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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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Original Poetry.

For the Kent News.

OUR FLAG.

Behold yon flag—beauteous, bright;
The emblem of a nation's might;
It proudly floats o'er land and sea,
The ensign of our liberty.

See its pure stars of pearly white,
From which breaks forth a ray of light;
Before whose mild yet matchless sway,
The power of thrones shall pass away.

Those stars are set in Heaven's hue,
Which indicates the patriot true;
Whose noble soul and sturdy arm
Protects his flag from threatened harm.

Its graceful folds of red and white
Inspire our hearts with pure delight;
Red, White and Blue, the colors three,
One flag proclaims our unity.

Mark you, that flag in dust is trailed,
See how its honour is assailed;
Its peerless prestage seems forgot,
Torn from its staff and left to rot.

What low-born flag now meets my view?
Red, white and red,—I see no blue;
The deadly serpent forms a part,—
Fit emblem of a rebel's heart.

Shall we, the sons of noble sires,
Be calm while liberty expires?
Shall traitors bear her to the grave,
And freemen lend no hand to save?

Shall law and order be disdained?
The assassin's arm with blood be stained?
Must stricken families weep and wail,
While violence and blood prevail?

No! No! to arms, to arms we rush;
This vile rebellion we must crush;
That mean Palmetto shall come down,
The Stars and Stripes its staff shall crown.

Till then—Adieu to happy homes,
To loving wife and prattling ones;
The battle's deadly din we brave,
Or fill an honored soldier's grave.

Oh God! our voice to thee we raise,
Oh hear our prayer, a nation prays;
Let speedy retribution come,
And seal this black rebellion's doom.

Let peace once more our country bless,
The nation clothe with righteousness;
Then loud hosannas to Thy name,
Through freedom's land we shall proclaim.

W. B. W.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—Dr. Adam Clarke was preaching to a large congregation in Ireland, and after dwelling in glowing terms upon the freeness of the Gospel, and telling them that the water of life could be had "without money and without price," at the conclusion of the sermon a person announcing that a collection would be made to support the Gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the worthy doctor, who afterwards related the circumstance to the lady of the house where he was staying. "Very true, doctor," replied the hostess, "the water of life is free, 'without money and without price,' but they must pay for pitchers to carry it in." The conclusion of the anecdote was followed by cheerful smiles and a clapping of hands, and the children showed that they understood its import by the readiness with which they contributed to the collection.

HOW TO MEASURE A MAN.—If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with his body, a circle, making the navel the center, will just take in the head, the finger-ends, and the feet. The distance from "toe to toe" is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot; while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin is one-tenth of the length of the whole stature.

TASTES.—We chew tobacco, the Hindoo takes to lime, while the Patagonian finds contentment "in a bit of guano."—The children of this country delight in candy; those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman "goes his length" on fried frogs, while an Esquimaux Indian thinks a stewed candle the climax of dainties.

A FINE THOUGHT.—A French writer has said that "to dream glorious, you must act glorious while you are awake, and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day

A RUSSIAN FUNERAL.

The burial of the dead is a picturesque and interesting ceremony at Moscow. A body of priests, dressed in black robes, and wearing long beards, take the lead in the funeral cortege, bearing in their hands shrines and burning tapers. The hearse follows, drawn by four horses. Black plumes wave from the heads of the horses, and flowing black drapery covers their bodies and legs. Even their heads are draped in black, nothing being perceptible but their eyes. The coffin lies exposed on the top of the hearse, and is also similarly draped. The combination of sombre plumage and drapery has a singularly mournful appearance.

Priests stand on steps attached to the hearse, holding images of the Saviour over the coffin; others follow in the rear, comforting the friends and relatives of the deceased. A wild, monotonous chant is sung from time to time by the chief mourners, as the procession moves toward the burial ground. The people cease their occupation in the streets through which the funeral passes, uncovering their heads, and bowing down before the images borne by the priests, utter prayers for the repose of the dead. The rich and poor of both sexes stand upon the sidewalk and offer up their humble petitions. The deep-tongued bells of the Kremlin ring out their solemn peals and the wild and mournful chant of the priest mingles with the grand knell of death that sweeps through the air. All is profoundly impressive. The procession of priests with their burning tapers; the drapery of black on the horses; the coffin with its dead; the weeping mourners; the sepulchral chant; the sudden cessation of all the business of life, and rapt attention of the multitude; the deep, grand deathknell of the bells; the glitter of domes and cupolas on every side; the green-roofed sea of houses; the winding streets, and the costumes of the people—form a spectacle wonderfully wild, strange and mournful. In everything that comes within the sweep of the eye, there is a mixed aspect of Tartaric barbarism and European civilization.—Yet even the stranger from a far-distant clime, speaking another language, accustomed to other forms, must feel, in gazing upon such a scene, that death levels all distinctions of race—that our common mortality brings us nearer together.

SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.—In one of the rural districts of Massachusetts lives a little, weazen-faced, anxious man, of remarkable lingual developments. This old man, though near a railroad junction, never set foot on a railroad car, or was more than fifty miles from home. It can hardly be wonderful that he is somewhat superstitious. In conversation recently, relative to a sick neighbor, whose death had been daily and hourly expected, he thus sagely delivered himself. "I don't believe but what that sick man has pigeon feathers in his bed, for they say whoever sleeps on pigeon feathers never'll die. There was old Mrs. ——, who lived several years after the doctor had given her up. For a long time she kept her hand going pit-a-pat on her breast, just like a fluttering pigeon's wing. When her friends were all tired out tending her, and wondering what made her live on so, a stranger, hearing of the case, came into the house and asked if there was any pigeon feathers around her. Her relatives were great hunters and caught swarms of pigeons, and of course they saved the feathers and made use of them, and had a pigeon feather pillow between the upper and under bed. By just pulling out this pillow, the old woman dropped quietly away in fifteen minutes. So there must be something salvating in feathers." Won't this inflate the feather market?

WHAT WE OWE TO DECORUM.—"I will do just as I please," says many a headstrong young man, "for whose business is it, if I choose to take the consequences?" Not so fast, good sir. If you knew more of human nature you would be aware that you cannot outrage even the smallest conventionalities of life, which are known under the common name of decorum, without injuring your reputation, estranging your friends, and preventing strangers, who might be useful to you, from making your acquaintance. But this is not all. You have no right to disregard decorum, for the consequences reach others than yourself. Your example is always doing harm when it is not doing good. Your conduct affects the standing of your family and associates, as well as yourself. Going through life is like treading among a labyrinth of spring guns. If you follow the beaten track you are yourself safe. But if you diverge to the right or left your indiscretion is sure to injure yourself, and may harm others also. A wise man never outrages decorum, recklessly violates prejudices or thoughtlessly acts regardless of the opinion of the world.

THE BLUES.—Cheerfulness and occupation are closely allied. Idle men are very rarely happy. How should they be? The brain and muscles were made for action, and neither can be healthy without vigorous exercise. Into the lazy brain crawls spider-like fancies, filling it with cobwebs that shut out the light and make it a fit abode for the "loathed melancholy." Invite the stout hand-maid, brisk and busy thought, into the intellectual chambers, and she will soon brush away some wholesome tenements. Blessed be work, whether it be of the head or hand, or both!

TALENTS--NATURAL ABILITY.

The subject of natural gifts and talents for particular employments has always been a matter of controversy among men. Henry Ward Beecher has recently been "preaching" on the subject, and his views are worthy of examination, as the deductions of a logical and ingenious mind.—He says:

It is now becoming generally recognized that those gifts which, though founded in the mind, in their nature have their instrumental development mainly through the senses, originally differ through a long scale of degress. Men understand that there is in some a natural tendency to invent, and in others a natural skill to execute what has been invented. Some men have a disposition that is ingenious and contriving, and others have not; and the absence of it is natural in the one case, as is also the presence of it in the other.—Some men are quick, and some are slow, to learn mechanic arts. This point is conceded, that men are born with infinite differences of organization respecting the workings of these lower forms of faculty through the physical organs.

It is now also very generally admitted that intellectual gifts differ in birth. The idea that men are born like a sheet of paper, as some philosophers have taught, is in one sense true; but the size of the sheets of paper widely varies. Some men are a small note-paper; and some are very large letter paper; and some are foolscap from their birth. In one sense men are born like white paper. It is supposed by those who hold this theory that when men are born into the world the mind is nothing but a white sheet, on which nothing is written, and that the difference between one man and another in life depends upon what is written on that white sheet. There is so much truth in that as this: that before a man acts, he does not act; that when he first comes into being, he is like a blank table; that while men are nothing, they are pretty much alike; that they do not differ materially anterior to the activity of the causes that are in them. But as soon as men begin to act, they begin to act differently, and from the force of an internal organization.

You shall lay on the same counter six watches that are made with six different kinds of escapement, which are six different inventions, each having some peculiarity of its own. They are all wound up, but none of them are going. So long as they are not going, they are, to all intents and purposes, just alike; but the moment you shake one, and another, and another, till you come to the sixth, and set them all in motion, that moment they all run according to their interior organization, and differ each from all the others.

Now, it is just so with men. When they are born, they are, as it were, white sheets of paper; and they are alike so long as they are nothing; but the moment they begin to be something, they are different as much as watches are, which, though their office is the same, and though they are alike while standing still, differ as soon as they start, some ticking with a single stroke, and some with a double stroke, and all operating according to their internal mechanism, in which they differ from one another.

The moment life develops the mind, it is found to have different proportions, different intensities of power. The different sides of it are found to differ in strength in different men.

Thus, some men tend, naturally, toward the physical world in their intellect. That is to say, that part of their intellect which takes cognizance of physical things outside of themselves is strongest. They are observers. They are matter-of-fact men.—Out of such men grow naturalists, engineers, mechanics. Other men, that, it may be, sprang from the very same parents, tend, from the morning of life, toward reflection and abstraction. That is to say, they are thinkers, just as the others are observers, because that part of their intellectual organization which leads to thinking is strongest. Some have both the observing and the reflecting power.

These facts are usually recognized. They certainly are by any man that ever kept school. If there is any man that has, through a life-time, kept school, and observed the different disposition of boys, and their different aptitudes to learn, and that yet says that there is no fundamental distinction between one another, I think there will be no hazard in saying, at least, that man was never fit to keep school. Having eyes, he saw not; and having understanding, he understood not.

PUZZLED FOR AN EXCUSE.—Some years since, while the cholera was prevalent in Virginia, the inhabitants, especially the negroes, were greatly alarmed. Among others was a negro boy, who, having heard his father say the cholera would soon be along that way, left his work one day and betook himself to the woods. Here he was found by his overseer, soon after, fast asleep. Being taken to task for leaving his work, he excused himself on the ground that "not being prepared to die, he had gone to the woods to meditate."

"But," said the overseer, "how was it that you went to sleep?"

"Well, I don't know, massa, how dat was 'zackly," responded the negro, "but I speck I must have overprayed myself!"

THE MISSISSIPPI and its TRIBUTARIES.

The Mississippi is by far the largest of North American rivers. Rising in the small lake of Itaska, on the verge of the middle table land, at an elevation of fifteen or sixteen thousand feet, it runs southward through the great central plain, receiving numerous accessions from either side, and, after a winding course of three thousand one hundred and sixty miles, falls through a swampy delta into the Gulf of Mexico. Its main tributaries on the right or Rocky Mountain side, in which they take their rise, are the Missouri—a river even longer, larger, and having more affluents than the Mississippi itself—the Arkansas, having also many affluents, and the Red river; while on its left its chief tributary is the Ohio, with its numerous feeders from the western slopes of the Alleghanies. Between the Rocky Mountains on the west, and the Appalachians on the east, lies, therefore, the great conjoint basin of the Missouri, Mississippi, and Ohio, having an area of more than a million square miles, containing every description of soil and scenery—prairie, barren and woodland, watered by innumerable streams and several navigable rivers; and possessing every variety of climate, from the coldly temperate highlands of Nebraska to the sub-tropical warmth of the Gulf of Mexico. The Mississippi, we have said, has winding course of three thousand one hundred and fifty miles, but if the Missouri be taken as the main stream, its length is four thousand two hundred and sixty miles; while that of the Arkansas is two thousand, and the Ohio more than one thousand miles. The breadth of the Missouri and Mississippi at their confluence is about half a mile, and the main stream downwards is very little more. Though gentle, the current is by no means sluggish; and thus, during floods, from the melting of the snow in the highest latitudes, the river sweeps downwards immense quantities of mud, driftwood, and other debris. The Missouri is said to be navigable "from the Great Falls, in the Rocky Mountains, to the sea—a distance of four thousand miles; the Mississippi, from those of St. Anthony, two thousand two hundred and forty; while the Ohio, being connected by a system of canals with Lake Erie, and thence to Lake Ontario, carries out a water communication between the Gulfs of Mexico and St. Lawrence." The Delta of the Mississippi, which projects itself forward into the Gulf of Mexico, is a low and unhealthy region, nearly fourteen thousand square miles in area, and full of lagoons, creeks, and pestilential marshes.—*Page's Physical Geogr'y.*

The Impending Draft.

The indications are that the government will demand, under the conscription law, about four hundred thousand men. The levy will be made by Congressional districts instead of directly on the States, as heretofore, and the number each district will be required to raise by draft will not vary from two thousand two hundred and twenty. The number thus apportioned to each loyal State east of the Rocky Mountains will be as follows:

Connecticut,	8,889
Delaware,	2,228
Indiana,	24,420
Illinois,	28,860
Iowa,	13,320
Kentucky,	19,980
Kansas,	2,220
Michigan,	11,100
Massachusetts,	22,200
Maine,	11,100
Maryland,	13,320
Minnesota,	4,440
Missouri,	19,980
New Hampshire,	6,660
New York,	71,040
New Jersey,	11,100
Ohio,	42,180
Pennsylvania,	53,280
Rhode Island,	4,440
Vermont,	4,440
Wisconsin,	13,320
West Virginia,	6,660
Total, . . .	395,160

The balance of five thousand will probably be made up in the loyal portions of the seceded States. As a number of the States, however, did not fill their quotas under the last call of the President for three hundred thousand men, the new men who will be brought into the field will probably number in the aggregate nearly half a million. When the draft is made fifty per cent. will be added to the figures given above to cover deficiencies.—*New York Herald.*

ANOTHER CAMBRIDGE REBEL KILLED.—The Cambridge Intelligencer says: Capt. John C. Henry, son of Francis J. Henry, Esq., of this thown, was killed in the battle of Friday. He was a private in the 1st Maryland Rebel regiment, and was engaged in the fight with Col. Wallace's regiment, and was killed upon his native soil, fighting against the very men with whom he first enlisted for its defence. It is said by some of his fellow rebels who were taken prisoners that before he was wounded he recognized Col. Wallace's regiment, and said to one of his companions, "There is that fighting Maryland Regiment." He had scarcely uttered these words when he was struck by a ball, and fell dead.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

The following anecdote illustrates the action of both the perceptive and reflective faculties in a happy manner. It is a dialogue between an Indian and a white man relating to a deer which had been killed by the Indian, and hung upon the limb of a tree.

Indian to White Man. Have you seen a little old white man with a deer on his back, a long gun, and a little short-tailed dog, pass by of late?

White Man. No. Why do you ask?—And how do you know it was a little old white man with a long gun, and a little short-tailed dog?

Indian. The deer had been hung up so high that the thief could not reach it till he had first placed logs and blocks by the side of the tree on which to stand when he managed to get the "game." He—the Indian—therefore inferred it was a small man who stole it.

White Man. But how do you know he had a long gun?

Indian. Because, seeing where it had been set on the ground, and observing the mark where it touched the side of the tree higher up, showing it must have been a *long* gun.

White Man. How do you know he was an old white man?

Indian. I know he was a white man, for he turned his toes out in walking, which an Indian does not do; and I know he was old, because he took short steps.

White Man. How do you know he had a small dog with a short tail?

Indian. By his tracks, and seeing where he sat on the snow while his master was taking down the deer; his short tail left its impression in the snow.

Thus, by the powers of "observation," which are great in the untutored Indian, he was enabled to describe a person he had not seen, to detect the thief, and fix the crime on him by strong circumstantial evidence.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO MRS. LINCOLN.—This morning, at about ten o'clock, as Mrs. Lincoln was passing in her carriage across the open lot near the Mount Pleasant Hospital, the driver's seat suddenly became detached from the rest of the carriage, and the coachman was precipitated to the ground; the horses took fright and dashed along with fearful velocity. Mrs. Lincoln was alone in the carriage at the time, but, seeing the imminent danger she was in, sprang quickly from the carriage, while the horses were running at full speed. Though for the moment stunned, she most fortunately received no more serious injury from her fall than several severe bruises. From the most severe of these—one on the back of the head—the blood flowed freely.

Several surgeons from the Mount Pleasant Hospital were instantly upon the spot, and administered promptly to her injuries. So soon as it was ascertained that the injuries, though painful, were not of a serious character, and that no bones were broken, it was decided that she could be safely transported to the White House.—*Washington Star, July 3d.*

VALUE OF AMUSEMENT.—The world must be amused. It is entirely false reasoning to suppose that any human being can devote himself exclusively to labor of any description. It will not do. Rest will not give him adequate relief. He must be amused. He must enjoy himself. He must laugh, sing, dance, eat, drink and be merry. He must chat with his friends, exercise his mind in exciting gentle emotions, and his body in agreeable demonstrations of activity. The constitution of the human system demands this. It exacts variety of influences and motion. It will not remain in health if it cannot obtain that variety. Too much merriment affects it as injuriously as too much sadness, too much relaxation is as pernicious as none at all. But, to the industrious toiler, the sunshine of the heart is just as indispensable as the material sunshine is to the flower; both soon pine away and die if deprived of it.

A BRAVE OFFICER.—A correspondent writing from the battle field, of Friday's fight, says: General Hancock had been early in the battle seriously wounded, a ball entering his groin, and some slight flesh wounds. He persisted, however, in remaining on the field, and lying on a stretcher gave his orders of battle, and would scarcely allow the surgeon to dress his wound, so deeply interested was he in the movements of the field; but when the cheers of victory went up from his gallant men he became almost exhausted, and was soon in the hands of the surgeons, who pronounced his wounds not dangerous, but painful.

PITTSBURG FORTIFICATIONS.—In two weeks' time, without military organization and without martial law, the citizens of Pittsburg have, with pick and shovel, constructed a line of entrenchments around that city, reaching fifteen miles in extent. The guns for the several forts, consisting of eight and ten-inch columbiads and other kinds of artillery, have been placed in position.

THE LATE GEN. A. SYDNEY JOHNSON.—The family of this the ablest General in the rebel service, is left in destitue circumstances, and an appeal to the charity of the people of the South is made for them.

HOW TO TEACH A HORSE TO BACK.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, would teach a horse how to back in this wise:—"A horse that will not, or don't know how to back, should be harnessed beside one that is kind and well broken, and hitched to a lumber wagon, loaded (not too heavy) with wood, rails or anything at hand, or that you wish to move, and then find in the road or field, a knoll where the surface is smooth and free from stones, and the descent from one to two rods. Drive the loaded wagon to the top, and after stopping a minute or so, command your horses to back, pulling steady but but firm on the lines. The wagon being in a position to start very easy, and being loaded, will not easily stop after it is in motion, and your horse, if the harness be good, will be very likely to back down the hill. After getting to the bottom of the hill, speak kindly to him. Be sure to say "whoa" about the time you see the wagon is going to stop. Patting him and rubbing your hand over his head and face repeat the going up and backing down the hill until he knows what it means to back, and then commence backing the empty wagon on the level, gradually increasing the load, and you will soon be able to back all the load that would be reasonable to back—not forgetting to pat your horse, rubbing the hand over his face and head, and calling him a good fellow, and using him like one. He will soon make up his mind that he really is a good fellow, and of course he will act like one, and will become your friend and willing slave, and do what he is required to, even bordering on impossibilities.

ADVANTAGES OF PRINTING.—Mr. B—, a well-known Metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old bible in her hand.

"I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. It's getting a leetle blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn't what they was. How much do you ax?"

"Fifty cents."

"Can you have it done in half an hour? I wish you would—want to get home; live a good ways out in the country."

"Certainly."

When the old lady went out, he sent around to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents.

"Lor sakes a massy!" exclaimed the old woman, when she came to look at it, "how good you have fixed it!—it's e'en a most as good as new. I never seed nothin' so curious as wot printin' is!"

DISCHARGES FROM THE ARMY.—It is stated that the returns in the medical director's office show that since the war commenced 135,000 soldiers had been discharged from the army on a surgeon's certificate. This does not of course include any one whose time was out, but comprises those whose health and physical inability to be a soldier prevented them from being of service in the army.

THE NEW COMMANDER.—Major Gen. Meade is described as a tall, slim, gray-bearded man, wearing glasses, an old slouched hat, a blue blouse, with corduroy pants tucked into his long jack boots. He is ungainly in looks and actions, plain of speech and familiar and free in conversation when not occupied with business. The whole style of the man is unassuming and plain even to severity.

WESTERN CROPS.—The Milwaukee (Wisconsin) News says that from every county in the State most enthusiastic accounts of the growing crops are received. The promise is that the products of the year, in the aggregate, will be the greatest ever known in the State. The earth literally teems with agricultural wealth. The yield will be immense, and a large increase in the amount of fruit is anticipated.

A GERMAN JOKE.—A big Teuton, with rotund abdomen and florid face, was drinking buck beer, yesterday, at Bergner's in Library street. Mr. Muchleck was waiting upon him.

"You hears," asked he, "that Chenneral Lee was ferry sick when he coome to Pennsylfania?"

"Yes, he was sick of his undertaking, no doubt."

"Yaw, and den he throwed up —— endrenchments."

"Very good, what then?"

"Den dey geefes him a little Mead, und dat settle his shtomuck."—*Philadelphia North American.*

CONJUGATION AND AGREEMENT.—In a lesson in parsing the sentence "man, courting, capacity of bliss," etc., the word courting comes to a pert young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with.

Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said, "Very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed, and hung down her head.

"Ellen, don't you know what that agrees with?"

"Ye—ye—yes, sir!"

"Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?"

Blushing still more and stammering, Ellen says: "*It agrees with all the girls, sir!*"