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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Select Poetry.

The Bird that Sang in May.

A bird last Spring came to my window shutter
One lovely morning at the break of day,
And from his little throat did sweetly utter
A most melodious lay.

He had no language for his joyous passion,
No solemn measure or artistic rhyme,
Yet no devoted minstrel e'er did fashion
Such perfect tune and time.

It seemed of thousand joys, a thousand stories,
All gushing forth in one tumultuous tide,
A Hallelujah to the Morning Glories
That bloomed on every side.

And with each canticle's voluptuous ending
He sipped a dew-drop from the dripping pane,
Then heavenward his little bill extending
Broke forth in song again.

I thought to emulate his wild emotion,
And learn thanksgiving from his tuneful tongue,
But human hearts ne'er utter such devotion,
Nor human lips such song.

At length he flew, and left me to my sorrow,
Lest I should hear those tender notes no more,
And though I early looked for him each morrow
He came not near my door.

But once again, one silent Summer even,
I met him hopping on the new mown hay,
But he was mute, and looked not up to heaven,
The Bird that sung in May.

Though now I hear from dawn to twilight hour
The hoarse Woodpecker and the noisy Jay—
In vain I seek through leafless grove and bower
The Bird that sung in May.

And such methinks are childhood's dawning pleasures.
They charm a moment, and then flee away,
Through life we sigh, and seek those missing treasures,
The Birds that sing in May.

This little lesson, then my boy, remember,
To sing each bright winged blessing in its day,
And never hope to have in cold December,
The Birds that sing in May.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us, has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun is gone into heaven. Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest, or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children.—They would have attained their full growth in our imag nation, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbors with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.—*Leigh Hunt.*

TWO KINDS OF RICHES.

A little boy sat by his mother. He looked long in the fire, and was silent.—Then, as the deep thought began to pass away, his eyes grew bright, and he spoke:

"Mother, I wish to be rich"

"Why do you wish to be rich, my son?"

"Because every one praises the rich. Every one inquires after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say his lessons well. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the children blame him not, for they say he is a wealthy boy.

The mother saw that her child was in danger of believing wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause them to be held in honor who lead unworthy lives. So she asked him:

"What is it to be rich?"

"I do not know," he answered. "You tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me."

"To become rich," replied the mother, "is to get money. For this you must wait until you get a man."

Then the boy looked sorrowful, and said:

"Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

"Yes, my boy," she answered. "The gain of money is not the only nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber make it his prey. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind them at last. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth like that of the wayside beggar without a garment. There is another kind of riches which is not kept in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon, related the following as illustrative of a good conscience:

"What do you think of such a case as this? In one of the Assay offices under the Government, one-fortieth of one per cent., I think, is allowed for waste on all the gold that passes through, but last year the amount which remained in the hands of the Director of that office, was about eighty thousand dollars, which according to the letter of the law belonged to him. He, however, went back to the spirit of the law, and though the law allowed him to pocket the eighty thousand dollars, he returned it to the Government. And that is not all; I do not know it. I know it only by having been told it by an assistant of his.

"Now, how many are there of you will vote that this man shall go to the lunatic asylum? And how many are there of you that, looking upon him, feel rising up within you, unforced and unconscious, a wish to worship him?

"This is a case of the love of right for right's sake. Here is a man that stood in an ungodly city where everybody is scrambling for money, and where money is the ideal image of happiness, and there was eighty thousand dollars which according to the law he could have retired a rich man; and yet he said: 'The spirit of the law requires that should be given back to the Government,' and he gave it back; not for the sake of performing a remarkable deed, but because he thought the thing was right in and of itself. And I would rather have that man's poverty and moral integrity than twice or four times the eighty thousand dollars."

SWEARING FOR A FAMILY.

Rev. R S Maclay, for thirteen years a missionary in China, has written a book, in which he relates the following anecdote:

During our examinations for candidates for baptism at Ngukang, I observed that one woman and some three or four young people had the same surname. This circumstance led to the following conversation between myself and one of the young men:

"I observe you all have the same surname. Are you members of the same family?" I inquired.

"Yes," one replied; "this is mother, and these are my brothers."

"Where is your father?" I asked.

"He is at home attending to business."

"Does he approve of your embracing Christianity?"

"Yes, he is entirely willing."

"Why does not your father himself become a Christian?"

"He says it would not answer for all the family to embrace Christianity?"

"And why?" I asked, with some curiosity, "does he think so?"

"He says that if we all become Christians our heathen neighbors will take advantage of the circumstance to impose upon us."

"How will they do that?" I asked.

"Christians are not allowed to swear or fight, and father says that when our wicked neighbors ascertain we have embraced Christianity they will proceed at once to curse and maltreat us. Hence father says to us, 'You may all become Christians, but I must remain a heathen so as to retaliate on our bad neighbors. You can go to meeting and worship, but I must stay at home to do the cursing and fighting for the family.'"

Hon. John J. Crittenden.

His Speech in Support of the Government.

Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, made an eloquent speech in Lexington, Kentucky, recently, in support of the war for the Union and the Administration.—The following glowing extract was the conclusion:

Let us fight through it as best we can. The enemy challenges us; he is in our way; he stands before us, defying us with all the boldness of the Philistines of old, and especially defying you Kentuckians, and proclaiming his determination to make you his spoil. Will you hesitate what course to pursue? I don't make war upon the South because I hate the South. It is not from any personal feeling against the South, but it is because I condemn their conduct and hate the principles they are endeavoring to carry out. I don't love the South the less, but I love my country more. My hostility is the result of principle, which is the same, morning, noon and evening—in the morning of the year, and at the noon and evening of every year. The mere politician says he is angry with the South; but there is nothing reliable in anger; it is passion, and may change any hour or day, and be against you when you think it will be for you.

The nation will get through its difficulties. We have the power and the will to do it, and we shall accomplish it. That great Providence that has made us the standard bearer of freedom will not permit our Government to go down and leave the world in gloom. I have faith; "there is a Divinity above that shapes all our ends," and He will shape the destiny of our nation. Its career has only just begun, and Providence does not permit a half finished work of such momentous proportions to fall and be abandoned; and I trust in God that we, the people, do not intend it. Our hearts must be filled with the noble determination to maintain the integrity of our Government, while we grow greater and greater, mightier and mightier, richer in civilization, grander in prosperity, until our glory shall cover the whole land.

But you must prepare to fight the rebellion through to the last, no matter whether England or France, or any other power, make common cause with them or not. We must fight them all, if need be; and we can whip them all, in the defence of right. I don't want to extend the boundaries of this war; God knows I do not. I have tried to make peace, as long as peace was consistent with national safety. Now, I believe war alone can save us, and war it must be. England is not our friend in this contest. I care not how softly she may condole with us on the calamities of war. Let me tell you this solemn truth; both England and France want your country divided; both of them are witnesses to you how important it is to you that it shall not be divided. They want it divided, in order to weaken you, that, by weakening, they may conquer you—they want to Europeanize all America. France is trying to do it now in a portion of the continent. But they are a little afraid. There are a million of freemen in arms, and a million more ready to spring to the defence of the nation against a foreign foe. [A voice, with a well-known brogue—"And all Ireland is ready too!" Great and continued applause.] This is true. Let England and France make a hostile movement and the hearts of our people will be roused It will no longer be a contest between brethren The sight of a foreign foe will kindle a fire of patriotism that will rouse the nation to a just sense of its danger; and we will beat off the combined forces as easily as we now hold the Rebels in check.

And when our erring brethren shall come back, when this war is over, we will endeavor, as a matter of policy, and for humanity's sake, to treat it as a family feud. We will make reconciliation as far as possible. We will endeavor to forgive and forget, on all sides, the wounds and disasters that have fallen upon us; and this nation will take a new start. We shall be a wiser people. We shall know what it is to rebel. We will know that it is no holiday frolic—no mere beating of drums and firing of blank cartridges Our Southern brethren seemed to think that there was no more harm in rebellion than in going to church. It was merely a turning to the right or to the left. But they have found out their mistake. They now know what it is to have civil war, and we will have no more rebellions after this one is disposed of. We shall go on in our grand march, prospering and to prosper. I look forward to peace, to a successful termination of this war, which will secure a reliable peace, sad as is now the prospect. Whether Hooker has recrossed the Rappahannock or not; whether Richmond is taken or not; whether in defeat or victory—my determination is to stand by and maintain the Government, and do all I can to promote a vigorous prosecution of the war.

BAKED HAMS.—Most persons boil hams. They are much better baked, if baked right. Soak for an hour in clean water, and wipe dry, and then spread it all over with thin batter, and lay it in a deep dish, with sticks under, to keep it out of the gravy. When fully done, take off the skin and batter crusted upon the flesh side, and set it away to cool. You will find it very delicious, but too rich for dyspeptics.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

The whilom "Peace" men among us are afflicted with the fatal malady of the "*nigger on the brain*." The negro is the burthen of their song, and the horrible spectre of "negro equality," "negro soldiers," &c., haunts their visions continually. We deprecated the passage by Congress of the negro regiment bill, and in common with all Union men, believe such a measure should never have been resorted to by the Government; but we charge home upon the rebels of the South and their sympathisers in the loyal States, as the authors of all the evils that have resulted not only to slavery, but that have grown out of the negro question.

Let facts speak for themselves. Who first introduced negroes into the army? Who threw up the fortifications around Fort Sumter? Who manned the guns of those fortifications when that Fort was reduced? You know, ye worshippers of King Jeff, that the negroes of South Carolina, threw up those fortifications and manned the guns thereof. Who organized a number of negro regiments in New Orleans? Gov. Pettus, of Louisiana, one of the great lights of the rebellion. Who was the most successful sharpshooter in the Rebel army at the siege of Yorktown, and killed more of Berdan's sharpshooters than any other one man? *A negro.*—Congress, unfortunately, had a precedent for this negro regiment bill furnished by the South. But we offer this fact as no justification for the passage of that act, and believe and hope that this law will meet with the condemnation of the people of the loyal States.

But we have referred to these things only to show that the Rebels have taken the lead in bringing the negro into the present struggle between treason and loyalty, and to remind the Secessionists whose brains have been turned by the negro mania, that they and their friends are justly responsible for these things. At the commencement of this war the negro was not allowed to have any part or lot therein, so far as the Administration was concerned. To substantiate this declaration we refer to the following extract from the address of Wm. L. Yancey, Judge Rost and A. Dudley Mann, Rebel Commissioners to England, to the British Government. They said:

"*It was from no fear that the slaves would be liberated that secession took place.* The very party in power *has proposed to guarantee slavery forever in the States* if the South would but remain in the Union, Mr. Lincoln's message *proposes no freedom to the slave*, but announces subjection of his owner to the will of the Union; in other words to the will of the North. Even after the battle of Bull Run, both branches of the Congress at Washington passed resolutions that *the war is waged to uphold that (pro slavery) Constitution, and to enforce the laws (many of them pro slavery;)* and out of 172 votes in the lower House, they received all but 2, and in the Senate all but 1 vote. As the army commenced its march the commanding General issued an order that no slaves should be received into, or allowed to follow the camp. The great object of the war, therefore, as now officially announced, *is not to free the slave but to keep him in subjection to his owner*, and to control his labor through the legislative channels which the Lincoln Government designs to force upon his master.—The undersigned, therefore, submit with confidence that as far as the anti-slavery sentiment of England is concerned, it can have no sympathy with the North; nay, it will probably become disgusted with a canting hypocrisy which would enlist those sympathies on false pretences."

Here is a distinct and most emphatic denial given to the charge made by every Secessionist in the land, that the rebellion was inaugurated because the Administration wished to interfere with the slaves of the South, and that the South had been forced to take up arms to prevent it. So far from the fear that slavery would be damaged by the Administration, it was distinctly recognised by the agents of the bogus confederacy that Mr. Lincoln had hedged around the peculiar institution of the South with new securities, and that the only danger to which it was really subjected, was predicated, not upon the aggressive spirit of the government, or of the people of the North, *but upon the exigencies of the war* forced upon the nation by the Southern demagogues, *ostensibly* in its defence. If the exigencies of the war have caused a change in the manner of conducting it, who but the Secessionists of the South are primarily responsible therefor? Secession has wrought more damage to the institution of slavery in the past two years than abolitionism could have accomplished in a century of peaceful government. Let the Traitors look upon the destruction they have brought upon the institution of which they profess to be the especial champions, and not charge upon others the mischief which justly belong to themselves.

ANECDOTE OF RANDOLPH.—"I have had the pleasure recently, of passing your house," said a gentleman to John Randolph, whom he met at a hotel in Virginia and on whose notice he rather forced himself, while engaged in conversation with others.

"I am *glad of it*," said Randolph; "I hope you will *always* do it."

FRUIT AS A MEDICINE.

Ripe fruit is the medicine of Nature.—Nothing could be more wholesome for man or child; and although green fruit is, of course, almost as fatal as so much poison, the ripe is fully as thorough a health restorative and health preserver. Strawberries are a favorite will all classes and constitute a popular luxury. But who can compute the amount of general health promoted by this relish for strawberries? Who can imagine how many pills that relish throws out of the market: or in other words, to what extent these pills prepared by mother nature, and sugar-coated as it were, to render them more palatable, crowd out of use those prepared by the chemist and apothecary? Who can tell the number of disordered livers, deranged stomachs and inflictive digestive apparatus generally, the grateful acid of that delicious fruit gradually restores to a sound constitution, mocking at all the skill of the ablest physician; vindicating the simple laws of Hygeia by their radical action, and teaching us how often a panacea for some of the most painful of human maladies lie directly at our feet, and is condemned because it is so unassuming? After strawberries we do homage especially to peaches and apples. They are the kind of fruit that cost comparatively little and do comparatively much, when the patient is not to far gone for the use of such pleasant mendicants.

We knew a person once who, believing himself in a decline, and having been completely worn out in patience by the experiments of his doctors determined to eat from four to six ripe apples every day, and note the result. In three months he was well! We know of another who, without being afflicted with any particular disorder, was never in good health, and for twenty-five years could scarcely be said to enjoy a single week's exemption from suffering. He then commenced the habit of drinking a glass of plain cider every morning, and for the next twenty-five years never had a single day's illness.—*Wilton.*

THE CHARM OF LIFE.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but oh! how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death; of misfortunes; the sundering of the early ties, and the canker worm of grief—but the vast majority of evils that beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man.—We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier would we be, were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home that is not dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storm dies away, and a bright sun shines out Summer drops her tinted curtains upon the earth, which is very beautiful, when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a Being so good, and we can live happier than we do.

FLAX CULTURE.

The *Ohio Farmer* says: From all parts of the State we hear that farmers are intending to pay more than usual attention, this year, to the cultivation of flax, for the fibre The high prices of cotton and woolen fabrics are leading the people to talk about a return to the olden style of domestic manufacture; and the brake and swingle, the hatchel and wheel, will be heard next season on many barn floors and in many houses where such music has for long years been silent. The demand for flax seed has already run the price up to near one hundred per cent. over the highest rate it had reached before for a long series of years. Machinery for the dressing of flax is increasing in various parts of the country; and, with increased facilities for the dressing of the fibre, this crop is likely to be one of the most remunerative that will be cultivated.

CURE FOR HEADACHE.—A work has recently been published in Paris, by an eminent physician, in which he describes a new remedy for headache He uses a mixture of ice and salt, in proportion of one to one-half, as a cold mixture; and this he applies, by means of a little purse of silk gauze, with a rim of gutta percha, to limited spots on the head, when rheumatic headaches are felt. It gives instantaneous relief. The skin is subjected to the process from half a minute to one and one-half minutes, and is rendered hard and white. It is good in erysipelas and disease of the skin.

"WHAT is the meaning of a backbiter?" asked a reverend gentleman during an examination at a parochial school. This was a puzzler. It went down the class till it came to a simple urchin who said, "P'raps it be a flea."

Rain Water the Purest in Nature.

It is not generally known, says the *Albany Register*, that rain water, when protected from the atmosphere, is the purest, healthiest, and sweetest water in use.—Mr. J. S. Van Rensselaer has, for a great number of years, used it for drinking and ordinary purposes, and could never meet with any he considered as good. He was first informed of its quality by a sea captain, who used it in his voyages from the United States to the West Indies, and who found that, by carefully preserving it from exposure, casks which had been shipped at Key West and made their outward voyage, were, on their return to New York, found to be as pure and good as on the day they were put on board. Acting on this suggestion, Mr. Van Rensselaer built two cisterns in his yard, covered, cemented, and air-tight; one of which acted as a reservoir, communicating with the other, from which it was conducted into the dwelling. The cisterns were capable of holding seventy-five hogsheads, and from the time of their erection, long since, Mr. Van Rensselaer has had a bounteous supply of pure, soft, and excellent water.

The only communication with the air was by the pipe which conducted the water from the roof; every rain refreshed the supply, and, as it was drawn from the bottom of the cistern, the temperature was cool and pleasant. Rain water, as is known, is the purest in nature.

In this case it was conducted from a high slate roof, on which no dirt could well accumulate, and the cisterns had required cleansing but once in six years, and then from no defect in the water; at no time has that been disturbed, or lost, in the least, its pure and wholesome taste; and that flat and rainy taste peculiar to it when caught in open vessels has never been noticed.

The Bachelors and Military Duty.

The new military bill proposes in two drafts to take the able bodied men between twenty and forty-five years old. There are to be two classes—first, those married between twenty and twenty-five, with the unmarried between thirty-five and forty-five—but the second class is not to be called out till the first is exhausted. This sets the bachelors between thirty-five and forty-five all ago for getting married. We agree with a contemporary that this is a wise provision of law, if there is any wisdom in it. We wish it had taken all the bachelors between twenty and ninety, before touching married men. What are those old bachelors good for but to die for their country? If they will not raise soldiers to fight battles, let them go and fight themselves and die, if so be, without wife or child to mourn them when they fall.—However, if any of those who would fall into the second class of married, will repent of their singularity, the war has already made widows enough who will not refuse to assist them in skrinking the cartridge box if they will only buckle on the harness of matrimony. Let them walk up and show themselves men at once.—Fight or marry! Take your choice quick!

We join in the above recommendation from a contemporary, and trust that the bachelors will all be bound to take up arms in accordance with matrimony.

DELIGHTFUL RECREATION.—An exchange paper satirizes the reports recently made in the New York papers of the late prize fight as follows:

At the first round Coburn administered "a *rib-roaster*," followed up "with a *smasher* on the nose;" on the second round he gave McCoole "*a heavy one* on the left cheek;" and on the third round he "put in a *ratter* on the left cheek, starting the *claret* from his nose," at which there was tremendous cheering by three thousand delighted vagabonds who had gathered for this *fancy* sport. He went on till McCoole was all blood and scars, without eyesight, or ability to stand up. Delightful recreation!

SALT FOR FARM STOCK.—That salt is beneficial to domestic animals, seems to be universally admitted. We have abundant evidence that it tends to preserve health, and even to restore it, when it has been impaired. Its effects upon the animal system are believed to be uniform upon man and beast. What, then, is the form in which *we* prefer it? With our daily food. Why is it not, then, equally grateful and beneficial, if administered daily to our cattle? If at all times accessible, they will never take it to excess; at least, we have never known them to do so. It should be placed in troughs or boxes under cover, where the stock can have daily access to it.

An Excellent Suggestion.

"If General Fremont, or any other General, is not wanted in the service, or will not do the work for which he is wanted, muster him out and stop his pay."

This is an idea of the New York Tribune, and we endorse it. Let us have no more servants than are necessary, and when we are tired of them, dispense with their services—paying for work done, and when work is not done giving no pay.—*Phila. Press.*

Down in Mississippi pins command two dollars a paper. At this rate it is no trifling matter to keep the Southern ladies in pin-money.