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Hon. E. H. Webster

The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

A SHADOW, NOT A STAIN.

BY W. O. EATON.

A maiden bright, in robes of white,
Beside the fire was sitting;
Her labor done, at set of sun,
Her thoughts afar were flitting.
Some linen there, hung on a chair,
As stainless as the maid;
But o'er their snow some object low
Stood up and cast a shade.

"See, there, my child, the cloth's defiled,"
The angry father cried;
"In thoughts, no doubt, of some poor lout,
You lose what's at your side.
See what a spot, which naught can blot!"
"Nay, father, feel no pain;
You but remark a shadow dark—
A shadow, not a stain."

She moved the chair, and now elsewhere
The lying shadow fell;
Unhindered light showed all was white,
Suspicion to repel.
The harsh assault for double fault
Was foiled and proved unjust;
While he, more meek, with glowing cheek,
His own mistake discussed:

"Oh! thus in life how much of strife
By rude mistake begins;
By calumny how many die,
Though innocent of sins.
The purest snow will soonest show
A spot upon it lain;
And oft we find that vice maligned
A shadow, not a stain

"Dear daughter! may thy works alway
Unsullied meet the light;
And, when a frown would put thee down,
The blaze of truth invite.
There's not a shade but light has made;
And virtue's art sublime,
By slight remove, may often prove
The slander was the crime.

"Yet, if she fail, she should not quail
For misconception's gaze
Can never change, by glancing strange,
A noble thing to base.
The cheering sense of innocence
Will in the breast remain;
And they who hurt cannot convert
A shadow to a stain."

For the Kent News.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY J. W. C.

A mother's love, a mother's love,
The dew that falls on opening life,
When life is most like Eden's grove,
Faith, purity and pleasure rife.

Our earliest joy, our latest thought,
Howe'er we rise, howe'er we rove;
Thou only good of earth unbought,
We think of thee, a mother's love.

Written for the "Kent News."

AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE.

"We see but dimly through the mists, and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps."

From our midst are gone household treasures—little children who made their homes radiant with their joyous presence, and wove around our hearts strong and pure ties of love. We miss them, oh, how sadly!

The first that was taken from our Village circle, was little WINNIE M——, her sweet, spiritual face so expressive of a gentle, retiring nature; the modest, and truthful air which marked her every movement, made her a general favorite. But no longer will Winnie's low toned voice fall upon our ear, or her glance of intelligent inquiry be raised to our face, for she has entered the pearly gates of the City of our God—her voice joins in the song of the white robed ones, and her eye, rests upon the "Prince of Peace." Ah, no!

"She is not dead—the child of our affection,
But goes unto that school
Where she no longer needs our protection,
And Christ himself doth rule."

Not long after Winnie had gone to her home above, FANNIE C—— was called, and gladly did her pure spirit respond to the summons from the Heavenly Court,—not that earth had lost any of its bloom and beauty, for as a loved sister and cherished daughter, she was very happy here; but she trusted her Saviour, knowing that His tender care would shield her from everything that would make her afraid in the Dark Valley, and lead her to the land where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light." Fannie told her friends that she could not stay here, and clasping her small hands, repeated the Lord's prayer, and "Now I lay me down to sleep"—appropriate language, for

"There is no Death! what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elisian,
Whose portal we call death."

Again was heard the thrilling mandate of God's angel, and another bright, lovely one, an only child, FANNIE P——, hastened to leave this wintry clime and unite with her redeemed schoolmates in anthems of joy and praise. Dear, light-hearted little Fannie, long will her sunny smile—loving words and light foot-fall, be missed and mourned, and sad indeed must be the home from which she has been taken—long, and weary must be the day to the lonely one who waits and longs in vain for the twining arms and gentle caresses of her child. Alas!

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended
But has one vacant chair!

The "vacant chair!" ah, bitter tears are wept, and aching hearts throb with anguish, when the little ones are gathered to the fold on high; we look upon the dark side—on our loss, not their bliss; they are safe at home in that better land, where

"God's soft hand shall wipe the tear
From every weeping eye;
And doubts, and fears, and grief, and pain,
And death itself shall die."

GALENA, Kent Co., Md. * * *

THE SHIFTING HUES OF LIFE.

Life has, for an observer, such a quick succession of interest and amusing adventure, that it is almost inconceivable if he should ever feel dull or weary of it. No one day resembles another. Every hour, every minutte, opens new stores to our experience, and new excitements to our curiosity. We are always on the eve and on the morrow of some surprising event. Like the moth, we are forever flying towards the star—but with this difference, that we attain it; and if sometimes we find the halo we fancy a glory is but some deceiving mist, at least we have learned a lesson. If we look upon life merely as humble students, we shall not feel any great bitterness at such disappointments. It is only when we hug our ignorance to our hearts, that we are, and deserve to be, miserable—when we embrace the cloud, that we lose the goodness. But if we open the eyes of the mind, and determine to be neither wantonly stupid nor inattentive, an enchanted world begins to rise from chaos. The aspect even of the room in which we sit grows lively with a thousand unsuspected curiosities. We discern that the most ordinary person is invested with some noticeable characteristic. If we deign to look but for five pleasant minutes at any common-place thing, we become aware of its peculiar beauty; and there is not a bird that sings through the air, not a flower that blossoms in the garden, not an insect that crawls in the depth of the earth, nor a fish that swims in the water, but has its own singular and delightful story.

THE GLANCES OF A GIRL.

What is there in the glance of a young girl? Nothing and everything—a mysterious abyss, half opened, and then suddenly closed. There is a time when every young girl looks thus. Woe to him upon whom she looks! This first glance of a soul which does not know itself is like the dawn in the sky. It is the awakening of something radiant and unknown. Nothing can express the dangerous charm of this unlooked for gleam which suddenly suffuses adorable mysteries, and which is made up of all the innocence of the present and the passion of the future. It is a kind of irresolute lovingness which is revealed by chance, and which is waiting. It is a snare which innocence unconsciously spreads, and in which she catches hearts without intending it, and without knowing it. It is a maiden glancing like a woman. It is rare that deep reverie is not born of this glance, wherever it may fall. All that is pure, all that is vestal, is concentrated in the celestial and mortal glance, which, more than the most studied ogling of the coquette, has the magic power of suddenly forcing into bloom in the depths of the heart this flower of the shade, full of perfume and poisons, which is called love.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.—During General Jackson's Presidential term an application was made for the removal of some postmaster or deputy postmaster in one of the Northern States, and it was urged upon the President with a great deal of earnestness, first by letter, and then a special committee came here and remonstrated with great bitterness against the continuance of this violent political opponent of the President. To cap the climax as the committee supposed, of the postmaster's offences, and ensure his removal, they told the President that the obnoxious officer had called Gen. Jackson a "D——d grey-headed ——." "Did he?" said the General. "He did." "If I am not mistaken," said Jackson, "that man stormed Stony Point under Wayne, and any man who did that has my permission to be a postmaster and to curse me for the balance of his life!"

A NEW nut-cracker has just been patented; it is so contrived as to crack jokes along with the nuts. A very liberal discount will be allowed to extremely-depressed persons ordering large quantities.

THE SAFETY OF MARYLAND.

As Marylanders we should never for a single moment forget, no matter how insidiously we may be tempted to do so, the first great cause to which our State, in the midst of this fearful, desolating war, owes her comparative safety, happiness and prosperity. Is it to the rebel sympathizers and broken down Democratic politicians who are choking at an Abolition gnat and swallowing a rebel camel? Is it to the bloody revolutionists who called upon the riflemen in the mountains to aid them in slaying Federal troops in the city of Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861. It is to the Bridge Burners and railroad destroyers of that mobocratic period? Is it to the disloyal proceedings of a Legislature which was completely under the control of these desperate conspirators, and which assembled upon the heels of the Baltimore mob for the express purpose of carrying the State out of the Union, but suddenly became weak in the knees, as the voice of an indignant people in thunder tones reached its ears and the military power of the Federal Government appalingly loomed up before its eyes, and hesitated to put upon the records of the State what was in the hearts and heads of a majority of its members, viz: an Ordinance of Secession? It is to none of these events of the past that the people of Maryland are indebted for their present enviable exemption from all of the more terrible effects of this devastating war, and it will be to none of a like character to which their future safety can be ascribed. Their loyalty to the Federal Government alone protected them from the horrible desolations which have swept over the frontier States of the rebel Confederacy. This they know, and well know. Will they then listen to the babblers against Abolitionism—to the grumblers about taxation, and to the obselete pedlers of Southern Rights, and become alienated from that mighty Government—mighty still, though assailed by a foe in front, and a more dangerous one in the rear—under whose wings they have sought and found refuge from the fury of a war which has raged around them for nearly two years? Never! Never!! Rebel sympathizers, who lost public confidence because they justified Secession, may seek to regain that confidence by denouncing all who favor a vigorous prosecution of the war as the only possible means of preventing a permanent dissolution of the Union, as Abolitionists, negro worshippers, violators of the Constitution, and oppressors and tyrants generally, but what is all this party clap-trap, even if it were as true as it is false, compared with the horrors of Maryland's withdrawal from the Union. It is as the gentle zephyr to the violent tornado. And if the people of the State are wise they will so regard it. In their case, love of country and love of self, patriotism and interest do not conflict, as they too often do, but harmoniously combine to keep the State in the Union; and there she will remain, if her people do not in an evil hour become wholly reckless of these most imperative of all earthly considerations. Let then traitors rant, but let us beware at the same time that they do not, under assumed names and upon false pretexts, steal from us at the ballot-boxes the power to do evil.—*Hagerstown Torch Light.*

RICH GOLD DISCOVERIES IN WESTERN NEBRASKA.—The Nebraska Republican reports that the gold mines of Western Nebraska and Dacotah are developing mineral resources of surpassing richness. Several letters of recent date have been received in this city from gentlemen known to be in all respects trustworthy, stating that the entire region at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, commencing at the head-waters of Wind river, only about three hundred miles from Lamarie, and extending northward and westwardly to the headwaters of the Missouri river, has been found to contain deposits of gold in such guantities as to render mining exceedingly profitable. Several gentlemen who have heretofore resided in this city have written to their friends here stating that the newly discovered gold regions are infinitely superior to those of Colorado. Bannock City had not fifty inhabitants in the early part of September last; it has now a population of more than one thousand, and the emigrants are rapidly pouring in from all quarters. The earnings of miners, as stated by these letter-writers, is almost fabulous, and if they were not well known and trustworthy we could not believe their statements.

A PATRIOTIC BISHOP.—At the great Union meeting in Cincinnati, last week, a letter was read from Bishop Rosecrans (brother of the General) expressing the most patriotic sentiments. We quote:

"To abandon our free Government because we must wait a year or two to get rulers to suit us, would be unutterable meanness of spirit. To give up our national integrity, our legitimate Government, our old flag, disband our army, and wait to see what disposition Gen. Bragg's army will choose to make of us when it comes North again, would be suicidal folly.

"God keep us from such folly and its disastrous consequences! May the gloom that hangs over us now make us forget all differences of minor importance, and join together heart and soul, in giving the cause of order and justice a triumph over both the shortsightedness of its friends and the treacherous violence of its enemies."

Speech of Mr. Holman, of Indiana.

The Democratic Party in Favor of a Vigorous Prosecution of the War.

Mr. Holman, a prominent Democratic member of the House of Representatives from Indiana, made an able speech in the House a few days ago, vindicating the Democratic party of the free States from the charge of a desire to suspend hostilities for the purpose of compromising with the rebels. His arguments against such a policy are sound and irrefutable, and will commend themselves to the judgment of every intelligent reader. The "Peace" *Democracy* of Maryland, who claim political affiliation with those whom Mr. Holman represents, will, we think, after reading this speech, be more than ever puzzled to determine how far the relationship extends. It would be far easier for them to show their affinity with the "Copperheads," that miserable faction in the free States made up of disappointed politicians and all others who are striving to undermine and destroy the institutions of our beloved country. Mr. Holman said:

The Democratic party, while eager for an honorable peace, is opposed to an armistice on two grounds: first, it invites foreign intervention; and secondly, it enables the rebel force to gather new strength and courage, and at the same time dampens the spirit of the Army and the people of the loyal States. Who does not know, sir, that *a suspension of the war, with the power of the rebellion unimpaired, is the end of the Union, without even a shadow of hope of its restoration?* with the Mississippi river under the control of a foreign Power; with the Potomac and Ohio at the best the boundaries between Governments only formed to renew the deadly contest; with what remained of the old Union ready to crumble to pieces. Not only disunion, but total disintegration, the country torn into hostile and bleeding fragments, would follow in the path of such policy. The Democratic party has made every effort to prosecute this war with effect, demanding firmly and steadily that it should be a war for the Union. You have not passed a bill in this House—and the same is true of the Senate—for the putting down of the rebellion that has not received almost every Democratic vote. Further than that, the Democratic party—and I speak it, sir, with an honorable and patriotic pride—has even supported this Administration in every effort to crush the rebellion and restore the Union, in spite of its violations of the Constitution, and the bitter and malignant partisan spirit it and its adherents have uniformly displayed. The only difference between the two parties is this: the Republican party has been willing only to carry on this war upon its own issues, through its own policy, and for the accomplishment of its own ends; while the Democratic party, in Congress and out of it, at home and in the field, has not wavered a moment in its determination that the Government should be sustained let what may be the policy of the hour. It has asked no terms It has made no conditions. It has resolved that every effort of national power shall be exhausted in the maintenance of the Union and the Constitution; that neither shall perish if mortal power can prevent. No charge of disloyalty; no charge of sympathizing with the rebellion, of favoring an armistice for the purpose of inviting foreign intervention and the recognition of the rebel confederacy—mean and dishonorable as these charges have been, despicable and groveling as have been their purpose—have changed the lofty patriotism of that party. They are still for their country. These charges are not true.—They are false, infamously false, and are alone made to gratify partisan animosities and to secure party triumphs, even at the expense of union of opinion in the effort to uphold the Government and the strength and power of united determination.

In spite of this Administration and its mad and reckless policy; in spite of its weakness and its vacillations; in spite of those who control for the hour the affairs of the nation; in spite of their bitter partizanism, their heartless disregard of a bleeding country in pressing forward their partisan measures from the beginning to the present hour; in spite of insult and unmerited reproach still true to their country and the memory of its patriots who have fallen in its defense, the Democratic party, knowing that the Republic—the Government, the priceless legacy of a nobler period—is not the President and his Cabinet, creatures of an hour, but that it is the Government of the living people, *the only hope for themselves and their children*, have never wavered or hesitated in its support and defense, or in supporting that flag, sir, that floats over your head wherever it has been unfurled, accounting its enemies their own. They have, so far as concerned the support of the Government, yielded up party to the country. They have not, as the gentleman, a leading Republican from Kansas, [Mr. Conway,] has proposed, consented to recognize the rebel government, and place the outlet of the Mississippi river, the life-giving power of the Northwest, in the hands and under the control of a foreign Government; the life-blood of the Northwest at the mercy of treaties between nations of hostile and diverging interests intensified by the bitterness of war. No, sir; no humiliating and dishonoring proposition like this has emanated from the party which, in the insolence and arrogance of power, has been branded by the party of the Administration as disloyal to the Republic.

The position, sir, of the Democratic party cannot be misunderstood. They for disunion! Why, sir, the Democracy of the free States and the gallant and loyal men of the border States, as represented on this floor, with that pure and illustrious patriot, John J. Crittenden, at their head, stand side by side and shoulder to shoulder. In the late political contest of my own State the Democracy stood, not reluctantly, but firmly, on the loyal and wise resolution drawn up by that illustrious statesman and approved by the conservative members of this House. The Union men of Kentucky, as represented on this floor, and the Democracy of Indiana, joining hands across the beautiful river which divides yet unites them, with one heart and spirit, in the presence of the sacred dust which forms a bond of imperishable Union, have renewed the covenant of their fathers. Sir, when you charge the Democracy with disloyalty you assail the strong pillar of our hope, the loyal men of the border States, who have bravely breasted the storm of the rebellion.

The Union is not yet dissolved I thank God that deep as is the darkness there is still a gleam of hope. The gentleman from Kansas demands peace, and demands it at the sacrifice of the honor and integrity of the Government; while Horace Greeley, the representative man and exponent and life-giver of the Republican party, proposes to give us some two or three months longer before the fiat shall go forth that the great Republic of North America has forever ceased to exist, a gallant army of freemen forever dishonored, and the blood of a nation shed in vain. What Republican denounces him as a traitor? Sentiments like these come not from the Democratic party. If they did, sir, I should sit here humbled and silent, and here the term "traitor" hissed in my ear.

Sir, I trust I appreciate the blessings of peace; who does not who has seen the woe and agony of war, or heard the shriek of grief that swells with the shout of victory or breaks the sullen silence of defeat? But, sir, there are things bitterer than war. Dishonorable peace, while still more bitter, only invites its renewal; courage and fortitude can alone compel and secure peace. Have the enemies of the Republic asked a suspension of hostilities—an armistice? Have they even suggested the possibility of compromising the issues that are being tried by the appeal to arms? No, sir, Neither their sufferings nor returning patriotism has as yet extorted one peaceful expression. Shall we insult our gallant Army by humbling them in the presence of their enemies? No, sir. When our victories shall be complete or the public enemy shall ask for a cessation of war, the magnanimity of the nation should be shown. Until then, sir, every proposition from us in favor of peace will only excite the contempt of our enemies, and invite by its apparent weakness the intervention of foreign Powers. The only hope of peace is to be found in the courage and fortitude of the loyal men of the Republic. If it were *ever* otherwise, the unwise policy of this Administration has forced that condition upon us; and as much, sir, as I deplore and condemn that policy, it shall never compel me to turn my back upon my country. The Administration is but the creature of an hour, while the life of the nation, united and prosperous or divided and ruined, must endure for ages.

I say, then, sir, if the northern mind has been divided, it has been the result of the policy of the Republican party.—Sir, if this Union is to be broken up—and I trust in God that day, if it ever shall come, will be forever accursed—it will be the result of the policy of that party, which is now working out its legitimate results. I have opposed all of the partisan measures of the Republican party. I have supported every measure necessary to the effective prosecution of this war; every measure to sustain the Government, in men or money, has received from this side of the House an uninterrupted and cordial and almost unanimous support. The Administration has received that support from the people. No administration in a free government has ever received such a support, so generous, so universal. How has it been requited? The people, in the recent elections, have not decided in favor of a dishonorable peace; they have not decided in favor of an armistice, which would subdue the martial spirit of their gallant Army. No, sir; they have only decided that this war shall be carried on, not to destroy the Constitution, but to preserve it, in every one of its essential features; not to dissolve the Union, but to restore it. It was a triumph of the Constitution. The people have decided that their blood and treasure shall be poured out like water rather than the Constitution and the Union shall be destroyed. That is what the Democratic masses of the country have decided. They will stand by the Union and the Constitution, by their Army in the field; but they demand, sir, that the priceless blood of the nation shall not be wasted in wild and visionary schemes, or the nation destroyed in miserable efforts of pretended reform. I say to gentlemen that by pressing their extreme and visionary measures upon Congress they have contributed to destroy that unity of opinion which had pervaded the loyal States of the Union. At the time that party assumed the powers of the Government, after the most bitter political contest ever waged in this country, followed by the tocsin of war, the whole people of the loyal States, forgetting the feuds of party, exhibited a patriotic devotion to their country, and an indomitable resolution to sustain the Government at every hazard and peril, that has not its equal in self-denial and strength of purpose in the annals of the world. Never, sir, were a people more brave and resolute; never a people so controlled and guided by one great idea; and never, sir, were a great and patriotic people so unfortunate in the men placed for the time at the head of their affairs.

At the outset, sir, the purpose of the war was clearly determined. A solemn pledge of the purposes for which this war was to be prosecuted was announced. The Democratic party remained true to the whole of that pledge, for it was a pledge on the part of Congress, a pledge to the country. We have not wavered from our engagement. We stood by it in its letter and spirit, we stand by it still, while the Republican party has trampled that engagement under their feet. They have repudiated and spurned that solemn compact made in an hour of danger and distress. They have violated every one of its provisions, and have sought to carry on this war, not to restore this Union and unfurl the old flag, the symbol of the old Union, again, from the Gulf to the Lakes, but for the purpose of carrying out, at every cost of life and treasure, the partisan dogmas which lie at the foundations of that party. And yet they dare to complain of divisions of opinion! Had they been willing to yield a little; had they been willing to make some sacrifices for their bleeding country; had they exhibited even the patriotism and self-denial of many of their constitutents at home; instead of divided counsels and jarring factions here and widespread distrust and apprehension at home; instead of the clouds gathering darkly over us and the earth rocking beneath us, the people, still loyal to the Union, would have stood united as a firm as one man in the solemn resolve that the war should be carried on until the Union, the priceless legacy of our fathers, should be restored. Yet still, sir, I trust in God our people, rising above the weakness of this temporary Administration, inspired by the patriotism of their fathers, will solemnly resolve that, cost what it may of life or treasure, the Union *shall be maintained.*

Democracy Reflected in a Mirror of Truth.

By those who insist that they are exclusively the salt of politics and the essence of Democracy, the Administration of James Buchanan has always been pronounced the purest and the most patriotic that ever wielded the authority of the Government. This claim, however, has been frequently controverted in these columns, and now we are sustained by the highest authority, in all that we ever said touching the corruption of James Buchanan, as President, and those by whom he was surrounded. Dr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, editor of the Danville Review, in a recent article in that periodical, places a proper estimate on Buchanan and his upholders, and also fairly reflects the merits of Democracy in the mirror of truth. Doctor B. is one of the greatest intellects in the world, and his views are always received with credence and respect. He thus deals with James Buchanan:

"Few impartial men will deny that the Administration of Mr. Buchanan was the most disastrous that the nation had ever endured. Its mistakes and misdeeds with regard to the slave interest alone were beyond measure shocking and ruinous; and the concentrated folly and venom of the influence from that quarter, under which it fell, might almost extenuate a portion of the frantic violence of the reaction against it. Its conduct could hardly have been worse, if Mr. Buchanan had purchased the Presidency from the most extreme party of the South at the price of prostituting it to the maintenance of the most preposterous claims it was possible for the South to make; nor could it well have been more fatal, if he had expressly selected, as the organ of Southern desires and opinion, men whose special object it was to make an incurable breach between the North and South, and then tear the nation in pieces."

No ruler who heretofore cursed the earth with his excesses and his crimes has ever had a more just, more truthful and more powerful condemnation passed upon him than that which the great Kentuckian passes upon the ignoble and fallen Pennsylvanian.

A WASTE OF LATIN.—A New York paper tells a good anecdote apropos of Judge McCunn's court. It says that the other day the learned judge was remarking that something in the evidence "showed the *animus*" of a certain proceeding, when one of the roughs who happened to be present, hearing the word, and taking it for something belligerent, sprang to his feet and prepared to roll up his sleeves, with the remark, "What's that he says? If there's goin' to be any *muss* about here, jest remember that I'm around!" The coming disturbance was finally quieted, but the judge had better not run the risk a second time.