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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.

Poetical.

For the Kent News.

Lines Written for an Album,

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER, IN IMITATION OF "BICKFORD."

Ye sacred Nine, your aid I'd fain engage
T' indite a lay for this fair Album's page;
Oh! give me skill ye friendly powers divine,
To imitate old Bickford's flowing line.
Oh! ye delightful, ye transporting scenes,
Ye balmy flowers and bliss conveying greens,
Ye echoing wood, ye cultivated field,
Where beauteous Nature tenfold treasures yield;
Ye smiling meadows, ye enchanting bowers,
Whose varied charms engag'd our peaceful hours;
With what regret I see your smiles decay,
As winter spreads the night and steals the day.
But now how swift your boasted glory flies,
Your honors fade, your transient beauty dies;
Whilst ruffling winds supply the gentle breeze,
And Nature sickens with a dire disease,
The woody choir unwilling spreads their throats
To change their bridal strains to funeral notes.
To warmer suns some fleeting wing their way,
As loath to see their late loved homes decay,
Averse to see them rifled of their sweets,
Whilst barb'rous frosts invade their gay retreats,
Say now my Muse where wilt thou speed thy flight,
To them the darksome day and tedious night:
Say, shall I seek the avenues of sense
And drink the happiness that flows from thence?
No, no, such low-born trifles I disdain—
Such drops of pleasure and such draughts of pain.
Hail blest retirement, happy solitude,
Where discords cease, nor vanity intrude,
In thee on wings of thought, what heights we rise,
Mark out the spheres and travel through the skies—
'Till in the eager sallies of the mind
We see to leave mortality behind.
Oh *Thou* whose wisdom rules the vast profound,
Directs the heavens, and whirls the seasons round;—
Look down propitious on my silent hours,
Exalt my soul and actuate her powers;
Grant me a mind, contented, calm and free,
Then winter brings no gloomy hours to me.

N. W.

Broad Neck, Kent Co., Md., Nov. 28, 1861.

ONE OF LIFE'S CLOUDS.

BY MRS. ANNA M. WHELPLY.

Susanna had taken the long and painful journey—had crossed the Isthmus—had reached, unharmed, the El Dorado, where tarried the husband of her heart. They had been parted many months, but now, beyond the Golden Gate, in the new city on the hills of velvet green, stood the small and cozy habitation where they should enjoy the care of their little family and the anticipation of future comfort and ease.

Phillip had prepared this home to receive his young wife, with many sweet remembrances, and still sweeter hopes. No comfort had been forgotten. There stood the little work table, the crib, the nursery chair, the small sofa where Susanna might recline her graceful figure; the stuffed cushion whereon her delicate foot might rest. He had not forgotten to furnish a long costly mirror reaching to the floor, that this pretty one should gratify her natural taste for the beautiful. Perhaps Phillip himself had a taste that way; who knows! For he was by no means ungainly nor inferior in person.

When Susanna, with her two children, stood upon the landing and saw the good and beloved husband collecting her baggage and directing its destination, she was in a flutter of pleasurable excitement; and when at last seated in the carriage with Phillip's arm about her, and the little ones all gleeful with new sights and anticipated freedom, she was the happiest woman living.

The charm remained unbroken, when, upon reaching the cottage, she saw in the doorway the neatest and most respectable domestic, whose ample circumference was neatly overspread with the whitest of linen aprons, and whose glossy brown locks only hinted of superabundance from beneath a starched muslin cap. Susanna saw experience and kindness of heart characterized upon her ruddy countenance, and before many hours had passed, she was aware of possessing a treasure, in the thrifty and capable Leah.

Finding everything in most pleasant order, Susanna was soon thoroughly at home. Leah took all cares upon herself, and the wife had little to do but enjoy the hours as they passed.

At the close of the first month came her first cloud. Heavy, dark and ominous it hung over her, but it had its "silver lining," like all other clouds I ever heard of.

Bidding her good bye one morning, Philip said: "If you will wait dinner till five o'clock, I will come punctually home and dine with you."

Susanna promised with much gratification, and waving an adieu from the laticed balcony, she watched her husband till he turned the distant corner. "Now, good Leah," she said, going into the kitchen, "we must have an excellent dinner today, for the master will come home earlier than usual. Make one of your best plum puddings, and roast to a turn the little teal ducks." Then she returned to the parlor where, after brushing the curly locks of Charley and Maud, she betook herself to her work basket, and listened to the merry voices of her children out doors.

The afternoon waned, dinner became fragrant, the hour had pointed at five, and with an expectant smile, Susanna awaited the arrival of Phillip, but he was not punctual. Half an hour passed, and Leah, looking in, said anxiously, as one whose pudding is overbaked: "Is the master not yet come?"

"Not yet, but surely in a few moments. Keep the dinner by the fire, where it will not dry up." The last words were spoken in a somewhat discomfitted tone.

Six o'clock struck, and Leah again made her appearance. "Indeed, ma'am, you had better take a taste yourself and not wait."

It was with a singularly uneasy sensation that Susanna laid her little ones upon their pillow for the night. "Phillip never breaks his promises in this way," thought she, "and if he is unusually delayed, he always sends a messenger." She went often to the window, although the gathering darkness made it almost impossible to distinguish one object from another. She laughed a little as she brushed two big tears, and walking up and down the room, exclaimed: "Really, I must be growing nervous to fret about so trivial a matter. He will come at his usual hour, doubtless."

But when the usual hour arrived, and he came not, she could no longer conceal her uneasiness.

"Leah, dear," she said, "bring your work into the parlor, and talk with me.—I feel very lonely."

Leah came readily, and, sitting on a low chair, began her knitting.

"Tell me about your life in Australia. Did you work at service there, as here?"

"No ma'am; I had a little tobacco store, where I made a nice matter of money."

"What did you do with it?"

"I sent it to my old mother in Scotland; she can no longer work, and I can."

"Yes, Leah, and be sure it will all come back ten fold. You have never married?"

"I am a widow."

"Children?"

"None of my own; I have two of John's. He was twice married."

"Indeed! and where are they?"

"In England, at school. I send them my wages every quarter, to clothe them, and pay their school bill."

"Ah, dear mistress! they are John's children."

Susanna looked long at this dear creature, as she sat calmly knitting, and thought how much sincerity, and grace, was concealed under an unobtrusive presence. She soon grew restless again, and went frequently to the front door, straining her longing eyes into the darkness.—Every footstep misled her hopes, and when she heard the neighboring street doors close with a comforting clang, telling of safe returns, her heart grew sick with waiting. Leah, too, began to look troubled, but endeavored to keep up Susanna's spirit, assuring her that the master would soon be home; but it was of no use. The poor wife's fears were now thoroughly roused as the clock struck eleven, and still no news of Phillip. She kept an air of outward calmness, however, and with a quiet manner desired Leah to leave her and go to bed, saying she would not be ready for duty to-morrow otherwise.

The good woman left her young mistress reluctantly and went to her little room, and without undressing, lay down on her cot and slept. Not so with Susanna. Once alone she gave vent to a passionate grief.

"Oh Phillip, dear Phillip!" she cried, "was it for this short happiness I have lived? What have I done that heaven should send its vengeance upon me in this great calamity? You are lost! lost—murdered! I know it is so. The city is full of wickedness, and the best and most faithful suffer equally with the sinful!"

Covering her face with her hands, she threw herself upon the sofa, and wept agonizing tears; when hearing distant footsteps she rushed to the window and stepped out upon the narrow balcony. The step came nearer, nearer—it reached the line of her house, and passed on. So was Susanna repeatedly disappointed and rendered miserable with suspense. At two o'clock she thought to go up stairs to her children. There they lay, with their innocent faces upturned, not dreaming of their mother's distress. The sight of these brought on a fresh and violent flow of grief, and she sank upon her knees by their bedside, and prayed with an intensity that one would hardly believed her capable of arousing, so gentle and quiet was the usual expression of Susanna's face. Somewhat quieted by this exertion of will, she passed into her own bed room, and lay, exhausted, upon the bed. Nature gained the ascendancy, and the unhappy wife slept; but it was only momentary. Again she sprang up at the sound of wheels and ran out upon the balcony. With a dreary heart she saw but an early milkman, leaving cans at the grocery.

She heard the clock strike three—four, yet there she stood in the damp, chill air, expectant, motionless, save the waving of her long and fallen hair, damp with cold dew, lifted now and then by the wind from the silent bay. She was calm, but it was the calmness of despair. She looked no longer for her husband, but only for his cold and murdered body.

Gradually streaks of morning light appeared in the horizon; sounds of life began; keys were unturned in the doors; gaping servants made their appearance on the steps of neighboring houses; watermen trundled their hogsheads of fresh water while the tin pales jangled behind, but in nothing could she find hope. The sky grew purple and golden, and when the sun showed its edge above the distant mountains, it scorched the very soul of Susanna.

Leah, having heard nothing to disturb her rest, awoke with the conviction that master had come home. She came to Susanna's door and asked if she had any special orders for the breakfast. Susanna turned at the sound of a voice, and Leah saw the unusual palor of her face. She stepped forward quickly, exclaiming:

"Hid he not come, then?"

Susanna opened her lips to speak, but found her voice was hushed. Grief had made her dumb. She stretched forth her hands to Leah despairingly, and with burning and tearless eyes went hurriedly to the table, where she wrote:

"Go down to his office and tell the people to search."

"Yes, dear love, only let me call in some one to stay with you the while," coaxing and anxious. But a vigorous push from Susanna toward the door, and the heart rending entreaty in her eyes convinced the good soul that nothing was to be done but go, and that without delay.

She hurried on her hood and shawl, and Susanna once more watched the departure from the balcony, as she had done the morning previously; but with what different feelings we can all judge.

A terror stricken quiet reigned in the house; the children still slept; the fires were unmade—all was cheerlessly as the heart of the watcher. Slowly she dragged her weary feet up the stairs and seated herself upon the little bed where slept Phillip's darlings. Her breast heaved as looked at them.

"Poor, fatherless ones!" she murmured, "I would you might never waken to learn this dreadful misfortune. Oh, heart! will you not break that I may follow after this dear spirit?"

She closed her eyes to shut out the harsh light of day, but the fountain of tears was dry. She listened for the coming of Leah, with a terrible certainty that she would bring the blackest word that ever smote her ear. It closed with violence and quick steps sped across the lower floor.

Susanna dropped upon her knees, and with quivering frame, awaited the entrance of Leah. Leah? no, no, little wife! Who is that stands at the bed room door? Who catches you in his strong arms, and actually sobs as he sees your face of grief?

Poor Susanna knew it not. She fell like one dead upon his shoulder, and Phillip laid the little weary body upon the bed, using all possible means to make the blue eyes open once more, and look as he loved to see them. Leah stood in the doorway, wiping the tears that rolled fast down her sunburnt cheeks. At last her blue eyes opened, and the first object they rested upon was their own "lost and found." Phillip raised her in his arms.

"Do you feel better, Susie?"

"Better? what has happened? I've been dreaming."

"Poor little darling!"

She looked at him puzzled; then all flashed over her memory. Very pale, but smiling, she said—

"How could you frighten me so?"

"I sent you a note, my dear child, informing you of a sudden call up the river. Reaching town an hour ago, I went first to the office, where, to my great distress, I saw the note lying on my desk. It had not been sent, as I had directed. Hurrying home, full of anxiety for you, I met Leah, and my fears were confirmed. Now be calm and happy, and God willing, you shall never suffer so again. Go, Leah, and get us some hot coffee, and some——"

But Leah had gone at the first recovery of Susanna, and already the fragrant odor came steaming up the stairs. By this time, the little curly heads of Charley and Maud were peeping in at the door; and I doubt whether, even yet, they know how their mamma passed that memorable night.

I know of many wives, who, if they read this history of a night, will give a sympathetic sigh in thinking of Susanna, but I beg they will always go quietly to bed, when their husbands don't come home at the usual hour, and be sure the good gentlemen know very well how to take care of themselves, and their wives also.

Laura, Laura, Don't Secede.

Kiss me, Laura, ere I go,
Armed and drilled to meet the foe;
Gun in hand, and on my back
A sixteen-pounder—haversack.
I go: my country calls—adieu!
To both, my darling girl be true;
And come success, come scath and need,
Laura, Laura, don't secede.

When on the tented field, perhaps
With rations short, and shorter naps,
We wheel, present advance, retreat,
Thou'l't have, O heavens! at thy feet
Some one persuadingly present
Himself and an establishment:
Laura, no such trifle heed;
Though he glitter, don't secede.

Cling unto thy mother, dear;
Let no "Home Guards" come anear,
Dancing gewgaws 'fore thy eyes,
Making light of household ties,
Prating of thy woman's rights,
Gallanting thee about o' nights;
Lest the rose should prove a weed,
Basely crimsoned, don't secede.

Good bye, Laura! No regrets,
If from balls and bayonets,
From "broils and battles"—(*boils* I mean;
For deadlier is the soup tureen,
When badly seasoned, than the bore
Or the loudest cannon that can roar)
Safe delivered, swiftly I
Back to ease and thee will fly;
United, then, in word and deed,
Laura, dear, we'll both secede.

Bishop Simpson on the English and American Flags.

This eminent divine of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in a sermon preached by him on last Thanksgiving Day in Baltimore, made the following eloquent comparison in order to show the power and glory of the American flag at home and abroad:

"There are two flags in this world that seem to go everywhere, and to be almost universally feared and honored. One is the English flag. There are some traits of the English nation that we all dislike—but it is a glorious old nation and its flag a glorious old flag. For years it has been in the advance line of civilization and art and glory everywhere. Its glory is partly our own—for we are part of the same race. Its cannon have been heard in every port—its arms have met in shock in almost every battle field. That flag is on every sea, and it waves over nearly one half of the missionary enterprize of earth, and wherever it goes the missionary is safe.—He says 'I am a British subject.' The darkest nations all over the earth fear to offend the British nation.

"But there is another flag, not a thousand years old—which, to my eye, is a still more beautiful one. The cannon under it have not thundered at every port—there has not been under it the shock of arms in every part of the earth—yet without the terror accompanying the other it is universally loved and almost reverred. That flag is on every sea—it visits every port, and wherever it goes the people love it. No one but he who has been abroad in distant lands knows how that national symbol is respected. A man says 'I am an American' and nations protect him wherever he goes. I, as well as others, doubtless, in this audience, have felt its protecting power in foreign lands. Oh! it is a glorious flag. Sometimes it seems to me as if an angel's hand had clipped it out of the blue of heaven, with its own stars of gold, coming down like angel's eyes of mercy as it goes on its mission of good-will over the earth. It is a glorious flag and nations love it."

Cut off the Back Legs of your Chairs.

I will tell you a secret worth knowing. A thousand things not worth half as much have been patented and elevated into a business.

It is this:—If you cut off the back legs of your chairs so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting and keep your spine in much better shape. The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments and muscles in the small of the back. The expedient I have advised will obviate this tendency, and, as I have suggested, add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting posture.

The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high, for the average man, nor more than fourteen inches for the average woman. The chair is now seventeen inches high for all, which no amount of slanting in the seat, can make comfortable.

English Judges on Drinking.

There is scarcely a crime comes before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink.—*Coleridge.*

If it were not for this drinking, you (the jury) and I would have nothing to do.—*Judge Patterson.*

Experience has proved that almost all crime into which juries have had to inquire may be traced, in one way and another, to drunkenness.—*Judge Williams.*

I find in every calendar that comes before me, one unfailing source, directly or indirectly, of most of the committee—intemperance.—*Judge Whitman.*

If all men could be dissuaded from the use of intoxicating liquors, the office of a Judge would be a sinecure.—*Judge Anderson.*

"GIVE the devil his due" does very well for an apothegm, but particularly applied, it would carry off more people than the plague.

Peace Without Reunion Impossible.

The Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, in a powerful article for the Danville (Ky.) Review, thus expounds on this important subject:

Whoever will look at a map of the United States will observe that Louisiana lies on both sides of the Mississippi river, and that the States of Arkansas and Mississippi lie on the right and left banks of this great stream—eight hundred miles of whose lower course is thus controlled by these three States, unitedly inhabited by hardly as many white people as inhabit the city of New York. Observe then the country drained by this river and its affluents, commencing with Missouri on its West bank and Kentucky on its East.

There are nine or ten powerful States—large portions of three or four others—several large Territories, in all a country as large as Europe, as fine as any under the sun, already holding many more people than all the revolted States—and destined to be one of the most populous and powerful regions of the earth. Does any one suppose that those powerful States—this great and energetic population—will ever make a peace that shall put the lower course of this single and mighty national outlet to the sea in the hands of a foreign government far weaker than themselves?

If there is any such person, he knows little of the past history of mankind; and will, perhaps, excuse us for reminding him that the people of Kentucky, before they were constituted a State, gave formal notice to the Federal Government, when General Washington was President, *that if the United States did not acquire Louisiana, they would themselves conquer it. The mouths of the Mississippi belong, by the gift of God, to the inhabitants of this great Valley.* Nothing but irresistible force can disinherit them.

A Page of South Carolina's History.

The Charleston Mercury threatens that the proud city by the sea shall be "laid in ashes" rather than that it shall into the hands of the cursed "Hessians," and tells us that black flags are hoisted, indicating that no quarter will be taken from the "invaders." We may form some idea of what they are likely to do from what they *did* on the occasion of an invasion of another sort of Hessians about a hundred years ago. An officer of distinction in the British service, giving an account of the operations of His Majesty's army in South Carolina, says:

"We arrived before Charleston on the 11th (July, 1779), in the evening. The enemy sent next morning to know what terms we would grant. Four hours were allowed them to surrender prisoners of war, or take the oaths of allegiance to His Majesty, and be protected in their persons and properties, and return to the class of peaceful citizens. But an express having arrived in the meantime from General Lincoln with an account of his approach, and that a reinforcement would be in town that day, the enemy grew more confident, and began to talk in higher terms; however, they proposed a neutrality for the province until the war between Great Britain and America was determined."

The following is the proposition made by Cols. Smith and McIntosh to Col. Provost and Capt. Moncrief, at a conference at Charleston, May 12, 1779: "*That Carolina should remain in a state of neutrality during the war, and the question whether Carolina should remain an independent State or be subject to Great Britain, be determined by the fate of war.*"

The proposition on the part of South Carolina is made the subject of the following bitter comments in Gaines' Mercury of July 12, 1779: "This proposition shows in a clear point of view with what ease the people of Carolina can throw off and break their most solemn engagement with the Continental Congress and France, on the approach of real danger, or whenever they think it will suit their private views.—*Such is the much boasted virtue and honor of the inhabitants of South Carolina!*"

AN ABOLITIONIST A SECESSIONIST.—The Hon. Andrew Johnson, is credited with the following sentiment. It was uttered in a late speech at Columbus, Ohio:

"I would not be personal, but an Abolitionist is as much a Secessionist as is to be found in South Carolina. As much as these disunionists abuse each other, they nevertheless both unite in laying violent hands upon the Government that never harmed either. If I were an abolitionist, I would break up the Union; for the disruption of the Union must inevitably destroy and obliterate slavery. Hence we are for the prosecution of this war to save the Government as founded by our fathers; for restoring the Constitution as we received it, without regard to the peculiar institutions of any State."

THE following verses, says the Boston Transcript, were found in a pair of socks sent recently to the army of the Potomac:

"These socks were knit by ancient dame
Past three score years and ten—
Her heart doth glow with loyal flame,
Her fingers nimble, too, as when
She knit for *one*, her honored sire,
Who fought and bled at 'Bunker's fire.'

"She sends this pair (an offering small)
To some good soldier brave,
Who left his home at country's call,
That country for to save:
Who'er he is those socks shall wear,
God bless and keep him is her prayer.

"MATRON."

BURN THE VINES.

Potato vines, squash vines, pumpkin vines, cucumber vines and all others which nurse and harbor the insect tribes that invest our gardens and fields, should be "burned with fire," as an ancient writer expresses the act.

This should be done as soon as the vines are done with. But it is not yet too late. Burn every vine and make the most of the ashes; but never think of putting any of these vines in heaps to make manure, so long as we complain of the ravages of the insect in our gardens and fields.

There is but little doubt that the potato rot is caused by living *animalculae*, too small to be seen without a powerful magnifying glass. These have been seen on plants, while growing, and on the tubes that are planted. We intend not to say positively, that minute insects on the blasted tubes are the sole cause of this stupendous and wholesale destruction of fields of potatoes.

Recently farmers have planted their potatoes in deep furrows, without manure, and in this way escaped the flies. And now, lastly we have all the benefits of a cold summer to kill these little tender things which have been multiplying fifteen years in the heat that has been sufficient to give us a good harvest of corn—and we have a better yield of potatoes than we have known for many years.

All these experiences agree with the supposition that some poisonous insect, too minute to be generally observed, is the chief cause of the rot.

Here we have a clue that should induce us to seek redress. We say burn all the vines as soon as they can be well burned, and trust to the matter to increase the manure heap. Burn every vine and scatter the ashes to the winds, if you cannot make a better use of them.

A BRITISH ARMY OPINION.—The British Army and Navy Gazette, in commenting upon the struggle in this country, says:

"As to the ultimate issues of the struggle, it is impossible to predict anything with certainty. The success of the South is, however, possible only by a coincidence of favorable circumstances, such as we cannot at present conceive of. Badly organized and feeble as the regular army is, the Federalists possess it, whilst the navy, a more powerful and efficient instrument, is also in their hands. Numbers, energy, intelligence and wealth are also on their side. Temporary failures may occur, but we adhere to the opinion we long since cherished—that the suppression of the rebellion is only a question of time, and that sooner or later the North must be triumphant. If it is otherwise it can only be the result of accident."

The Happy Land.

O, is there not a happy land—
A land beyond the seas—
Where potpie smokes in boundless lakes
And dumplings grow on trees?
Where gingerbread is found in stacks
And "smearcase" by the ton,
And when you do a job of work
You get the "ready John?"
Where Nature's lessons may be read
In every babbling brook?
Where bumble-bees don't sting a chap,
And muly cows don't hook?

A SON of Old Neptune enlisted in the Fifth Rhode Island Battery. He was picked out as one of the riders, and not long since his horse unseated him. The commanding officer came up and reprimanded him, and asked him sternly if he did not know how to ride? He unhesitatingly said "No." "What did you then enlist for?" asked the Captain. "To shoot Secessionists, not to break colts." The reply so amused the officer that he rode off smiling.

A shiftless, but romantic young fellow borrowed five dollars of a lady, and of course forgot to pay it. After waiting several months, the lady dunned him for the money. 'Pardon my neglect', said he; 'the fact is, you yourself are the cause of your not being paid.'

'How so?' asked the lady.

'Because, when I see you I forget all worldly matters—in short, I imagine myself in Heaven!'

AN army correspondent gives the following account of the medicine given the volunteers: "Our doctors give us the same medicine for all complaints. Headache, blue pill; belly-ache, blue pill; rheumatism, blue pill; yellow jaundice, blue pill; cold, blue pill; diarrhœa, blue pill; and so on. We are, decidedly, the blue pill regiment, and of the opinion it don't take much to make a doctor."

THE INDIAN CLIMATE.—"India, my boy," said an Irishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is jist the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they ate, and they ate and they drink, and they die; and thin they write home to their friends a pack o' lies, and say it's the climate as has killed 'em."

A clergyman consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal. "I'll bet I will!" replied the sobbing fair one.

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a pretty girl from the country. "Yes, sir," said the blushing girl, "that's my feller outside. He wouldn't come in!"

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.