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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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Select Poetry.

DR. STOCKTON'S NATIONAL HYMN.

The following beautiful "National Hymn," from the graceful pen of the Rev. Dr. Stockton, has been widely distributed among the soldiers in the army of the Union. It has been sung in the capitol at Washington, in the Academy of Music on the occasion of the anniversary of the "Christian Commission," and, we have no doubt will be sung in many a patriotic assembly to-day, the anniversary of our national independence. It is adapted to the tune "Marching Along."

"In the name of our God we will set up our banners." PSALM XX. 5.

In the name of Jehovah our banner we raise,
With its stars and its stripes pledged anew to
His praise:
'Tis the ensign of truth, 'tis the standard of
right,
'Tis the herald of liberty, union and light.

CHORUS.

And this flag of our fathers, in God's name unfurl'd,
O'er their children shall wave to the end of the
world.

II.

If it ever prove false to its glorious trust,
May its foes drag it down with contempt to the
dust;
But as long as 'tis true to the blazon it holds,
Shall the arm of Omnipotence bear up its folds.

CHORUS.

And this flag of our fathers, in God's name unfurl'd,
O'er their children shall wave to the end of the
world.

III.

Here at home, with one sky and one land, let
it be
But the flag of one people, harmonious and free;
From the north to the south, from the east to
the west,
With no treason to part us, no war to molest.

CHORUS.

And this flag of our fathers, in God's name unfurl'd,
O'er their children shall wave to the end of the
world.

IV.

So abroad on all seas and all shores let it shine,
As the symbol of manhood redeem'd and divine;
That the down-trodden nations in triumph
may rise
With their feet on their chains and their brows
to the skies.

CHORUS.

While the flag of our fathers, in God's name
unfurl'd,
O'er their children shall wave to the end of
the world.

Dickens' Cradle Song of the Poor.

Hush, I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
I have got no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful, too, was I;
No, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have seen thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day—
Soon I know will want and fever
Waste thy little life away.
Famine makes thy mother reckless,
Hope and joy are gone from me;
I could suffer all, my baby,
Had I but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is sore oppressed;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble to my breast,
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me;
He will take us to his Heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

WHAT HAVE I ACCOMPLISHED?—It is well for us once and awhile to pause in our devious, self-chosen journey, and looking back upon the ways we have come, consider with seriousness and concern the questions, "What have I accomplished? What real good have I done? How have I passed the less fortunate—with distant, heedless steps, and averted looks, or have I bestowed here and there a cheering, brotherly word?" Ah! if among the treasures of memory, no golden recollections of sympathies freely given can be found, even though we be staggering under the weight of selfish gain, the mournful answer, "Nothing!" is also the true one. And if that hollow echo of our hollow deeds should indeed fall upon our ears, let us at least make such poor amends as sighs and regrets, and resolve to follow Jesus.

OUR NATIONAL SINS.

The following is an extract from a sermon recently delivered in Baltimore, in the Monument Street M. E. Church, by Rev. S. Creighton:

The history of the world speaks to us in language easily comprehended, admonishing us that the foundation of permanent, abiding peace and prosperity is "holiness to the Lord." Thrones vacated and kingdoms demolished testify to the folly of a Government without an acknowledged Deity in every breath it draws and in every step it advances. We regret *exceedingly* that in these last days this Christian element is almost crowded out of high political places. Religion is obliged to take the most retired seat in legislative circles, and that, too, under *protest.* The time has come—and we hope almost gone—in the history of this great country when a Minister of the Gospel is looked upon by the multitude as having advanced far beyond his legitimate sphere when he expresses, most mildly, his views on any of the great questions of the day, either in public or in private. And if a member of the Christian Church suffer his name to be used as a candidate for any office, from that of President of the United States to that of the lowest in the gift of the people, it is taken by the public as an evidence of declining piety, or a direct testimony that he has backslidden from God. Now, if it be true that there is naught under Heaven but righteousness that can exalt a nation, and secure to it moral, intellectual, and financial prosperity, is it any marvel that the cloud of *Divine* wrath hangs over us to-day? The world has the Church, in this particular, under the lash. Many of her ministers and members tremble and retreat at the advance of public opinion. Should the legislative organizations and political circles of a Christian nation be so polluted that Christian men cannot speak of them without being degraded, or touch them without being defiled? The question is, shall the Church sit in indifference whilst the principles and powers of this glorious Republic are being dashed with dishonor to the ground, or buried by the hands of her enemies in disgraceful oblivion? Shall our sympathies, prayers and energies not be given in behalf of the right? If we refuse to defend justice, and condemn, prudently, though *earnestly*, the wrong, where is consistency and moral honesty? I see two men engaged in deadly conflict; it is truth against error; *virtue* against *vice.* With all the facts before me, as an honest man, whom shall I assist? Either; or shall I stand off and see the blood of an honest man shed by the cruel hand of vice and not use the power which God has given to prevent it? No, never! Redeemed humanity blushes at such cold-hearted indifference, and if it be true that a man is accountable for what he does not prevent being done, having the ability, I am to all intents and purposes a murderer. Now, I ask, can any honest Christian man, whose prejudices does not rule his reason, take but a single glance at the past and present of this great land and then fold his arms and say, "I shall have neither part nor lot in this matter?" Our privileges were bought with blood, more precious than which never was shed, except on Mount Calvary. Is there not everything in our history to humble our hearts and bring us with *real* gratitude and *deep* humiliation to God?—Should the mellow rays of prosperity's sun contribute to the development and maturity of the graces of the spirit? Do blessings unmerited create emotions of joyful humiliation toward those who confer them? Then look back over more than three-fourths of a century of unrivalled prosperity, for from the signing of the "Declaration of Independence" until within the past two years never has a nation marched onward with such rapid step. Her wars have been few and far between, and then her victories so glorious that her honor was only augmented by her sacrifice.—Famine has never been permitted to constrain her children to cry for bread, neither has the pestilential breath swept across her broad acres, except in a limited degree, and then it was as a swiftly passing breeze, here to-day and gone to-morrow. What has been the result? Have we been walking humbly before the Lord, remembering that the design of his goodness was to lead us to repentance? No; but on the contrary, our national vanity has been flattered and our political pride developed until we had almost considered our ruin impossible. If the tendency of manifested love is to the development of humiliation, our's long ere this should have been complete. On the other hand, should the lash, the scourge, the sword beget within us a spirit of deep humiliation and importunate supplication. Alas! we have it, but I fear, as yet, without effect. Is it possible that we must be beaten with more stripes! Must the soil of this land which God has blessed, drink the blood of more of the Ellsworths, Bakers and *Lyons* of our nation? Do not the bleaching bones at Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Winchester, Malvern Hill, Newbern, South Mountain, Antietam, and an hundred other places, speak loud enough? Are not the groans of dying fathers, husbands and brothers, with the patient sufferings of thousands in hospitals, added to the ten thousand aching, anxious, bleeding hearts at home, sufficient to humble the nation's proud heart? Must the conflict of principle, the clash of interests and the strife of party continue? Has the tempest not raged long enough? Must the billows roll higher? Are we waiting for the desolation of our homes, the burning of our cities, and the further breaking of our midnight slumbers? Must more of our parents give their sons, wives their husbands, sisters their brothers, and children their fathers, to endure the toils of the march, the sufferings of the hospital and the terrors of the field of blood, of battle and of death? Must the cry of the orphan and the wail of the widow be heard on every street, in every village, town and city? Must there be *"one dead in every house"* before we will yield to the teachings of Divine Providence? As for me, I have seen, heard and felt enough. And, believing that the united preservation of this nation will contribute to the elevation of society, the advancement of the kingdom of Christ and the glory of God, at the hazard of life, if needs be, by the cannon, the dagger, or starvation—I shall pray *God bless my native land,* the one I love most this side of that where sainted spirits dwell; and bless the brave band who have gone in its defence—crown *their efforts with victory, and their conflicts with glory.*

VISIT YOUR SCHOOLS.

The man or woman who drops into the school-house often, and shows an interest in the pupils, and in their comfort, is a public benefactor. Both teachers and scholars are encouraged to good behavior and to extra efforts. Who does not remember the stimulas to a whole school of a visit from a parent or other person? A school visited two or three times a week, the visitors insisting that no show or change of programme be made, but that all things go on in the regular course, will generally be twice as prosperous as the school never visited. No one should leave others to attend to this matter. The public school should be the pet and pride of every good citizen in the district. Visit it often as a recognized friend, not a morose critic. If the good deeds be sought out and appreciated, an occasional hint for improvement, in a kind tone, will be kindly received and acted upon both by teachers and scholars. Speaking either disrespectfully of the teacher in the hearing of your children, or to those who will repeat the words in their presence, inflicts a lasting injury. Get the best teacher possible and then uphold him or her for the *children's sake.* We have known a school deprived of all efficiency by a thoughtless word about the teacher, dropped by a parent in presence of his child, and repeated by the child to the other scholars.—*Rural New Yorker.*

POINTED PREACHING.—Father Moody was an eccentric man. He had in his congregation a Colonel Ingraham, a wealthy farmer, who had kept back his large stock of corn from the market in hopes of raising the price. The pastor heard of it, and resolved to make a public attack upon the transgressor. One Sabbath he read for his text, "He that withholdeth the corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."—*Prov.* xi, 25. Col. Ingraham could not but know to whom reference was made, but he held up his head, and faced his pastor with a look of stolid unconsciousness. Father Moody went on with very strong remarks, became still warmer, and touched the Colonel still more closely, who, however, still held up his head, apparently determined not to feel. At last the preacher lost all patience, and cried out, "Colonel Ingraham, you know that I mean you; why don't you hang down your head?"

THE LORD OF THE SOIL.—The man who stands upon his soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by this power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.

THE RAINBOW.—"Mamma," said little Lizzie, "did you hear it rain last night?" "Yes, Lizzie; did you?" "Oh yes, mamma, and I am sure it never rained so hard but once before, and that was in the story of the flood." "Was little daughter afraid there was to be another flood?" "No," replied little trustling Lizzie, "for God said he would not make another flood ever; and he always does as he says he will, mamma. Then he sometimes gives us a beautiful bow with such pretty colors, and that too tells us there will not be any more flood." How many distressing fears would we all spare ourselves by such a childlike confidence in God.—*Child's Paper.*

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "would you set a rat trap to catch a bear, or make fools of yourselves by trying to spear a buffalo with a knitting needle? I know you would not. Then how can you be guilty of convicting my client of *man*-slaughter for taking the life of a *woman.*" The prisoner was acquitted.

SMALL EATERS.

The Bedouins are a most alert and military race, and yet it is an undoubted fact that the quantity of food usually consumed by the greater part of them, does not exceed six ounces a day. Six or seven dates soaked in melted butter serve a man a whole day, and he esteems himself happy when he can add a small quantity of coarse flour or a little ball of rice.

In 1779 an Englishman describes the Russian grenadiers as follows: They are the finest body of men I ever saw. Not a man is under six feet high. Their allowance consist of eight pounds of black bread, four pounds of oil, and one pound of salt per man for eight days." In 1854, when the Russians surprised the world by standing against the attack of the Allies, on the bloody battle-field of Alma were found dead Russians with their provisions in their knapsacks, and these provisions were "black bread crumbs in oil."

Dr. Hamlin, who has resided more than twenty years in Constantinople, says the Turkish porters in that city eat bread made from flour scarcely bolted, fruits, curdled milk (of which they are very fond,) rice cooked with some other vegetables, and about twice a week a little meat at dinner, which they eat soon after sunset. They never drink any sort of distilled or fermented liquor. Onions and garlic are largely consumed by the Turks.

A Singular Spectacle in Battle.

At the battle of Stone River, while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to our men lying down in a line on the left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battle-field.

FREE SCHOOLS.

"We have got," says a paper at the South, "to hating every thing free, from free negroes to free farms, free labor, free society, free will, and free schools; but the worst of all these abominations is the modern system of free schools."

We, on the contrary, feel that the little school-houses which dot every hillside, plain and valley of our country, are one of our chief blessings to thank God for.—With us, every child, rich or poor, is worth teaching. How many persons are there now filling honorable positions, who but for free schools would never have learned to read and write! And what vast multitudes are there, who now sit in their peaceful homes, and enjoy the privilege of reading their newspapers and good books, that received all their education in our primary schools! We don't wish any body to be ignorant. Our schools give every boy and girl a good chance for an education, and that is giving them a fair start in the world. We believe in an open Bible, to be read and studied by all the people; and that in a land of Bibles no one should be shut out from drawing water from this blessed well of salvation, opened to us by the Lord of glory.

THE TWO GARDENERS.—There were two gardeners whose crop of peas had been killed by the frost. One of them fretted and grumbled, and said nobody was so unfortunate as he was. Visiting his neighbor some time after, he cried out in astonishment, "What are these? A fine crop of peas! where did they come from?"—"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said the neighbor. "Why, don't you ever fret?" "Yes, but I generally put it off till I have repaired the mischief." "But then you have no need to fret at all," said the frettor. "Precisely so," replied his friend, "and that is the very reason why I put it off."

THE RIGHT SORT OF PLUCK.—A young soldier came home on a furlough with a wound in his leg, which made him hobble round.

"Well," said a fellow, meeting him, "I reckon you've got sick of your bargain now, and wish you'd never enlisted."

"Never," cried the wounded soldier, with spirit. "Sick of my bargain? Never. I enlisted because I know I have a country which is worth fighting for, and I am ready to suffer any hardship for her sake. She's got my heart, and she shall have my leg, my arm, my blood, and my life, to help her get out of this terrible snarl.—Though I'm a nine months' man, I shall enlist again, and stand by her to the last. I shall never take my ease till she's thro' her difficulties."

QUESTION for Divinity Students—Did Ruth, when she went a gleaning, expect to find such a *beau* as Boaz; and didn't she consider him "as good as wheat, and rather better?"

WHAT is the difference between a pawnbroker's customer and a political speech maker? One spouts to live, and the other lives to spout.

THE SCARCITY OF MEN at the SOUTH.

Grant has now been besieging Vicksburg for weeks. Johnston, during all that time, has been vainly endeavoring to raise a force sufficiently large to attack Grant's rear and compel him to raise the siege.—The crisis has been apparent to all the rebels in Mississippi, but Johnston, with all the scattered detachments carefully gathered up, and some regiments sent him by Bragg, cannot raise more than 15,000 men. No stronger proof could be asked than this to show that the south has its last levy of troops in the field, and can raise no more. The people have been exhausted, and those who have escaped previous levies have no desire to join a rebellion which they see to be fated. A rebel correspondent of the Knoxville (Tennessee) Register, writing from Meridian, Mississippi, says that the Mississippians at the outset fancied that the border States were to furnish the battle grounds, that there was no possibility of their own State being invaded, and now that they see it laid waste, they have cooled off amazingly. This sort of physic has worked powerfully, also in North Carolina, as the demonstrations of dissatisfaction there indicate.

REURUITING THE ARMY.

It is stated that the Government has determined to adopt a plan for recruiting the army, which has been long under consideration, and that measures will be immediately taken to carry it into effect. By this plan it is hoped that a very large proportion of the two-years' and nine-months' men, just discharged, may be induced to re-enlist for the war. These veterans are to be offered, in addition to the $100 bounty and pay which all the National soldiers receive, a bounty of $300, and are to form a special corps, distinguished both from conscripts and from other three years' men. The Government is to be reimbursed, man for man, for this $300, from the substitute fund to be raised under the draft, and which by the terms of the act must be devoted to this purpose. These advantages are to be forfeited in case the men to whom they appeal do not avail themselves of them within a fixed time, which will probably be sixty days. The large bounty offered is to be paid in installments, to suit the convenience of the Government and the wishes of the soldier.

THE RATTLESNAKE.—Ex-Governor King of Missouri, in a recent speech at Lexington, gave some account of a visit lately paid by him to the President to advise with the latter about Missouri affairs. In the course of the conversation the President pleasantly illustrated his views upon Border State emancipation, as follows:

"He (the President) then related an anecdote about killing a snake. He said that if he met a rattlesnake in his path, and he had a stick in his hand, his first impression would be to kill it; but if he found one in the bed between his children, he would pursue a different course, for by killing the snake he might injure the children; therefore he would take a more gentle way to get the snake out before he killed it. The same with slavery; he was satisfied that immediate emancipation would be detrimental to the interests of the State."

THE DISASTER AT WINCHESTER.—There is a general outcry from the press over the disaster at Winchester. The Washington Star says:

The facts as developed thus far, in relation to the defence and evacuation of Winchester, are not creditable to our troops and officers there. That a place so defensible and strongly fortified as Winchester, should have been taken by a number of the Rebels so nearly equal our force and with so little loss of life on either side, is a matter requiring explanation, as is also the disgraceful fact that stores, wagons, guns, even readily moved field artillery, were left intact for the enemy's immediate use, when twenty minutes' work would have destroyed what could not be safely brought away, if it was necessary to come away at all.

A searching investigation will doubtless be made in regard to this unpleasant affair.

GEN. MCCLELLAN'S REPORT.—General McClellan has completed his report of all his military operations from the time he was called to the position of General-in-Chief of the army until he was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac. It is said it will be published and that its facts will supply many omissions which the War Committee of Congress made in their celebrated and widely circulated one-sided report. It takes two sides to furnish history. In politics the more one-sided the game is the better for the players.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN said, in a recent letter to a committee having charge of a complimentary dinner given to General Meagher:

"The sacrifices made by all classes of our fellow-citizens in the war are guarantees that we cannot abandon it until we have accomplished the objects for which it was originally undertaken."

RAISING VESSELS IN HAMPTON ROADS.—A correspondent at Potsmouth, Va., states that the wreckers have raised the Germantown and United States, and several guns from the Congress.

A SENSIBLE SPEECH.

Some Chippewa Indian chiefs, on their way to Washington, stopped at Chicago, and among other places which they visited was camp Douglas, where the rebel prisoners were confined. Naw-gaw-neh could not help speaking: "You have been fighting against our Government," said he, addressing the rebels with a look of pity.—"Why do you do so? Has not your great Father given you every thing you ask him for? He gives to the pale faces and the Indians plenty to eat and good clothes to wear. He makes good laws for the best government of all. He makes laws for all his people, not to suit a few. You have been fighting to break up this government, like the bloody Sioux. It is better that you stop fighting and lay down your arms and come back and be brothers again. If you think with your honest thoughts, you know you are wrong. If you feel as if you must fight, then come and join the United States army, and fight for them. Look at your clothes and look at ours.—Our great Father feeds and clothes his men well; and the reason you are so cold and hungry is, because you are fighting against us. Think what I tell you, and stop making war against the government."

HOW SAL DISGRACED THE FAMILY.

A traveler in the State of Illinois some years ago, came to a lone log hut on the prairie, near Cairo, and here halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty pack-box for a table, while two or three old chairs and disabled walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tin-ware and an article or two of culinary use.

The woman was crying in a corner, and the man with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful looking head supported by the palms of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper. "Well," he said, "you seem to be in trouble here; what's up?"

"Oh, we are most crazed, neighbor," said the woman; and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by this rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?" "Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man, in a tone of despair.

"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"We can't tell, stranger, as how she's so far lost as to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there warn't a pootier gal in the West than our Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head now," followed the mother.

"Who has she gone away with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kohe, a capital shoemaker who, although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what a life she has deserted. She was surrounded by all the luxury in the county," said the father.

"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink, or wear now?" groaned the old woman.

"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?" quoth the stranger.

'Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, and lives in the village, and the deuce only knows how they are to earn a living!"

REMEDIES FOR DIARRHEA AND DYSENTERY.—The New York Evening Post recommends the following as effective remedies for diarrhea and dysentery, so prevalent at this season of the year:

Take African Cayenne pepper, 30 grains.
" Camphor, 30 grains.
" Turkey opium, powdered, 15 grains.

Make a mas with simple syrup and gentian, then divide in thirty pills. Dose—one every four hours.

The following is more convenient to make:

Take African Cayenne pepper, 32 grains.
" Camphor, 32 grains.
" Best powder'd Turkey opium, 16 grs.
" Bourbon whiskey, 1 gill, or 4 oz.

Let it stand for six days before using. Dose—one teaspoonful every four hours.

TWO RULES ABOUT SWEARING.—A boy finding himself tempted to forget, pasted these two rules on his desk, and hung them up in his room:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"Swear not at all. Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

I think a great many boys had better follow his example.

A VERY curious baby story comes to us from New Jersey. A mother and her daughter were confined on the same day, each having a little son. In the bustle of the moment, both babies were placed in the same cradle, and to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle they were unable to tell which was the mother's and which the daughter's son—a matter which, of course, must ever remain a mystery. The family is in the greatest distress over the affair.