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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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Select Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

How sweet, when night, her misty veil
Around the weary soldier throws,
And twilight's golden skies grow pale,
And wooing winds invite repose,
To sit beside the watchfire's blaze,
Where friendly comrades nightly come,
To sing the songs of other days
And talk of things we love at home.

Of those we love, who list and wait,
Beneath the same benignant moon,
The postman's step beside the gate,
With tidings from the absent one;
And beaming smiles their thoughts reveal,
And love is mirrored in their eyes,
As eagerly they break the seal,
Elate with joy and glad surprise.

But dearer yet the shout that rings
In exultation, loud and clear,
To hail the messenger who brings
Letters from home and kindred dear:
And 'neath the pale moon's smiling light
The soldier reads his treasure o'er,
And through the hours of silent night
In dreams he visits home once more.

In dreams he sits beside the hearth,
Afar from camps and traitors' wiles,
And deems the dearest spot on earth
Where loving wife and mother smiles;
And many a face almost forgot,
And many a word so fondly spoken,
Come flitting round the soldier's cot,
Till the sweet dream, at morn, is broken.

Oh! ye who love the soldier well—
Bid him be hopeful, brave and gay—
Better he knows than you can tell,
The perils that attend his way.
Some word of hope in battle's hour,
While striving with a vengeful foe,
Has nerved the soldier's arm with power,
To strike or ward the impending blow.

The soldier brave is often prone
To deem himself forgotten quite,
A wanderer on the earth alone,
When friends at home neglect to write.
Then cheer him oft with words like these,
And thus your deep affection prove;
Let every keel that plows the seas
Bear him some message full of love.

CONSPICUOUS UNIFORMS.—The vanity of many of our officers is costing them their lives. They do not seem to realize that by wearing into battle brilliant and showy clothing they are inviting scores of the enemy's bullets. The shoulder-straps and double-breasted buttons of field and general officers can be distinguished by sharpshooters at a long distance. It is not by any means any mark of cowardice to wear a plain, unpretending blouse and hat or cap when going into battle. We lose too many good officers in every battle to admit of this practice any longer. The enemy's officers can scarcely be distinguished from the privates. The officers they lose are not because they get in the way of our bullets, and are rarely specially picked off. If an officer cannot overcome the desire to wear showy clothing, when it is not necessary, then there should be an order issued which will prevent it.

A SCOTCH farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in all athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who, led by curiosity, came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D——, a great pugilist amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer: "Friend, I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I've come a long way to see which of us is the best man." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the noble lord by the middle of the body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working again. When his lordship had got up: "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'd be kind enough to throw me my horse!"

BESIDES those who are exempt from military duties under the United States and State laws, the laws of Moses exempt another class. We find it in Deuteronomy 24th chapter, 5th verse, the following statute: "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he has taken."

STEINBERG THE SUICIDE; OR "NEVER DESPAIR."

BY W. TWISLETON HALEY.

The often uttered words, "Never Despair," are usually as little impressive upon the hearer, as they are lightly used by the speaker. Upon my mind, their full and gravely important meaning was indelibly impressed, and with an intense and vivid effect, by a horrible case of murder and suicide, which thrilled the universal heart of England, some thirty five years ago.

The case, in question has, probably, never been published in this country; and, it so powerfully enforces the above admirable, but only too generally neglected maxim, that I deem it well worthy of all the publicity that can be given to it.

About the year 1826, a very ingenious inventor, named Steinberg, a native of Rhennish Prussia, tenanted a rather handsome house in the pleasant London suburb called Pentonville. After long years of study and experiment, and the expenditure of really vast sums of money, he had invented a machine by which he confidently expected to realize a large fortune.

Connected with one noble and opulent family by birth, and with another by marriage, he had from each of them received liberal aid, when, in his enthusiastic pursuit of his scientific purpose, he had expended not only his own large fortune, but also the scarcely inferior one of his wife, to whom, strange as the assertion may seem, when contrasted with the horrible crime which he at length committed, there was positive proof that he was most devotedly attached.

At the commencement of the year above mentioned, Steinberg's working model of his machine was perfected, and all that remained for him to do, was to take out patents, and make his machines rapidly enough to fulfil the orders which he was certain to receive from manufacturers, not only in England and America, but in almost every considerable country in Europe. But, to do these things, required the immediate command of a very considerable sum of money; and, his long years of constant but unproductive toil, had by that time left him so literally penniless, that he was daily—almost hourly, importuned for his rent, and for petty sums which he owed to various small traders in his neighborhood.

Under these circumstances, he caused accurate drawings to be made of his working model, and sent them, together with detailed and clear explanations, to his wife's and his own wealthiest relatives in Germany, and implored, rather than merely requested them, to advance him the sum which alone was then needed to secure him, infallibly and promptly, the fame and fortune for which he so long and so arduously had toiled in vain.

Reserved—almost morose in manner; and, at that especial period of his life, reduced to poverty too utter to admit of concealment, Steinberg, truth to say, was looked upon by his anxious creditors as a mere and somewhat crack-brained projector, whose project would never produce him a dollar; in a word, a victim of that especial kind of monomania to which, in all times and in all countries, men have succumbed, when misguided by strong imaginations and weak judgments.

This general opinion, it will readily be supposed, did not tend to render his creditors more patient; and, when the date on which, according to his belief and promise, he was to receive remittances from Germany was over, past by several weeks, they became daily more and more importunate; and, in one or two cases, were harsh, and even threatening in their language.

At that time, a harsh creditor, by simply making affidavit of just claim to the amount of one hundred dollars, could throw his debtor into jail, and keep him there until he could take the benefit of the Insolvent Debtor's Act, that facetiously misnamed "Benefit" being attainable only at an expense of fully the above mentioned sum. Practically, therefore, to a penniless man, pursued by an obdurate creditor, the imprisonment may have been said to be perpetual.

Loudly and harshly threatened by creditors, whose individual demands were sufficiently high to enable them at any moment to imprison him, he very naturally became both alarmed and irritated.—Always so absorbed in thought as to be careless about his personal appearance, he now became so slovenly, so absolutely squalid, that not a tradesman would credit him with a loaf of bread, or a joint of meat; and, the unhappy man saw no prospect for his wife and five young children, but actual death by famine. Day by day, his face became paler, his frame weaker, and his mind more irritable. Still, no letter arrived from Germany; though, at length, to the wealthiest of the relatives to whom he had sent his drawings, he had subsequently sent two additional and more pressing letters, in which he fully and graphically described all the horrors of his situation, which so awfully contrasted with the opulence which a comparatively small amount of aid would so surely enable him almost on the instant to grasp.

After a very long perseverance in the heartsickening exercise of "hoping against hope and reason," he at length arrived at the fatally mistaken conclusion, that both his wife's and his own relations, often and largely as they had formerly assisted him, had deserted him in the very crisis of his fate, and had determined to spare themselves the pain of expressed and direct refusal to aid him farther, by treating his application with a contemptuous silence.

And, in truth, when week after week passed by, without producing any letter from Germany, his fear was not altogether unreasonable, though the event proved that it was altogether ill founded. Day after day, and week after week, he lived on in that "hope deferred," which, as Solomon so truly saith, "maketh the heart sick;" watching as eagerly as vainly for the much needed letters, or even one of them. Yes, even one of them, containing even the paltriest remittance, would have saved that sorely tried and most wretched man from the dark depth of despair in which he committed a crime, or rather a whole host of crimes, which, even at this distance of time and place, one cannot think of without a shunder.

As I have already said, he was almost hourly importuned for more or less petty payments, towards which he had not the first red cent; his tradesmen refused to supply necessaries for his not small household, and at length hunger,—real, extreme, torturing hunger—visited the whole family, and doubly, trebly inflicted the worst of miseries upon the still fondly loving, but now undoubtedly, though only as yet partially, insane husband and father.

When his distresses, long deepening and darkening, had at length arrived at that truly terrible pass, Steinberg, as appears from a most frightfully and graphic record, in his own hand writing, determined to await yet two more mails from Germany, and, should the later of them produce no letter,—terminate the lives of his whole family and himself. A dreadful resolve, and dreadfully, most dreadfully, was it carried into execution!

* * * * * * *

Living within a few squares of the unhappy man's residedce, I was one morning summoned as one of the coroner's jury, to inquire into the cause and circumstances of the obviously violent death of Steinberg, his wife and their five children. Though I was then quite a young man, and am now a very old one, I have at the moment I write these lines as vividly and terribly before me the terrible scene that Steinberg's house presented on that morning, as though the shadow on the dial of my long, and not uneventful, life had receded, suddenly, some five and thirty years.

The man, Steinberg, so accomplished, so injenious, so laborious, so enterprising, and on the very verge of being so enviably successful as to both fame and fortune, lay, surrounded by the shockingly slaughtered bodies of his wife and children, and weltering in his own blood. Not an atom of either food or fuel was in the house, and it was destitute of every article of furniture that could possibly have been at all seeretly removed.

But, oh! how greatly was all the horror of the scene increased when, even while we, the coroner's jury, sat in earnest deliberation upon that most awful case of murder and suicide, the letter carrier entered the room, with a mail package, bearing the Berlin post-mark.

It was opened by the coroner, and contained a letter of credit on the London house of Rothschilds for the large sum of fifty thousand dollars, accompanied by most affectionate congratulations, and hearty assurances that any further sum necessary to complete Steinberg's well earned and truly scientific triumph should be forthcoming whensoever asked for. The letter farther disclosed the fact, that both the families to whom he had written, had been, in company, on a distant foreign tour, and hastened to forward aid and reply the very moment that they thus tardily received his letters.

Now, had his, no doubt very sorely tried, patience held out but twelve hours longer, what dread crime would he not have escaped for himself, what horrible deaths would he not have spared his wife and children, what a frightful stigma would he not have spared his and our common humanity!

If I were to live to the age of Methuselah, I could never forget the impression that was made on the coroner—ordinarily so cold and impassive a formalist, and upon us, his jury, as that letter was read to us, while beneath our very eyes lay the mangled and gory bodies of a whole family—father, mother, and five children! Strong men among us sobbed and wept, like very women; and the strange coincidence of such a letter arriving so very little too late to prevent such a truly awful catastrophe, indelibly impressed upon me,—as I trust that this brief narrative will impress upon all who shall read it,—the great, but too often disregarded, though often enunciated truth, that we should

NEVER DESPAIR.

No, *never;* not even
"When all around looks drear and dark,
And reason half withholds her ray,
And hope but sheds a feeble spark
That more misleads our devious way."

Truly, most truly does the poet tell us that the darkest cloud has its silver lining; and, as is instanced in the terrible case of Steinberg, our own impatience may prove infinitely more fatal than the worst of misfortunes which we actually suffer under, or mistakenly anticipate.

A CLUB of henpecked husbands met once a week—that being their only day of enjoyment and rest. When they adjourned they called it the rising of the *tied.*

Mind Your Own Concerns.

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend,
For they are your's alone;
Don't talk about your neighbors' faults,
But strive to mend your own;
What if he does not always lead
A truly perfect life;
Supposing that he sometimes frets
Or quarrels with his wife,
Don't meddle—let him know, my friend,
Your better nature spurns
To act the spy on him or his—
So mind your own concerns!

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend,
And presently you'll find
That you are fully occupied,
And have enough to mind.
What's it to you if Snooks or Spooks
Should wed with Polly Jones?
What's it to you if Lawyer Grab
A plump half million owns?
That money is not yours, my friend,
Though golden stores he earns;
So do not strive to count his wealth,
But mind your own concerns!

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend,
It were a better plan
Than always to be spying out
The deeds of brother man,
Remember that all persons have—
Though hidden from the view—
Thoughts that to them in right belong,
And not at all to you;
And also, bear in mind, my friend,
A generous nature worms
No secrets from a brother's breast,
So mind your own concerns!

Colored Population of the North.

The preliminary report of the Superintendent of the Eighth Census abounds with valuable information, and the following statistics, relating to free negroes and people of color cannot fail to be of interest at this time:

Pennsylvania has a free negro population of 55,849, more than can be found in any other of the free States. The six New England States have the following:

Maine, - - -	1,327
Vermont, - - -	709
Massachusetts, - -	9,602
Connecticut, - -	8,627
New Hampshire, - -	494
Rhode Island, - -	3,952
Or altogether -	24,711

Being far less than one half of the number in Pennsylvania. During the last ten years Pennsylvania has added to her colored population 3,223, while New York State has 64 less than she had in 1850. The Superintendent says: "The greater mildness of the climate and a milder type of the prejudices connected with this class of population, the result of benevolent influences and its proximity to the slaveholding States, may account for the fact that this race holds its own in Pennsylvania while undergoing a diminution in the State next adjoining it on the North."

This increase is owing entirely to emigration, for it is a remarkable fact that the race does not increase from natural causes, for the report says: "In Philadelphia, during the last six months of the census year, the new city registration gives 148 births against 806 deaths among the free colored."—*Phila. Ledger.*

THE PRESIDENT AMONG THE REBEL WOUNDED.—A letter to the New York Commercial, speaking of the President's visit to General McClellan's army, says:

The President's visit was fraught with many interesting incidents. After leaving General Richardson's Headquarters, the President's party proceeded to a barn, which was used as a temporary hospital for Rebel wounded. On entering, the sad scenes that follow battle met the eye.

Mr. Lincoln, after looking around remarked to the Rebel wounded, that if they had no objection he would be pleased to take them by the hand. The solemn obligations, said he, which we owe to our country and posterity compel the prosecution of this war; and it follows that many on both sides must become victims, and although they are our enemies through uncontrollable circumstances, he bore them no malice, and could take them by the hand with as much sympathy and good feeling as if they were brothers. After a short silence those of the Rebels that could walk came forward, and each of them silently shook hands with the President.

Mr. Lincoln and Gen. McClellan went to the bedside of those who were unable to rise and cheered them, saying that every care should be bestowed upon them to ameliorate their sufferings. It was a touching scene, and there was not a dry eye among the wounded.

A "QUARTER" OF GRAIN.—In the English markets, grain is quoted by the "quarter," and the prices in shillings sterling. The quarter contains 8 Imperial bushels, or 8¼ American bushels. (33 American or Winchester bushels equal 32 Imperial bushels.) The English shilling equals about 24 and 2 mills. For a rough calculation we may reckon the Stirling shilling at ¼ dollar, and to reduce London rates to New York bushel prices, divide the quoted shillings per quarter by 33.—The telegraph reports a certain grade of wheat in London at 57s.—that is, 57 shillings, or $14.25 per 8¼ bushels. Or, dividing 57 by 33 gives about $1.73 per bushel. From this we deduct freight, waste, insurance, commissions, etc., to get the corresponding price in New York. When Flour is quoted by the barrel, we have only to divide by 4 to get the price in dollars, nearly. (Just now, four shillings sterling are equal to considerable over $2, owing to the price of gold, and the cost of exchange.)—*Am. Agriculturist.*

FROM RICHMOND.

The Richmond Examiner of the 3d instant, in a leading editorial, argues that "the Northern Government is about to make its third throw for Richmond." After reckoning, as well as it can, the forces of the old army and the new, it says:

"With this data, the deduction is inevitable that we must expect to see an army actively and directly employed in a third attempt at the reduction of the city, which fate, nature and fortune have combined to render the chief stragetic point of the war.

"On the direction from which the new danger is to come, there are now really no facts sufficiently ascertained to assist us in forming a judgment. The popular opinion is that the next advance on Richmond will be from the direction of Fredericksburg, probably because all other points of the compass have been tried and failed. But one reflection is sufficient to satisfy us that this apprehension is improbable.

From Fredericksburg to Richmond is a march of sixty miles. From Drury's Bluff to Richmond is a march of eight miles.—It is very difficult to believe that in a war with a naval power, the danger of Richmond is to be looked for in any other direction than that of its navigable water. It is not improbable that Fredericksburg may he again occupied as part of the proposed Union scheme of an advance from Centreville, intended to out off Lee's communication with this city. But the serious blow will be hit, as before, from the river, which we may again see ascended by a new armada and a new General, hoping to take Richmond by repairing the blunders of McClellan, and profitting by his dear-bought experience.

* * * "Let us hope that during these three precious months, while the North has been calling a host more numerous than locusts into existence, the Confederate Government has not been occupied only in expecting foreign intervention or the extinction of the war by the North's dismay and exhaustion. Let us trust that it has done something better than the issue of proclamations, the creation of an office-holders' party, the purchase of organs; and occupied itself with something more serious than the war of pinches and pin-stickings on all those who do not choose to bow and kiss the earth before those of their fellow-creatures whom fortune has gilded with the flittering gleams of passing prosperity."

Execution of Ten Missourians.

Ten Missourians who had violated their oath of allegiance to the United States were executed at Hudson on the 28th ult. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press gives the following account of the scene:

The execution ground was about half a mile from the town, and when I reached there I found the troops drawn up on three sides of a square, while the fourth was occupied by the condemned and firing parties. After sometime occupied in the preliminary preparations, each prisoner was blindfolded and knelt in from of his own execution party. A venerable looking, gray-headed chaplain now stepped out from among the staff, and in a short, fervent prayer commended the souls of these poor wretches to the mercy of God before whom they would shortly appear. Everything was as still as death. The perfect hush, if I may say so, was painfully distinct, and I could see, even under the grave, stern face of General Merrill, a softening look, as if he was still struggling between duty and mercy.

For a moment the silence was awful; then came the clear tone of command of the officer of they day:—'Ready, aim, fire,' a rattling discharge; a puff of smoke; a groan, and all was over. The ten had paid the penalty of their broken oaths.—For a moment all was hushed as before, and then you could almost hear the long-drawn breath of relief. The bright sun shone as calmly and clearly as before, but shone on ten corses stiff and stark, where the moment before were ten men in the full flush of physical health.

A CLEAN SWEEP.—Citizens of Loudoun county, Virginia, flying to escape the last rebel conscription in that quarter, are arriving in Washington. On this occasion every person capable of bearing arms, including all the Quakers and boys over sixteen years old, have been gobbled up by the Rebel conscripting officers, except such as managed to escape by fleeing to the mountains. They have also taken every horse left in the country for the service of Lee's army, as well as everything else they could lay hands on likely to prove serviceable in his present emergency.

THE FATE OF THE SECOND REGIMENT.—The career of the Second Wisconsin regiment is practically ended. All that remains of the eleven hundred who left Wisconsin a little more than twelve months ago are fifty-nine war-worn and battle-grimed men. Almost every blood-stained field of Maryland and Virginia is enriched by the bones of the dead from that noble regiment. There were ten overflowing companies when the regiment left the State.—*Milwaukee News.*

THOSE who lack a good natural character may be sure they cannot long sustain, without detection, an artificial one.

THE Bible is a window in this prison of hope through which we look into eternity.

SELECTING SEED CORN.

It is now time that farmers should direct their attention to the selection of seed corn, and thereby avoid in future the delay, labor and loss which a neglect of this useful precaution has occasioned within a few years. Taking the ground that wet weather, in connection with hard freezing, destroys the germinating principle in the grain, or injures it to such a degree as to render the young plant imperfect, it then becomes a matter of no small importance to farmers to secure a sufficient quantity against the severity of the weather. This should be done as soon as the corn is matured, and I know of no better place to make your selection than in the field before the corn is husked, where you can not only select the most fruitful stalks, but also the most perfect ears. The corn thus selected should be separated from the stalk without husking, and be removed to a dry, airy building, where it may be hung up in the husk to dry; or, should this plan not be convenient, it may be husked and spread out thinly to avoid danger of heating. That it is bad policy to plant corn that has stood out in the freezing weather many farmers have found to their cost, by three years' experience, when such corn entirely failed, or but partly germinated. Even this might have failed to convince some, if, on the other hand, all the seed that was selected early in the fall had not germinated without failure. Those who are careful in the selection of good seed lay the foundation for a good crop, and contemplate the end from the beginning.

HEADING LATE CABBAGES.—It sometimes happens, either through the lateness of the season, or neglect in early planting, that cabbages do not head completely before cold weather sets in. These are often fed out to cattle, or thrown away, while by a little care they might be made to head during the fall and early winter. To accomplish this, proceed as follows: first, make a wide trench, and transplant the cabbages into it, setting them together in a triple row. At each end of the row, drive in a crotched stake, and lay a rail from one to the other, to form a ridge pole a foot or more above the cabbages. Make a roof of old boards or slabs, one end resting on the pole, and the other on the ground, so as to shed water. Over this, lay a little straw, six or more inches thick, and when Winter sets in, put on as many inches of earth, making the surface smooth and hard, so as to be nearly rain-proof.—At each end of the row, leave a ventilating hole, which must be loosely filled with straw in cold weather. Cabbages so managed, will continue to grow, and will fill up their heads considerably before midwinter. When taken out in spring, they will be tender, crisp, and beautifully blanched.—*American Agriculturist.*

A NEW SIGNIFICANCE.—In dictionaries the word "penniless" is set down as synonymous with impecuniosity, or destitution. A penniless man was once understood to mean a man whose pocket contained nothingness, and that only. It now has a different signification. A man may have a pocketbook full of bank bills, and yet be unable to raise sufficient money to purchase a segar. The scarcity of small change is such that a man with nothing smaller than a bank note is no better off than a man in whose pocket there are not two nickels to jingle together.

GEN. SMITH IN COMMAND OF NELSON'S DIVISION.—The Buffalo Courier says the many friends of Brigadier Gen. William S. Smith, will be gratified to learn that he has been placed in command of the late Gen. Nelson's Division. The division consists of fifteen regiments in infantry, three batteries and a section of three pieces of artillery and a battalion of cavalry.

THE following is one of the many good things got off by Van Vleck, of the Kinderhook Rough Notes: "He that steals my purse, steals *postage stamps*—they're ours, they're yours, and have been slaves to thousands, and when they get dirty will do nobody any good—but he that appropriates to himself our good name, takes two Vs we would like to see him get the specie on."

A LITTLE fellow, weeping most piteously, was suddenly interrrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment—the train of thought was broken. "Ma," said he, renewing his snuffle, and wishing to have his cry out, "Ma—ugh! ugh! what was I crying about just now!"

"WHAT do they mean by a cat and a dog life? said a husband to his angry wife. "Look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug together. I wish men lived half so peaceably with their wives——"

"Stop," said the lady; "tie them together and then see how they will agree."

"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?" "How you know I had a watch?" "Bekase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front." "Go 'way, nigger, S'pose you see halter round my neck, you think dar is horse inside of me?"

AT a wedding, recently, when the officiating clergyman put to the lady the question—"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which let her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."