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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER & WM. B. USILTON,
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Select Poetry.

For the "Kent News."

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

On the velvet banks of a stream, I saw
A beautiful child at play;
Who was sporting in childhood's happy glee,
The morning hours away;
The gentle zephyrs played sporting with
The curls of her sunny hair,
And the sunbeams fell with a holy light
On the rippling stream so fair.

On the edge of the bank that sweet child strayed,
Protected by unseen powers,
And in her hand a garland she held,—
A garland of beautiful flowers.
With a careless laugh she heedlessly tossed
These flowers upon the tide;
And as they faded away from her sight,
"Oh, bring them back to me," she cried.

But on they sped, unmindful of
Her tender heart's emotion,
Until they were lost midst the briny waves,
Of the tempestuous ocean.
In vain, in vain, were her beauteous arms
Stretched out to the foaming sea;
In vain, in vain, was her constant cry,
"Bring back those flowers to me."

Ye who are lovely, may learn from this child,
That ties we e made but to sever;
That like those flowers, the joys of earth,
If lost *are lost forever,*
And that we must raise our eyes to heaven,
To seek for our treasures there,
Where the sunbeams fall with a holy light,
Where God and His angels are.

ETERNITY.

O eternity, without all bounds! O eternity, that can be measured by no spaces of time! O eternity, that can be understood by no understanding of man; how much dost thou increase the punishments of the damned! After innumerable thousands of years, they shall always be constrained to think that this is to them only the beginning of torments! How grievous a thing is it to lie in a most soft bed for thirty years! What will it be to burn thirty thousand years in that lake of fire and brimstone! O eternity! eternity! thou alone, beyond all measure, dost exaggerate the torments of the damned—Grievous is their punishment by reason of the *sharpness* of their torments; it is the more grievous by reason of the *diversity* of their torments; it is the most grievous for the *eternity* of their torments. There shall be death without death, end without end, defect without defect, because death ever liveth, and the end ever beginneth, and the defect knoweth not how to fail. They shall seek life, and shall not find it; they shall seek death, and death shall fly away from them; after an hundred thousand, thousand, thousand years, without any end, they shall return to renewed torments.—*Gerhaldt.*

THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

He whose infinite mind knows what heaven is, knows what its loss must be to an immortal being. Can he be too much in earnest about its gain? He whose all-reaching foresight knows what hell is, in all its never-ending anguish, sees afar off and fathoms the horrors of the lost soul, its weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth forever and forever; its horrible sense of condemnation and immitigable woe; its cutting remorse, its too late repentance, its hopeless sighs, its bitter memories of earth's sunny hours; with all the thousand sadnesses that go to make up the sum total of a lost eternity! Can he then pity too much? Can he yearn too tenderly over souls that are madly bent on flinging themselves into a doom like this?—Can he use words too strong or too affectionate in warning them against such a darkness, and such a devil, and such a hell? Can he put forth words too affectionate in beseeching them to make sure of such a heaven as his?

A GOOD TOAST.—"Woman—she is the only endurable aristocrat—elects without voting, governs without law, and decides without appeal." That toaster deserves a wife.

As a plain garment best adorns a beautiful woman, so a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

For the Kent News.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Necessary Preparations.

Few if any institutions have contributed so much to civilization as public schools. No other institution can contribute more to national greatness. It stands second to none in shaping the character, habits and principles of men. Virtue, which is nothing but the understanding enlarged and refined, never flourishes to any great degree except where good education is general. None have been born naturally great or naturally good. The mind is placed here rude and uncultivated, which, without being properly trained grows into treachery, vice, immorality, and even superstition, which is prevalent only where there is a defect in knowledge. Good deeds have always come from minds early subjected to the refining influence of education; and noble acts from hands that were once busy in turning the leaves of the text-book. When we read the lives of great reformers, we find their early home to have been the studio where the spark of knowledge was first fanned and which finally kindled into a glorious light, and proves such a mighty benefactor to mankind. The youthful days of Martin Luther, who turned the minds of Europe from the idolatry and superstition of the dark ages to God and christianity, were passed in the school room. The sword tried in vain to cause the Highlanders of Scotland to turn from the life of the savage to civilization. The fruitless efforts of Edward I. were succeeded by the failures of Edward II., which were followed by like unsuccessful efforts of the ambitious Edward III.; but when the public school began its work, when their intellects were touched by the potent sceptre of education, civilization began, noble principles were developed, and they became a people not to be scorned and detested, but to be admired.

Notwithstanding the importance of this institution, and the beneficial effects derived therefrom, it does not grow up spontaneously among the people. It requires effort, untiring effort, ever to be put forth in its behalf. Like every other art, it requires preparation—preparation on the part of those who receive the benefits, as well as the instructor. In view of the preparation necessary to carry on this noble work successfully, we will speak first of the special preparation required of the teacher; second, of the preparation and effort necessary to be put forth on the part of the proprietors, that the teacher's labors may be beneficial to the community in which he is employed.

First: the teacher requires special preparation. Might the farmer as well cultivate the soil, the mechanic build the house or construct an engine, without special preparation, as for the teacher to train the young mind without special preparation. Just as well might our lawyers practise without it, as for the teacher to attempt to teach the young without it. It would be much better for the lawyer to be unprepared to plead the culprit's case, whose character is forever lost, than for the teacher unprepared to attempt to instruct the human mind, which if properly trained will ripen into future usefulness.

We have said teaching is an art. If the practice of medicine is an art; if war is an art, if the work in every machine shop is an art, is not teaching an art? It is an art. And it is not only an art, but it is the highest art; for it requires more skill to lead the young mind steadily and safely up the hill of science, than it does to frame the house, construct the machine, or drive the engine. If the mechanic fails he may form a new plan of operation,—not so with the teacher. Might as well every patient be a subject of experiment for the new physician to learn whether so much arsenic is fatal or not, as for the teacher to enter upon his work without preparation, trying this and that method not knowing which if either is right.

The teacher must also understand that upon which he operates. A man cannot teach unless he understands the mind to be taught. Is it possible for one to operate upon what he does not understand?—Can the physician safely treat the patient with whose disease he is unacquainted? Can the gardener take care of the fruit-tree properly unless he knows the nature and wants of the tree? If he does not understand its requirements he will take an axe or a saw, and cut a limb here and a branch there, not knowing where to begin or where to leave off. Would not that look like guess work? And is not teaching, too, when the teacher does not understand the mind, very much like guess work? If the farmer must understand the soil he tills, the gardener the plant he cultivates, before applying the marl, is it not *much* more necessary for the instructor to be acquainted with the human mind before he attempts to teach?

As the mechanic must understand the tools with which he operates, so must the teacher be conversant with the means he employs. It is not enough that he possesses so much grammar and so much arithmetic, for teaching does not consist in dealing out a little grammar and a little geography, but everything in nature may be made use of by the teacher,

"Where living things, and things inanimate,
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear."

(To be continued.)

Chestertown, Md. W. W.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO GENERAL SCHENCK.

Speeches of Gov. Bradford and Dr. C. C. Cox.

A complimentary dinner was given to Major General Schenck, the new commander of the Middle Department, by the Union citizens of Baltimore, on Thursday evening of last week. Governor Bradford presided on the occasion, and, after the cloth was removed, delivered an eloquent and fitting address of welcome to General Schenck. After some remarks complimentary of the General and the loyalty of the West, from whence the General hails, Governor Bradford proceeded to speak of Maryland as follows:

I have sometimes felt that there is a failure to properly understand and appreciate the character of the loyalty of the loyal people of this good city and State by those who live outside of her borders.—There are reasons for it, I know. There are many among us, we know, who are Secessionists and Rebels in heart, as malignant and vindictive as any that lead the Rebel hosts. We have, too, a small share of those with that left-handed sort of loyalty that is always looking about for some snug occupation, warm and agreeable, wherein it can fatten—a purpose which constitutes in fact the only object either of their affection or concern. They are to be found all over, though I am happy to believe their number is small. Conspicuous though they assume to be—yet from their smallness arose their conspicuous assumption—they escaped the notice of a far less astute commander than he who now has charge of the military of the Middle Department. In fact, with the exception of this small part, the whole inhabitants of our State, from Mason and Dixon's line upon the North to the Potomac, occupying as they do a territory lying in and about what we may call the equator that divides the United from the Rebel States, are devoted to the crushing of this causeless rebellion.

There is, besides, as it seems to me, a distinguished characteristic about the loyalty of Maryland's loyal sons that marks it, in some respects, from the loyalty of other States that are sometimes, *par excellence,* denominated the loyal States. Just now loyalty in those States seems to have taken two sides, but can hardly pass current with either unless it has a good partisan endorser. We give it no currency, we refuse to hail it, because we foreswear all such political connections, and it only passes current for so much as it is worth upon the face of the paper bearing their own names. The loyal men of Maryland, my friends, have no parties to sustain, no parties to create, no parties to revive.—They have no Presidents to make, no Presidents to recommend, no Presidents to suggest. Were the Presidential election to come off in a month, Maryland's loyal men would not rest their hopes upon the Republican party, or the Democratic party, or the Old Line Whig party. They would look for nothing but a pure *pro patriæ,* anti-rebellion, honest man, and that alone would fill up the measure of their candidate for the Presidency. [Applause.] They know full well that however much any one party may have had to do in tearing down the pure fabric, which was such a pride of ours once, they do not look for any one party ever to build it up again. My gallant friend here to-night belonged to an old National conservative party that I am sure he, as well as I, if we spoke our thoughts, would say we believed compared most favorably with any that ever preceded or survived it. But yet I am sure I speak his sentiments, as well as my own, when I say that if we could, by a single word of ours, revive that old party to-morrow, we would not do it until we had first built up the great mansion of our country, which is so fearfully shaken by conspirators and traitors. [Applause.]

Such, my friends, I would have our guests and others believe is the loyalty of Maryland's loyal men Such I believe it to be; such I know it should be; such I have confidence it will be. It will repudiate all local, all sectional, all subordinate, all selfish considerations—every consideration, in fact, that has the power or possibility of diverting its hand from the great work that occupies its heart. [Applause.] The loyal men of Maryland have but one purpose and one hope—but one ambition and one thought—and that is the Union, its restoration, its preservation, its perpetuity. [Applause.] We would save it, if it be possible, with all the institutions and with every interest that has ever found shelter beneath it. Save it, and save it we may, if from no other object than that we would be thus saving, in the very shape in which the inheritors received it from their own glorious ancestors. [Applause.] We would, therefore, save the ark and all that it contains—every bird, and every beast, and every creeping thing that has ever found refuge beneath its roof. [Applause.] But if this be not possible, and some must be thrown overboard, let them go—let them go. [Great applause.] Let them go—sacred, patriarchal, though some may believe—to the depths of the sea, so that we can save the ark itself and its precious freight of popular government, public liberty, republican institutions, the home of our children, the hope of the universe—all, all to be annihilated whenever it goes down. [Applause and three cheers.]

SPEECH OF DR. C. C. COX.

It is proper, at such a crisis as this, when the passions of men are deeply stirred, their judgments strangely unbalanced, and the land drunken and staggering with strife and blood—it is proper the patriot heart should throb with anxious solicitude. It is right we should pledge, each to the other, on all suitable occasions, the solemn purpose of wresting the land and nation from the ruthless hands which are attempting to dismember them. Sublime is the consciousness of patriotic devotion to such a Government as ours, and he who is insensible to it lacks the essential heart of heroism and of faith.

What people ever had stronger motives for loving their native land, who less reason for disturbing its beneficent relations than the citizens of these States? The dreary fabric of Roman power required hundreds of years to complete it, the blood of Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman cemented for centuries the foundations of the British Empire, and revolution followed revolution, before the great British Constitution deserved the name. America burst from the womb of ages, Pallas-like, panoplied and matured. * *

It is true the Constitution, which was to bind the different parts of the Government under one, had a vast and intricate work to accomplish. States of separate if not conflicting interests, various in climate and soil, had to be brought to harmonize under one instrument, which was wisely to provide for all the difficulties presenting, and while protecting all to interfere with the rights of none. Our fathers accomplished with infinite labor, directed by unblemished patriotism, the most complete constitution of Government the world had ever known. A sense of justice, a spirit of concession presided over the infancy of that great instrument. It was a magnificent success. Under its wise provisions the nation had gone on in her proud career for more than seventy years; its broad and protecting ægis had been extended over every foot of soil trodden by an American citizen; the North and the South, the East and the West have been secure and prosperous beneath its broad canopy; in its shadow as in that of a sheltering rock, the oppressed of all lands have taken refuge But at the time when it was dispensing the largest share of its blessings it was ruthlessly assailed by the very recipients of its bounty, and at this hour every true loyal man is summoned, in one form or another, to its defence. The utter causelessness of this war on the part of the rebellion fills the whole world with wonder, and the nations are petrified with astonishment that such worthless Pickwickian defenders and demagogues as Davis, Cobb, Floyd and others should sway the hearts and minds of a large section, and attempt to rule the soil consecrated by the bones of Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Clay and Webster. No such record exists in the world's history as the shameless war waged by the Rebels in arms against the Government of these States. From first to last it has been marked by wilful falsehood, fraud, treachery, crime of every hue, until not one redeeming trait is to be found in it—not one gleam of honor or right. [Applause.]

Let us be true to ourselves, and the Union is indissoluble—its destruction a moral impossibility. You may wound it here and there—some of the smaller arteries, removed from the great trunk may be opened—but these are injuries which may be repaired. The great central heart of this vast nation can never, will never, be reached by its foes, foreign or domestic.

I am not one of the despondent, croaking patriots, whose faces are always elongated by gloomy forebodings. My confidence in the final result is unchanged. I believe the Union pulse will yet beat healthily and freely, from the Penobscot to the Sabine. The tide will rise in its weight and grandeur. They who are with it will be borne triumphantly aloft, they who resist be overwhelmed by it. Treason will yet reassume its old, true meaning, and receive its measure of merited scorn, even among the savannahs of the South—and the traitor will wear a brand upon his forehead deeper, more damning and indelible, than that which glared from the brow of Cain when he went forth a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth.

Stand firm, then, my countrymen, and never despair of the old ship. In the famous battle of Aboukir, we are told, where every French ship was a Thermopylæ, Admiral Broney, sorely wounded by grape still remained erect at the stern of his flagship. A cannon ball cut him in two.—Still, with dying hands, he resisted those who would have carried him below, exclaiming, "*A French Admiral should die on his quarter deck.*" If the Union goes down, (which God forbid,) let a few of the old guard be found clinging to her planks in the last great struggle with the elements. But she will not go down.—Triumphatly riding the stormy surges, when the clouds now about her are scattered, she will still stand proudly relieved; a little scarred it may be, but still bearing aloft from her topmast peak the great banner of the stars, representing an undivided nationality!

"By our altars pure and free;
By our laws deep rooted tree;
By the past's dread memory;
By our Washington!

"By our common mother tongue;
By our hopes bright, buoyant, young;
By the tie of country strong;
We will still be one!"

The Case of Gen. Fitz John Porter.

He is Found Guilty of all the Charges and Dismissed from the Service.

The court-martial in the case of General Fitz John Porter, which recently sat at Washington, found him *guilty on every one of the charges preferred.* The President has approved the findings of the Court, and he has been dismissed from the service.

Mere dismissal from the service for conduct so inexcusable and disgraceful is not deserving to be called punishment. When the consequences of Gen. Pope's defeat are remembered—the invasion of Maryland, the capture of Harper's Ferry, the calling out of the Pennsylvania militia, and the fearful anxiety created in the public mind for the safety of Baltimore Philadelphia, and other cities—if General Porter's obstinacy was the cause of them, we think that an example should have been made of him; for while the sentence of the court-martial is a high disgrace in the eyes of military men, it inflicts no adequate punishment, and other officers may be guilty of a similar offence with the expectation of escaping as lightly.

The charges on which General Porter is convicted were, in brief, as follows:

1. Disobeying, on the 28th of August, an order of General Pope, then his superior officer, directing him to bring his corps to help Hooker and others in what is now known as the second battle of Bull Run.

2. Disobeying another order of General Pope on the day following, directing him to make certain movements.

3. Totally disobeying very important orders as to the movements of his corps while the battle was in progress on the said 29th of August.

4. Disregarding a peremptory order from General Pope to bring his command into action and to report in person on the field.

5. Permitting certain of his brigades, in defiance of positive orders, to march back to Centreville, thus greatly delaying the arrival of Pratt's Brigade on the field of battle of the 30th August.

6. When peremptorily ordered into battle, he "did there shamefully disobey, and did retreat from the advancing forces of the enemy, without any attempt to engage them, or aid the troops who were already fighting greatly superior numbers, and were relying on the flank attack he was ordered to make to secure a decisive victory, and to capture the enemy's army, a result which must have followed from said flank attack, had it been made by said General Porter in compliance with the said order which he so shamefully disobeyed"

7. In that, "being with his army corps on Friday, the 29th of April, between Manassas Station and the field of battle then pending, and within sound of the guns, and in presence of the enemy, and knowing that a severe action of great consequence was being fought, and that the aid of his corps was greatly needed, did fail all that day to bring it on the field, and did shamefully fall back and retreat from the advance of the enemy, without any attempt to give them battle, and without knowing the forces from which he shamefully retreated."

8. That "being in the belief that the troops of General Pope were sustaining defeat and retiring from the field, did shamefully fail to go the aid of said troops and did shamefully retreat, and fall back with his army to the Manassas Junction, and leave to the disaster of a presumed defeat the said army, and did fail, by any attempt to attack the enemy, to aid in averting the misfortunes of a disaster that would have endangered the safety of the Capital of the country."

GALLS ON HORSES.

Prevention is better than cure. In the first place, be sure that your harness is in perfect working order. See to it especially that the collar fits well, and is hard and smooth. If the inner surface is rough it must chafe, and soon wear off the skin. A loose layer of leather under the collar is a good contrivance to lessen friction upon the animal's neck and shoulders.

While hard work is pressing, let the horses' shoulders be washed, every other morning, with a solution of alum and whiskey. This being a powerful astringent will serve to toughen the skin and prevent its breaking. At night, when coming home from work, sweaty and sore, let the shoulders be washed with tepid water, then rubbed dry. If, notwithstanding these precautions, galls occur on the breast or back, wash them clean, then apply an ointment, made by mixing together a spoonful of pulverized alum and the white of an egg.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

IF you take fresh bones from the kitchen, and pound them up into small pieces, hens will eat them ravenously, and not only digest the bones and make a better manure of them than can be made in any other way, but they will themselves be greatly benefited by them. They will lay throughout the season with greater regularity than otherwise, and will fatten on the marrow within, and the fat and muscle will adhere to the bones.

General Burnside's Address to the Army of the Potomac.

General Burnside issued the following address to the Army of the Potomac, on the 20th inst., on the resumption of active movements:

The Commanding General announces to the Army of the Potomac that they are about to meet the enemy once more.

The late brilliant actions in North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas have divided and weakened the enemy on the Rappahannock, and the auspicious moment seems to have arrived to strike a great mortal blow to the rebellion, and to gain that decisive victory which is due to the country.

Let the gallant soldiers of so many brilliant battle fields accomplish this achievement, and a fame the most glorious awaits them.

The commanding General calls for the firm and united action of officers and men, and, under the providence of God, the Army of the Potomac will have taken the great step towards restoring peace to the country and the government to its rightful authority.

HOPE.

Sweet Hope! without thee what is life; without thy cheering rays to light our path and raise our thoughts amidst the numerous ills of time. Tis thine when poverty's hard, griping hand, with unrelenting rigor, stops the streams in which our comforts flowed, to give relief and forward bid our thoughts to better days.

Tis thine to cheer the storm beat mariner, when with conflicting elements he strives to reach the distant shore. How grateful then his heart when the long looked for port appears. 'Tis thine when lovers take the parting hand, when keen sensations swell the aching breast, when sails are set and all prepared to bear him from her sight, to soothe their throbbing hearts.

What power supports through tedious hours of and long confinement to the tedious room? What power supports when to the silent grave our friends we follow never to return? 'Tis hope, kind scother of our woes, that tells our mourning hearts our friends we yet shall see in the bright world where death no more divides.—Celestial visitant, be thou my friend, be thou my solace thro' this vale of tears; nor quit me till beyond disaster's reach I fix my final home, when faith and hope shall be no more.

The Sabbath a Delight.

The mistakes of friends, as well as the hatred of its enemies, have represented it as a day of gloom and austerity. A true Sabbath is just as gloomy as true piety; just as gloomy as a heart can be that is at peace with God and assured of heaven, that hears the voice of a loving Father in every mercy, and sees His hand in all His works. It is true that with all this experience of faith and joy, the Sabbath will mingle confessions of sin and tears of repentance, wailings of grief and prayers for deliverance. But the Sabbath does not make sins or the sorrows; it only takes them to a compassionate Saviour for relief, and the highest pitch of all its ecstacy is just at that "point where the sorrow is turned into joy." Would that all those who hate or dread the day, could have a fair experience of its spiritual delights.—What unknown refreshment, what expansions, what satisfaction, it should bring them! It should lie across their rough and shadowy pathway like a gleam of sunshine upon green pastures and still waters. Men should find themselves in a new world, in every week should roll it into this belt of heavenly light.—*Rev. H. D. Ganse.*

Franklin's Proverbs.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle and came tumbling out of the saddle.

The master's eye will do more work than both his hands.

A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.

Scarlet, silk and velvet have put out the kitchen fire.

The idle man is the devil's hireling; whose livery is rags, whose diet and wages are famine and disgrace.

Never take a wife until thou hast a house to put her in.

Hunger never saw bad bread.

Great talkers, little doers.

If you would keep a secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

THE son of a preacher was nodding; we woke him up and whispered—

"Is the sermon nearly finished?"

"Has he got to the 16thly?" whispered the boy in response.

"No—only at 13thly."

"Then he ain't quite half through."

THE Richmond Inquirer relates that during the rout of Fremont's army, in the Shenandoah valley, a Virginia cavalry colonel "single-handed, charged sixteen Federal dragoons, put them all to flight, and captured forty-six of the number!"

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root from which it arose; as a river pours its streams to the sea, whence its spring was supplied; so the heart of a grateful man delights in returning a benefit received.