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The Kent News.

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Address of the Carrier of the Kent News, TO HIS PATRONS.

PATRONS of the "NEWS," permit me once again
To make my grateful bow, and in these warlike
Times to call you all my *friends*, and friends you are
If loyal to the UNION creed, if not you
Make yourselves my foes, for he who is not my
Country's friend, is surely enemy to me.
I greet you all with feelings loyal, brave and
True; faults I have, and much for which to ask your
Grace, but none confess for Union-loving zeal.
And as I've borne the News from house to house, have
Felt a pure delight to know the goodly sheet
Was on the Union side; and when I walked
The streets, my eye with keenest joy gazed on
My Country's flag proudly waving in the breeze.

Finished is another year, its fifty
Weeks like mighty ships with cargoes for the realm
Eternal, have disappeared at sea, its brief
But crowded annals tell of incidents and
Scenes in which is sketched beyond all former
Date our Country's weal or woe, (no pestilence
With wasting tread has walked the land by day
Nor night, no famine's wing has brooded o'er
Our homes, extorting bitter cries of want; but
Health and plenty both, unparallell'd, have smiled;)
Tragic the page our reluctant pen inscribes.

Thrice ere this, the trump of war called forth to arms
Our countrymen to meet a foreign foe,—twice
Old England's regulars were vanquished by
Columbia's untrained bands—and twice again
Can we the victory win on land and lake.
And if the "*Trent*" affair should seek adjustment
In the stern alternative of war, heroes
A million strong, are waiting to repulse the foe,
And vindicate all insult to our country's fame.
And once the haughty Mexican was brought to
Terms by the brave soldiers of the States—led by
Scott and Taylor, and other heroes of our
Cause worthy of renown as any written
In the page of Greek or Roman fame. But now
The tocsin sounds the startling note of Civil
Strife, brothers against brothers armed in deadly
Conflict; citizens in arms against the State,
Children striking at their mother's heart; the play's
Begun, and as it moves, I watch with throbbing
Heart; when, oh! when will the dreadful *drama* end?

And let me say, whate'er may be the primal
Cause of this unhappy state of things, I stand
Upon no neutral ground, I'm for the Union
Now and forevermore, and all who seek its
Overthrow, proscribe with unrelenting terms;
Fanatics of every party name and in
All latitudes I cordially denounce,
Abolition and Secession schemes I brand
Alike as equal frauds against the country's
Constitution,—works of ultraists, foolish
Wilful, infamous; terrible extremes, like
Winds from polar caves, on rushing with equal
Speed, till mid-way, meeting with tempest fury
Desolate the Globe. Oh, my country, thy streams
And plains are reeking with thy children's blood, and
Thyself bereaved; the murderers are blind
With rage, and "know not what they do," oh, had they
Paused ere the first fierce blow was struck! oh, that
Calmer second thought had brought their reason back.
Men, wise and patriotic, long foresaw and
Feared this dire result, and uttered grave
Advice, and sought to compromise and adjust
The elements that foretold the present strife;
And while they lived, they kept the storm at bay.
Patriots they were, they loved their country
More than self, and more than party friends or fame,
Oh! for some master-mind, some God-prepared
Soul, to solve the wild problem and restore peace
And harmony once more to this distracted land—
A second Washington he might be called.

In five and twenty States the "Stars and Stripes" are
Flaunting in the breeze; Union is the watchword
Of more than two score millions, and Union men
With wise conservatism, will yet restore the
Loyalty of all the States, banish reckless
Secession from the land, the abolition
Demon drive to perish on its own dark trail,
And the case meet by colonization plans
Putting the vex'd controversy at an end.

Great deeds have been enacted, which in years to
Come, will hold high place in History's page, and
When the record is rightly made, the name of
HICKS will live among the bravest and the best.
Marylanders be proud of him, he saved
Our State from Civil War, outwitted schemers
Of Secession,—saved the State, I say, and
Saved the Union too, and but for him, the
Nation's Capitol had been the rendezvous
Of rebel armies, and all our homes become
The spoil of warlike bands;—a thousand cheers for
MARYLAND—her Governor and her Union
Loving sons and sires—fair maids, and matrons too.

I mean no idle boast, but say—hands off ye
Foreign nations, mind your own business and
Meddle not with ours, what mistakes we make on
Sea or land we'll rectify according to
The laws and treaties, international, but
Be it known, with all our great misfortunes we
Will never swerve nor sacrifice the rights of
Freemen, nor cower before the world in arms.
And if we're brave and just our great cause will stand,
The ordeal pass unhurt, or soon repair all
Injuries and onward march to bright renown.

Such is my annual message, Patrons, friends,
One theme you see has chiefly occupied my
Thoughts, and somewhat plaintive too, has been my song;
Yet hopeful accents now and then have mingled
With its strain, and hope we will, and wait and toil,
And brave Lawrence-like "Never give up the Ship"
Till the Union is restored, and peace o'er
All the land prevails, and all once more are FRIENDS,
The Carrier then will dash away his tears
And as he passes round, the seasons cheer with
High and grateful songs,—and now, a kind adieu.

THE CARRIER.

JANUARY 1, 1862.

General Scott's Letter on the American Difficulty.

This is the first opportunity we have had of publishing General Scott's letter on the difficulty between England and this country, written during his late visit to Paris. It will be seen that the General confidently predicted an amicable and satisfactory settlement of the matter by Mr. Seward and Lord Lyons, and we are happy to announce that his expectations have been fully realized:

MY DEAR SIR:—You were right in doubting the declaration imputed to me, to wit: that the Cabinet at Washington had given orders to seize Messrs. Mason and Slidell even under a neutral flag, for I was not even aware that the government had that point under consideration. At the time of my leaving New York it was not known that the San Jacinto had returned to the American seas; and it was generally supposed those persons had escaped to Cuba for the purpose of re-embarking in the Nashville, in pursuit of which vessel the James Adger and cruisers had been dispatched.

I think I can satisfy you that you have no serious occasion to feel concerned about our relations with England, if, as her rulers profess, she has no disposition to encourage the dissensions in America.

In the first place it is almost superfluous to say to you that every instinct of prudence as well as of good neighborhood prompts our government to regard no honorable sacrifice too great for the preservation of the friendship of Great Britain.—This must be obvious to all the world. At no period of our history has her friendship been of more importance to our people—at no period has our government been in a condition to make greater concessions to preserve it. The two nations are united by interests and sympathies—commercial, social, political and religious—almost as the two arms to one body, and no one is so ignorant as not to know that what harms one must harm the other in a corresponding degree.

I am persuaded that the British government can entertain no doubt upon this point; but if it does, I feel that I may take it upon myself to say the President of the United States, when made aware of its existence, will lose no opportunity of dispelling it.

Nor is there anything, I venture to affirm, in the seizure of these rebel emissaries which ought to receive an unfriendly construction from England. Her statesmen will not question the legal right of an American vessel-of-war to search any commercial vessel justly suspected of transporting contraband of war; that right has never been surrendered by England; it was even guarantied to her by the treaty of Paris, and British guns frowning down upon nearly every strait and inland sea upon the globe are conclusive evidence that she regards this right as one the efficacy of which may be not yet entirely extinguished. Of course there is much that is irritating and vexatious in the exercise of this right under the most favorable circumstances, and it is to be hoped the day is not far distant when the maritime States of the world will agree in placing neutral commerce beyond the reach of such vexations. The United States government has been striving to this end for more than fifty years; to this end, early in the present century, and in its infancy as a nation, it embarked in a war with the greatest naval power in the world; and it is even now a persistent suitor at every maritime court in Europe for a more liberal recognition of the rights of neutrals than any of the other great maritime nations have yet been disposed to make. But till those rights are secured by proper international guarantees, upon a comprehensive and enduring basis, of course England cannot complain of an act for which in all its material bearings her own naval history affords such numerous precedents.

Whether the captives from the Trent were contraband of war or not, is a question which the two governments can have no serious difficulty in agreeing upon. If Mr. Seward cannot satisfy Earl Russell that they were, I have no doubt Earl Russell will be able to satisfy Mr. Seward that they were not. If they were, as all authorities concur in admitting, agents of the rebellion, it will be difficult to satisfy impartial minds that they were any less contraband than a file of rebel soldiers or a battery of hostile cannon.

But even should there be a difference of opinion upon this point, it is very clear that our government had sufficient grounds for presuming itself in the right, to escape the suspicion of having wantonly violated the relations of amity which the two countries profess a desire to preserve and cultivate.

The pretence that we ought to have taken the Trent into port, and had her condemned by a prize court, in order to justify our seizure of her passengers, furnishes a very narrow basis on which to fix a serious controversy between two great nations. Stated in other words, an offense would have been less if it had been greater. The wrong done to the British flag would have been mitigated if, instead of seizing the four rebels, we had seized the ship, detained all her passengers for weeks and confiscated her cargo. I am not surprised that Captain Wilkes took a different view of his duty, and of what was due to the friendly relations which subsisted between the two governments. The renowned common sense of the English people, I believe, will approve of his effort to make the discharge of a very unpleasant duty as little vexatious as possible to all innocent parties.

If, under these circumstances, England should deem it her duty, in the interest of civilization, to insist upon the restoration of the men taken from under the protection of her flag, it will be from a conviction, without doubt, that the law of nations in regard to the rights of neutrals, which she has taken the leading part in establishing, requires revision, and with a suitable disposition on her part to establish those rights upon a just, humane and philosophic basis. Indeed I am happy to see an intimation in one of the leading metropolitan journals which goes far to justify this inference. Referring to the decision of the English Admiralty Courts now quoted in defence of the seizure of the American rebels on board the Trent, the London Times of the 28th November says:

"So far as the authorities go, the testimony of international law writers is all one way, that a belligerent war cruiser has the right to stop and visit and search any merchant ship upon the high seas. ** But it must be remembered that these decisions were given under circumstances very different from those which now occur. Steamers in those days did not exist, and mail vessels carrying letters wherein all the nations of the world have immediate interest, were unknown. We were fighting for existence, and we did in those days what we should neither do nor allow others to do, nor expect ourselves to be allowed to do in these days."

If England, as we are here encouraged to hope, is disposed to do her part in stripping war of half its horrors by accepting the policy long and persistently urged upon her by our government, and commended by every principle of justice and humanity, she will find no ground, in the visit of the Trent, for controversy with our government. I am sure the President and the people of the United States would be but too happy to let these men go free, unnatural and unpardonable as their offences have been, if by it they could emancipate the commerce of the world. Greatly as it would be to our disadvantage at this present crisis to surrender any of those maritime privileges of belligerents which are sanctioned by the laws of nations, I feel that I take no responsibility in saying that the United States will be faithful to her traditional policy upon this subject, and to the spirit of her political institutions.

On the other hand, should England be unprepared to make a corresponding sacrifice; should she feel that she could not yet afford to surrender the advantages which the present maritime code gives to a dominant naval power, of course she will not put herself in a false position by asking us to do it. In either case, therefore, I do not see how the friendly relations of the two governments are in any immediate danger of being disturbed.

That the over prompt recognition, as belligerents, of a body of men, however large, so long as they constituted a manifest minority of the nation, wounded the feelings of my countrymen deeply, I will not affect to deny, nor that that act, with some of its logical consequences which have already occurred, had planted in the breasts of many the suspicion that their kindred in England wish them evil rather than good; but the statesmen to whom the political interests of these two great people are confided act upon higher responsibilities and with better lights, and you may rest assured that an event so mutually disastrous as a war between England and America cannot occur without some other and graver provocation than has yet been given by either nation.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Hotel Westminster, Paris, Dec. 2, 1861.

To ——, Esq.

Don't be Down-Hearted.

Come now, be cheerful; if you cannot pay your debts immediately, do the best you can, and pay them as you are able "Care killed a cat." If you have not fifty cents to luxuriate on the delicacies of the season, appropriate half the amount to something more substantial and wholesome; kiss your wife, if you have one, if not kiss some pretty girl and marry her immediately—for acts of desperation frequently result happily and beneficially in their effects. If you have any children romp with them, if you have not, romp with your neighbor's. Look upon the bright side of everything—put on a cheerful countenance—keep your mind in the right trim and if you find that your native town will not support you, pack up and volunteer for the war. At all events, be cheerful.

☞ A correspondent in Wirt co., Va., describes a rich and brilliant scene: A gentleman in the oil region in Western Virginia, was boring for oil on his lands, and anxious to complete the job, kept his darkies at work night and day. The nights were cold, and fire was built near the well. About midnight they struck a vein of gass which rushed out with great force, and igniting from the fire shot up a stream of brilliant flame one hundred and fifty feet in the air, illuminating the country around. The terrified darkies broke for their master's and cried out,

"Get up, Massa Thompkins, get up, we've broke through into hell!"

THE LOVED ONE IS NOT HERE.

The winter nights have come, the time for mirthful song,
And the broken family circle around the hearth-stone throng;
And friends we love and cherish, and in our hearts hold dear,
Now meet to cheer our loneliness, for the loved one is not here.

The sparkling, happy fire sends forth a cheerful blaze
On all familiar faces on scenes of other days.
Its fitful, flashing light beams on the pictured walls,
And in vivid, startling brightness, on a vacant chair it falls.

We listen to the music—but a manly voice has fled,
And a spirit seems to whisper: "He is numbered with the dead."
And as every heavy footstep falls upon our aching ear,
We start! to learn anew the truth, the loved one is not here.

The cloudless spring of our young life has lost its sunny hue,
And saddening, mournful clouds enshroud its once clear blue.
Vain hopes and weary watchings have crushed our budding youth,
Yet, strengthened in each fond heart, are its early ties of truth.

Days, weeks, and months have flown away, but still that vacant chair
Stands clothed in mourning, crowned with grief, and circled with despair.
Still for thee shall buds and blossoms bloom in the hearts that hold thee dear,
But to perish in their loneliness, for the loved one is not here.

Yet a spirit gently whispers, to crush each rising sigh,
The Holy One hath said—he that trusteth shall not die;
And the same voice sweetly utters, as despair has partly fled,
At the sound of the last trumpet shall the grave give up its dead!

Artemus Ward's Opinion of Four Great Characters.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—Napoleon the Grand. The British schooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much and he did it! They scooped him at Waterloo, and he subsekently died at St. Heleny! There's where the greatest military man this world ever projuced pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St Heleney, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walking up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak drawn titely about him (see pictur books,) but so it was. "Hed of the army!" Them was his last words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command some of our brigades!

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—Alexander was punkins but Napoleon was punkinser! Alic wept becaws he had no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drowned his sorrows in the floin bole and the floin bole was too much for him. It ginrally is. He undertook to give a snake exhibition in his boots but it killed him. This was a bad joke for Alic!

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition. If he had been a sensible man, he'd hav put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and left the magnificent continent to the intelligent savages, who when they got hold of a good thing knew enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't have seceded, nor rebelled, not knocked Liberty in the head with a slung-shot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller after all. It would have bin money in my pocket if he'd staid at home. Chris meant well, but he put his foot in it when he sailed for America.

THE NATIONAL BIRD.—The American Eagle has lived too sumptuously of late his stumic's foul, and he's now takin a slite emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strike a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly and secession will be in the hands of the undertakers; sheeted for so deep a grave that nothing short of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it. Mind what I say.

You've heard the showman!

RELEASE OF A LATE BALTIMORE POLICE COMMISSIONER.—The Baltimore American states that Mr. John W. Davis, one of the late Metropolitan Police Commissioners of Baltimore, who for several months past has been confined as a prisoner of State in Fort Warren, has been released on parole for thirty days. His release was effected by prominent Union men of Baltimore. He states that the Baltimore prisoners are enjoying fair health, although he had been quite ill for several weeks, during which he was carefully attended by the other prisoners.

It was curious and somewhat amusing to see the manner in which the prisoners were passing away the time. For instance, Mr. Wallis would deliver a brief treatise upon the elements of jurisprudence, Mr. Warfield was poring over the last edition of the Price Current, Mr. Wm. G. Harrison busily engaged in making a pot of tea, and Mr. Charles Howard at the wash-tub cleaning his linen. Much of the time was devoted to intellectual exercises, and the reading of standard authors, while games of chess, backgammon and dominoes were embraced in the daily amusements.

On a wet, miserable, foggy London day Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is almost perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling—"so have I; it's a miserable day! Good bye."

SALT FOR THE THROAT.

In these days when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a simple and what has been with us a most effectual preventive, if not a positive cure, of sore throat. For many years past; indeed, we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subject to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry, hacking cough, which was not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we were brought into business contact. Last Fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noon, and night. We dissolved a large table-spoonful of pure table salt in about half a small tumbler of cold water. With this we gargled the throat thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that, during the entire Winter, we were not only free from the usual coughs and colds to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and do most cordially recommend a trial of it to those of our readers who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle, have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and, after a few days' use, no person who loves a nice, clean mouth, and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite, will abandon it.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

Saltpetre and Arms.

Some uneasiness has been created here by the announcement in recent English papers that large quantities of saltpetre bought in England for our Government had been stopped. We are able to say on the highest authority that this step cannot in the least embarrass us. The Government has on hand now an immense supply of this necessary article, most of which has been in store since the war of 1812. The amount of saltpetre now in Government stores is, we are assured, sufficient for all emergencies, and we suppose the recent purchases in Europe, if any were really made, were intended only to add to the present store in proportion as it was diminished in the course of the war, in accordance with that policy which induces every great Government to keep on hand of this article at all times sufficient for a war of twenty or thirty years' duration.

As to arms, we are to help to ourselves. We have not only arm manufactories, but we have the means and knowledge to construct new machinery whenever it may be needed. The machinery by which the best service muskets and rifles used for the British army are made at Woolwich, in England, was constructed in this country for the British Government, and an American mechanic set it up in its place, and taught the British to work it. It is evident that what our workmen have done for others they can do for themselves and for their own Government.—*N. Y. Post.*

NARROW ESCAPE OF A REBEL GENERAL. The Cairo correspondent of the St. Louis Republican has been visiting the rebel camp at Columbus under a flag of truce. He relates the following story, told by the rebel General Cheatham, of the manner in which he escaped capture at the battle of Belmont, Mo.:

Just as the opposing armies were approaching each other, General Cheatham discovered a squadron of cavalry, coming down a road near his position. Uncertain as to which force it belonged, accompanied only by an orderly, he rode up to within a few yards of it and inquired:

"What cavalry is that?

"Illinois cavalry, sir," was the reply.

"Oh! Illinois cavalry. All right; just stand where you are!"

The cavalry obeyed the rebel order, and unmolested by them, who supposed he was one of the Federal officers, the General rode safely back, directly under the guns of another Federal regiment, which had by that time come up, but who, seeing him coming from the direction of the cavalry, also supposed that he was one of them. Some of our officers remembered the incident, and agreed with the hero of it, that if they had known who he was, it was very probable that there would have been one rebel General less that night.

An Oddity of the Last Century.

The editor of a recent edition of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters gives the following account of the Earl of Pembroke, a great oddity of a hundred years ago: Marrying for the third time at seventy-five, he maintained strict dominion over a wife, whom other people thought safely arrived at the years of discretion, and quite fit to take care of herself. She had leave to visit in an evening, but never, on any account, stay out a minute later than ten o'clock, his supper hour. One night, however, she stayed till past twelve. He declined supping, telling his servants it could not be ten o'clock, as their lady was not come home. When at last she came in a terrible fright, and began making a thousand apologies, "My dear," said he very cosily, "you are under a mistake, it is but just ten; your watch I see, goes too fast, and so does mine; we must have the man to-morrow to set them to rights; meanwhile, let us go to supper."