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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.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

Why need I strive or sigh for wealth?
It is enough for me
That Heaven hath sent me strength and health,
A spirit glad and free,
Grateful these blessings to receive,
I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some, what floods of riches flow!
House, herds, and gold have they;
Yet life's best joy they never know,
But fret their hours away.
The more they have, they seek increase;
Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,
To me it seems so fair;
It countless pleasures hath for all,
And none denied a share.
The little birds on new-fledged wing,
And insects revel in the Spring.

For love of us, hills, woods and plains
In beauteous hues are clad;
And birds sing far and near sweet strains,
Caught by echoes glad.
"Rise," sings the lark, "your tasks to ply;"
The nightingale 'lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,
And all like gold appears,
When bloom o'erspreads the glowing earth,
And fields have ripening ears,
I think these glories that I see
My kind Creator made for me.

Then loud I thank the Lord above,
And say in joyful mood,
His love, indeed, is Father's love,
He wills to all men good.
Then let me ever grateful live,
Enjoying all he deigns to give.

Written for the Kent News.

Our Trip to Elm City.

Messrs. Editors:—Sitting in our room this pleasant summer morning with nothing particular to do, we will act under the first impulse of the moment, and give your numerous readers an outline of our trip to Elm City.

One beautiful Sabbath noon in the month of January, 186–, we bade adieu to childhood's sunny scenes around Cottage Hill for a trip to the time-honored and far-famed Elm City,—after having accepted the heart-felt wishes for our happiness and success from those around whom our warmest affections clung. The sun had just reached his meridian splendor, and was scattering his joyous rays to cheer us onward, as the parental roof, which of itself threw around us a thousand endearments, faded from our view—even the cloud capt hills, which we had so often ascended in innocent glee—the forest, under whose whispering leaves we had so often rambled—the old play-ground before the school-house door, dismantled of its green grass, and trampled by innumerable feet—brought thronging back upon memory many pleasing associations. We were borne rapidly from these scenes by a span of spirited steeds—across the plain and through the woodland—and then, though not for the first time, we experienced a feeling of loneliness of heart, which is almost invariably felt by the young when severing the mystic ties that bind them to the dear ones of their earliest childhood's home. Fancy had for a long time built her airy castles upon the sunny-side of probable events, unmindful of the many trials and difficulties which accompany life's stern realities, and when our eyes surveyed the flowery path through which we had roamed in childhood, and then turned to penetrate the veil of futurity which hides from human vision all beyond the present, our heart recoiled at the thought of being tossed to and fro and stemming the current safely through the turbulent waters of the sea of humanity, for we had just reached the threshold of manhood and had launched our barque upon the ocean of life to battle against adverse wind and tide—to act a part in life's great drama and to realize from the many obstacles that would intercept our pathway that "life is real and life is earnest."

Our escort to the village of S——, twenty miles distant, was a friend, affectionate and true, whose familiar face, charming simplicity and soothing words suppressed the near-o'erwhelming bursts of grief which these forebodings and the separation had occasioned. When the sun disappeared behind the western hills and night's dark shadows were creeping over hill and valley—though sometimes illuminated by streams of light which fell lovingly from the pale moon—we were seated in a handsomely furnished room in said village in company with several ladies and gentlemen, and among the former was one of about nineteen summers, whom we could undoubtedly have pronounced as handsome—her features were perfect in their outline, and as the light fell upon them you could clearly recognize her beauty. Her brown hair was parted upon the white intellectual brow and rolled in a heavy coil at the back of an exquisitely shaped head; her blue eyes beamed in their accustomed splendor, her mouth displayed a set of pearly teeth, her cheeks rivalled the roses in their bloom; the rest of her face was marked in the purity of its whiteness, and strongly marked were the blue veins upon her forehead. We were seated by her side enjoying a pleasant tête-a-tete, and admiring such beauty as fancy had so often checkered out, but which then appeared more lovely in reality, when suddenly the "iron-tongue" of the church bell announced the hour of devotion, and awakened us from the intoxicating dream of her angel-like loveliness. After securing good seats in the temple of prayer, we were enchanted by the lofty strains of music that greeted our ears—soon the minister ascended the pulpit and the holy, solemn services began. He spoke feelingly, and his sermon was full of instruction and counsel. It was listened to attentively, and 'twas evident that the seed was falling upon good ground and would bring forth an abundant harvest. Again the heavenly melody pealed forth loudly and mightily as it floated in the balmy atmosphere, and the congregation rose to receive the parting benediction and then dispersed. We retired at an early hour into the shady paths of dreamland, with fancy thoughts flitting hither and thither, and were awakened from our spell of dreamy thoughts as the sun scattered his dazzling light across the eastern horizon. 'Twas a beautiful morning—earth was dismantled of its thick darkness, and was brilliantly illuminated by the silvery light which was reflected from aurora's brightness. Bidding our friend and host farewell, we left the village of S—— in a rickety stage coach for the railroad depot. In a few moments we heard the snorting locomotive and the cars rattling over the iron track, and after changing our unpleasant seat in the obselete stage for one more comfortable in a handsomely cushioned car, we were soon borne on at a furious rate by the power of steam—on—on went the "iron steed," little heeding the lone cry of our heart, but whirled us over the country at a rate which effectually forbade the thought of attempting anything like a description of the scenery. We were now alone—in the outer world, and amid strangers—yet ever and anon the many busy memories of the familiar faces that we had left behind came flitting to our mind and so haunted it that we had but little time to describe what we encountered on our passage to the city of W——. Yet we could see dotted here and there some snow-crested mansion of the opulent—some fruitful vale—some murmuring stream whitened with the floating sails of commerce, carrying to some great storehouse the products of the hands of industry. Stretching far and wide could be seen a lovely landscape—a towering hill whose base seemed laid in earth's center itself, and whose summit glistened in the morning sunlight. We soon reached the city of W——, when lighting found ourself in a large city, many miles from home—not a friend nor a familiar face could be seen; all was bustle and confusion,—and the long row of brick and stone buildings offered us but a cheerless invitation; but we were suddenly summoned to resume our cushioned seat in the cars by the shrill whistle of the locomotive, which bore us rapidly onward by his herculean strength. The road from thence, after leaving the city hum, was like an entrance into another country. Along the narrow and rough pathway of the "iron steed" were fences, inclining contrariwise, sometimes in and sometimes out—the houses, whether advancing to the front, or thrust backward as if ashamed to be seen, had an exceedingly perplexing look; here and there a stumpy tree that had been cut down half-a-dozen times, shot forth sundry stripling branches, which moved about in a swaying, melancholy way, bending and twisting in the breeze. Soon we crossed the romantic Schuylkill, whose bosom presented a mirror to the beautiful scenes on its banks. Crossing it years ago we could have heard the constant winding of the boatman's horn, giving music to the echoing hills, but now the swiftness of the rail road car, which has almost consigned distance to the past, brings to view another scene. Now the long trains of loaded cars tell that nature does not sleep in her mountain fortress with her treasures, but transports them to supply the wants of the neighboring city. We entered the Quaker City about noonday, where silence once prevailed, but now broken by the constant hum of busy workmen. The afternoon was spent in visiting places made glorious by the illustrious deeds of our revolutionary sires.

Next morning we took our place in the cars of the Camden and Amboy rail road for the "Great National Emporium." It was early morn—the beauty of the country delighted the eye of one who had just left the crowded walls of a city. A traveler who has passed through the finely cultivated country between the Quaker and the Empire cities, containing many places of manufacturing and historic interest, who has gazed with grateful emotion on fields of grain ripening for the wants of man, or bent the head in patriotic reverence in view of "Trenton," would look with surprise, if for the first time, at the scene which opens at the entrance of the mining region. The natural beauty of the country appeared somewhat defaced, for the limbs and branches of stately oaks were stripped by the chilly blasts of winter of their green foliage—the mountain heights were robbed of their mossy covering. As the train approached Trenton our heart welcomed the spot where once the immortal Washington stood. How proud we felt to behold the steep rocky ascents of the hills near by where liberty made her home, and from which the eagle looked down on a land as free as himself. Before midday we reached Jersey City, within sight of the turreted city of the "Empire State" on the opposite shore, and in a few moments we took our place on board a handsome steamer, which glided us swiftly and pleasantly over the broad flowing waters of the Amboy to the Empire City; upon its heaving bosom we could see the bows of many noble ships parting the angry waves and bearing their heavy burdens towards the "Great National Emporium," whilst others ladened with this country's produce have wandered some distance from the great harbor and were plying their way fearlessly towards some distant port. A traveller, upon entering this "Great Emporium" is struck with admiration when he beholds the many magnificent structures erected by the hands of industry,—yea, how wonderfully are the bountiful supplies of Divine Providence developed according to the necessities of man? When man knocks at the door of Nature's treasury and summonses her to surrender a part of her treasures, she gives no answer. Wrapped in her own silent sublimity, nothing but an earthquake can induce her to open her portals, but man soon invents ways and means to open them to remove a portion of her inexhaustible wealth to supply his wants.

We remained a few hours in the Empire city, which were spent in viewing the most interesting objects, and then took our passage in the cars for "Elm City." The cars were fast receding from the great metropolis—farther and farther we were borne from the city hum. Towards the west the dark rocks looked glorified in the brilliant radiance—towards the east the curved Sound of Long Island smiled in the distance, and one shining sailed little fishing boat moved lazily on its quiet waters. Our heart was full of happiness for the scenery of the valley, and the mountain appeared more beautiful with its wild and rugged features mellowed by the last rose-tinted beams of the setting sun. We were reclining lazily in our cushioned seat as the "iron steed" slackened his speed and moved slowly towards the capital of the "Nutmeg State." Now and then we passed a red brick cathedral, with its high belfry towering up above the long row of brick and stone buildings—now and then we heard the pleasant chime of some church bell. Soon the far lights of "Elm City" drew nearer, carriages and market carts became more frequent on the road; presently a few houses scattered on either side. A solitary gas lamp warned us that our "trip" was fast approaching its conclusion. Soon we were moving very slowly towards the depot, and when the cars ceased to move we mingled in the crowd upon the platform. Suddenly our attention was drawn to a person standing beneath a lamp, shading his eyes with his hand as the sound of our approach drew nearer. It was too dark and we too far distant to see anything of his features, but as we drew nearer and looked more earnestly in his face, we found in his answering glance all that we hoped and looked for.

"Do I indeed greet you in Elm City?" he exclaimed. "How joyfully do I welcome you—for the most delightful memories of the past are associated with your presence." Kind reader, we were warm friends and had been companions in the same class at College; together had we drank from the inspiring waters of the Castalian Fount—hand in hand we toiled up the rugged steeps of Mt. Parnassus, and this was the first time that we had met since leaving the classic halls of our "Alma Mater." We passed hastily thro' the great crowd—past the long lines of carriages and out into the open street, where the innocent stars shone out of the depths of upper sky—

"Like sweet thoughts in a dream."

Silently we passed from street to street until we reached Orange, at the end of which stood a large brick building, with all its windows lighted. Soon we were treading the brilliantly illuminated passage, which led from the entrance hall to our room, and now as in the middle watches of the night we beg leave gentle reader to close this rapid and cursory survey of "Our Trip to Elm City," and leave you to repose in hope of our safe return again to Cottage Hill—the home of our childhood sunny scenes. Y. L. S.

The National Sailors' Fair at Boston closed on Tuesday night. The receipts will exceed $250,000. The sword was voted to Captain James Alden, of the Brooklyn.

AN ERA OF GOOD FEELING.

The *National Intelligencer*, after having made a vigorous battle for McClellan, quotes Mr. Lincoln's late speech to the Union State Central Committee of Maryland, and appends the following remarks:

"The most embittered opponent of the President will not deny that such expressions do honor to his heart, and they should go far to disarm political defeat of its sting in the breast of the vanquished. And we do not hesitate to say for ourselves, that we shall accept these declarations of the President in the same sincerity in which we believe them to be made, and shall be prepared to judge his future administration of the Government simply by his acts, without any other predetermination than that of cordially co-operating in all measures which shall seem to us judicious and proper, without seeking to find in any of them the grounds of factious opposition.

"The distinguished Premier of the Administration, in replying to the congratulations of his political friends on the 10th instant, was frank to say that in the debates of the canvass they may have done something less than justice to the patriotism of their political opponents. To this effect he spoke as follows:

"With the Democrats we should be friends. They have voted against us; we have voted against them. If they are now willing to cry quits, it would be well to reflect that, all things considered, we have judged them rather harshly in some respects. I believe that perfect harmony can soon be restored, not only throughout the Free States, but throughout the Union. * * It would not be the fault of the Administration if they did not establish an era of good feeling. The re-election of the President has placed him beyond the pale of human envy or detraction, as he was above human ambition, and all would soon learn to see him, as the speaker and the audience had seen him, a true patriot, benevolent and loyal, honest and faithful.—Thereafter all motive of detraction of him would cease to exist, and Abraham Lincoln would take his place with Washington Jefferson and Adams, among the benefactors of his country and the human race."

"The candor of Mr. Seward should be met with equal candor by the friends of General McClellan. It may be that the latter have, 'all things considered,' judged Mr. Lincoln and his party 'rather harshly in some respects.' At all events let it be no fault of theirs, as Mr. Seward says it shall be no fault of the Administration, if an 'era of good feeling' is not re-established. The times are propitious to such a desirable consummation.

"They who undertake to oppose the Administration merely because it has not been elevated to power by their votes, will soon surely find that they do not 'understand their epoch.' And they who give the Administration an 'unquestioning support' will just as surely discover that their maxims of partisanship belong to an age that has passed in the history of the country. The issues of the times are too momentous and far-reaching to admit of such narrow-minded views in the one direction or in the other. It should be the aim of all to co-operate with the Administration in its legitimate efforts for the preservation of the Government and the restoration of the Union, remembering that wisdom and virtue are the exclusive possession of no party, and that, therefore, if no party is to be implicitly trusted, so none is entitled to an exclusive right of censorship, since the one case, equally with the other, implies the assumption of human infallibility."

THE NEW FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.—The plates of the new fifty-cent fractional currency are nearly ready for printing. These notes will be of the same breadth as those now in circulation, but nearly twice as long. The new five cent notes will be of the same size as the old ones, while the ten and twenty-five cent notes will be graduated between the highest and lowest denominations. It is probable that a three cent note will be issued for the greater facility of making change.

REBEL DESERTERS IN WEST VIRGINIA.—The Wheeling *Intelligencer* says:

"As the winter season comes on the Rebel deserters are swarming into this Department from the South. We were informed yesterday that within the past five weeks two or three thousand soldiers have come in at one point, to say nothing of those who are constantly coming in at other points. It is deemed advisable not to mention the particular route by which the deserters escape to our lines, for fear that the Rebel authorities may stop up the hole."

THE Board of Aldermen of Washington city have passed a bill prohibiting the violations of the Sabbath, by which it is made unlawful to cry newspapers or any printed matter for sale on the Sabbath, under penalty of a fine of not less than $1 nor more than $5; and no barber shop or any place of business or sale, except apothecaries and undertakers, providing for the burial of the dead, shall keep open, and any one offending shall be liable to a fine of from $20 to $40 in each instance.

The Russian papers announces the death at the age of sixty-eight, of Gen. Liprandi, who commanded at the battle of Inkerman.

SKETCH OF MACON, GEORGIA.

Macon, Georgia, which is reported to have been destroyed by Gen. Sherman, has been, since the fall of Atlanta, the most important city in the State. It is connected by important railroads with Columbus and Augusta. It is 190 miles from Savannah, and about 180 from Augusta. The surroundings of the city make up one of its most beautiful features, and no city in the South could boast of such beautiful and highly improved suburbs. The principal residences of the city are built on a light range of hills lying back from the river, while the business part covers the lower lands or basin on the levee. In 1855, the city was largely interested in the cotton trade, and engaged to considerable extent in manufactures.

It has grown up to its dimensions as given, since 1822, the year of its settlement, the increase being very rapid for a Southern city; but the increase in its size and importance has been at a still greater ratio since the war began. The trade of the city suffered, of course, by the blockade, but the manufactures increased, and Macon soon became an indispensable arc to the rebel Confederacy. On the fall of Atlanta, General Howell Cobb, commanding the District of Georgia, removed his headquarters to Macon, carrying with him much of the machinery which had made Atlanta so important an objective point to Sherman's army. In September last the lower part of the city, known as the "basin," was full to overflowing with the machinery removed thence from Atlanta, and which, by the latter part of that month, was reported in full operation. Jeff. Davis, in his speech there in September last, spoke of the importance of the city as an arsenal, granary and hospital, and only a few days since a Richmond paper alluded to the existence at Macon of the "national armory and central laboratory of the Confederate States."

Macon has been attacked once before. General Stoneman, in July last, advanced upon the city and attacked the works defending it. He approached so near the city that his shells fell into it. He was defeated in his attempt to carry the works, and on his retreat was captured by Gen. Iverson. Gen. Joe Johnson has been residing in Macon since his retirement from the command of the Army of Tennessee, and may have conducted the defense of the city against Gen. Sherman's attack.

DAVIS'S SPEECH IN EUROPE.

The admissions of Jeff Davis in his Macon speech, as to the wretched condition of his affairs, has well-nigh destroyed all confidence in his government, on the other side of the Atlantic. The London Standard, of October 28th, says:

"In our last issue we quoted largely from the speeches of the rebel President in regard to the deplorable condition of the South, more especially of its army. We cited his distinct declaration, that already every man between eighteen and forty-five was in the field, while a vast proportion of the troops were actually absent, mostly without leave. The idea we represented as absolutely astounding, and as being one of the most remarkable things in military history. It is a mockery to speak about the unity, the zeal, and the determination of a people of whom such things can be affirmed. The wonder is, that with such a state of discipline the Southern armies have kept their ground with so much courage and firmness, and, upon the whole, with so much occasional success. The statement of the rebel chief was calculated to produce so much depression, as well as to remove all hopes of ultimate triumph among the adherents of the South in this country, that they repudiated it with scorn as a forgery, and ridiculed those of us who treated it as genuine deeming us a set of simpletons for our credulity. Time, however, is the grand touchstone, and untruth must ever perish by its application. The enlightened correspondent of the Daily News has settled the point, we think, by his appeal to further facts regarding the speeches of President Davis."

After quoting from the News, the Standard proceeds to remark:

"After this, we trust we shall hear no more about forgery, and about credulity, and about simplicity. The thing is a mass of facts, very ugly, no doubt, but facts still, and full of evil omens to rebeldom. It is not easy to see how a people so circumstanced and an army so demoralized can by any possibility make good their secession."

That speech had, doubtless, much to do with the change of opinion which the London Times manifests.

A VICKSBURG paper says that the cotton crop on the plantations worked by the freedmen will fall very far short of the most moderate calculations. The army worm has destroyed it. Four hundred acres of land yield but twenty bales of cotton, while the yield should be from one to two bales per acre.

HEAVY SNOW STORM IN THE WEST.—Emigrants and returning gold hunters have had a hard time in the mountains, for one of the severest snow storms ever known in the West visited the region of Denver City on the 29th of October. The snow fell to the depth of eighteen inches on a level at Denver, and much deeper farther West.

Coming Events Cast Shadows Before Them.

The following is taken from Willis' "Home Journal."

She tied the new cravat
Which she so kindly made for me,
Then smoothed with care my hat,
And with her arms delayed me;
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
And said "it was so curly!"
While going down the stairs
She cried, "Come home, dear, early!"
How happy then was I,
With all I ever desired;
I fortune could defy
While thus I was admired!
We parted at the door—
Her smile deserved a sonnet!
"Dear love! but one thing more;
I want—*a new Spring bonnet!*"

A YANKEE COLLECTOR.

A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due him in the city was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it was a doubtful case; but added that, if it was collectable at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would "worry it out" of him.

Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wal, Square," said he, "'taint much use o' tryin', I guess. I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill monument, as to c'lect a debt out of him. But, any how, Square, what will you give, sposin' I do try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half, if you collect it."

"Greed," replied the collector; "there is no harm in tryin', any way."

Some weeks after the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and, in walking up Tremont street, encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look a here," said he; "Square, I had considerable luck with that bill of your'n. You see, I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so 'twant no use not a bit. If he was home he was short, if he wasn't home I couldn't get no satisfaction. By and by, says I, after goin' sixteen times, 'I'll fix you,' says I. So I sat down on the door step, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I begun airly next day; but about ten o'clock he 'gin in.' *He paid me* MY *half, and I gin him up the note!*"

School Examinations.

A schoolmaster announced to his pupils that an examination would soon take place.

"If you are examined in geography," said he, "you will surely be asked what is the shape of the earth; and if you should not remember, just look at me, and I will show you my snuff boxes; a round one which he only used on Sunday; and a square one, which he carried during the week. The class in geography was duly called out, and the question asked.

"What is the shape of the earth?"

The first boy, appalled at the imposing appearance of the examination committee, felt embarrassed, and glanced at the *mayster*, who pointed at his snuff-box.

"Sir," boldly answered the boy, "it is round on Sunday, and square all other days in the week!"

THE LATE SENATOR DOUGLAS.—The late Stephen A. Douglas was reported to have died insolvent. The Chicago Journal, however, states that such was not the case. Last week the executor presented receipts to the County Court, at Chicago, showing that he had paid over $7,000 to Mrs. Douglas, and over $7,000 to the two children, after liquidating all demands against the estate.

LARGE AMOUNT OF PRIZE MONEY.—From the 1st of June, 1863, to the present time, a period of between 15 and 16 months, U. S. Marshal Keyes has paid over to the U. S. Treasurer, as the proceeds of captured blockade-runners, adjudicated at Boston, over five million dollars.

A PARAGRAPH from a recent Southern paper makes known the startling fact that the graves of the Union captives in the burial ground near Andersonville already number twelve thousand. This is fearful mortality among a population of prisoners that never exceeded, according to the same authority, an aggregate of forty thousand.

A ST. LOUIS paper says "there are not less than 20,000 persons in Missouri this day who are little better than paupers, not knowing where to get food to maintain them through this winter."

A new and ingenious dodge of the New York sharpers who live by rascality, is to go around to houses with the story that some of the family has been run over by a stage or car, and carried to an hospital, from which he sends for a change of linen and clothes to replace those spoiled by the accident.

The tobacconists in Paris lend umbrellas out by the day. You are caught in a shower, you go into a cigar store, deposit the price of an umbrella, use it, return it, pay six cents a day for its use, and take up your deposit again.

MORE OIL.—Petroleum wells have just been discovered in Cattaraugus county, New York, and large tracts of land there have been taken up by New York, Philadelphia and Oil Creek companies.