt the world. This is a much better and surer arrangement than a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic. It is better that the two ends of a line around the world should be in the possession of Russia and the United States, than that both ends of it should be controlled by Great Britain, as an Atlantic cable from Ireland to Cape Race would be. Such a line as that across the Atlantic, in the event of a war between England and the United States, would do infinite mischief to this country, and one of the first duties of our Government would be to destroy the cable.

ADVERTISING.—The first two verses of the first chapter of Chronicles of Success reads thus:

"Who hath sadness? Who hath wo? Who 'shinneth' the streets with gloom of countenance and perplexity of mind? Who loseth confidence and patronage and sinketh into poverty and forgetfulness? *He that advertiseth not*—he that doth not make himself known though the papers. He who by his negligence in this matter depriveth himself of gain and secureth to himself loss!—His business wisdom is foolishness. His lack of knowledge, yea his stinginess sticketh out, and the discerning shun him."

"Who hath gladness? Who hath joy? who hath growing business and full coffers? Who payeth his notes promptly? Who gaineth the confidence and patronage of men, and riseth to affluence. *He that advertiseth liberally*—that through the journals of the day maketh himself and his business known! He hath chosen the part of wisdom, and his riches and honor increase like light on the morning—his shadow groweth broad. His complacency increaseth. His fame extendeth. His happiness endureth, and he is honored and blessed by all men—particularly by printers. So mote it be!"

SUNDAY BATTLES.—The battle of Pittsburg Landing was brought on Sunday morning by the Rebels, and they, the attacking party, were beaten. It is said that every battle fought on Sunday in this war has been lost by that side whose attack brought on the engagement of that day.

SPRING.

Come quickly, O thou Spring!
Write love's fair alphabet upon the sod
In many colored flowers—to preach of God,
Our everlasting King!

Come from the rosy South,
In chariot of incense and light,
Dissolve the lingering snows that glisten white
Beneath thy fragrant mouth.

Walk softly o'er the earth,
Thou blessed spirit of the Eden-time;
Thy breath is like an incense-laden clime,
Clasping rich bowers of mirth.

Thy virgin herald's here—
The snow-drop bares her bosom to the gale,
While down her cheek, so delicately pale,
Trickles a crystal tear.

The lark now soars above,
As if he felt thy freedom on his wings,
While from his heaven-attuned throat there rings
A charming peal of love.

The yet unbearded wheat
Now timidly puts forth its tender leaf
To drink sweet dews, for Winter, ancient chief,
Crawls off with tott'ring feet.

Your sorrows now inter,
Ye dwellers in dark cities; Spring is nigh;
She bathes her garments in a sunset sky,
And treads the halls of Myrrh.

To God, an anthem sing,
When forth ye hurry to the fields of bloom;
He lights the flowers and lifts us from the tomb,
To everlasting Spring!

The Barefooted Printer Boy.

The 'Pittsburg Morning Ariel,' gives the following story of a distinguished citizen of Pennsylvania:

Some thirty years ago a barefooted boy floated down the Susquehanna on a lumber raft, and arrived at Harrisburg. He came from the north, and belonged to a large family; all his worldly goods were tied up in a little pocket handkerchief. He sought and obtained employment in a printing office as apprentice. From an apprentice to a journeymen, from a journeymen to a reporter, from a reporter to an editor, the printer boy worked his way, against obstacles which the suffering poor only know. The perseverance with which he followed in Franklin's footsteps began to realize from him the fruits of toil and privation. The young aspirant became printer to the State, and by frugal management was soon enabled to accomplish the object nearest his heart—the establishment of his mother in a home above want, and in possession of every comfort she could desire. His brothers were his next care; and, like Napoleon, he had a strong arm with which to aid them—an indomitable perseverance that nothing could successfully obstruct. In a few years they, too, with his sisters, were independent in the world; the once barefooted printer boy was in possession of affluence, surrounded by a young and affectionate family. He was a friend of the friendless, a patron of merit, and an encourager of indstry. He rose in honor and office, until the barefooted printer boy who entered a printing office in Harrisburg, hungry and weary, laid down his bundle on a pile of wet paper and asked to become a printer's apprentice, was elected a United States Senator. This man is Simon Cameron the late Secretary of War and now Minister to Russia.

HOW THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE WAS WON.—A writer says: The battle of Pea Ridge was the best fighting during the war. It was not generalship but soldiership that won it. At the close of the second day all the leading officers except Sigel and Dodge were disheartened, and regarded a surrender as a foregone conclusion. But the *men* had just got up to the right pitch, and, around the camp-fires on that weary night, they did not have the faintest idea of being whipped, but universally said: "To-morrow we will finish up this business and whip these fellows out." And sure enough they did, exhibiting genuine pluck, and nothing else.

PURCHASING A HUSBAND.—Susan, a country girl desirous of matrimony, received from her mistress a present of a five pound bank note for her marriage portion. Her mistress wished to see the object of Susan's favor, and a very diminutive fellow, swarthy as a Moor, and ugly as an ape, made his appearance.

"Ah, Susan," said the mistress, "what a strange choice you have made."

"La, madam," said Susan, "in such hard times as these when about all the tall fellows are gone for soldiers, what more of a man could you expect for a five pound note?"

ARMY OFFICERS.—Fifteen Major-Generals of Volunteers and one hundred and thirty-four Brigadier-Generals have already been confirmed by the Senate. Sixty or seventy more appointments, or anticipated promotions, have yet to be acted on.

THE HON. Theodore Frelinghuysen died at his residence, New Brunswick, N. J., on the 12th inst. The deceased possessed fine abilities. He was a candidate for Vice President of the United States, in 1844, on the ticket with Henry Clay.

AN Iowa regiment has a rule that any man who utters an oath shall read a chapter in the bible. Several have got very nearly through the Old Testament.

Beauregard wants to make cannon out of bells. We tried to make a big gun out of John Bell and couldn't. But he wasn't true metal.

PRENTICE remarks of Floyd, Pillow and and Buckner—that while they are damning one another, "the world damns all three."