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# The Kent News.

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## The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER & WM. B. USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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## Original Poetry.

*For the Kent News.*

**My Brother on the Sea.**

The wind is raging high to-night,
A storm is in the sky,
The lightning flashes sharp and bright,
The mad wind rushes by;
My heart is tempest-tossed to-night,
Oh! Lord, I pray of thee,
Protect my brother by thy might—
My brother on the sea.

Oh! would I could allay the storm
That madly rages now,
But God, the might is in thy arm,
Oh! soothe my throbbing brow.
Oh! God, my eyes with tears are dim,
To thee, I come to thee,
Hear thou my earnest prayer for him—
My brother on the sea.

Oh! is it strange that I should weep
To hear the tempest rise
To know that o'er an angry deep
His restless pathway lies?
Oh! Lord, in suppliant prayer I kneel,
And humbly tell thee what I feel,
Lord listen to a prayer from me,
And save my brother on the sea.

M. V. G.

*For the Kent News.*

**"KATY-DID."**

I love to hear thine earnest voice, wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist; thou pretty Katy-did!
Thou mindest me of gentle folks—old gentle-folks are they;
Thou say'st an undisputed thing in such a solemn way.
Thou art a female Katy-did—I know it by the trill
That quivers in thy piercing notes, so petulent and shrill:
I think there are a knot of you beneath the hollow tree—
A knot of spinster Katy-dids. Do Katy-dids drink tea?
O tell me where did Katy live, and what did Katy do?
Say was she very fair and young, and yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man, and kiss more cheeks than one?
I'll warrant Katy did no more, than many a Kate has done.
Dear me! I'll tell you all about my fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk so often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of jet, or wet their eyes of blue.
Pray tell me sweetest Katy-did, say what *did* Katy do?
Ah no! the living oak shall crash that stood for ages still—
The rock shall rend its mossy base and thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katy-did shall add one word to tell
The mystic story of the maid, whose name she knows so well.
Peace to the ever murmuring race! and when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings beneath the Autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice, and lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years, shall hear what Katy did.

THERE IS ABUNDANCE.—Are you embarrassed in your affairs? That is as much a matter of God's concern as yours. Do you not know where the bread of to-morrow is coming from? It is coming from God's loaf. And where does he keep his loaf? He does not let you know. We do not tell our children where we keep our good things. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." One of the petitions of the Lord's prayer is, "Give us this day our daily bread." When that withers, and there is no more food in it, then God will be dead; but until God is dead, that petition being touched, will yield food and raiment. Do not be afraid. O ye of little faith, can ye not trust that God who has administered to you so abundantly?—*H. W. Beecher.*

A BLESSED INTIMACY.—A friend once asked Professor Franke how he maintained so constant a peace of mind. "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a day," replied Franke. "Wherever I am, whatever I do, 'Blessed Jesus, have I a share in thy redemption? Are my sins forgiven? Am I guided by thy Spirit?—Renew me; strengthen me.' By this constant intercourse with Jesus, I enjoy serenity of mind and peace of soul."

THE fact that green and blue are the most attractive colors is no reason why men should always be green, or always getting blue.

### BESSIE'S FIRST DOLL.

I was a *little* thing—not three years old—when I had the doll; it was made of cloth. My mother called it a rag-baby, but *I* called it *Jenny.* I loved it very much. It had a round white face, without any mouth, or nose, or eyes, but when I looked at it, I thought it as nice a face as if it had had a dozen mouths and eyes. Every night Jenny slept with me, in my little crib; I could not sleep if I did not have her with me. Jenny was quite large, and I would put my arm round her, and with her head close to mine, we were both as quiet as two lambs all the night long. In the morning Jenny must be dressed; and throughthe day I would keep her by me.

If anything troubled me, I told Jenny, and she never laughed at me. If I was cross to her, and treated her roughly, she was not cross, but was as good a friend as ever. I had no sister or brother, so Jenny was my best *little* friend. But a sad day came for me Jenny had long been growing old. Her face was no longer white as at first—worse than this her poor face had holes in it, and her arms were torn. But I loved her more; now that I felt so sorry for her. Nothing made me more angry than to hear any one laugh at my Jenny.

But one morning, on waking, I missed Jenny from my side, and in her place lay a beautiful waxen doll, with golden curls, and bright blue eyes, wide open. She was a stranger, and I did not love her; I wanted my own Jenny. I jumped up and quietly went down stairs; I saw no one, but wandered round the rooms, hoping to find Jenny. After looking through parlor and dining-room, I went to the kitchen and opened the door. By the stove stood Dinah, holding my lost darling; the stove lid was lifted, and beneath poor Jenny were the burning flames. Before I could scream "my Jenny," she was thrown by Dinah's cruel hand into the dreadful fire. I ran to her rescue, and would have taken her out—all in flames though she was—not caring if I was burned if I might save my Jenny, but Dinah held me back. Soon Jenny was but a mass of ashes; then I bitterly cried.

My mother heard me. She came and took me in her arms, and tried to comfort me; but for a long time I wept, and would not be comforted, because Jenny "was not." Never did I forget my Jenny, and I have had few trials more hard to bear than the loss of my first doll—Jenny.—*Little Pilgrim.*

### LIFE'S DARK SIDE.

It is certain that whatever sunbeams God has thrown across our path—and his mercy has made them both bright and numerous—there are also clouds to cast their shadows over every career, however prosperous. Few summer days pass without rain, and often their sultry heat brings death it. So every successful life has its disappointments, every happy one its sorrows, every Christian one its crosses.—Unavailing strivings against oppression; heartless resistings of a pinching poverty; the griping demands of an avaricious selfishness; the prevalence of wickedness and depravity; these are life's dark sides that shall never be removed. Let this inseparable union ever be born in mind. Sin rules with a high hand in that back street, or in yon narrow lane; and by an unavoidable consequence these are the abodes of the deepest and darkest sorrow.

Personal ungodliness ever entails the stings and vexations of an unconverted state. Family irreligion is the sure precursor of intestine tumults and heart-breaking separations. Social depravity brings prisons, and work-houses, and police establishments with it.

Life's dark side is life's sinning side. Every time we lift the hand of rebellion against God we throw its shadows of sorrow back on ourselves. Strive to make life holy, to crush sin in your heart and rebuke it abroad, to guide your steps by the lamp of God's truth. You will thus brighten life and lessen its dark shades; while the reflection of your good works may throw a gleam of sunshine on the career of another, less hopeful or more sinful than your own.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.—To me, says a pathetic writer, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in a shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublime, simple and confiding, among the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow, ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in victory. The yearnings of love cannot be satisfied; for the prattle and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast its presence, for we are looking on death; but we do not fear for the lonely voyager; for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its all-wise Father; and of such we know "is the kingdom of heaven."

AN EVIDENCE OF SINCERITY.—If the consciousness of sin in the heart, or the intrusion of evil thoughts, create uneasiness and a desire to be rid of them; if they be like the presence of an impertinent, intruding visitant, or that of a dun to a moneyless debtor; this is an argument of sincerity in repentance, faith, and regard to God and his will.—*Scott.*

### SCOLDING.

Two thriving farmers, A and B, lived near neighbors, whose wives were patterns of energy, industry, frugality, neatness. Each had been married about fifteen years, and the wife of A proved to be a termagant, while that of B had not spoken petulantly since her marriage. These men were once in the midst of an interesting conversation, when the dinnerhorn from the house of Mr. A was sounded, and he said to B: "I must go at once, or my wife will give me such a lecture."

"I really wish," replied B, "that I could hear my wife scold as yours does for five minutes just to see how it would sound, for she has never uttered a crooked word since our marriage."

"Oh!" said A, "get for your wife a load of crooked wood, and you will hear it, I warrant you, for nothing makes my wife rave equal to that."

Farmer B kept his own counsel, and when he went to the forest to prepare his year's supply of wood, he cut each crooked stick on each side of the curve so as to preserve it entire, and threw all such sticks in a separate pile subject to his order. When his old stock of wood was consumed, he collected an entire load of these crooked sticks and deposited them at his door, and said nothing.

When he came to dinner the next day, he expected the verification of the prophecy; but the meal, as usual, was well-cooked and in good time, and his wife came to the board with her usual beneficent smile, and said nothing relative to the wood. As the wood wasted away, his curiosity and anxiety increased, till his wife one day said to him:

"Husband, our wood is nearly exhausted, and if you have any more like the last you brought me, I wish you would get it, for it is the best I ever had, it fits round the pots and kettles so nicely."

### THE ORPHAN DUCK.

A duck's egg unluckily got into a nest of hen's eggs. The hen kept them all warm under her motherly feathers, when in due time the chickens were hatched. Two or three days later, duckling broke his egg and waddled out. The chickens soon perceived that he was none of them, and what did they do—cherish the poor little orphan, give it a warm side of the nest, and a hearty snuggle under their mother's wing? I am sorry to say that those thoughtless chickens did not treat the little motherless stranger so. On the contrary, they flew at him, cruelly drove him from the nest, and almost pecked him to death. In vain he tried to come back to his adopted home, and the old hen, I dare say, would have been willing to have him; but what could she do, since her ten foolish chicken were against it? A cat saw this ill usage, and she, being a feeling cat, with much knowledge quite likely, of the distresses with which this world abounds, befriended the little duck. She took it by the neck—not to wring its neck, ah no! but she took it by the same motherly grab with which she lugs her own little ones, carried it to her nursery, laid it down beside the kittens, and there took as much care of it as cat could. As for the kittens, they behaved in the sweetest manner; and it was a curious sight to see them all curled up together, fast asleep, duck and all, as happy as could be.

I am sure no little friendless boy or girl need be discouraged after this. God will provide him friends.—*Child's Paper.*

### PROVERBS.

PRESERVED BY JOSHUA BILLINGS, ESQ.

Don't swop with yer relashuns unless yu ken afford to give them the big eend of the traid.

Marry yung, and if circumstances require it, often.

If you can't git gud cloathes and edication too, git the cloathes.

Say how are you! to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a gud stock of impudence on hand.

Bee charitable, three sent pieces war made on purpose. Don't take eny body's advice but your own. It costs more to borry than it does to buy.

Ef a man flatters yu, yu ken kalkerlate that he is a roge, or youre a fule.

Kepe both ize open, but dont see morn half you notis.

If yu ich for fame, go inter a grave yard and scratch yourself against a tume stun.

Young man, be more anxus about the pedigre yur goin tu leave, than ye are about the wun somebod is goin tu leve yu.

Sin is like weeds, self-sone, and sure to kum.

About as sure a wa tu git rich, as enny I no of, is tu git inter det for a hundred thousand dollars, and then go to work and pa oph the det.

Two lovers, like two armies, generally get along quietly until they are engaged.

"WELL, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Oh doctor dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rumatics are very distressin, indade, when I go to slape I lay awake all night, and my toes is swilled as big as a goose hen's egg so when I stand up I fall down immediately."

THE greatest medical man who ever lived—John Hunt—recommended three rules for the management of children, and they express the substance of a volume. He says:—"Give them plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel."

### "ORIGINAL" POETRY.

[IT was hardly necessary for the author of the following lines to inform us that this was his "first trial," for unless he had *not* improved by practice, his verses bear ample testimony to that fact. Waiving the prerogative of deciding whether or not they are "worthy of a place," &c., we give the verses *verbatim et literatim*, and leave our readers to determine that matter for themselves.—EDS. NEWS.]

Mrs Editers this is my first trial please publish if you deem it worthy of A place in your valuable paper * * *

first
O hard is the fate
of A poor orphant boy
No father or Mother has he
to lay his head upon her breast
Wen friends from him doth flee

Second
But still he looks from face to face
To Read the Heart and find A place
To Whom his sorrows he may lay
and Keep him from the Streets to stray

Third
alas he turns from them
With Teartull Eys
his bosom Rose With heaving sighs
alas No friends has he

Fourth
Thus years and Mounths
Went Rolling by
No Longer heard him
Weep or Sigh
he at Last became A man

Fifth
Then Next he feels
Within his heart
that Cupid their
has plaiced his dart

Sixth
for at A ball
he Met A Maid
and some sweet words
to her he said
She Raised her head
and Met his gaze
and from that moment
Love they Made

Seventh
thus his star at Last arose
for in A Maiden his love Reposed
he Nelt and Sweetly thanked his god
he had at Last found his Reward.

### A Marriage Spoiled.

A volunteer of one of the Massachusetts regiments, had the perilous duty of being the standard-bearer, in one of the late battles, and fell upon the field. He was seen to fall, and soon after the regiment retreated, and nothing more was heard of his fate. The young wife he had left at home bitterly lamented, and would not be comforted. To those urging that he might only be wounded and in the hands of the enemy she would hear nothing; she knew he was dead. In a few days she left papers in the hands of an attorney to obtain what might be due her from the Government as the widow of a deceased soldier. She put on mourning too—black, heavy, and awfully long—sweeping the ground behind her.

Everybody felt for the widow, and one person—a returned soldier who had been wounded in battle, who had known her when she was a light-hearted miss—shared largely in her grief. Only a few days passed, however, before he became more intimate with the widow, and in three weeks was deeply interested. On the fourth week an intended marriage between the parties was announced, and the milliner was called upon for assistance in changing the deep mourning habiliments of the widow to what would be more fitting a bridal party.

Time runs fast with a wedding in prospect, and the appointed day made haste; the lovers were all excited, and the neighborhood was alive with gossip, when last Friday's mail brought shocking bad news to the party—the soldier husband was not dead! He had been taken from the battle field, carried to Richmond, exchanged and was on his way home! Awful! The mourning and the marriage feast, and the application for a dead man's bounty, all had gone wrong; and, alas for her!—rejoiced as she was, of course, to hear that her dead husband was alive—she was in a sad quandary what to do with the lover and other fixings. But probably it will all be right next week, when the dead will be alive and the lost found, and great rejoicing prevail.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON WEDDINGS.—"I like to 'tend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in church, and hung her shawl up, and replaced the bonnet in the long preserved bandbox, "I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing in matrimony—a very solemn thing—where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said 'with my goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and did not know till afterwards that it only meant one calico gown a year. It is a lovely thing to see young people 'plighting the throng,' as the song says, and coming up to consume their vows."

NEVER did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "has your sister a son or a daughter?" answered,—

"Upon my life I do not yet know whether I am uncle or aunt."

### BE ENCOURAGED.

The Spring is opening finely, our army is in good health and condition, our commanders buoyant with hope and ready for an early campaign, our country full of produce, our financial affairs healthy and prosperous, every thing in readiness for a forward march; and the prospect every where hopeful that before the Summer is over we shall be able to crush out the wicked rebellion that has now for two years arrayed itself against the government, and again restore order and union and prosperity. Let no one feel discouraged, or relax his efforts, or withold a willing and cheerful support, for the sky is brightening and daylight begins to glimmer. Congress has invested the President with ample powers, and there is nothing in way of adding greater vigor to the army than has at any time heretofore characterized it. We *can* whip the rebels into submission, and we *must* do it. It is the only groundwork upon which to establish a healthy and permanent reorganization of the government. If it is necessary, in order to do this to call out 600,000 more men, we must call them out—if it is necessary to draft them, our duty and interest is to co-operate cheerfully in the measure and hold up the hands of the government, even should it make large demands and call for great individual and personal sacrifices. This is no time for hesitation, or indecision, or croaking—put your shoulder to the wheel and help the nation through its great peril, and do not stop to inquire whether it is a democratic measure or a republican measure. The house is on fire and we must pour on the water and save it from being consumed.—*Zanesville (Ohio.) Times.*

### THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION.

Owing to a variety of causes, the spirit of emigration, on which our country has become so great and flourishing, has continued rife ever since the rebellion broke out. It was supposed that the effect of the war would be to destroy this, and so remove one of the chief stimulants of our progress. It has, indeed, measurably checked the foreign immigration, though it has not stopped it. But the sufferings of the operatives in England, Ireland, France and Germany, from hunger, on account of the loss of work by the stoppage of the factories in those countries which supplied the American market with cotton goods and other fabrics, together with the rapidly increasing complications in Europe, which threaten a great war there, will be very likely to foment a fresh exodus to America.

Meantime in our country the internal emigration continues quite active. The new territories, ever very attractive to the restless, the aspiring, the industrious and the enterprising, are rendered peculiarly so at this time by their remoteness from the scene of war, and the comparatively small demand made upon them for recruits for the army. Hence the migratory movement to the far west has been large for the past two years. The favored regions are California, Nevada and Colorado. At the same time other influences have been operating to produce a still greater emigration westward. We refer to the immense surplus of grain harvested last year in the States of the northwest, which could not be transported to market, and so fell upon the hands of the farmer and was burnt for fuel. Men who thus found their agriculture profitless, are not willing to work longer under the same disadvantages.

Large numbers of these in Illinois and Iowa are leaving their homes and emigrating to the gold regions we hear mentioned. There, if they raise breadstuffs, they will find a profitable market. There is enough good arable land in each of our gold regions to raise more than all the supplies requisite for the population. This is precisely the class needed in these territories to give them a more settled character. Thousands of emigrants are now leaving the west to settle in Colorado, which territory will be very likely to become very populous and flourishing before the close of the war.

Illinois is at the same time becoming an important field of colonization for fugitives from the border States. Thousands of such emigrants from Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, are now buying land along the Illinois Central Railroad, and settling there to be out of the way of the tread of armies from which they have suffered so much during the last two years. All the northern States have received large accessions of population from the south in some way since the war began.

GIVING THE HAND.—A very solemn method of taking an oath in the East, is by joining hands, uttering at the same time a curse upon the false swearer. To this form, the wise man probably alludes in that proverb: "Though hand join in hand"—though they ratify their agreement by oath—"the wicked shall not go unpunished; but the seed of the righteous shall be delivered." This form of swearing is observed in Egypt and elsewhere.

CANADA TO RETURN DESERTERS.—A bill has been introduced into the Canadian Parliament providing for the return to the United States authorities of all deserters from the army of the United States.

IRISH potatoes, for planting, have lately been sold in Jackson, Miss., at $30 per bushel.

### EXCELLENT WHITEWASH.

As the house cleaning time will soon be here, it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to white washing. There are many receipts published, but we believe the following to be the best that can be used:—White chalk is the best substitute for lime as a whitewash. A very fine and brilliant white-washed preparation of chalk is called "*Paris White.*" This we buy at the paint stores for three cents a pound, retail. For each sixteen pounds of Paris White, we procure half a pound of the white transparent glue, costing 25 cents (50 cents a pound.) The sixteen pounds of Paris White is about as much as a person will use in a day. It is prepared as follows:—The glue is covered with cold water at night, and in the morning is carefully heated, without scorching, until dissolved. The Paris White is stirred in with hot water enough to give it the proper milky consistency for applying to the walls, and the dissolved glue is then added and thoroughly mixed. It is then applied with a brush like the common lime whitewash. Except on very dark and smoky walls and ceilings, a single coat is sufficient. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to "zinc white," a far more expensive article.

GENERAL FRANKLIN.—This distinguished officer, an honor to Pennsylvania and to the country, is now temporarily without a command, and is making a visit to his friends and relations here. From the commencement of the war he has been in the field, in high positions, the participant in almost every important battle. As commander of the left Grand Division at Fredericksburg, he advanced further and held his ground more firmly than the rest of the army, and conducted his hazardous recrossing with great coolness and skill.

The remarkable recantation of certain criticisms made by the *Times*, of New York, is but an act of tardy justice, and yet it shows the inherent power of true and honest merit, that it extorts such a concession.

Gen. Franklin is a man of very superior intellect, of great military knowledge and experience, and we venture to express the hope that his services will be very soon subsidized for the use of his country.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

### Rebel Destitution.

Extract of a letter received in Baltimore from an officer belonging to the Army of the Potomac, dated Stafford Court House Virginia, March 16:

"The citizens in all this part of Virginia are in a state of destitution that is painful to see. People who, at the beginning of this unhappy struggle were wealthy, yes, rich, have not a mouthful to eat, and are actually perishing from hunger.—Scores of men, women and children daily come to our pickets and beg piteously to be allowed to pass through to get something to save them from starvation, which many of them are now experiencing. They are all driven back, however, which seems to me terrible, but it is necessary, and I suppose the right, to starve in the Southern Confederacy is one of the rights that Virginia could not enjoy in the Union, and for which she seceded. If so, she is enjoying it to the utmost, I should say."

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF UNION PRISONERS.—A number of Federal prisoners arrived in Washington on Tuesday. Several of them in detailing their statements to the War Department, represent a sad state of affairs in Rebeldom. It appears some six or seven Federal prisoners, of General Mitchell's command, who were captured some time ago by the Rebels in attempting to destroy some railroad bridges, were taken to Richmond, and after being subjected to the most horrible treatment, and undergoing a sham trial, were executed in the most inhuman manner.—The War Department is in possession of all the facts, and will probably adopt retaliatory measures.—*Cor. Phila. Inq.*

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.—Brigadier Gen. B. S. Roberts, commanding the defenses of the upper Potomac, commands all persons, male or female, residing within the lines of defenses and fortifications in and about Harper's Ferry, embracing Maryland Heights, Loudon and Bolivar Heights to report at the provost marshal's office, and take the oath of allegiance to the United States, or go into the Confederate lines. Those that elect to go into the said lines, and are subsequently found inside of the Union lines, will be arrested and treated as spies.

A GENTLEMAN was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, heads, of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with all of which his friend was highly pleased, but with nothing so much as his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but had never seen such noble specimens—and with great earnestness he asked how he had succeeded in rearing such flocks. His simple answer was, "I take care of my lambs, sir." Here was all the secret—*he took care of his lambs!*

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—Last year at this time the rebels held possession of the Mississippi river from near Cairo to its mouth—a distance of over 1000 miles.—Now they dispute with us only that part of it between Vicksburg and Port Hudson—some 200 miles.