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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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Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful Job TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

BY STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

We find in our exchange papers the following plaintive and very peculiar poetical composition, which is attributed to the pen of the late Senator Douglas:

Bury me in the morning, mother—
Oh, let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night;
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here.
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell of the Saviour's love, mother;
I feel it is in my heart—
But oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part;
Forever to part, when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay;
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

ONE of the latest poems of Gen. G. P. Morris closes with the following exquisite gush of sentiment:

I love the night when the moon sheens bright
On flowers that drank the dew;
When cascades shout as the stars peep out
From boundless fields of blue.

But dearer far than moon or star,
Or flowers of gaudy hue;
Or murmuring thrills of mountain rills,
I love, I love, love—you."

WASHINGTON CITY SIXTY YEARS AGO.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser indulges in the following reminiscences of the Federal city:

Sixty years ago, on the 17th of November, Congress met here for the first time, occupying the wings of the capitol, which were but partially completed. The metropolis was staked off, but there were but few buildings and those were at magnificent distances from each other. Pennsylvania avenue led through a swamp, which overflowed in the winter; there was no industry, society, or business; and Oliver Wolcott wrote: "The people are poor, and as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other."

There was but one hotel in Washington, and the greater portion of the members boarded or kept house in the old settled borough of Georgetown. Crawford's hotel was for many years the headquarters of the Federalists, and the host had a large six-horse stage, in which he sent his boarders to the capitol and brought them back, which was called the Royal George.

Rufus King, when a Senator in Congress, boarded in Crawford's and kept his own carriage, drawn by four black horses, the coachman wearing livery. Many other members kept up fine establishments, or saddle horses, especially those who came from sections of the country between which and the capitol there were no public conveyances. Henry Clay used often come on horseback across the mountains from Kentucky; and when John C. Calhoun was Secretary of War, he came from South Carolina in his own carriage.

"What's the matter, my dear," said a wife to her husband, who had sat half an hour with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation.

"O, don't know," said he, "I've felt like a fool all day."

"Well," returned the wife consolingly, "I'm afraid you will never feel any better; you look the very picture of what you feel."

Gen. Scott's Programme of the War.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Times, who seems to be in the confidence of some of the prominent military officers of the Government, gives the following as the programme of General Scott for the prosecution of the war:

The reports which have gone forth that there has been a change in the plans of General Scott—that his purpose is now to commence active operations against the rebels—are erroneous. From an authoritative source I have learned the general outlines of his plan of the campaign, and am now able to state them with perfect definiteness. Unless something should transpire to hasten events, we are further than ever removed from a battle. Gen. Scott has no purpose of risking a general engagement. The only conflicts between our troops and the rebels, which are likely to transpire for some time to come, are the skirmishes that proceed from the scouting parties of the two forces encountering one another.

The first step in General Scott's programme is the concentration of Federal troops in Virginia and the other Border States in such large bodies as to make it madness for the rebels to attempt an attack. While thus intimidating them, the presence of our forces will encourage the loyal citizens to rise in sufficient numbers to prevent any further outrages, to cut off their resources, increase the disaffection in their camps, and cause desertion, and by thus harassing them, ultimately demoralize the rebel forces and drive them from the Border States. He is confident that this accomplished, the loyalty of the Border States is fixed. Then it is his purpose to transport by sea an immense force to operate against the Gulf States. They will be landed under the protection of our men-of-war at the prominent points on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and thus threatened by approaches from the sea the authorities of the different States will at once recall their troops from the main body, and thus break up their grand army and make it powerless for any offensive movement.

The fragments in the different States being then cut off from supplies from the Border States, will be driven to accept terms from Washington. It is no part of the plan, as at present arranged, to attack the *debris* of the rebel army, or to attempt to retake any of the stolen forts, as the restoration of them will be made one of the conditions dictated to the rebels when they find themselves forced to accept terms. General Scott is confident that the troops will not be be compelled to remain at any point more than two or three days, which will suffice to accomplish the purpose of defeating any further offensive movements of the rebels. This will avoid the danger of an exposure to the malaria of the Southern coasts during the hot months. By January, he thinks that the rebellion will be entirely defeated, and the Union reconstructed

THE RE-APPOINTMENT OF COL. EMORY. The Philadelphia correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette has learnt from a private source the secret history of the resignation and re-appointment of Col. Emory of Maryland, which it thus relates:—

It seems that before these times had assumed their defined character, although they were yet of far too great importance for an officer to think of resigning, Col. Emory got somewhat annoyed, and fancied himself personally persecuted by the Administration, and wrote a letter of resignation. He sent this to his brother, (in Maryland,) telling him not to hand it in until he had consulted with his wife (Mrs. Emory, a most noble woman, residing in Washington), and also with Prof. Bache. Meantime Col. Emory was sent out West and served the Government admirably.

His brother wishing to commit Col. E to the Secession side, did not consult with the wife nor Lieutenant Bache, nor show the resignation to any one, but himself a rabid Secessionists he eagerly sent it to the Secretary of War. Col. E. had by this time distinguished himself at his post in the West as a thoroughly loyal and brave man, and his resignation was received with unfeigned astonishment. He had written back to his wife forbidding that the resignation, written in a moment of personal pique, should be handed in. "If it has been done," he wrote, "it is most deplorable." His wife comprehended the state of things in a moment, sped to the War Department, but was three minutes too late. The paper lay on the Secretary's table as yet unopened; but she could not recall it. These facts were before the Government, their value enhanced by the really valuable services that Col. E. had rendered, and by the advice of competent and loyal statesmen the entreaties of himself and his wife for restoration were complied with.

HOW TO MAKE CORN BREAD.—Almost every one is interested now in knowing how to make corn bread most palatable, since so much more of it will be used in these straightened times. The following is said to be an excellent receipt:

Scald at night half the quantity of meal you are going to use, mix the other with cold water, having it the consistency of thick batter; add a little salt and set it to rise; it will need no yeast. In the morning the cakes will be light and crisp.—Skimmings, where meat has been boiled is best for frying them with. Fry slowly.

The Virginia Army Despised by the Mississippians.

We find in the Vicksburg Whig of June 15, in the editorial correspondence of that paper from Richmond, the following very significant broad hints at the contempt which the Virginia troops and their leaders have inspired in the southwestern portion of the confederate army:

RICHMOND, June 8, 1861.

Dear Whig:—Although I have been here at the headquarters of the government, mingling socially with the various officers of the departments, I hear less news than we were in the habit of receiving every day at home. Every officer is on a "war footing," so to speak, and keeps his own counsel.

There have been several skirmishes on the border of Virginia, between the State troops and Federal forces. The particulars have been published at length in the papers of this city, and in spite of the favorable construction given to each affair by the press of their own State, they reflect anything but credit upon the Virginia troops. I am not aware how these matters are looked upon at headquarters, but I know that the officers and troops from the southwest regard the conduct of the Virginia troops as extremely discreditable, to say the least.

It has become very evident that if Virginia is rid of the Federal forces, the troops from other southern States will have it to do. The Virginians are entirely solicitous of their own comfort. On each occasion, where they have been attacked by the invaders, they have allowed themselves to be surprised. At Fairfax Courthouse, the U. S. troops actually got within the lines of the Virginians, and were taken for friends instead of enemies. At Philippi, the negligence and inefficiency of the officers were still more glaring. President Davis, I feel assured, will soon place efficient officers at every point, and the invaders will soon experience the nerve and skill of the southwestern braves.

THE FALLACIES OF SECESSION.—Much, says the National Intelligencer, has been well said and learnedly written to expose the fallacies by which it is sought to deduce from the political relations of the States under the Constitution a right of "peaceful secession" from the Union.—But it may be doubted whether, after all that has been elaborated on the subject, a great deal has been added, by way of strong and terse statement, to the following exposure of its essential contradictions, as made by Daniel Webster in the Senate of the U. S. more than thirty years ago:

"Secession, as a revolutionary right, is intelligible. As a right to be proclaimed *in the midst of civil commotion and asserted at the head of armies* I can understand it; but as a practical right, existing under the Constitution and in conformity with its provisions, it seems to be nothing but an absurdity, for it supposes resistance to Government under the authority of Government itself: it supposes dismemberment without violating the principles of Union; it supposes opposition to law without crime; it supposes the violation of oaths without responsibility; it supposes the total overthrow of Government without revolution."

RIFLED CANNON AND ICEBERGS.—The Boston Journal says: "The English screw steam frigate Mersey, Capt. H. Caldwell, has reached Halifax. When approaching the Banks of Newfoundland Captain Caldwell fell in with some icebergs, and thought it would be interesting to experiment on them with rifled cannon. Accordingly an Armstrong shell was fired at a small iceberg about one hundred and fifty feet high, from a distance of four miles and a half. Such was the effect that a block of ice, judged to be of about one hundred tons, fell from the summit. This large weight falling from the top of the berg removed the centre of gravity, which caused the whole fabric to roll over and rock to and fro. It was considered a most satisfactory test of the vast range and destructiveness of these missiles. Further trials were made with other projectiles supplied to the navy, namely, hollow shot percussion and shrapnell, and time fuse shell, molten iron shell, &c., all tending to exhibit one feature in modern warfare at sea, viz: the extreme probability of every vessel being in flames soon after she is engaged."

ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.—It is a settled fact in medicine, one of frequent record and of constant occurrence, that a consumptive who becomes an asthmatic, will, with certainty, get well of his consumption, asthma being essentially and under all circumstances antagonistic of consumption. In consumption a man cannot get enough air; in asthma he cannot get it out. In asthma the lungs are too full of air; in consumption not full enough. Being so full, distended by the confined air, that distention after a while becomes permanent, the asthma declines, leaving the lungs with a larger capacity for receiving air than is natural; hence, although the lungs may have partly decayed away, those which remain, having greater capabilities, a man may have good health, who had actually lost part of his lungs by consumption.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE redoubtable Barnum intends going into the show business again. He has offered a reward of a thousand dollars to any person who will give him the correct definition of Southern "rights."

Talleyrand and Arnold.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the blood hounds of his reign of terror, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by daily labor.

"Is there any American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain; but from which I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who, in his life was bishop, prince, and minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant he stood before the stranger's room, knocked, and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly lighted room sat a man of fifty years of age, his arms folded and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, and upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His form vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and with the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind feeling and offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without friend or home! You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends?—A gentleman like you doubtless has many friends?"

This strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his face was full of meaning.

"I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend—not one in America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room; "your name?"

"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold!"

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in the chair, gasping the words, "Arnold, the traitor!"

Thus he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow.

AN INCIDENT OF 1812.—In a speech delivered at Newark, N. J., Judge Conrad, in answer to a charge of cowardice made against General Scott, produced a document which was sworn to a few years since, as part of the evidence of a soldier at Lundy's Lane, who stated in his affidavit that Gen. Scott, after he was wounded rode to where the soldier was stationed, "his neck, breast, and arms in a gore of blood, which ran down his legs, and trickled from his boot upon the ground," and said to the commander of the line: "I am wounded and very weak; I want one of your young men to get up behind me and hold me on my horse." A young man threw down his musket, and at one spring leaped upon the horse, and they swiftly galloped away to the main body of the army. The excitement produced by reading the document was tremendous. Hundreds rose on their feet and gave most vehement cheers, so that it was some minutes before the speaker could proceed.

A USEFUL BATTALION ACCEPTED.—The Washington Star states that on Monday the War Department accepted, for three years or the war, a Chicago Battalion raised by Captain J. W. Wilson, consisting of 212 men, rank and file, called the Illinois Bridge, Breastwork and Fortification Fusileers. It is composed of 120 carpenters, 7 railroad-track men, seven railroad and bridge blacksmiths, six boat builders, two engineers and nine locomotive builders. A battalion so constituted cannot fail to prove infinitely serviceable throughout the war.

NEWS from the United States, by way of New Mexico, furnishes the important item that President Lincoln has been banished from Washington, and that General Scott is in charge of the Confederate forces! The latter clause may be verified if the Confederates await the full development of the General's plans.

A GRAND Union barbecue was given by the people of Oldham county, Kentucky, to the citizens of Clarke county, Indiana, on the 8th ult. Over five thousand people were present, one thousand of whom were ladies. The Union sentiment was strong.

Census Statistics of Maryland.

The full returns of the Census made to Marshal Watkins gives the following as the number of inhabitants in the city of Baltimore and the different counties:

Counties.	Free Inhabitants.	Slaves.
Allegany,	28,680	844
Anne Arundel,	16,179	7,370
Baltimore,	51,450	3,170
Calvert,	6,839	4,513
Kent,	10,781	2,563
Montgomery,	13,035	5,363
Prince George's,	10,856	11,656
Queen Anne's,	11,817	4,176
Caroline,	10,409	739
Carroll,	23,559	802
Cecil,	22,391	951
Charles,	6,846	9,613
Dorchester,	16,204	4,123
Frederick,	43,631	3,248
Harford,	21,667	1,813
St. Mary's,	8,684	6,550
Somerset,	19,976	5,097
Talbot,	11,088	3,756
Washington,	23,122	1,126
Worcester,	16,555	3,603
Howard,	10,521	2,854
Baltimore city,	211,824	2,313
	646,183	85,382
	85,382	
Total population,	731,565	
Population in 1850,	583,034	
Increase,	148,531	
Slaves in 1850,	90,368	
Slaves in 1860,	85,382	
Decrease,	4,986	

COPY OF A CONFEDERATE PASS.—The following is a copy of a pass signed by "G. T. Beauregard, Brigadier General commanding," and dated "Headquarters Departm't of Alexandria, June 12, 1861:"

"By authority of the Governor of Virginia J——D——, mothers and sisters have permission from these headquarters to leave the state of Virginia. They will be permitted to take with them such movables as cannot be of assistance to the army. The commanders of all guards, pickets, videttes, or scouting parties whom they meet will be careful in ascertaining that they do not carry beyond our lines either horses, wagons, firearms, or anything else that may be used by the enemy."

The bearer of the above pass says that "all the young men in Virginia are being forced into the army. The magnificent crop of grain now ripening will not be half taken care of. The men are in the army, and the negroes are roaming at will. Cattle run at large. Horses and wagons are seized by Beauregard, and no compensation made."

A SUGGESTION.—Jeff. Davis, the traitor-tyrant of the so-called Southern Confederacy, (!) feeling that no mortal power can save him and his rebel associates from the just and righteous chastisement which they so richly merit, for the disturbance and distress they have brought on the innocent people of the U. States, by their gross treachery to the Government, and their rebellion against its laws and authority, having set a day apart for the invocation of aid for his wretched cause from a higher power, we learn that some of his deluded followers in Maryland have observed it, according to the recommendation of their master. To all such we suggest, that Benedict Arnold be adopted by them as their Patron Saint, and that they commemorate *his virtues* by a due observance hereafter, of each anniversary of his birth.—*Worcester Shield.*

MANUFACTURE OF WAR IMPLEMENTS.—The Washington Star says: The Ordnance Department at the Washington Navy Yard, is engaged night and day, as well as on Sunday, turning out arms and ammunition at the rate of two hundred shells, twenty-five thousand percussion caps, and thirty-five thousand Minie and musket balls per day. Gas fixtures have been put up, and the work is now driven all week without a moment's cessation—not even stopping at noon for dinner, two sets of hands relieving each other alternately. No more smooth bore guns are manufactured here, the whole attention being paid to rifled cannon, of which the most beautiful specimens are cast, turned, mounted and sent off with surprising rapidity.

EXPLOIT OF ONE OF McMULLIN'S RANGERS.—A special despatch to the Harrisburg *Telegraph* states that on Friday a suspicious looking character was seen by one of McMullin's Rangers to cross to the Maryland side. The Ranger arrested him, and finding important letters upon his person, addressed to a lawyer of Hagerstown, conducted him to a place of safe-keeping. He was then divested of his clothing, and the garments being donned by his captor, the latter called upon the lawyer, representing himself as the genuine bearer of despatches. The lawyer fell into the trap, and divulged important matters to his supposed Virginia friend. After everything had been surely accomplished, he was arrested, and subsequently sent to Washington city.

WANTED—100 nurses for the Confederate army.—Richmond paper.

We commend the above to the attention of the secession fossils in the Maryland Legislature.

Wit and Humor.

Is it Anybody's Business?

Is it anybody's business, if a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady, if the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer; that the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business, if a lady has a beau?
Is it anybody's business when that gentleman does call?
Or when he leaves the lady? or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary that the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble the outside lookers on?
Is it anybody's business but the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies, and doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business but the gentleman's if she
Should accept another escort, where he doesn't chance to be?
If a person on the sidewalk, whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business where that person means to call?
Is it anybody's business what his business may be there?
The substance of our query, simply stated, would be this:
Is it anybody's business what another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't, we would really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't there are some who make it so.
If 'tis we'll join the rabble, and act the noble part
Of tattlers and defamers who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher, until everybody learns
It were better in the future to mind his own concerns.

A CHAPTER UPON CIRCUMLOCUTION.—A day or two since an unsophisticated darkey waited upon a certain military gentleman with a bill of $1.15, for washing done at the camp hospital, which, after undergoing a rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation, which the astonished son of Ethiopia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity:

"This bill," said the gentleman, "will first have to be sent to the Quartermaster General at Washington, and he will report to the Adjutant General, who will lay it before the Secretary of War for his approval. The Adjutant being satisfied, it will be sent to the Auditor of state, who will approve of it and send it to the Secretary of the Treasury, who will send it to the United States Treasurer, who will at once despatch an order to the Collector of this port to pay the bill."

The darkey relieved himself of a long drawn sigh. "Then, massa," he remarked, "dat last gemblam you spoke of pays for de washing, does he?"

"No," continued the other, "he will hand it to the Quartermaster; but as there is no such officer here at present, some proper person must be selected for that purpose, who must be appointed by the Secretary of War, under direction of the President, and his appointment must be approved by the Senate. Congress not being in session now, the commission can not be issued until after it meets. When this commission is received, the Quartermaster will show it to the Collector, and demand the funds. You will then call upon him; he will examine your bill, and if correct, he will pay it, you giving your receipt."

The unfortunate nigger first scratched his head, then shook it, and finally said, "I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide, but it am de last job I does for Uncle Sam, shu!"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A LESSON FOR THE TIMES.—When Burstrode Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1655, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?" "Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well *trust him* to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, but turning about, soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

A HEROINE'S SACRIFICE.—A young lady has been heard to declare that she couldn't go to fight for the country, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and die an old maid, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as anybody could be called upon to make!

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I often read of people poor, *but* honest; why don't they sometimes say rich, *but* honest?" "Tut, my son," said the father, "nobody would believe them."

THE hero-patriot, Andy Johnson, who has so nobly and gallantly lead the Union cause in East Tennessee, defines secession as an "odious, nefarious, diabolical, hell-born and hell-bound doctrine."

"MA, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please."

"What on earth shall I do that for, pet?"

"Cause, I want to draw an elephant."