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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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ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER OF "The Kent News."

PATRONS, I again repeat
My annual salutation,
Give you all a kindly *greet*,
Devoid of affectation.
Please accept my truest thanks,
All glowing from the press;
And overlook all boyish pranks,
As might demand redress.

How shall I begin my song,
What words shall form my verse?
In cheerful accents pass me on?
Or doleful things rehearse?
Ah! doleful things the hours betoken,
Of homes all dark and sad,
And hearts that now lie broken,
That once were bright and glad.

Columbia's heart is reeking,
She mourns for son and daughter;
Her sorrows all bespeaking
The fearful scenes of slaughter:
A wail comes from the mountain,
A wail from stream and strand,
A wail from field and fountain:
A dirge fills all the land.
* * * *
Another year, where is it? Oh!
The echo answers, where?
Time's account will fully show
When the past shall reappear.
What report of us is given
By the year's relentless flight!
Is our peace secur'd with Heaven?
Is the record just and right?

Providence, with open hand,
All bountiful as yore,
Has shower'd blessings o'er the land,
No need to ask for more;
But cruel man has done the deeds
Which fill the land with woes;
By him, alas! the country bleeds
And on to ruin goes.

HIGH HEAVEN avert the hour
That seals this nation's fate,
Equal is THY mighty power,
For thou didst first create;
Our glorious nation must not die,
But live in Union bands,
The hopes of all our foes belie
In this and other lands.

Traitors, one and all stand back,
Abolitionists give way,
Secessionists, get off the track:
Let Patriots rule the day.
Certain rights has every State,
We stand prepared to show,
But this should never underrate,
Or Federal rights o'erthrow.

By Southern men the fight begun,
By them the blow was given,
Their fierce act the work has done
By which the nation's riven:
Then came reckless legislation
By men of bad design—
Follow'd by the "Proclamation,"
Both foolish and unkind.

And fierce indeed has been the fight,
"Greek with Greek" has stood;
Passion in its madest might,
Has glut itself with blood;
The north and south on sacred soil,
Have scented for the prey,
The nation's place has been the spoil,
Nor either won the day.

"My Maryland," embalmed in song,
Thy loyalty is true:
Let the anthem roll along
In strains forever new;
Citizens of our dear old State—
Dearer now than ever—
United with the nation's fate
We stand or fall together.

But stand we must, and ever will,
By all that's just and right;
And the high-born mission fill
Of virtue over might:
The motto here we do repeat,
The "UNION AND THE LAWS,"
The "CONSTITUTION" ALL COMPLETE,
Defines our noble cause.

Many things I could inscribe,
Note-worthy, strange and solemn;
What of hope, events betide,
Enough to fill a volume;
But let the present serve to tell,
What can't be fully told,
And while I say to *you* farewell,
Don't say to *me*—"*you're sold.*"

A RACE FOR LIFE.

As Samuel Bowditch, one of the early settlers on Grand River, in Kentucky, was going across a patch of swamp, one afternoon, about half a mile from his dwelling, to look after some cattle, he heard a stick snap behind him, and turning quickly round, he found himself confronted with a huge savage in all the hideousness of his war paint, and with his rifle or musket levelled at his head, the muzzle not more than four feet from him. Bowditch himself had a rifle in his hand, but he knew the Indian could shoot him before he could raise it and fire, and so he did not make the attempt, but dropped it to the ground and held up his open palms in token of surrender. On seeing this, the savage walked up and said:

"Give Injun gun!"

The settler picked up his piece, and as he handed it to the other, said, in a conciliatory tone:

"I see you're a big chief, and I hope we may be friends."

"Where live?" asked the savage, as he produced a stout thong of deerskin, and proceeded to bind the hands of his captive, who being a small man, saw he was no match for the other, even without weapons on either side, and so submitted quietly, though agonized at the thought of his poor helpless wife and children, in their lonely cabin over the hill.

"I live out yonder, not a great ways from here," replied the captive, nodding his head in the proper direction.

"How many got?" queried the savage.

The settler hesitated about telling correctly. He first thought he would name a number large enough to deter the Indian from going thither, and thus, perhaps, save his wife and children from a fate like his own; but after a moment's reflection, it occurred to him that, should the savage take him there a chance might arise for him to regain his liberty, and so decided upon speaking the truth.

"Why no Long-knife tell?" demanded the Indian, with an impatient frown. "No lie make."

"No chief, I'll tell you the truth. There are only three persons in my cabin—my wife and two little children—but I know a big, brave chief like you won't hurt 'em."

"Me go see 'em!" returned the savage, with a fierce gleam of triumph, which the other did not fail to notice.

Having tightly bound the hands of his captive behind his back, the savage felt about his dress for any other weapon, took away his ammunition, and putting both weapons over his own shoulder, told the white man to lead the way. This the latter did, full of hope, fear, and general anxiety, till he came in sight of his humble log dwelling, situated in a pleasant valley, through which flowed a pretty little stream, a branch of the Green river, when the Indian ordered him to stop and proceeded to make him fast to a tree by means of another deerskin thong secured to that around his wrists.

"Ain't you going to let me go down to the house with you?" inquired the captive, now beginning to feel much alarmed for the safety of his family.

"Me go alone!" returned the savage, gruffly. "Me big chief—want scalp!"

"Oh for God's sake don't kill my poor innocent wife and children!" pleaded Bowditch, fairly agonized at the thought.—"You're a great chief, I know, and you'll remember that they never did you any harm."

"Long knife scalp much good!" rejoined the Indian, sullenly, as he finished binding the other to the tree, and strode away down the hill carrying the two weapons with him, watched him, step by step, as he glided away under cover of the trees, keeping some rock, stump, or clump of bushes between him and the inmates of the dwelling, so they might not by any chance perceive his approach and take the alarm.

"At any rate I can holler yit!" muttered the captive, and may be they'll hear me; and forthwith he set up a series of yells, that went echoing and reechoing far away through the forest.

The settler saw his wife and children come in haste to the door, and look up in alarm. At this he shouted at the top of his lungs:—

"Quick, Esther, go back into the house and bar it up tight! The Injuns are arter you and I'm a prisoner! Quick! Quick! or you're lost, and the children too!"

For a moment or two the mother and children stood as if paralyzed with amazement and terror, and then, to his great relief, he saw his little boy point in the direction of the skulking savage, and all three hastily retreated and closed the door.

The Indian now uttered a fierce yell, and stepping out into plain view, fired both pieces, one after the other, at the dwelling, as if he had impulsively adopted this means to vent his rage at being discovered and foiled of his murderous intentions. Then looking around at his captive, he threw down the rifle belonging to the latter, and drawing his tomahawk started toward him on a run. Bowditch, who had watched every motion, and knew that in his rage the savage would brain and scalp him, now gathered all his strength and made one desperate effort to free himself, acting rather from the instincts of self preservation than from any real hope of success.

But to his great joy, his unspeakable joy, he heard and felt his bonds strain, crack, and snap, and suddenly found himself free, and his arms at liberty. He looked quickly and wildly around, almost disposed to doubt his senses—to discredit his good fortune then seemed good which would give him even a bare chance for his life where he expected only certain death.

The Indian was at least a hundred and fifty yards from him and his rifle was unloaded; and with that start in a race for life—in a race that involved not only his own life but that of his beloved wife and children—who so swift of foot as to overtake him.

With a loud yell of mingled joy and defiance, away he went over the hill, and with a louder yell of rage at his unexpected escape the fierce savage came bounding after him. Bawditch knew every inch of ground in that vicinity, and he had already regained sufficient presence of mind to shape his course so as to take advantage of all the chances in his favor. The hill, about the summit, was a succession of rocks and bushes, with caves, chasms, and precipices, and over, through and along these natural obstructions the fugitive believed he could make his way with any man living, either white or red, and so took the most troublesome route for his larger and more unwieldy pursuer, resolved, should he by chance find the latter gaining on him, to double on him at a certain cave not more than half a mile distant, where he could enter, and, by following one of the labyrinthian passages within, could come out on the same side into a thicket not more than fifty feet from the main opening.

Looking back occasionally, as he fled along his rocky way with the ease of a mounted goat, Bowditch soon discovered that however superior to him his adversary might be in mere physical strength, he was no match for him in speed in that particular locality; and this not only inspired him with new hope of escape, but with such confidence in his own resources, that he began in turn to calculate how best he might compass the destruction of his foe.

"Why not lure him into the cave," he muttered, "and let him fool his time round thar, whilst I start back arter my rifle, and then foller up the audacious whelp? I'll do it, and if I don't get even with him yit, then it's case for tin's agin me."

Having come to this determination, Bowditch slacked his pace till his pursuer was within fair view, when he pretended to stumble and fall, and then got up and ran with a limp, which caused the savage to yell with fierce delight, and redouble his exertions to overtake him. This was exactly what he intended to bring about, and he now managed his pace with so much deception, that, though seeming to exert himself to the utmost, he permitted the panting savage to gain a very little every minute, till the mouth of the cave was reached, at which time not more than a hundred paces divided them. The Indian saw the fugitive disappear in the dark opening, and believing he now had him secure once more, he came bounding up and jumped in after him with a yell of triumph. The settler, who knew every twist and turn of every passage in the cave—and there were many—now uttered a sort of wailing groan from the centre, to urge the Indian on and then quietly slipped off in a different direction, and reached the bright open air, about the same time the other did the middle of the interior.

"Now for it," muttered Bowditch, as he slipped over the brow of the hill and ran down toward his dwelling, which, owing to the ridge bending round the valley in the shape of a magnet, or horse shoe, was scarcely as far distant as when he called to his wife.

His family saw him, and with a cry of joy his wife threw open the door.

"Quick, Esther!" he exclaimed as he came in panting; "t'other powder horn and some bullets—quick!"

'Aint you coming in, Samuel?' inquired the wife in surprise and alarm.

"Jest long enough to get them things, since you won't!" he answered, as he bounded in and hurried to a rude shelf on one side of the room. "I've sort of played the coward once to day," he added, "and now I'm going to wipe it out. Shut the door, Esther, and keep yourself and the children out of danger! I'll be back soon. Good bye!" and without waiting for a reply, he ran out in the direction of his rifle, his wife vainly calling for him, and entreating him to come back, and not risk his life foolishly.

As soon as he had once more got hold of rifle, he hastened to load it, and then felt, as he afterwards expressed it, 'like a new man.' Then keeping himself as much under cover as possible, he hurried up to a point where he could secrete himself and command a fair view of the mouth of the cave, within easy rifle range.

Ef old paintface haint mizzled, he muttered, with an ominous frown, it's my opinion he never will! and like a cat watching for game, he kept his eyes riveted upon the spot where he expected to see him appear.

For ten minutes all was still—nothing moved—and then, to his bitter satisfaction, he beheld the Indian coming out with a stealthy step, looking cautiously and suspiciously around. The settler's rifle was already leveled, and for a moment or two he sighted directly at his heart, and then fired. The savage threw up his hands convulsively uttered a noise between a groan and a yell, and fell back quivering on the earth. Bowditch took time to reload, and then approached him cautiously. He found him quite dead.

"I never scalped a redskin in my life," he muttered, "but I'll do so once," and he did.

When he had finished his bloody work, and secured everything of value, he threw the dead body down the rocks and left it to be devoured by the wild beasts and vultures. He then went home in triumph, and related his exploit to his astonished family. He lived for many years after that in the vicinity but was never molested.

OUR EARLY FRIENDS.

What has become of those whose youthful hands we pressed with ardor—around whose neck our arm was fondly thrown—whose mirth, whose pains we shared, whose wrongs we were ever ready to avenge—in whom we confided?—for the dark influence of suspicion was then unfelt. Some of them have been gathered to the mansions of death, in the spring of their days; while they thought and dreamed of "many a morrow gay"—some upon whose devoted heads the storms of misfortune have pitilessly pelted, have sought far from their homes a foreign grave—some have quaffed the cup which smiling pleasure offered—they are now treading with hasty footsteps the road whose end is ruin—some have been marked by "melancholy, for her own," and move through life "in hopeless brokenness of heart"—some are far away, tossed on the stormy ocean, or pursuing fortune in other climes, exposed to death from the roaring wave or inhaling the pestilential breeze. Of how few can it be said, their path has always been prosperous! Those may be considered as fortunate, and should be contented, who can say, we float along the stream of time—it is now gentle and calm—now rough and turbulent—its banks are often adorned with gay and beauteous landscapes—though our prospects are sometime bounded by dark and barren rocks, as we advance we are greeted with smiling spots of verdure—but long tracts of cheerless sterility too frequently meet our gaze.

Happy is he whose bosom is swayed, and whose actions are directed by the expectations of a Heaven of inimitable felicity.

INDIAN TRADITION.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned; and after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed, and came out of the water purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddied; and when he bathed he came out copper-colored; the third did not leap till the water became black with mud, and he came out its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, give the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored then chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper—the engine of the mind, the means of mutual improvements—the social link of humanity—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

A New Kind of Fool.

A citizen walking up Chestnut street the other day, trod upon the flowing skirt of a lady's dress. The skirts were distended by the most lavish circumference of crinoline, and trailed upon the sidewalks at least four inches. The drapery was so voluminous at any rate, that the wearer was some feet distant from her husband, beside whom she was walking. The citizen trod upon the lady's skirt, bringing her to a stand-still The citizen apologized in the most humble manner, and the lady granted it. To his surprize, as the lady passed on, the husband turning short about, said to the citizen:

"You're a fool!"

"Sir?" said the indignant and astonished citizen, with an eye that forbade a resent to the insult, "I see by your appearance that you are a gentleman." "When I say you're a fool, I mean you're a fool for apologizing to a woman who wears trail skirts, because you accidentally tread upon them. That lady, sir, is my wife. I have to get my boots blackened four times a day to walk with her, for fear of soiling her flounces. The next time you tread upon them, pray don't apologize for it. If you had torn the whole trail of the dress I should have been pleased rather than otherwise."

AT Lynn the other day, a Sunday School teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she didn't know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La!" said the first scholar, "you need not feel so grand about it,—he wasn't an Irishman."

"Are Colored Men Citizens of the United States?"

The opinion of the Attorney General on this important question it is said is now completed, and in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury, at whose request it was prepared. The facts on which it is based are stated by the Secretary as follows:

"The schooner Elizabeth and Margaret, of New Brunswick, is detained by the revenue cutter Tiger at Perth Amboy, N. J., because commanded by a colored man, and so by a persom not a citizen of the United States. As colored masters are numerous in our coasting trade, I submit to you the question suggested by Captain Martin, of the Tiger: "Are colored men citizens of the United States, and therefore competent to command American vessels?"

The chief points of Mr. Bates's opinion are stated by a correspondent of the New York Times to be as follows:

His conclusion is that all free persons, without distinction of race or color, if native born, are citizens. A distinction is made between inherent rights of citizens and the political privileges of certain classes. All citizens have a right to protection, but only certain classes enjoy the privilege of voting and holding office.—Hitherto not only the public but jurists have often confounded the two. A child or a woman is a citizen, though not always privileged to vote or hold office. The Dred Scott opinions are pronounced void and of no authority, since the province of the Supreme Court was only to settle the question of the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court. They are simply entitled to the respect due to the views of eminent gentleman, and no more. The papers conclude as follows:

"And now, upon the whole matter, I give it as my opinion that the free man of color mentioned in your letter, if born in the United States, is a citizen of the United States, and if otherwise qualified, is competent, according to the acts of Congress, to be master of a vessel engaged in the coasting trade."

Border Life Tragedy.

What in fiction, is more dramatic than the following story of what has just occurred? "At the battle of New Elm, Mrs. Caruthers who escaped from Beaver Creek was at first taken prisoner, but two Indians became engaged in a quarrel as to who would have her for a squaw, and while the quarrel was progressing she made her escape with her two children. She was out one day and two nights, and finally reached the Minnesota River, where she found a canoe, and tried to paddle across, but not understanding the *modus operandi*, was floated down the river some six miles and landed near the fort in safety, with one child on her arms and another on her back, and is now at St. Peter. Mrs. Harrington was shot in the back at Leavenworth. The same ball shot a finger off her infant child. Mrs. Harrington and child were out in the brush nine days, and subsisted on hazelnuts. She remained secreted from the Indians all this time, working her way toward white settlements as best she could. Her child usually fretful, remained remarkably quiet, and whenever she would hear Indians, she would kneel down and pray to God to keep her infant quiet and deliver her from danger. Her rescue was made by one of our pickets while crawling toward our lines. Our pickets snapped two caps at her before he discovered she was a white woman. She first hailed the picket in the Sioux language, and he supposed her to be an Indian. Her escape was most miraculous throughout."

Foreign Intervention.

The Richmond Examiner, in a savage article against England and France for not interfering in favor of the South, says, in language and tone alike significant:

"As for those governments which stand aloof from us in our hour of trial, *after having by their intrigues brought about the present state of things*, we leave them to reap the fruits hereafter of their sinister and inhuman counsels. If we succeed, they can expect no special favors at our hands; if we fail, we shall fail with honor, but our fall will sound the death knell of their own power upon this continent, and, perhaps, their stability at home."

Miscellaneous.

The small-pox is increasing in Richmond. The city hospital is full, and Mayo's factory contains 75 patients.

The Richmond Enquirer understands that General Banks is bound for Brunswick, Va.

A shot manufactory has been started in Petersburg. The steeple of the old Presbyterian church has been converted into a shot tower, and the proprietor is prepared to drop from 2,000 to 4,000 pounds per week.

IT is said that a large contraband trade is done by New York merchants, who fit out vessels with cargoes of provisions ostensibly for the Mexican market, but they run into the Rio Grande, or some other harbor on the Texan coast, where they take on board cotton or hides, and if they escape capture, thereby make a good thing of the venture.

A Western editor thus delivers himself: "We would say to the individual who stole our shirt off the pole while we lay in bed waiting for it to dry, that we sincerely hope that the collar may cut his throat."

MINISTERING ANGELS.

The beautiful have gone with their bloom from the gaze of human eyes. Soft eyes that made it spring-time in our hearts are seen no more. We have the light of many a smile that has faded from us now; and in our hearts have lingered sweet voices that now are hushed in the silence of death. Seats are left vacant in our earthly homes which none can fill. Kindred and friends, loved ones have passed away one by one; our hearts are left desolate, we are lonely without them. They have passed with their love "to that home from which no traveller returns." Shall we never see them again? Memory returns with longing regret to recall those smiles and the loved tones of those familiar voices.—In fancy they are often by our side; but their home is on a brighter shore. They visit us in our dreams, floating over our memory like shadows over the moonlit waters. When the heart is weary with anguish, and the soul is bowed with grief, do they not come and whisper thoughts of comfort and hope? Yes, sweet memory brings to us, and the love we bore them lifts the heart from earthly aspirations, and we long to join them in that better land. They hover around us, the etherial, dear departed ones, the loving and the loved. They watch with eyes that slumber not, when gentle dreams are wandering to the spirit land, in whispers wake the hymning strains of that bright and happy choir, revealing many a tale of hope and bliss, and tenderness and love. They tell of sunny realms, never viewed by mortal eye, forms arrayed in fadeless beauty and lofty anthems to their Creator's praise is sounded forth in sweet seraphic numbers. And this bright vision of the blest dissolves the tumult of life's jaring scenes; they fade in air, and then we glory in the thought that we are heirs of immortality. And why is it that we regard with such deep reverence and love those bright celestial beings of another sphere? Ah, it is because they take an interest in our welfare, and joy over our success in the battle of life. They are not selfish in their happiness, but fain would let others share it with them.

OUR MINERAL RICHES.—In the report of Judge Edmunds, of the Land Office, to the Secretary of the Interior, it is stated that prior to the gold discoveries in California, the gold product of the world amounted only to $18,000,000 annually, while that of California alone now amounts to $70,000,000. A mining claim consists of one hundred square feet, and if all the mining lands of California, Nevada and New Mexico were divided into claims paying a revenue of 8 per cent on their products, an income of $10,000,000 annually would be obtained for the national Treasury. Some recent discoveries of quartz veins have been very profitable, as the quartz has yielded as much as $20,000 per ton. The report states that "the deeper a vein is worked the richer is the ore." This is in opposition to the opinions of the most able geologists. California quartz is therefore an exception to the quartz of most other countries. The gold region stretches from 49 degrees north latitude to 31 degrees 30 min., and from the 102nd degree of longitude to the Pacific ocean.

REPARTEE.—Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so, as generally to attract attention. He was one day riding on the turnpike road in the county of Dunham, when a wag approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and, mistaking his man, supposed the rider a fine subject for a little sport, and as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. Coleridge:

"I say, young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?"

"Yes," replied Mr. C., who was never at a loss for a rejoinder, "I did; and he told me if I went a little further I should meet a goose?"

The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on.—*Eccentric Anec.*

EVERY one has admired Parthenia's definition of Love to Ingomar:

"What love is, if thou would'st be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone;
Two souls but with a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

"WHAT are you going to give me for a Christmas present?" asked a gay damsel of her lover. "I have nothing to give but my humble self," was the reply. "The smallest favors gratefully received," was the merry response of the lady.

"YOUR son is coming home, is he not?"
"Yes, he is."
"How is he coming?"
"On a furlong."
"What kind of a thing is that?"
"Don't know, 'cept they say it will travel faster n'r a horse."

SIDNEY SMYTH defined English benevolence, to be "a strong impulse on the part of A. when he sees B in distress, to compel C to help him." This is what the cotton lords of Lancashire are doing now.

A PRECOCIOUS young man, blessed with the name of Isaac, says that "if he is drafted, Abraham will be offering up Isaac as a sacrifice."

A RAILER against marriage thinks that the creation of woman was simply the change of a bone in a man's side to a thorn.