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The Kent News.

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

VOL. 23.—No. 46. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863. WHOLE No. 1158.

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.

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Select Poetry.

(From the Balt. American.)

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

A National Song.

AIR—"*Bonnie Blue Flag.*"

Come all ye sons of liberty, and join us in our song,
And to *Our Country* let us sing, "Our Country right or wrong."
When treason rears her hideous form, let patriots all unite
And battle for our country's flag, for liberty and right.
Hurrah! hurrah! for liberty, hurrah!
Hurrah for our country's flag, with *all* its stripes and stars.

The Union that *our fathers* made in hallowed days of yore,
Foul treason strives to sever now, in falsehood, blood and war;
Our patriot sires have gone to rest—a legacy they gave,
And let us now *united* be, the *sacred trust to save.*
Hurrah! hurrah! for our fathers' flag, hurrah!
Hurrah for the *red*, the *white*, the *blue*, with every radiant star.

Our country's flag, the patriot's pride—the symbol of the free;
Oh, may it wave till time shall end, o'er every land and sea;
May *tyrants* gaze upon its folds, with trembling fear dismayed,
'Till the oppressed of every clime are gathered 'neath its shade.
Hurrah! hurrah! for liberty and right,
Hurrah for freedom's glorious stripes and shining stars so bright.

'Twas borne aloft by Washington, in days of "seventy six,"
And Jackson brave, at New Orleans, new honors did affix;
In Mexico, the gallant Scott fresh laurels did entwine—
The glorious flag of spangled stars, oh! may they ever shine.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the dear old flag, hurrah!
'Twas fashioned by the *sainted dead, we'll not betray it now.*

'Twas consecrated by the blood of countless heroes, slain—
Let us preserve its sacred folds free from dishonor's stain.
May curses seize the *traitor knave* who would its beauty mar,
Or strike from out its azure field a single precious star.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union flag, hurrah!
Red, blue and white its stripes so bright, and its galaxy of stars.

Then may it wave o'er freedom home its stripes of *red* and *white*
A thousand glorious years to come—posterity's delight,
Until emblazoned on its blue, a hundred orbs shall shine,
And in one holy brotherhood, a hundred States combine.
Hurrah! hurrah! for our country's flag,
That banner bright, our heart's delight, begemmed with many a star.

A. W. BURKHART.

Frederick county, Maryland.

PORT HUDSON.

Port Hudson, which is twenty miles above Baton Rouge, on the Mississippi, stands on an almost perpendicular cliff, full two hundred feet in height, the river below making one of those sudden serpentine curves which render the Mississippi the most tortuous stream in the world, and abruptly narrowing its dimensions to three quarters of a mile from twice that width above and below. Inland, too, the position is eminently favorable to the rebels, because difficult of access to our troops.—Unlike Vicksburg, the approaches to which are as good as could be desired for an invading army, consisting for the most part of hard well made roads, the country at the back of Port Hudson is generally swampy, intersected with cotton-woods, ravines, and other topographical obstacles. The only roads are of the poorest description.

FUEL CONSUMED BY THE ARMY.—In order to convey some idea of the amount of fuel consumed by the Army of the Potomac since it has been located opposite Fredericksburg, it is stated that the command has, at intervals, occupied something like thirty two square miles, at least twenty-four of which was, when it came there, covered with dense woods, mostly oak and cedar. Where this forest stood there is now naught but one vast field, covered with stumps.

A CAPITAL CALIFORNIA YARN.

A San Francisco contributor writes:

In the northern part of this State is a stream called Yuba river. Across it some enterprising individual built a bridge; and on the banks somebody else built three or four houses. The inhabitants called the place Yuba Dam. Three bars were instantly erected, and the town increased rapidly. About noon one cold day a traveler and a sojourner in the land passed this flourishing locality, and seeing a long legged specimen of humanity in a red shirt smoking before one of the bars, thus addressed him:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" replied the shirt with vigor, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"What place is this?" demanded the traveler, whose name was Thompson.

The answer of the shirt was unexpected:

"Yuba Dam!"

There was about fifty yards between them, and the wind was blowing. Mr. Thompson thought he had been mistaken.

"Yuba Dam," replied the stranger, cheerfully.

"What place is this?" roared Mr. Thompson.

"Yuba Dam!" said the shirt, in a slightly elevated tone of voice.

"Lookee here!" yelled the irate Thompson; "I asked you politely what place this was; why in thunder don't you answer?" The stranger became excited. He rose and replied with the voice of an 80-pounder:

"*Yu-ba-Dam!* Do you hear that?"

In a minute Thompson, burning with the wrath of the righteous, jumped off his horse and advanced on the stranger with an expression not to be mistaken. The shirt arose and assumed a posture of offence and defence.

Arrived within a yard of him Thompson said,

"I ask of you for the last time. What place is this?"

Putting his hand to his mouth his opponent roared:

"*Yu-ba dam!*"

The next minute they were at it. First, Thompson was down; then the shirt; and then it was a dog-fall—that is, both were down. They rolled about, kicking up a tremendous dust. They squirmed around so energetically that you'd have thought they had a dozen legs instead of four. It looked like a prize fight between two pugilistic centipedes. Finally they both rolled off the bank and into the river.—The water cooled them. They went down together, but came up separate, and put out for the shore. Both reached it about the same time, and Thompson scrambled up the bank, mounted his warlike steed, and made tracks, leaving his foe gouging the mud out of one of his eyes.

Having left the business portion of the town, that is to say, the corner where the three bars were kept, he struck a house in the suburbs, before which a little girl of about four years of age was playing.

"What place is this, Sissy?" he asked.

The little girl, frightened at the drowned-rat figure which the stranger cut, streaked it for the house. Having reached the door she stopped, turned, and squealed,

"Oo-bee-Dam!"

"Good Heavens!" said Thompson, digging his heels between his horse's ribs—"Good Heavens! let me get out of this horrid place, where not only the men but the very babes and sucklings swear at inoffensive travellers!"

Honesty in Burying and Selling.

Some are not honest in buying or selling. Their rule is, at all times, to buy as cheap as they can, and sell as dear as they can. This is a wicked rule. We often trade with those who do not know the worth of the thing bought or sold. It is cheating them to make the best bargain we can. Sometimes we trade with those who are in great want, and we fix our own prices, and make them much too high if we sell, or too low if we buy. There is a fair price for everything. Let that be paid or taken for everything. He who is just, and true, and who loves his neighbor as himself, will soon find out what a fair price is. Almost all men use too many words in buying and selling, and there is almost always a lie somewhere.

A Quaker Woman's Sermon.

My dear friends, there are three things, I very much wonder at. The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw stones, clubs, and brick-bats up in to fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall of itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home the young women would come after them.

GEO. WILKES, of the New York Spirit of the Times, who is a warm adherent of Gen. Hooker's, and supposed to be in that officer's counsels, says:

"The removal of Franklin and Sumner from their commands is in accordance with the terms laid down by Gen. Hooker before he would agree to accept the direction of the army; and it indicates, also, with sufficient clearness, that Hooker is to be entirely untrammelled in his place."

THE DRAFT IN MARYLAND.

The following statement exhibits the number of persons returned to the office of the assistant adjutant general, Mr. Creswell, as enrolled, exempted and subject to draft in this State. In Allegany, Cecil, Kent and Washington the quotas were filled without a draft.

Counties.	Enrolled.	Exempt.	Subject to Draft.
Allegany county,	4,662	1,833	2,829
Anne Arundel,	2,135	1,338	797
Baltimore county,	7,723	2.585	5,138
Calvert, - - - -	839	[See list below.]	
Caroline, - - - -	1,549	762	787
Carroll, - - - -	4,208	1.956	2,252
Cecil, - - - -	3,824	1,393	2,431
Charles, - - -	1.131	385	716
Dorchester, - - -	2 276	1 178	1,098
Frederick, - - -	6.366	3 204	3.162
Harford, - - - -	3.510	1,426	2,084
Kent, - - - - -	1,710	759	951
Montgomery, - -	1,974	579	1,395
Prince George's, -	1.946	759	1,187
Queen Anne's, - -	1.816	774	1,042
Somerset, - - -	2 982	1,187	1,795
St. Mary's, - - -	1,331	601	730
Talbot, - - - -	1 537	636	902
Washington, - - -	5.251	1,772	3.479
Worcester, - - -	2,651	748	1,903
Baltimore city, - -	34,418	12 603	21,815
Totals, - - - -	94 039	37,574	55,522

The number of persons enrolled in Calvert county was 839. Of this number 520 were exempted by Dr. Bird, examining surgeon, for physical causes, and 187 were exempted for other causes—making 707 exempts, and leaving subject to draft only 132. The quota of the county under the call was 232. In this state of things the War Department directed the commissioner to deduct from the 839 enrolled persons the 187 persons exempted for other causes than physical disability, and to draft from the remaining 652 persons, 406 names, which was done. The department then appointed Dr. Hammond, surgeon in the regular army, to examine the drafted persons, and exempt those physically disabled. Dr. Hammond exempted 328 of the 406 drafted men, leaving 78 persons who were returned as competent, making a deficiency in the quota of the county of one hundred and fifty-four.

EVERY TREE IS KNOWN by ITS FRUIT.

There is no better standard by which to judge correctly of the real motives of mankind than that of their daily acts. Such is the base treachery of men, even in morals, that it requires the utmost sagacity and insight into their acts to detect the hypocrite. The base ingratitude and treachery of armed rebels who boldly confront the armies of the Union, is known and read of all men. They are rebels without an excuse or a covering for their acts of treason. They openly proclaim their intentions and designs.

We must account to them an honesty of purpose, though that purpose is wickedness and treason. They are laboring to destroy the government of the Union and they are frank and honest to confess it.—Their acts, if not their confessions, are evidences of their intentions.

But we have another class of rebels in the loyal States of the Union who in a secret covert manner, are contributing their efforts to overturn the government. They are a class of politicians which may be denominated the political *suckers* of the Democratic party who first turned traitors to that party and are now committing treason to their country. We often hear them declare themselves as "Jeff. Davis Democrats," Southern Rights' men," &c. They are Constitutional Union men and hurrah for Jeff Davis when they know he has violated every provision of the Constitution. They are for the Union while he is opposed to it and is seeking by armed force to destroy it. They denounce the war for the preservation of the Union as unholy, unconstitutional and brutal, yet they encourage the rebellion in the Cotton States by sending them articles contraband of war and entice young and inexperienced men to enlist in the Confederate service. They discourage enlistments in the Federal armies and assist deserters from the Federal lines in making their escape from the officers of the government. They rejoice at every reverse of the Union armies and glory in Southern pluck and chivalry of rebel soldiers. They are for the Union if the spoils of office can be distributed alone to this sham democracy.—They are for the Constitution interpreted by Southern rebels. In short, their lying lips are calculated to mislead Union men. A close scrutiny into their acts and no good Union man can be deceived by the monster.—*Denton Union.*

GEN. BANKS AND THE PROCLAMATION.—In his order, issued at New Orleans, explaining the President's emancipation proclamation, Gen. Banks says:

"Officers and soldiers will not encourage or assist slaves to leave their employers, but they cannot compel or authorize their return by force. The public interest peremptorily demands that all persons without other means of support be required to maintain themselves by labor. Negroes are not exempt from this law. Those who leave their employers will be compelled to support themselves and families by labor upon the public works.

"The quartermaster's department is charged with the duty of harvesting corn on deserted fields, and cultivating abandoned estates. Unemployed negroes will be engaged in this service, under the control of suitable agents, or planters with a just compensation in food, clothing and money."

CAUSE OF THE REBELLION.

We have from time to time given our views as to the leading causes which have produced the present rebellion, which were founded upon the history of the times through which we have passed, and gathered by a study of passing events. The N. Y. Times gives a succinct detail of the events as they occurred, producing the present state of our country, proving that slavery was but the *instrument* used to accomplish the designs of Calhoun, systematically set in motion in 1832, to disrupt the Union to subserve his own ambitious views after he found that the Tariff agitation would not succeed. As a part of the history of the times we put it on record:

We do not believe that the rebellion had its origin in any apprehension that slavery would be abolished by the Administration of President Lincoln. In our judgment, it was the culmination of a *conspiracy*, started many years ago, and carefully nursed until it was ripe, and until the political condition of the country was favorable to its execution. Immediately after nullification was quieted in 1833, by the compromise, Gen. Jackson, in a letter to a friend, stated that the project of disunion, though defeated for the time, was not abandoned, and that it would still be pursued by those who were enlisted in it; but that *slavery* would be used as the pretext for it in the next attempt, as the *tariff* had been in the first. This, we think, assigns to slavery its true position and influence in this movement. It has been the *pretext* and not the *cause* of the rebellion.

The real cause was the ambition of leading Southern men, with Calhoun at their head. If Calhoun could have been President of the United States, we should never have heard of secession. Defeated in that aspiration, he looked upon the South as defeated in his person, and devoted the rest of his life to the task of establishing for the South a separate sovereignty either in the Union or out of it. His last speech in the Senate suggested that the South should be allowed to elect a President, who should serve *jointly* with the existing Executive, and whose assent should be essential to the validity of any act affecting Southern interests. His nullification movement in 1832 was an attempt to assert for the States of the South the equivalent right to veto any law that contravened their wishes. Starting with this determination to achieve the *actual*, and if need be the *formal*, independence of the South, Mr. Calhoun availed himself of every possible means of enlisting the judgment, the passions and the resentments of the Southern people in its support. The rise of the Abolition Party in 1832, just after he had failed with the Tariff as a lever, put what promised to be a much more powerful weapon in his hands. From that time forward he devoted himself to the agitation of the slavery question. So far as public influence went, the Abolitionists formed then a contemptible faction. Mr. Calhoun made them respectable and powerful; and, what was much more to his purpose, he filled the whole South with terror and hatred of them. Then by demanding of the Federal Government, in the name of the South, what he knew it could not grant in the interest of slavery, he adroitly transferred to that Government the terror and hatred which he had excited against Abolition.

After his death his disciples, who inherited his ambition as well as his principles, continued his labors. For years Abolition was agitated in the South, even more than Slavery in the North. As the movement acquired strength it began to take shape. Conventions were held, in which, while the mass of delegates amused themselves by discussing their ostensible object, commercial independence, the leaders held secret conclaves on their *real* purpose—political independence. Leagues were formed to promote Disunion. Some of the correspondence of the leaders in this conspiracy ten or fifteen years ago, has already come to light; more will do so in due time. Yancey, six or eight years ago, revealed the plot in a private letter; it was to "fire the Southern heart,"—enlist Southern passion, prejudice, apprehension and ambition—so that when the proper time for an explosion should come, the Cotton States would be "precipitated into revolution," and the mass of the Southern people could be drawn along in their wake.

The leaders decided in their own minds that the election of a Republican President would be an event sufficiently startling to the South, after all this preparation, to justify them in lighting the train they had so carefully laid. They counted for a time on Fremont's election in 1856, and made their arrangements accordingly. But a divided Northern vote defeated Fremont, and compelled them to postpone action. In 1860 they made themselves sure of an occasion, by dividing the Democratic party at Charleston, and thus rendering Mr. Lincoln's election certain. When that took place, they seized the pretext they had prepared in advance,—"precipitated the Cotton States into revolution," and plunged into rebellion against the National Government.

From this it will be seen that, in our judgment, Slavery has been the *means*, by which the rebellion was made possible, rather than the *cause* for which it was planned and started. But for Slavery the conspirators never could have brought the mass of the Southern people to favor disunion. It was only because they were made to believe that it was in danger from the Federal Government that they took up arms against that Government. Slavery is their only bond of union—and although it was not the primary *cause* of the rebellion, it has been its real strength and support from the beginning to the present time.

The Rebels Badly Off.

[From the N. O. Delta, Jan. 28.]

We are daily receiving accounts across the lines of the dreadful condition of things in rebeldom. The soldiers are only kept from open mutiny and insubordination by the promises held out that peace will be made within ninety days. The army is very tired of the war, and would accept peace on any terms which would restore them to their homes again. The people, too, even in Mississippi, openly express a wish that the Yankees would come along and end the farce. The demoralization among the Louisiana and Arkansas troops at Port Hudson is represented to be extreme, and thousands would desert if an opportunity offered. The conscription is found to be a very slow and also a very dangerous business. The people in the country kill every officer who comes around hunting up conscripts. At least twenty have been killed in the performance of this kind of duty. The people will not serve as conscripts if they can avoid it, and the swamps and hiding-places of Louisiana are full of fugitives between the ages of 16 and 60. What a relief will the coming of the Union troops be to these! Provisions, clothing, and all the necessaries of life are very scarce, and everybody is miserable, except the heartless speculators and the more heartless leaders. It is said that if the supply of salt was cut off for three months, it would crush the rebellion. Salt might save the Union.

THE REBELLION.—In response to a serenade in Nashville, a few months ago, the Hon Horace Maynard, of East Tennessee, said: "It was most inappropriately styled a Southern rebellion. It was doing the South wrong. It was a rebellion of a conceited and selfish negro aristocracy against the democracy of the nation. The twenty five millions of loyal citizens, however, were resolved to quell this rebellion at all hazards. They had planted the national flag in Tennessee, and here it would remain forever. Call it invasion, conquest, subjugation, extermination, if you will have it so, but the people had solemnly sworn that the Republic should live. The Rebels might as well make up their minds to come back to that just and equitable Government which had protected us and given us so much happiness."

NOVEL METHOD OF COOKING.—That necessity is the "mother of invention" is clearly proved by a correspondent in our Western army. He tells of an Illinois cavalry regiment where every man is provided with two little pockets in his jacket, one of which is for salt and the other for pepper. Each man also carries with him a small sack of two or three pounds of flour. When they camp for the night, the nearest cornfield provides them with thousands of small bake-ovens in the shape of corn husks. Each man procures an ear of corn with the husk still on it; the husk is slightly parted at the top to allow the fingers to be inserted; the ear is twisted around several times until it breaks loose at the bottom, and is then drawn out, leaving the husk a clean and complete cup. In this the flour is mixed and seasoned, and after closing the top again, it is buried in the hot ashes of the camp fire for half an hour, after which it is drawn out and the charred husk pulled off, disclosing a fresh, hot roll.

THE HYMENIAL KNOT TIED WITH A TELEGRAPH WIRE.—The Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard states that a marriage by telegraph took place on Tuesday afternoon last, between a young lady in one of the principal villages on the Oswego Railroad and an artillery soldier on duty near Washington. The chaplain of the bridegroom's regiment telegraphed the material question of the marriage ceremony to the lady, viz:—"Do you take,——to be your husband?" directing her to answer, "I do;" and to authorize him to propose a like question to the gentleman. In two hours after the lady received the chaplain's first message, she received a second announcing that the soldier and she were man and wife. This telegram is her marriage certificate. It is understood that the parents of the lady were opposed to the union, and and that this method was taken to outwit them. The time for the ceremony had been fixed by correspondence beforehand, and the lady was in waiting when the first message was received at the telegraph office.

MRS. DOUGLAS, has written a letter relative to the reports that she was about to be married again. The following extract is published:—"Although I live so quietly, the world seems determined to talk about me. I have been disturbed by rumors that I am engaged. I hope you will think enough of me not to allow any one ever to say such a thing to you without resentment."

"I SAY, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse?" "Sarved him right! Why didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentleman?"

FUN AT HOME.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyments must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safe guard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

The Voice of Wisdom and Age.

In our apprehension, the best way to be useful and happy in this life is to cultivate domestic affection—to love home, and at the same time to be temperate and just—to pursue lawful business, whatever it may be, with diligence, firmness, and integrity of purpose, and in the perfect belief that honesty is equally binding in the discharge of public as of private trusts; for when public morals are destroyed, public liberty cannot survive.

If we are aspiring, we ought not to lose our diffidence; and if ardent for reforms, ought not to lose our discretion. We ought to listen to the maxims of experience, and respect the advice and institutions of our ancestors; and, above all, we ought to have a constant abiding sense of the superintending goodness of that Almighty Being whose wisdom shines equally in his works and in his word, and whose presence is everywhere sustaining and governing the universe.

Value of Newspapers.

There is no book so cheap as a newspaper; none so interesting; it consists of a variety measured out by suitable proportions as to time and quality. Being new every week, it invites to a habit of reading, and affords an easy, agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge so essential to the welfare of the individual and community. It causes hours to pass away pleasantly, which would otherwise have been spent in idleness and mischief.

A newspaper is certainly the cheapest as well as the most interesting medium for conveying intelligence and good moral precepts to families. Children will pick up and read a newspaper, whilst they will suffer the old family books to remain on the shelf covered with dust. Every father should see the importance of having such a channel of intelligence to his family, as a weekly newspaper, and subscribe for one at once.

To break Horses from pulling at the Halter.

Concerning this matter, a correspondent writes us that having a horse addicted to the habit of pulling back on the halter when hitched, and trying various proposed remedies to no effect, he at last, after the horse had broken about twenty halters, hit upon the following plan: He tied the horse to a post near the end of a wharf, where there was about seven feet of water. The horse braced his fore-feet and hung back, breaking the halter and plunging backwards into the water. He went out of sight for a moment, but on "taking his reckoning" swam for the shore, since which time he has not made an attempt to pull at the halter. This may be a good plan, but what are those farmers to do who live at a long distance from wharves? Perhaps a horse hitched near the bank of some stream, or upon a bridge, if not at too great a distance from the water, would answer just as well.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE FUTURE OF HORSES.—The drain upon the serviceable horses of the country has been so great, that in any event of the future settlement of this present disturbance, the horse interest is *bound to go up*, and among the best investments of live stock now to be made, will be the purchase of likely colts for raising to maturity, and next to this the breeding of good horse stock for future supply.

Now that the pig-headed practice of the Government agents has cleared the country of low-priced animals, let us turn over a new leaf in our style of horse-breeding, and go in for something that will do good service and command good prices.—*Ohio Farmer.*

"GOOD."—There appears to be no fixed standard of good. To the trading community any man who can pay his debts is 'good.' A moral person is undoubtedly 'good,' but then a very immoral one is often esteemed a 'good fellow.' With commercial people goodness consists in money; with the 'fancy,' in muscle. In short, everywhere, and with all sorts of folks, 'good' expresses simply what is much liked or desired. A traveler on the coast of Africa writes that a native said to him, eyeing his abundant apparel, (of which the negro had next to none)—"You very good man—you got *plenty shirt.*"