msa_sc2901_scm1621-0209 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 22.—No. 30. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861. WHOLE No. 1122.

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 on very reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

Going Up and Coming Down.

This is a simple song, 'tis true—
My songs are never over nice,
And yet I'll try and scatter through
A little pinch of good advice.
Then listen pompous friend and learn
Never to boast of such renown;
For fortune's wheel is on the turn—
And some go up, and some go down.

I know a vast amount of stocks
A vast amount of pride insures;
But faith has picked so many locks,
I would not like to warrant yours.
Remember, then, and never spurn
To one whose hand is hard and brown;
For he is likely to go up,
And you are likely to come down.

Another thing, you will agree—
The truth may as well be confessed—
That "codfish aristocracy"
Is but a scaly thing at best;
And though the fish is large and strong,
May seek the little ones to drown,
Yet fishes all, both great and small,
Are going up and coming down.

Our lives are full of chance and change,
And change, you know, is never sure;
And 'twere a doctrine new and strange
That place high are most secure.
And though the fickle god may smile,
And yield the sceptre and the crown,
'Tis only for a little while,
That B goes up and A comes down.

This world for you and me, my friend,
Hath something more than pounds and pence;
Then let me humbly recommend
A little use of common sense.
Thus lay all pride of place aside,
And have a care on whom you frown,
For fear you'll see him going up,
When you are only coming down.

THE ART OF SHOPPING.

We are all satisfied that gentlemen have no genius for shopping They are not equal to it. Nature has left their faculties imperfect in that particular. They can write books and make speeches, and all that sort of thing, but they are not up to shopping. It takes the ladies for that. Men go to a store, select what they want, and buy it. But that is not shopping; that requires no genius. Men pretend they do not like to go shopping with the ladies. I wonder who ever asked them? What lady would have such an incumbrance on such occasions? Men are well enough in their places. Young gentlemen are convenient to take us to concerts, and see us home from church, and bring us boquets and music; and husbands are useful to pay the bills, &c., but for a shopping excursion they are quite out of place. Do you understand me to insinuate that I have distinguished ability that way? Not at all; I only speak of my sex. In fact, I acknowledge myself a poor hand at it.—But my friend, Sallie R——, is a model shopper. I am taking lessons of her, and hope to be perfect by the time I am married. A few days since she invited me to go with her.

"I wish to look at the new style of silks," said she

"Why, do you want to get a new dress?" I asked.

"Really," said Sallie, "if it was not impolite, I should say that you were a verdant. I don't want a dress, but that's no reason why I should not see the material."

So Sallie and I sallied out. The first store we entered she asked whether the merchant had received his spring goods. He said he had, and inquired what she would like to see.

"Show me your new style dress goods," said she, "such as barege robes, and lawn robes, and handsome stripid plaid silks; brocades and changeable silks are not much worn this spring, but I'll look at your solid colors."

The merchant soon had his counter spread with goods. She examined and tossed them about, making various creases in them to see whether they would come out again by rubbing.

"What style is worn?" said Sallie to the clerk.

"Well, we sell probably more plaid stripes than any other."

"Have you any with chene stripes?" inquired Sallie.

"Oh, yes! some very fine," and a number of pieces were produced.

"Well, I can't say, after all, that I like the chene stripes: the green is very pretty."

So Sallie held it in various lights, rubbing it and creasing it.

"Well, it don't crease much," said she, "I wonder whether it will cut?"

"No, it is boiled silk; and we find that the plaid and stripes wear very well."

"Your silks are very pretty, and you may cut off a sample if you please," continued Sailie.

This the merchant was forced to do, though with rather a bad grace, as most of his goods were in patterns, and he feared spoiling the piece.

"Will you be kind enough to give me samples of the solid colors?"

They were all furnished.

"This plaid, you say, is $1.37. Is that the lowest?"

"Yes; we can't take less."

"How many yards in the pattern?"

"Fourteen."

"I'd rather have eighteen; perhaps I might conclude to have flounces. Well, I'll take the sample and show it to my mother, and then make up my mind.—Have you any Coates' cotton?—give me a spool, No. 33."

This was handed her; she paid five cents and we left. I looked at my watch. We had been there exactly one hour!

"What a cheat! I can buy the spools for four cents," said Sallie, when we were fully out; "and besides we forgot their shawls."

So we went to another store.

"Have you any Stella shawls?"

"Yes, some beautiful ones, just opened. Would you like to see the broche borders or printed?"

"Both."

"Any particular colors?"

"No, sir; I'll look at them all," said Sallie.

Different colors and patterns were accordingly produced.

"What is the price of green centre broche border?"

"We can afford you that for $9; same style sold for $15 two months ago."

Some printed borders were put up for $4.50.

"No, I prefer broche, but cant you take less?"

I saw a twinkle in the merchant's eye which made me think he knew she was only shopping.

"Now," said he, "if you won't mention it, I'll let you have it for $6.

Sallie looked surprised. She knew the article was selling at $9.

"Six dollars, is that your lowest?"

"Well, to oblige you I will say $4!" said the merchant.

A pause ensued.

Then you think $4 is the lowest."

"Ahem! have a large lot and want to dispose of them, I'll say $2.50."

"Are you sure it is a first rate piece of goods?"

"I'll warrant it all silk and wool," said the merchant.

My friend was caught. Turning to me she whispered:

"I do wish I had brought some money!" and then addressing the merchant, said, "I will call again!"

I never was so glad to get out of a store before; for the clerks had gathered around us, seeming to understand the joke. But Sallie went home, got the money, and insisted upon my returning with her to the store for the shawl. The trader said he was sorry, very, but the shawl had just been sold! And so was Sallie, too, I thought. We went shopping no more that afternoon.

Treatment of the Hair.

The following, taken from an old London magazine, may contain a great deal of truth: "If the ladies will trust to our science on the subject of hair, in the first place we can assure them, most confidently, that so far it is from being true that oil and pomatums increase the lustre of the hair, their effects is to diminish the same; while, whatever gloss they may give to the hair which is dull, is false, and like all other falsities, disgusting. Absolute cleanliness, by means of water alone, to commence, followed by brushing in the direction of the hair itself, in a dry state, is the true method of giving to the hair all the polish of which it is susceptible; and it is the effect of oils of all kinds to disturb or injure this, to say nothing of the disgust and necessary dirtiness of greasy hair. It is the effect of oils also to prevent it from curling, and this object is most effectually obtained by curling it when wet, and suffering it to dry in that state. And as it happens that almost all hair has a tendency to curl in one direction than another, it is useful to study that tendency, so as to conform to it in the artificial applications, the whole of the so-called curling fluids are mere impositions; while one which is really effectual, and at the same time inoffensive, is a weak solution of isinglass, by which a very firm and permanent form can be given to the hair."

Personal Friend—"I say, Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out at the elbow?" Jones—"You see, Thompson, my wife dresses according to the Gazette of Fashion, and I dress according to my ledger."

Sequestration a Barren Power.

In an able article on the Sequestration Act of the Southern Confederary the Baltimore American shows its weakness and inutility in the most unmistakable manner. For all practical purposes it thinks the act will prove a failure. As the subject is an important one, involving many millions of dollars, we give the main points of the American's argument, as follows:

"Sequestration," one of the great powers sought to be wielded by Mr. Jefferson Davis for the benefit of the collapsed Richmond treasury, has *prima facie* a very formidable look, particularly when we learn that "eight hundred millions of dollars" is the amount calculated upon as the fruits of their iniquities in abusing past confidence. At first flush it looks as if the Rebels would really be set up by such an amount right at hand, and which they have only to grab as they may have occasion for it. But let us see. Take the case of a railroad corporation in the Seceded States, where the stock—a common case—is owned largely by Northern capitalist, citizens of New York, perhaps. Suppose three hundred thousand dollars thus invested and the agent of Mr. Davis to call for it. A meeting of the directors is summoned, the case stated, and what, ninety times in the hundred, would be the result? Why the railroad company, staggering along under the disabilities of the times, having, as likely as not, already in hand half a million in Confederate scrip (perhaps payment for the transportation of Rebel troops), would probably hand back the "whitey-brown paper" to the Confederate treasury, instead of the coveted gold and silver, with perhaps the other fifty thousand in depreciated non-specie paying bank paper; and so, for available purposes, Mr. Jefferson Davis would be right where he started, no richer than he was before in what he wants—*money!*

If it is a bank that is thus assailed, the result would be essentially the same, although in that case it might all come in its own paper, depreciated, as we have said, to an approximation with the Confederate scrip. In no case *money.* If it is the case of a Southern merchant owing debts in New York or Philadelphia, the chances would be that the 'Sequestration' agent would get either nothing as the fruits of the ruin inaugurated there, or more of the "whitey-brown paper" with which that region is flooded. And so on to the end of the chapter.

Suppose it is landed property; that it is to be seized and appropriated. The Confederate agent would have to hold it, for as long as the result of the war is doubtful, as long as the gloomy prospect before them does not brighten, who would be mad enough there, even, to accept a landed title from the Confederate Government and pay gold or silver for it?

That this is all so, is shown plainly enough in the fact that whereas they boast of having "eight hundred millions of dollars" at command in this direction, yet cannot, at last accounts, raise ten or fifteen millions even for their most pressing wants. Never in the world was the old fable of Tantulas exhibited to more advantage than in their case—starving in sight of abundance.

Meanwhile the ingenuity of man could not have devised a course so well calculated to perpetuate the ruin they are inaugurating for themselves. Breaking faith with the thousands of capitalists who have liberally invested in their mines, railroads, banks, shipping interests and so on, who will go back there to put themselves in the power of men who have shown so little regard for the rights of society; and what will be the development of a section in future which it is now acknowledged was indebted to the other section in the large amount referred to?

LIEUT. MULLAN'S EXPEDITION IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Intelligence has been received in Oregon from Lieut. Mullan's road party to October 1st. They have passed the dividing ridge of the Bitter Root mountains in Washington Territory, and were encamped in one of the valleys of the St. Regis Borgia river. The several tributaries to the Cœur d'Alene river have been bridged, and a good, practicable road obtained by grading down the slopes of the mountains, making the entire distance of the line opened from Fort Walla-Walla 250 miles. The men, citizens and soldiers, were generally in good health, cheerful and contented in their mountain home.

SCARCITY OF SALT.—Salt still seems a scarce article in the Southern States.—The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph says that

"This article is rising, as a merchant remarked yesterday, at the rate of about one dollar per day. It is thought that it will command $20 per sack before the end of this month. One of our firms, with the design of preventing speculation, positively refuses to sell more than five sacks to one man, and he must be a planter. In New Orleans, fifty sacks is as much as can be bought by one man."

THE U. S. FLAG IN THE SECEDED STATES. The United States flag now waves in six of the seceded States, to wit: In North Carolina, over Fort Hatteras; in South Carolina, at Beaufort; in Florida, at Key West and Fort Pickens; in Mississippi, at Ship Island; in Eastern Tennessee and at various places in Virginia.

[From the London Star.]

Uitimate Triumph of the American Arms.

The triumph of the Federal arms may be distant, but it is not on that account the less certain. The North has within itself all the elements of vitality. It has not only in abundance the blood and muscle which training will fashion into good fighting men, but it possesses the wealth which makes the sinews of a campaign. The war must no doubt prejudicially affect, but it cannot paralyse its domestic industry. The battle-field is not upon its free soil, and agriculture and manufacture may thrive in regions far removed from the scenes of border warfare. Its foreign trade may laugh to scorn the threats of Southern privateers, while its naval squadrons capture the lairs from which the pirates hoped to issue forth in search of prey. But how stands it with the South? Its only source of wealth is the produce of its own fields, and into these its adversary is gradually creeping, to the necessary suspension of their cultivation. Its raw materials are a mere drug if they cannot be sent to foreign markets, and a rigorous blockade of its ports cuts it off from acces to the consumer. It has been accustomed to import from the North a large proportion of the food for its human chattels, but these supplies are stopped so long as the war endures. It must feed its slaves or suffer them to go free, and every dollar expended on their sustenance might as well be thrown into the sea, so long as they produce nothing, or till the earth to bring forth fruits which cannot find a market. It needs only a given lapse of time to compel the South to succumb through sheer poverty.

The Massacre of Federal Troops at Guyandotte.

CINCINNATI, NOV. 12.—The defeat of the Union troops at Guyandotte, Va., was accomplished by the trickery of the inhabitants conspiring with a force of rebels, variously estimated at from five hundred to one thousand men, who concentrated in the country back of the town. These troops proposed, with the assistance of the rebel inhabitants of Guyandotte, to annihilate the Federal troops stationed at the town, consisting of 250 men—part of a Virginia regiment and a few of Col. Zeigler's Virginia cavalry.

It was arranged between the rebel cavalry and rebel citizens to massacre our troops in cold blood. Accordingly these rebel citizens assumed a very friendly manner to our troops last Sunday evening, and invited them to their houses on various pretexts, and all who were off duty accepted the invitation. While being thus entertained the rebel cavalry dashed into the town.

Signals were displayed from every house where the Federal soldiers were, and into these the rebels rushed, murdering the unarmed soldiers in cold blood. The rebel citizens, both men and women, rushed to arms and aided the cavalry in the slaughter. The small body of Federalists in the camp prepared as soon as possible for a defense, but they were overpowered, and had to break and retreat. Very few were killed in the engagement with the rebels, nearly all the killed being murdered in the houses of the secessionists. Under these circumstances, when Colonel Zeigler arrived there and learned the particulars of the affair, he ordered the destruction of the town, when the buildings were immediately fired and the whole town was reduced to ashes.

PURCHASE OF A PAIR OF SHOES IN NASHVILLE.—A writer in the Nashville (Tenn.) Patriot gives his experience in attempting to purchase a pair of sewed boots in that city, in the following words:—The owner of the shop took down from a peg a pair of stitch downs. I tried them on. I must do them the justice to say that they fitted me as handsomely as if my feet had been melted and poured into them. I determined to buy them, cost what they might.—"I'll take these," said I stamping my right foot violently on the floor, and taking a ten dollar bill from my vest pocket. "Take your pay out of that," said I, handing him the costly shinplaster. I really believe the individual who stood before me at that moment was the most thoroughly astonished bootmaker that I ever saw. He looked first at the money and then at me, turning alternately pale and red, while his eyeballs protruded from their sockets as if they were being shoved outward by some hydraulic pressure within. At last, just as I was about to cry "fire," or run for a doctor, or something of the sort, he spoke, "You are from the country, ain't you?"—I answered that I was. "I thought so," said he; "them boots is eighteen dollars!" I didn't say another word. I sat down and pulled off "them boots," more in sorrow than in anger, drew on my own, and walked out of the shop. The proprietor of the establishment must have taken me for the Prince of Wales, or the owner of the State Bank. Eighteen dollars for a pair of boots! I earnestly trust that posterity will not think me too particular about trifles, but I can't pay such prices.

A HANDSOME young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding-day. One of her bridesmaids asked the subject of her meditation. "I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaux I should marry in case I should become a widow."

HOW A DRUNKEN LOVER LOOKS.—In a "Life for a Life," the authoress thus truthfully portrays it:—"I have been thinking how horrible it must be to see anybody one cares for drunk—the honest eyes dull and meaningless; the wise lips jabbering foolishness; the whole face and figure, instead of being what one likes to look at, takes pleasure to see in the same room, even, growing ugly, irrational, disgusting—more like a beast than a man. Yet some women have to bear it, have to speak kindly to their husbands, hide their brutishness and keep them from making worse fools of themselves than they can help. I have seen it done, not merely by working-men's wives, but lady-wives in drawing-rooms. I think if I were married, and saw my husband the least overcome by wine, not 'drunk' it may be but just excited, silly, otherwise than his natural self, it would nearly drive me wild. Less on my own account than his. To see him sink—not for a great crime, but a contemptible, cowardly bit of sensualism—from the height where my love had placed him; to have to take care of him, to pity him—ay, and I might pity him—but I think the full glory and passion of my love would die out, then and there, forever."

PORT ROYAL already has a history full of romance. Here, three hundred years ago, (1562,) the French, under Ribault, endeavored to establish a colony, who, says Bancroft, "came upon Port Royal entrance, which seemed the outlet of a magnificent river. The greatest ships of France and the argosies of Venice could ride securely in the deep water of the harbor." Twenty-six composed the party which was to keep possession of the continent. Fort Charles, the Carolina, called in honor of Charles IX. of France, gave the name to the country. The colony perished, though the name remained. The present Beaufort was founded in 1700.—Hewatt, in his Carolina, printed in 1750, says of Port Royal, "the whole royal navy might ride with safety in Port Royal harbor. Its situation renders it an excellent station for a squadron of ships in time of war."

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—A pretty hand and a pretty foot always go together—when we speak of one we always think of the other. For this reason, stepping on a woman's foot is equivalent to squeezing her hand, and equally proper, but sometimes more convenient, as it can be done under the table. Be careful, however, never to attempt it at a crowded table for fear of making a mistake. We once saw a lady very much confused, who was trying to give a signal to a gentleman opposite, and instead of his, she trod and pressed on the corn covered toes of an old bachelor. He bore it as long as he could, and then very quietly remarked. "Madam, when you wish to step on a gentleman's toes, be particular and get the foot that belongs to him—for the last five minutes you have been jamming my corns most unmercifully."

I WANT 'EM NOW.—It was way up out of the world, somewhere near the Saco river, in the Pine-tree State, that Major Warning lived. He raised heaps of melons, cucumbers, and other garden truck. His nephew Joe, who lived a mile off, was given to stealing. One night Joe crept into the major's melon patch, and filled his pocket with cucumbers, tied up a lot of melons in his handkerchief, and was about decamping when the hand of the major was laid on his shoulder, and Joe stood. The major spoke: "Joseph! Joseph! what have you to say for yourself? Joseph, you thief, you rogue! to come here and rob your uncle, when you might have had all you wanted for the asking! When you want cucumbers or melons don't steal 'em; come and ask for them, and I'll give you all you want; only ask for them whenever you want 'em." Joe felt very *melon*-choly, but managed to cry out: "Well, I want 'em now!"

WHAT A BOY'S POCKETS CONTAIN.—Did you ever examine the contents of a boy's pockets? If you have a son, just attempt it some time, and you will be surprised at the collection. We caught our devil the other day and made him disgorge. We found one eelskin, a piece of chalk, a stub of a lead pencil, seven marbles (one a china alley,) a steel pen, an odd mitten, a tongueless jewsharp, a chunk of taffee candy (very dirty,) an iron screw, a piece of hard putty, four peanuts, a lot of dried orange peel, a comic song (very much worn), a reward of merit dated July, 1860, and quite dilapidated, a stem of a tobacco pipe, portion of a horse shoe, a leaden ten cent piece (showing marks of teeth,) one wooden skewer, a lucky bone, and to cover and protect the whole, an extraordinarily dirty pocket handkerchief, the original color of which could not be exactly determined. Not one of the articles would he part with except for a consideration.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE SENATOR DOUGLAS.—The citizens of Chicago last week completed the organization of the "Douglas Mounment Association," to be incorporated under an act of the Legislature of Illinois. This association proposes to erect a monument to the memory of the late Stephen A. Douglas, with a capital stock of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, divided into one hundred and fifty thousand shares of one dollar each. The operations of the association are to be carried on in the city of Chicago.

Kindness Toward Milch Cows.

One of the greatest errors in overcoming cows that are unquiet while being milked, is to whip, beat, kick, and bawl at them. This is generally done, and the cow becomes afraid or angry, and instead of becoming better, grows worse. Milch cows cannot be whipped or terrified into standing quietly, gently and patiently during milking. They dislike to be milked, for they know that loud words and hard blows always attend the operation. They dread to see the milker as the urchin dreads to see the birchen-rod in the hand of an angry pedagogue, when he expects to have it applied to his back.

A cow, kindly and properly treated, is pleased to see the milker, gladly awaits his or her approach, and submits with pleasure to the operation of being milked. Every one having experience with cows knows this to be true. But the cow is opposed to change of milkers; she soon becomes attached to one person who performs the operation, and does not willingly and freely give down her milk to another person; therefore, have one regular milker to certain cows; and bear in mind, if you change milkers, it is at the expense of a loss of milk and of injury to the cow.

All animals appreciate kind treatment, and resent abusive treatment. See that those who milk them can control themselves, govern their passions, speak low and kindly, under almost any provocation, and soon the cows will learn that they are not going to be abused, and will submit to the operation. Milking should be performed at regular hours, not varying fifteen minutes one day from the other. No talking or laughing should be permitted.

Watering Sheep in Winter.

That sheep can do with less water than other domestic animals, is well known. That they should be *forced* to do with a less quantity than they desire, or compelled to do without any, except what is accidentally supplied by melting snow or rain, no reasonable or merciful man can believe for a moment. In some experiments on South Down sheep, at Rothemstead, we found that in the summer months each sheep ate three pounds of clover hay, and drank about six pounds of water daily.

Thinking that they drank more than was favorable for the disposition of fat, we confined them to a less quantity of water for one week. The result was that during that time, they ate less food and lost weight. The result satisfied us that sheep knew better than man, though he was scientific, how much water they required.

But we need not quote experiments.—The common sense of every man tells him that sheep, as well as other animals, should be abundantly supplied with good, fresh water. Cows and sheep, if possible, should have free access to it at all times. For, unlike the horse, they will not always drink at stated times, however regularly observed. A well, pump and trough would seem, therefore, to be necessary appendages to every weel-managed barn-yard or sheep fold. Kind reader, act on this matter, and your sheep and cows will bless you, if not in words, at least in wool, milk and profit.—*Prairie Farmer.*

☞ A Bowery boy who, being cut short in a hard life by a sore disease, which quickly brought him to death's door, was informed by his physician that medicine could do nothing for him. "What's my chances, doctor?" "Not worth speaking of." "One in twenty?" "Oh no." "In thirty?" "No." "Fifty?" "I think not." "A hundred?" "Well, perhaps there may be one in a hundred." "I say, then, doctor," pulling him close down, and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "Jest you go in like h— on that one chance!" The doctor "went in," and the patient recovered.

CANDID ON BOTH SIDES.—"I suppose," said a quack while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

THEOLOGICAL VIEW OF CRINOLINE.—A French Bishop said lately in a sermon: "Let women remember while putting on their profuse and expansive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

DANDIES.

A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if he could;
But since he can't does all he can
To let you know he's not a man.

"Pray, Miss E," said a gentleman, the other evening, 'why are ladies so fond of officers?'

'How stupid!' she replied; 'is it not natural that a lady should like a good offer, sir?'

A lady having written a letter, concluded it as follows:...Give everybody's love to every body, so that nobody may be aggrieved by any body being forgotten by somebody.

Lord Bryon once said. "You never know a man's temper until you have been imprisoned on board of a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her.

A man who avoids matrimony on account of the cares of wedded life is compared to one who would amputate a leg to save his toes from corns.

THERE are some persons who cannot find words for their thoughts; and others who cannot find thoughts for their words.