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The Kent News.

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

VOL. 23.—No. 42. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863. WHOLE No. 1154.

The Kent News:

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

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Select Poetry.

O, WHAT IS THE MATTER?

BY "OLD PRECIOUS."

O, what is the matter with Bella, to-night?
Her eyes, once so timid, are flashing with light,
Her cheeks are suffused with a soft carmine hue,
Like rose-buds just opening to sunshine and dew;
Her voice once so low in its musical tone,
Now warbles a gladness I never have known—
A passionate cadence as tender and deep,
As if angels had taught her their songs in her sleep.

A swift, glowing smile, o'er her red lips has stole,
As if some sunny thought had just wakened her soul;
Low whispering fancies so joyous and bright,
They deepen her glances with hope and delight,
Now brightening, now shading those speaking "brown eyes;"
You'd deem them twin-stars, wandered down from the skies,
As soft glancing up with a shy, startled look,
Her soul trembles in them like light in a brook.

O, what has thrown o'er her such exquisite grace?
Did she steal from the red-rose the blush on her face?
Or learn from the notes of a wild, warbling bird,
The music that floats from her lips in a word?
The glance of her bright eyes, say, what do they tell?
'Tis hope of the future that lights them in Bell;
But see, the bright flush, stealing soft o'er her cheek,
Has told me a tale that *she never would speak.*

That Love, floating by, on his musical wing,
Has taken her heart for a rose-bud of spring,
And opening the quivering leaves of her soul,
Entranced and beguiled it beyond her control—
Waving his wand o'er the fountain of feeling,
Her glow of delight his joys all revealing,
Then chanting a melody tender and low,
That quickened the tides of her heart in their flow.

He taught her to warble the raptures she heard,
Till her heart grew as light as the song of a bird;
Now throbbing and thrilling in musical chime,
Beneath the wild thrills of his exquisite rhyme;
So sweet the dear accents, so tender and kind,
That they fettered her soul, her being and mind;
I think I can tell you this heart chaining spell
All lay in the love yet unspoken by "Bell."

Singing by Young Women.

It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of salubrious exercise, ought to be cultivated not only as an accomplishment but as the means of preserving health.—He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady, and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. In his remarks on this subject, the doctor introduces a fact which was suggested to him by his professional experience, which is, that the exercise of the chest by singing contributes very much to defend them from the diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans, he continues, are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor has he known more than one instance of spitting blood among them.—This, he believes, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constituted an essential branch of their education.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A PATRIOTIC SOLDIER.—A surgeon in one of the Alexandria military hospitals writes in a private note:

Our wounded men bear their sufferings nobly; I have hardly heard a word of complaint from one of them. A soldier from the 'stern and rock-bound coast' of Maine—a victim of the slaughter at Fredericksburg—lay in the hospital, his life ebbing away from a fatal wound. He had a father, brothers and sisters, a wife and one little boy of two or three years old on whom his heart seemed set. Half an hour before he ceased to breathe, I stood by his side, holding his hand. He was in the full exercise of his intellectual faculties, and knew he had but a brief time to live. He was asked if he had any message to leave for his dear ones when he loved so well? "*Tell them,*" *said he,* "*how I died—they know how I lived!*"

THE BRAVE BOY.

A CAPITAL STORY.

I shall never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad at the Academy in B——. Among my school fellows were Hartley and Jemeson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to Jemeson I looked as a sort of a feeder in matters of opinion as well as sport. He was not at all malicious, but had a foolish ambition of being thought witty, and he made himself feared by the bad habit of turning things into ridicule and being ever on the lookout for matters of opinion.

Hartley was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning as we were on our way to school, he was driving a cow along the road to a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemeson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemeson.

Halloo, he exclaimed, what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!

Hartley waving his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school in the afternoon he let out the cow, and drove her off, no one knew where, and every day for weeks he went through the same task.

The boys of B—— Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemeson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers of Jemeson were accordingly often renewed—he once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of a barn, refused to sit next to Hartley. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after the manner of some country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartley bear all those silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was ever once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation.

I suppose, Hartley, said Jemeson, one day, your daddy means to make a milkman of you.

Why not? asked Hartley.

O nothing, only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them; that's all.

The boys laughed, and Hartley, not in the least mortified, replied:

Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk too.

The next day after this conversation, there was a public examination, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from neighboring towns were present.

Prizes were awarded by the Principal of the Academy, and both Hartley and Jemeson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship these two boys were about equal.

After the ceremony of distributing, the Principal remarked that there was one prize consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last boy who received one was Manners, who three years ago rescued a blind girl from downing. The Principal then said that with the permission of the company he would relate a short story.

Not long since some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill.

The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed.

Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, whoever, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services.

This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner.

Alas, what could she do now? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was on his back entirely helpless.

Never mind, good woman, said the scholar, I can drive your cow.

With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted his offer. But this kindness did not end here; money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary.

I have money that my dear mother sent me to buy boots with, but I can do without them for a while.

Oh, no, said the old woman, I can't consent to that, but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy them, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.

The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

But when it was discovered by other boys of the academy that one scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots, in particular, were made a matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, never shunning observation; driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he has doing right, caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow, for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with false pride that could look down with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartley, do not hide out of sight behind the black board.

You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward Hartley, and let us see your honest face.

As Hartley, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct.

The ladies stood upon the benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartley's feet seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head.

The medal was bestowed upon him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell you a thing of Jemeson before I conclude. He was most heartily ashamed of his ill-minded raillery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears of manly self-rebuke in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartley, making an apology for his ill manners.

Think no more of it, old fellow, said Hartley; let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation.

The boys, one and all, followed Jemeson's example, and then set out for the woods. What a happy day it was.

MORAL.

Boys and girls, never despise another who may be more plainly clad than yourselves. There is many a noble heart under a well-patched garment. If you are tempted to look scornfully upon one in a plain dress, think of Master Edward James Hartley, the brave boy and the gold medal.

BASHFUL MEN.

Let all bashful people, and there are a great many of them, take comfort and consolation from the remarks of a modern writer touching their class:

We seldom see a genuine bashful man who is not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and appear awkward, shrug their shoulders, and appear unable to throw out with ease the thoughts to which they would give expression, yet commend us to bashful men for real friends.

There are fine touches in their character, that time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint of the unfolded rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

It is a wonder that such men are not more appreciated, that young women with really good hearts and cultivated intellects; will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attentions because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and has a dandy countenance with a Parisian elegance, while they will scarce condescend to look upon the worthier man, who feels for them a reverence so great that his very mute glance is a worship.

The man who is bashful in the presence of women, is their defender when the loose tongue of the bold slanderer would defame them; it is not he who boasts of his conquests, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exists only in his imagination, his cheeks will flush with resentment, his eyes flash with anger, to hear the sacred name of woman coupled with a coarse oath, and yet he who would die to defend them, is least honored by the majority of the sex.

Ladies! a word in your ear. Have you lovers? and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose then the man whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth, leaves him to stand aloof while others, with less modesty and no feeling, crowd around you. If he blushes, if he stammers even, at your approach, consider these things so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for depend upon it, with him your life will be happier, even with comparative poverty, than with many that are surrounded by the splendor of palaces.

GOOD SUGGESTION.—Persons having the care of horses ought to cover the bits of their bridles with leather during the cold weather, in mercy for their poor beasts. The cold iron coming suddenly in contact with the tender parts of the mouth takes the skin off, and keeps the animal in misery, thereby weakening his capacity for labor. The effects of the cold iron may be very readily tested by touching it with your tongue on a cold frosty morning, and after that, no merciful man will subject his beast to the same experiment.

ARTEMUS WARD IN CANADA.

I'm at present existing under a monikal form of Gov'ment In other words, I'm traveling among the crowned heads of Canady. They arn't a pretty bad people. On the cont'ry they are exceeding good people. Troo they are deprived of many blessins. They don't enjoy, for instans, the priceless boon of a war. They hav'nt any American Egil to unchain, and haint got a 4th of July to their backs.

Altho' this is a monikal form of Gov'ment I am unable to perceive much moniky. I tried to get a piece in Toronto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs. Victoria who is Queen of England and has all the luxuries of the markets, includin' game in season, don't bother herself much about Canada, but lets her do 'bout as she's a minter. She however gin'rally keeps her supplied with a lord who's called a Gov'nor Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has politic ans, and I expect they don't differ from our politicians, some of 'em bein' gifted and talented liars no doubt.

The present Gov'ner Gin'ral of Canady is Lord Monk. I saw him review some volunteers at Montreal. He was accompanied by some other lords and dukes and generals and those sort of things. He rode a little bay horse, and his close was no better than mine. You'll allers notiss by the way, that the higher up in the world a man is, the less good harness he puts on Hence Gin'ral Halleck walks the streets in plain citizen's dress, while a second lieutenant of a volunteer regiment piles all the brass things he can find on his back, and drags a forty pound sword after him.

Monk has been in the lord business some time, and I understand it pays, tho' I don't know what a lord's wages is. The wages of sin is death and postage stamps. But this has nothing to do with Monk.

One of lord Monk's daughters rode with him on the field. She has golden hair, a kind, good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville.—Come and bring your knittin' Miss Monk. Mrs. Ward will do the fair thing with you. She makes the best slapjacks in America. As a slapjackist, she has no ekal. She wears the belt.

What the review was all about, I don't know. I havn't a gigantic intellect that can grasp great questions at onct. I am not a Webster or a Soymour. I am not a Washington or a Wadsworth. Fur from it. I am not as gifted a man as Henry Ward Beecher. Even the congregation of Plymouth Meeting House in Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so. But while I don't have the slightest idee as to what the review was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pooty scrumptious in their red and green close.

Come with me, gentle reader, to Quebeck. Quebeck was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirum tremens from childhood and hence his idees of things was a little irreg'lar. The streets don't lead anywhere in partic'ler, but everywhere in gin'ral. The city is built on a variety of perpendicler hills, each hill being a trifle wuss nor t'other one. Quebeck is full of stone walls, and arches and citadels and things. It is said no foe could ever git into Quebeck, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they want to get there for.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.—It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in an instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thoughts. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreams that he has enlisted for a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired, he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he had crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in England. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.

To Test the Quality of Wool.

A Texas paper says:—Take a lock of wool from the sheep's back and place it upon an inch rule. If you can count from thirty to thirty three of the spirals or folds in the space of an inch, it equals in quality the finest Electoral or Saxony wool grown. Of course, when the number of spirals to the inch diminishes, the quality of the wool becomes relatively inferior. Many tests have been tried, but this is considered the simplest and the best. Cotswold wool and some other inferior wools do not measure nine spirals to the inch. With this test every farmer has in his possession a knowledge which will enable him to form a correct judgment of the quality of all kinds of wool. There are some coarse wools which experienced wool growers do not rank as wool, but as hair, on account of the hardness and straitness of the fibre.

THE POWER OF WORDS.

There is a passage in the Bible which teaches that what comes out of the mouth is a great deal more important than what goes in; and we are told in the same book that it is better to live upon very plain food with those that love us, than to feed upon luxuries which are given with unkind words. Now I believe that almost all brothers and sisters, almost all parents and children, love one another. But in some families they think it is very silly to say anything about it, and you might pass a week with them and never hear a single affectionate word. They never say to each other: "I love you," or "That is right, dear," or "You are a good boy." They do not like to say, "thank you," if they can help it, and if you were to ask them why they act thus, they would say: "What is the use of always saying soft things? My friends know that I love them; when things are all right I have nothing to say; when they are wrong, it will be soon enough to speak." Now you children do not believe this. You are very fond of kind words. You like to be reminded of all the pleasant things. If you have beautiful eyes and a homely nose, you will like much better to hear your mother say, "There comes my bright-eyed little girl," than to hear her always greeting you with: "Good morning, Miss Snub-nose." Both expressions have truth in them, but one is a pleasant truth and the other is not.

Now in order to make each other happy we must keep the pleasant truths always in sight. If we feel kindly towards any one, we should show it by our conduct, so that there can be no mistake about it.—There are some parents that work very hard for their children and buy them many things when they have not money enough to be comfortable themselves, and yet would almost choke if they tried to say the words: "Thank you, my son; you are a great comfort to me." And there are some children who cannot remember that they ever received a kiss or a word of endearment from either of their parents. Children never like this neglect, and yet they often behave in just the same way themselves. Some children are always teasing their brothers and sisters, and saying provoking things that will be sure to vex them. They only mean to make them a little uncomfortable; not much, only a little. Some children never thank their parents for any kindness; they never say: "Mother, does your head ache?" They never ask if there is any little favor that they can do. They have the habit of never saying any kind words, and they would feel ashamed to begin. They ought to be ashamed to have waited so long.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among rocks and on the tops of hills, where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these fallen trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy, but if they take care never to say a word about it, if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there, you will envy the dog, when any one calls him "poor fellow."—*Dr. Holland.*

NOT FINDING MUCH SUPPORT IN THE SOUTH.—The Philadelphia Ledger says:

Vallandigham's peace propositions do not receive a great deal of support and encouragement from the Richmond organs of rebellion. He seems to think that if an armistice is granted and trade re-opened with the Rebel States, that reunion will be established in time, because it is the interest of all sections to be united. "The day," he says, "which divided the slaveholding from the non-slaveholding States would decree the eternal divorce of the West from the East." Mr. Vallandigham's views are no doubt honestly entertained; but the Rebels' expression of sentiment upon the same subject is undoubtedly just as sincere. The Rebels want peace also, but they want no peace without separation. The separation, says the Richmond Examiner, even while pleading for a cessation of war, "is final, and, as far as one generation can speak for its successors, is eternal." If this is the sentiment of the South, then Mr. Vallandigham's expectations that a cessation of war will restore the Union are not likely to be speedily realized, and if not realized within a reasonable time, then comes the "eternal divorce of East and West." He could scarcely present a stronger reason for the Government using all its means to maintain its authority over the whole territory of the Union. The moment one break is permitted, away goes the whole superstructure.

A TERRIBLE instance of punishment for a thoughtless oath is thus related by a correspondent writing from the 104th Ohio Regiment. One of the boys got out of humor because he had to prepare for a dress parade. He swore he hoped that Jesus Christ would strike him dumb if he went. He was prevailed upon, however, to go and the next morning he was speechless. The wretched man cried bitterly, but it was too late. He had prayed and was answered.

THERE is one test of loyalty that never fails. When you find a man so intent on finding fault with the Government that he has no waste wrath to bestow on a conspiracy to break up the Union and destroy the Republic, set him down as a doubtful patriot. No man, whose heart is in the right place, will permit his hostility to be diverted from the rebellion to those who are fighting it. He who thinks it a greater crime to arrest a babbler of disloyal sentiments without "due process of law" than to strike down the flag of his country, will bear vigorous watching.—*Albany, N. Y., Journal.*

Truly spoken. The patriotism of such a fault-finder is as hypocritical and hollow as the religion of the man who is so busily employed in quarreling with the creeds of his neighbors that he never devotes a thought to Heaven. The Journal is right.

ARTEMUS WARD ON THE INDIANS.—The red man of the forest was formerly a respectable person. Justice to the noble aborygine warrants my in saying that origgernelly he was a majestic cuss.

At the time Chris. arose in those shores I allood to Chris. Columbus), the savajis was virtoos and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw poker, and (sinfullness gin'rally. The didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, fero banks, delirium tremens or Associated Pres. Their habits were consequently good. Late suppers dispepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, and other metropolitan refinements were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage stamps—you couldn't have bo't a coon skin with a berrel of them.

HE must, indeed, have a strange idea of the purposes for which laws are made and of the duties devolving upon those charged with their enforcement, who imagines that because this is a "free country," he ought to be allowed the utmost latitude of speech without regard to the time or place when or where his caprice might lead him to exercise it. The country would be too "free" for decent people to live in if the authorities were unable to compel those who confound liberty and license, to treat the opinions and feelings of the rest of the community with at least the semblance of respect.

A NOVEL STUMP-PULLER.—A writer in the Rural Register states that he removed a large stump from near his house in the following manner:—In the fall, with an inch augur, he bored a hole in the centre of the stump ten inches deep, and into it put about half a pound of oil of vitriol, and corked the whole up tight. In the spring, the whole stump and roots, extending through all their ramifications, were so rotten that they were easily eradicated.

THE New York Tribune tells a story of a stout, athletic zouave, who, running away from the battle at Fredericksburg, was checked by a lieutenant with a drawn sword. Said the latter, "stop, sir!" Go back to your regiment, you infernal coward, you are not wounded." "For Heaven's sake let me pass," implored the fugitive; "I know I am not wounded, but I'm fearfully demoralized."

THE END OF THE WORLD.—Prophecies are again current respecting the approaching end of the world. One reverend gentleman, of the Millerite perusasion, predicts universal dissolution in 1867-8.—Another seer names the 17th of August, 1863, as the closing up of creation, adding that a world's convention will assemble at Cincinnati to "settle up the business of the past and arrange matters for the future."

GOOD BOYS.—At Clinton, Illinois, a company of boys, from eight to fourteen years of age, assemble every Saturday to cut and split wood for the wives and families of volunteers. They parade the street with drum and fife, visiting and working for the needy widows—one half of them working while the other half rest, until an amply supply of wood is ready for the stove.

JONAH NOT A TOBACCO CHEWER.—A preacher, whose text led him to speak of the prophet Jonah, remarked incidentally:

"I am of the opinion that Jonah was an old man, neither smoking nor chewing, from the fact the fish retained him so long in his stomach. If the fish had swallowed the house we are worshipping in, he would no doubt have puked himself to death."

A LADY says the first time she was kissed she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chaises drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbow.

THE redemption of soiled postage stamps in New York city has thus far amounted to the sum of $150,000.

A PROMISE is a just debt, which should always be paid, for honor and honesty are its security.

"HAS the cookery book any ...es?"

"No madam—none." ...elling us how

"Why, what's the use they give us no ... to make a good dinn...

plates?"