msa_sc2901_scm1621-0037 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

VOL. 21.—NO. 38. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1130.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing Two DOLLARS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be published three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

☞ Advertisements published quarterly, semi-annually, or yearly, at moderate rates.

CARDS not exceeding five lines will be published three months for $2.50; six months $4; one year $7. Six to ten lines—three months $3; six months $6; one year $10.

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 no very reasonable terms.

Poetical.

For the "Kent News."

CARRIE,

Daughter of Wm. and Sallie Rodgers, Galena, Md.

BY A. H. ELLWOOD.

Yes, she hath left us, and gone to her rest—
The purest, the brightest, the fairest, the best;
This world was too cold, too bleak and too drear,
And the loved one hath faded, as fadeth the year.

The flowers had withered—yes, every one,
That brightly blossomed 'neath the summer sun
The cold winds of winter blow drear round her tomb,
But she ll wake where the flowers incessantly bloom.

Farewell to the dear one!—Tho' cold in the ground,
Be her form, while thy hot tears are falling around.—
Yet, remember, fond mother, that down from the skies,
On thee she'll be gazing, with love in her eyes

Yet weep thee, young mother; check not thy grief,
In weeping thy sad heart will yet find relief,
Such tears are the dew drops from Heaven that fall,
Giving angelic lustre to Death's gloomy pall.

But wish not, oh, wish not thy lost darling back!
To wander 'mid sorrows on life's thorny track:
That were wishing her young heart thy anguish to see,—
While now 'tis the angel it hath long wished to be.

Yes, weep thee, sad mother!—ah, happy the day,
Could thy weeping bring life to that cold, sleeping clay;
"Jesus wept" and the dead one arose from the tomb;
So thine shall at last rise, to win thee from gloom!

Then wait thee, and watch thee, for life still hath sweets;
In the love that is left thee—in that you will meet,—
Tho' you weep, yet in weeping on Him put your rest,
And remember, "He doeth all things for the best."

Mount Holly, N.J., Jan. 16, 1861.

Tobacco vs. Crinoline.

"Now, dearest Fred," she softly said,
"You must abandon smoking;
It spoils your looks—it spoils your breath;
Indeed it's most provoking.
Did God decree a man should be
A chimney flue regarded?
Then, darling Fred, let it be said,
Tobacco you've discarded."

"Ah, well, my dear," said Fred,
"I fear that will not be so easy;
But like a man, I'll try a plan,
And do the best to please ye.
Did God intend that woman's mind,
Such wondrous things should brew, love;
As bloomers, bustles, crinolines,
Or hoops de dooden do, love?
And mind you I'm not joking—
If you'll abandon crinoline,
By Jove, I'll give up smoking!"

THE HUSBAND QUESTION.—Girls if you simply want to get married, without regard to the quality of your husbands, as most of you do, by all means act like fools. It is the most attractive thing possible and draws the majority of men as honey draws bees. There are at least six stupid men to one sensible one the world over; so that where a staid, sensible, industrious girl gets married once, a good-for-nothing minx, who makes her mother "carry the bundle," can get married half a dozen times. To be sure, if you add the adjective good to the word husbands, you should take a different way to win him; but if you really wish to marry, without much reference to the nature of the man whose name you take, there is no way so certain to do the thing up speedily as to play the fool with all your might. Even among the more reasonable class of men there are hundreds who, in other matters, show common sense, yet in choosing a wife show none at all. But then there isn't one man in ten who knows how properly to treat a good wife when he gets her; so it is nothing but "retributive justice" for them to marry simpletons or flirts, and take the consequences.

For the Kent News.

Sad, Meditative Moments.

Twilight has thrown her mystic veil o'er this fair earth; deeper, still deeper, the mysterious dimness grows, wrapping all nature in twilight's grey yet lovely mantle;—the busy hum of day has almost ceased, and the shades of evening have deepened into darkness. Oh! what enchanting thoughts wrap the soul; what unseen hand leads me astray far into the recesses of times forever gone; calls friendship's voice from time's dark sepulchre, and wakes the pulse in faintest throbs to the thrill of joy.

'Tis memory that has indeliby inscribed with her diamond pen on many musty leaves in my pamphlet of other days—this twilight awakes, and much more. I think of my darling MOTHER, who has been swept far beyond death's darkened tide, and gone to Him who gave and who hath taken away, to wear that crown of gems she wreathed in her unfading diadem, which shall gleam for ever and ever.—But memories come crowding around me of that fond, indulgent mother, that have long been lulled by the winds of adversity and nearly concealed by the billowy waves of time. Now each spectre arises in the distance, which I can plainly discern.

As when a child, I knelt down by her side as she taught me lisp the Lord's prayer, and the good-night kiss, which always bore me to the dreamy land; then no care darted across my sunny path, which was strewn with many of earth's fair flowers, and I fearlessly trod upon the velvet leaves and found no thorn concealed beneath the flowery bed. And as from a prattling child I advanced to maturer years, my mother's smile, my mother's kiss, were still freely given. Methinks I yet can see and feel them; but, alas, it is not so.

Then, as I emerged into womanhood, how marked each look and fond embrace. But not long was I permitted to enjoy life thus, for she was called from this earthly abode to one of eternal duration—the chain that bound us in one unbroken link has been sundered, and she who in the hour of sadness, when joy seemed but a meteor in the long dim distance—when like some dark cloud, our spirits were sad and unhappy—she would like a sweet angel drive all sadness away, and infuse peace within our troubled hearts; or when sickness darkened our brow, and we tossed upon our couch racked with pain, she it was who ministered to us and with an untiring zeal watched each movement and soothed each pain with the almost fairy-like touch of her hand. Ah! my pen is inadequate to describe our Mother's love, for it was unfathomable. But the past year bears a sad, sad story within itself. From these sorrowful recollections I awake to the stern duties of the present, and my frail bark will still be tossed by the winds of adversity and billowy waves of time, until I shall I hope be safely landed into the ocean of eternity.

My darling mother has gone to rest;
She's left this world of care—
No trouble now her can molest
In that celestial sphere.
She there will watch and wait for me
Till I am called to die:
Lord, grant I may my Mother see,
And to her bosom fly!

A. L. S.....

DO GOOD.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perish; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O! man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

A SENSIBLE LANDLORD.—An exchange says: A little incident transpired some time ago, at one of our hotels, which is worthy of notice.

A little girl entered the bar-room and in pitiful tones told the keeper that her mother had sent her there to get eight cents.

"Eight cents!" said the keeper.

"Yes, sir."

"What does your mother want with eight cents. I don't owe her anything."

"Well," said the child, "father spends all his money here for rum, and we have nothing to eat to-day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread."

A loafer remarked to the bar-keeper to "kick the brat out."

"No," said the bar-keeper, "I'll give her the money, and if her father comes back again I'll kick him out."

☞ A bear attacked a farmer's cabin, one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife seized a poker and aimed a happy blow at Bruin. "Give it to him Nancy," cried the valiant husband. After Bruin was dead, he came down from the loft and exclaimed, "Nancy, my dear, ain't we brave?"

How Sal Disgraced the Family.

A traveler in the state of Illinois, some years ago, came to a lone log hut on the prairies, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing box for a table, while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tin ware and a broken delf article or two.

The woman was crying in one 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 an awful trouble here; what's up?"

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

"That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken back by this polite 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 tones of despair.

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

"Well, we can't say, 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 her mother, but there warn't a poortier gal in the West than our Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head now," followed the stricken mother.

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

"Well, ther's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Lehoe, 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 here surrounded by all the luxuries of the country," 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, as lives in the village, and the devil only knows how they are to earn a living!"

ABOUT SECESSION.—We have seen nothing better concerning secession than an answer to a recent letter from Mrs. Jerusha Ann Brown to the editor of the New York Times. Jerusha Ann writes as follows:

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1860.

Dear Mr. Times.—I am a woman, and therefore ignorant, but I should like to be enlightened.

If secession is right and lawful why can't I secede from my husband? He had always been kind and indulgent, (even to my faults,) but he may abuse me, and wouldn't it be well to separate now, before any "overt act" shall be committed? I promised to love and honor him while life lasted, but that was a long time ago, and since then he is changed in many respects—wears whiskers, and is bigger and stronger and therefore I feel justified in withdrawing. Besides as it was "only a compact," and voluntary at that, of course I have a right to withdraw from it at pleasure. I hardly know how we shall manage about the children, but we must divide them in some manner. You need'nt try to reason with me, for my mind is made up. My only wish is to separate peaceably and not make a fuss and break things.

Now if you can give me any information as to the *modus operandi* of dissolving my matrimonial union, I shall be very grateful."

The answer to which is:—

It is not quite in our line of practice to give advice (especially gratis) in such matters, but the case is so simple that "Jerusha Ann" can have very little doubt how to act. The first thing she has to do is to resume her original sovereignty. The next thing is to refuse to obey orders,—and take possession of her husband's pantaloons, boots and other property situated within her jurisdiction. Then if he takes steps to recover his property and re-establish his authority, he is clearly "*making war*" on his wife; and there is nothing in the original compact to warrant any such proceeding. On the contrary, it was plainly the intent of the parties at the outset that the Union should be one of affection and not of force. When things have reached this point, if he is a reasonable man, he can certainly be made to see the impropriety and the extreme danger of any such action on his part; and thus the whole matter will be comfortably and peaceably arranged.

☞ MRS. Partington told Bemus, the other day, in confidence, that a young man had committed infanticide by blowing his brains up in a state of delirium tremendous, and the coroner was holding a conquest over his remains.

☞ A down East editor asks his subscribers to pay up, that he may play a similar *joke* upon his creditors. We like to see a good joke go round.

The Union.

PARODY.

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE."

Madmen, spare that flag!
Touch not a single star;
From sea to mountain crag
Its stripes have gleamed afar;
'Twas our forefathers' hand
That gave it as our lot,
There, madmen, let it stand,
Your rage shall harm it not!

That flag of Liberty,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea;
And would ye strike it down?
Madmen, suspend your will,
Cut not its heaven-born ties;
Our Country's ensign still,
Streaked with celestial dyes!

On Ocean's wave and heath,
In battle and in blast,
Our fathers cheered beneath,
Or nailed it to the mast;
A tear for those who fell,
For those who lived renown,
It caught their last farewell—
Oh! do not hew it down.

Our heart-strings round thee cling,
And mem'ries o'er thee crowd;
On field and deck thy wing
Has been a freeman's shroud!
Old flag, the storm still brave;
And Traitors, leave the spot;
While we've an arm to save
Your rage shall harm it not.

Bishop Whittingham Approves of Governor Hicks' Course.

It must be gratifying to Gov. HICK'S friends to know that the distinguished Bishop of the Diocese of Maryland heartily endorses the Governor's position, as will appear from the following letter:

To his Excellency, T. H. Hicks,
Governor of Maryland:

SIR—I am indebted to your courtesy for official copy of your address to the people of Maryland. I had already read it through, in another form, with intense interest. In ordinary times I should not feel it to be right to intrude on you with an expression of my private opinion. But in the present emergency, even the least contribution of support to one in high place, exposed to extraordinary assault upon his firmness and integrity, may be neither importune nor unwelcome. I have been in ten counties of this State since the first of November, and in each of them conversant with some among the most influential and respectable men of the county. In all, without any exception, I have found convictions of the present *duty* and *policy* of Maryland, in the main agreeing with those expressed by your address, almost exclusively prevalent among those with whom I met.

May I be allowed to say, that in my own opinion, your forcible, frank, manly and true-hearted statement of your policy and the grounds on which it has been adopted and will be maintained, cannot but be attended (under the Divine blessing) with the happiest results.

I belong to no party, and have never, in any way, mingled in political discussions or contests; but it is not possible, in twenty years' incessant and close study of Maryland and its people, not to have formed pretty clear and strong opinions of the prospects and interests of the State. Mine, such as they are, bear out fully everything that you have assumed or asserted concerning those interests and prospects in your address.

My humble efforts, therefore, shall not be wanting in my sphere, to back your noble persistency in keeping Maryland in her only true, right, safe attitude of dignified and quiet expectation of legitimate redress of past wrongs and provision against contingent dangers, in the regular working of the constitutional government of the United States.

For what you have already done to that effect, and are still doing, be pleased to accept the very sincere expression of the warm admiration and heartiest thanks of your personally obliged and truly grateful

Friend and servant,
W. R. WHITTINGHAM.

Baltimore, Jan. 9th, 1861.

To this the Governor made an appropriate reply, and asked for permission to publish the letter of the Bishop, believing that it would tend greatly to allay the excitement of the people, to which the Bishop replied, granting the request.

Letter from Ex-President Tyler.

The Hon. John Tyler, ex-President of the United States, is out in a letter in regard to the impending crisis. He reviews at length the aggressions of the North, opposes the doctrine of coercion, declares that the destiny of Virginia is with the South, and suggests that she (Virginia) should inaugurate a meeting of the border slave States, with New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, free States, each to be represented by two commissioners, to agree upon some plan of adjustment to be submitted to the other States. If they cannot agree, then, says Mr. Tyler, it may safely be concluded that the restoration of peace and concord has become impossible. He adds, however:

All other efforts having failed, then I would advise, as a dernier measure, a convention of all the Southern States, and after incorporating upon the present constitution guarantees going not one iota beyond what strict justice and the security of the South require, adopt the constitution of the United States as it now is, and give a broad invitation to the other States to enter our Union with the old flag flying over one and all. When this done, I would say, in conclusion, to all my countrymen, rally back in all speed to the constitution, thus invigorated and strengthened, and let this for all time to come be written on every heart as a motto, that, under all circumstances, and in every condition of things, there is but one post of safety, and that is to stand by the constitution.

THE EFFECT.—The Wilmington (N.C.) Herald says: It was announced by the Journal, and no doubt flew by telegraph to different parts of the country, that one hundred guns were fired in this place yesterday in honor of the secession of South Carolina. We would like to send along with that report a statement of the *effect* produced by the unnecessary waste of so much powder. It must have disconcerted the gentlemen engaged in the melancholy display very much. In less than twenty minutes after the firing commenced every vessel in port, we believe, except one, *run up the Stars and Stripes!*

There has not been such a display of bunting on our river and along our wharves for a long time. On our way to dinner we turned, and looked down Dock street and across the river where the secession cannons were placed; and between us and the smoke which rolled along the water at each discharge, and *far above* it floated serenely in all its pride, and beauty, the gorgeous ensign of the Republic; now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms, and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased, or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—*What is all this worth?*—nor those other words of delusion and folly—*Liberty first and Union afterwards*—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, that sentiment dear to every American heart—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

And we thank God that it was still the flag of our country, and uttered a fervent prayer that it might still protect the sacrilegious hands that trample it in the dust, and might still wave in triumph over every land and sea, and continue throughout all time the refuge of the oppressed and the safeguard of the free.

SWIFTNESS IN SKATING.—In some countries swiftness upon the ice is more desired and sought after than elegance. In Friesland, a country noted for its very rigorous winters, a regular race course is formed upon the ice, and males and females join in the skating contest. It is a very common thing for the men to be most shamefully beaten by the women in these races. In 1808, at Goldingen, two women entered on a contest in a prize skating race, and accomplished the distance of thirty miles in two hours. A speed of fifteen miles an hour has many times been recorded as having been accomplished on skates. In Canada swift skating is thought most of in connection with the accomplishment.—An instance is recorded of an officer in the army skating from Montreal to Quebec, a distance of over one hundred and seventy-five miles, in one day. When we consider that the ice on a river like the St. Lawrence is not quite so smooth as the Central Park pond ice, it must be acknowledged that the feat was a difficult one and required a little perseverance. Lincolnshire, in England, is noted for its fens, which in severe winters freeze over and form a splendid, wide and glassy surface to glide over. Lincolnshire men are very often swift skaters, and an instance is recorded of one having skated a mile in two minutes and fifty-eight seconds.

CAN THE DEAD WIN AT CARDS.—A very curious law case came recently before a German court, arising from the following circumstances:

A gentleman sat at a faro table in the town of Kothen, in Saxon, playing with the usual attention and silence. Several plays were made, and the cards which the gentleman continued unchangingly to put forward, won repeatedly. The gold pushed towards the winner by the croupier, however, was not drawn by him, and after several more accumulations had made the pile inconveniently large, the keeper of the bank rather angrily requested the fortunate man to take in his money. With his eye fixed on his card, the player took no notice of the request.

"Draw in your gold!" was again uttered by several around. No answer.

"Monsieur! you incommode the other players!" said the croupier.

The same motionless silence.

A person sitting next the offender took hold of his hand. It was stone cold—the winner was dead.

As the body was being removed, the croupier drew back the money he had shoved towards the dead player, alleging that the game based upon reciprocal engagements, could not exist between the dead and the living. The heirs of the defunct presented themselves the day after declaring that the winner had regularly commenced and continued the game. The question was carried before the tribunal of Koethen, and will probably depend on the evidence as to the point of time when the player ceased to live.

Humorous Readings.

Mr. and Mrs. Doubledot,

A QUARRELSOME COUPLE, WHO ARE KNOWN AMONG THEIR FRIENDS AS THE "DOG AND CAT."

A scene enacted by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul in their entertainments, which have become very popular throughout England. In London they gave one thousand representations, being the longest "run" ever attained in the metropolis by any entertainment, with the single exception of the late Albert Smith's Lectures on "Mont Blanc:"

He. Let me have a moment's peace!
I implore, I beg, I pray!
Stay your tongue! your scolding cease,
Or you'll scare my wits away!
Wrangle, clatter, noise and din!
All day long endure I can't!
Do be quiet! Pray give in!
Will you madam?
She. No, I shan't!
He. Tell me, then, what have I done?
She. Everything! Don't ask me what!
You would break a heart of stone!
He. So would you! Now would she not?
She. There! Just like you! Off you go!
In a rage you always fly,
'Tis a shame to treat me so!
I'll not bear it!
He. Nor will I!
She. Ne'er was wife so badly used!
What I suffer none can know!
Snubbed, neglected and abused!
Where do you expect to go?
He. Silence, madam! I command!
Hush, this instant. Pray forbear,
Some one's coming close at hand!
They will hear you!
She. I don't care!
He. Do you wish to drive me mad?
Stay! what's this? Oh, never! Tears!
Pray, forgive me. 'Twas too bad.
She. Leave me, or I'll box your ears!
He. Really, madam, 'pon my life,
This is going much to far;
I'm your husband!
She. I'm your wife!
He. Then obey me!
She. Ha! ha! ha!
Do you take me for a slave?
He. There, there; come, now, let it rest!
She. For as such I'll not behave!
He. Goodness, gracious, what a pest!
She. Yes, 'tis I that's all to blame!
Well, 'tis woman's lot to bear!
He. What the dickens——
She. Sir, for shame!
Rave, abuse, but do not swear!
You must know I'm far from strong;
Spare me, then, this new distress.
I shall not be with you long!
HE. Blissful thought, what happiness!
SHE. I declare—now, if I don't—
Cruel man, to let you see me
Go and drown myself!
HE. No, don't think what would become of me!
SHE. Sir. you are a perfect brute!
HE. Like yourself, my love, I fear,
SHE. And a wretch, beyond dispute!
HE. Then we are a pair, my dear.
SHE. Would your face I'd never seen!
HE. Fond regrets, alas! how vain!
SHE. What a goose I must have been!
HE. Yes, and constant still remain!
SHE. Oh, you monster!
HE. Oh, you shrew!
SHE. Ruffian!
HE. Vixen!
SHE. Fright!
HE. Old squib!
SHE. You're a savage!
HE. You're a screw!
SHE. You're another!
HE. That's a fib!
SHE. Sir, your shoulders I will flog
Black and blue. I tell you that!
HE. Yes, you treat me like a *Dog!*
SHE. So you are!
HE. Then you're *Cat!*

MODEL VERDICT.—An Irishman out West, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some greenwood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the burning pile; but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut it off at the desirable moment, was blown into a million pieces. The coroner for this occasion reasoned out this verdict:

"It can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't 'visitation of God,' because he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything left to breathe with; it's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in, died for want of common sense."

☞ A Western editor suspended the publication of his paper one week, for the purpose of trying his hand at poetry; and after a long and laborious trial, he brought forth the following:

"'Tain't every man can be a poet,
No more'n a sheep can be a go-at!"

☞ The following is an exact copy of a notice posted up in New Jersey town:

"LOST—a calf red. He had a white spot on one of his behind legs. He was a she calf. I will give three dollars to everybody what will bring him home."

☞ A "stuck-up" sort of a genius entered a shop, and turning up his nose at some apples in the window, exclaimed:

"Are those apples fit for a hog to eat?"

"I don't know; try them and see," was the instant reply of the shopkeeper.