msa_sc2901_scm1621-0629 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 24.—No. 29. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863. WHOLE No. 1215.

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 inserted for three months, six months, or one year, at moderate rates.

OBITUARY NOTICES will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents for ten lines.

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.

AN ANGEL BY THE HEARTH.

BY FANNY FALES.

They tell me unseen spirits
Around about us glide;
Beside the stilly waters
Our erring footsteps guide:
'Tis pleasant, thus believing
Their ministry on earth:
I know an angel sitteth
This moment by my hearth.

If false lights, on life's waters,
To wreck my soul appear;
With finger upward pointing,
She turns me with a tear;
'Twere base to slight the warning,
And count it little worth,
Of her, the loving angel,
That sitteth by my hearth.

She wins me with caresses
From passions dark defiles;
She guides me when I falter,
And strengthens me with smiles;
It may be, unseen angels
Beside me journey forth,
I know that one is sitting
This moment by my hearth.

A loving wife. O brothers,
An angel here below;
Alas! your eyes are holden
Too often 'till they go;
Ye upward look while grieving,
When they have pass'd from earth;
O cherish well, those sitting
This moment by the hearth!

Walter Grantley's Revenge.

The wholesale dry goods store of Savage & Co. was one of the most extensive in the city, and of course boasted of a large number of clerks. Among them were two young men of nearly the same age, which we have selected to figure as the two principal characters in our story. Their names were Walter Grantley and George Hill, and both were on equal footing in the establishment.

Walter Grantley was a whole souled young man, and was as earnestly devoted to his avocation as any other man in the city. Knowingly, he would not injure any person under any consideration, but pursued an upright course to all, especially to his employers, by whom he was highly esteemed.

George Hill was also devoted to his business, and held the confidence of his patrons. He possessed an unbounded stock of ambition, which, unfortunately, would not stop at all times within the strict bounds of honesty. He often said that nothing of an ordinary nature would stop him in the course he had marked out for himself in his line of business and advancement. But at the time we date our story, he fancied an obstacle was in his path, and that obstacle was Walter Grantley.

One of the head clerks had given notice that he was about to leave the establishment to enter another firm as a partner. This would occasion a desirable vacancy, and either he or Walter would be advanced to that post. He was convinced that no others in the store possessed the requisite knowledge and ability; so there was but one who stood between him and this much coveted position.

At this position of affairs, he would not have hesitated to have managed to lay blame of some sort upon his rival, had he not thought that he at least stood an equal chance with him; but he did not, as a few days later he discovered.

About a week before the head clerk was to leave, George overheard the members of the firm discussing his and Walter's merits, and, after a somewhat lengthly discussion, heard them arrive at the conclusion to bestow the situation upon his rival. He listened until the conversation was concluded, and then slunk away to form some plan for the downfall of his companion.

Some three days after he had overheard the decision of his employers, he requested an interview with them. It was granted during the day, and George made known his business.

"What I have to say, sirs, pains me very much, yet I feel it my duty to make you aware of a piece of information that has recently been made known to me. It is of one connected with this house, else I should not trouble myself about it."

"Whom does it concern?" inquired Mr. Savage.

"Your clerk, Walter Grantley."

"Indeed! what of him? we have always considered him one of our most trusty clerks: honest, steady, and wholly devoted to his business. What have you learned of him?"

"That he frequents a noted gambling saloon on A—— street."

"Frequents a gambling house! I can hardly believe that. I could almost have sworn that he never saw the inside of such a place in his life."

"And yet I have information of a positive character that such is the case."

"Perhaps your informant was not trustworthy."

"I could willingly have believed that; but to-day all doubts were dissipated, when he asked me to accompany him there to night."

"What answer did you make him?"

"That I never frequented such places."

"Do you think he will go there tonight?"

"I think he will. Such was his intention"

"Then it is decided," said Mr. Savage, rising. "I will visit the place to-night, and make sure with my own eyes that he is addicted to this terrible vice We had thoughts of advancing him to the head clerkship, but it will never do, if what you state be true."

"It is truth, sir, as you will know tonight, if you enter the saloon."

"Thank you for the information, but speak to no one of it at present."

So the interview ended.

* * * * * * *

Let us go back in our story some three hours.

Walter and George obtained their dinners at a restaurant close by, and were in the habit of taking it at the same table. That day, while at dinner, George observed—

"By the way, Walter, do you know Dick Henley?"

"Of course I do. He and I are warm friends."

"I am quite intimate with him, also. But did you know that he was addicted to gambling?"

"Impossible."

"It is too true."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I heard it from a friend, but would hardly believe it; so, last night, I went to the saloon in A—— street, and caught him in the very act, and did my best to get him away with me, and after a time succeeded. A trio of fellows were there who were determined to fleece him, and were angry with me for coaxing him away. I tried to extort a promise from him that he would not go there again tonight; but he said that he had promised to; but this one time should be the last. I wish, Walter, that you would go there to-night, and try to prevent his playing I would go, but I have other business that will admit of no delay."

"I never was inside a gambling saloon in my life, and I do not much fancy going there."

"I do not blame you for that; but there would be no harm in going there. I pity Dick, that's all."

"So do I, and if my going will serve to prevent his losing money and reputation, I will go. But keep still on this, George, for I should not want it to get around that I was seen in such a place."

"You may rely on my discretion, Walter."

Thus ended the conversation on the subject, but George knew that the dictates of his rival's generous heart would prompt him to go as he had wished. And so his plot came out as he had meant it should.

Walter went, but found no friend there.

In the course of the evening Mr. Savage looked, and, seeing Walter moving among the players, no longer doubted, and the result was that George Hill was promoted to the head clerkship, and no one, save a comrade of his, was aware of his little plot to accomplish his ends.

Walter, though disappointed and annoyed at the coolness of his employers, which he imagined was without a cause, retained his place for a few months, and then was taken into partnership with an uncle. As the years went on, prosperity attended his efforts in the city to which he had removed.

About a year after his leaving Savage & Co., an acquaintance, who possessed the secret of George Hill, told him of the part his former friend had played; but Walter disdained to retaliate, as he was now doing much better than he would have done had he gained the place he coveted in the house of Savage & Co.

* * * * * * *

Ten years had rolled around since the first incident of our sketch transpired.—One bitter cold day in December, Walter Grantley sat before the open grate in his counting room. He had prospered well, and was now an opulent merchant. To-day he was thinking of the past, and wondering what had become of his quondam friend, George Hill—for, some years before, he had been informed that he had left his old place.

The door opened, and a person entered the apartment and bowed to its occupant. He was dressed in a rusty suit of black, and his face was wan and thin, as if he had felt all the blighting curse of poverty. He seemed to hesitate to speak, and at last the merchant said—

"Well, sir, what can I do for you today?"

"Can you give me work?"

"What can you do?"

"Anything about the store. Bookkeeping would be preferred; but anything that will keep my family and myself from starvation."

There was something in his voice that sounded very natural to the merchant, and he asked—

"What is your name?"

"George Hill," was the reply.

"And I am Walter Grantley."

George Hill started as if he had received a blow.

"Walter Grantley! Then I can have no hope here;" and he turned to go.

"Stop, George. I know all about that little plot of yours, and have long since forgiven you. I am in want of a clerk, and you shall have the place. What do you say, will you accept it?"

"I do not deserve this of you, Walter," said the humble man, in a tremulous voice.

"Never mind that; but why did you leave your old place?"

"A confident of mine, to whom I had disclosed the secret of my plot, informed them of it, and they discharged me."

"Well, never mind; it is all settled and forgiven now."

A better clerk than his repentant enemy Walter Grantley never had, and this was his revenge.

THE NICE GIRL.

There is nothing half so sweet in life, half so beautiful, or delightful, or so loveable as a "nice girl." Not a pretty or a dashing, or an elegant girl. One of those lovely, lively, good tempered, good hearted, sweet faced, amiable, neat, happy, domestic creatures met within the sphere of home, diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness like the essence of a sweet flower.

A nice girl is not the languishing beauty, dwadling on a sofa, and discussing the last novel or opera, or the giraffe like creature sweeping majestically through a drawing room. The nice girl may not even dance or play well, and knows nothing about "using her eyes," or coquetting with a fan. She is not given to sensation novels, she is too busy. At the opera she is not in front showing her bare shoulders, but sits back unobtrusively, at the back of the box most likely. In fact, it is not often in such scenes we discover her.—Home is her place.

Who rises betimes, superintends the morning meal? Who makes the toast and the tea, and buttons the boy's shirt, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and brightens up the parlor and sitting room? Is it the languisher, or the giraffe, or the *elegante?* Not a bit of it—it's the nice girl.

Her unmade toilet is made in the shortest possible time, yet how charmingly it is done, and how elegant her neat dress and color! What kisses she distributes among the family! No presenting a cheek or a blow, like a "fine girl," but an audible smack which says plainly: "I love you ever so much." If ever I coveted anything it is one of the nice girl's kisses.

Breakfast over, down in the kitchen to see about dinner; always cheerful and light hearted. She never ceases to be useful and active until the day is done, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs, and play old tunes for her father for hours together. She is a perfect treasure; is the 'nice girl,' when illness comes; it is she who attends with unwearying patience to the sick chamber. There is no risk, no fatigue that she will not undergo, no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a 'nice girl' is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is ever associated in my mind with a high frock, plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a 'nice girl' who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses or a splendid bonnet.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a 'nice girl.' She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous, but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.

☞ How we long for repose! Repose such as the drowning man is said to feel as he sinks to the bottom to sleep in the stillness there. Such as the child must feel asleep on its mother's breast. Such as the true Christian must feel in the conscious moment of God's presence. Ah, few, indeed, of us know how to enjoy the quiet which ought to be our daily companionship. We all work, and think, and plan too much, making life a weary march—How much more would it comport with the designs and wishes of Providence if we would tarry awhile at every day's march, to enjoy the cool springs by the way, the refreshing shade trees, the delicious aroma of fruits and flowers, which God has so apparently made for us. We have oft n thought of the blacksmith's widow, whose story is related by the good Jeremy Taylor. He says of her:

"Thus she lived, poor, patient, and resigned. Her heart was a passion flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of heaven were few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was the place of constant activity and not of repose, and believed that, when she at length reached it, she would work no more, but would sit in a clean white apron, and sing psalms."

Dear, delightful place, even in her own simple conception! What a being ours would be if repose, full, sweet, complete repose, were not vouchsafed to us after we had passed through the Valley and Shadow. Thank God for sleep, for night, for they are balms sweeter than dew to the thirsting flowers—they soothe our weariness, hush our unrest; make us strong for the day's labor, and turn us heavenward by the thought of the great Peace that awaits us at the closing day of life.

"HOW FAR IS IT TO HEAVEN."

"This day shalt thou be in Paradise," said the dying Saviour on his cross. It is not far to heaven; it is not a day's journey. The angel messenger came all the way from heaven, and touched Daniel about the time of the evening sacrifice. The Saviour ascended to heaven from Olivet and was soon out of sight. The dying saint closes his eyes in death, sleeps in Jesus, and opens them in heaven. Sometimes the departing Christian hears the songs of music strike upon his ear, even before his immortal spirit stretches its wings for final flight.

Reader, in all your inquires in this anxious, inquiring world, have you made this one, an inquiry of the heart and of the head? We often hear the weary traveler inquiring how far it is to the place of rest. We hear the lost wanderer inquire how far it is to his home. You profess, gentle reader, to desire an eternal home in heaven. Why not, then, utter the anxious inquiry: "How far is it to heaven?" It may be but a little distance from some of the readers of this paper.—You may be already within the sound of happy voices, and but for the "vail humanity" they would even now fall upon your ear. But you shall soon hear them. Only a little further on, and heaven shall be attained.

"How far is it to heaven?" How few make the inquiry! How few desire to know; and could you be assured that one hour more would end the journey, how startled, how afraid you would be to know that heaven was so near. "How far is it to heaven?" You have not often made the inquiry. You are not ready to make it. You have a thousand plans to fulfil—a thousand adventures to make—a thousand hopes to realize before you are ready for heaven.

"How far is it to heaven?" Perhaps some reader does not wish it near. Heaven may be far from you, and may never be nearer than at this moment. Like the comet that is wandering from the sun, the great centre of attraction, and shoots off in interminable space, so you may be wandering from heaven, and destined always to wander.

How many of our readers are earnestly seeking to make heaven the end of their journey! How many feel that they are travelers on that narrow way which leads to heaven? We earnestly exhort you to take this matter home, and make it a subject of earnest inquiry. One great object of all our labor is to bring you on your way. The great and paramount desire of oua hearts is, that you and me may meet it heaven.

TEA TASTING.

Few of our readers are aware that teatasting is reduced to a regular profession, one which is as certain death to a man as the continued practice of opium eating.—The success of the tea broker, or taster, depends upon the trained accuracy of his nose and palate, his experience in the wants of the American market, and a keen business tact. If he has these qualities in high cultivation, he may make from twenty to forty thousand dollars per annum while he lives, and die of ulceration of the lungs. He overhauls a cargo of tea, classifies it, and determines the value of each sort. In doing this, he first looks at the color of the leaf, and the general cleanliness of it. He next takes a quantity of the herb in his hand; breathing his warm breath upon it, he snuffs up the fragrance. In doing this, he draws into his lungs a quantity of irritating and stimulatiug dust, which is by no means wholesome. Then, sitting down to the table in his office, on which is a long row of little porcelain cups and a pot of hot water, he "draws" the tea and tastes the infusion. In this way, he classifies the different prices, and is then ready to compare his work with the invoice.—The skill of these tasters is fairly a marvel, but the effect of the business on their health is ruinous. They grow lean, nervous and consumptive. At the end of a hard day's work, they feel and act as fidgety and cross as if they had the hysterics.

A PARADISE FOR SPORTSMEN.—At St. Paul (Minn.) paper says prairie chickens are so numerous in that vicinity that the people have no longer to go out and hunt them. During the past week, it says, quite a number have been caught alive in different parts of the city.

A wicked editor says that at church some people sometimes clasp their hands so closely in prayer time that they are unable to get them open when the contribution box comes round.

Brutality to Federal Prisoners.

The deplorable condition of the last instalment of Federal prisoners returned from Richmond has aroused the indignation of the whole country. They present living, or rather dying testimony of the truth of their statements of exposure, starvation and brutality. Those of them suffering from wounds were alive with maggots, crawling in the living flesh—their shoes and clothing stolen from them—whilst all were literally starved to a point of emaciation that left nought to be returned but a creeping mass of skin and bones. Most of them were unable to walk and had to be carried from the boat to the hospital on stretchers. An Annapolis correspondent, at which place the prisoners were landed, states that it is the opinion of the surgeons that not one-half of them can possibly live, whilst the balance are so broken down in constitution as to render their future services to the Government profitless.

It could scarcely be believed that civilized men, professing Christianity, would be guilty of such inhumanity to captive prisoners as these poor men have received; and they assure us that the twelve thousand Federal prisoners now on Belle Island and in the prisons at Richmond are suffering all the pangs of exposure and starvation from which they have escaped. The amount of food given to each is just sufficient to keep life in their bodies, whilst the great mass of them are on an island, with a few dilapidated tents, exposed to the weather without sufficient clothing or blankets, and no wood to make fires.—Some four or five hundred of these suffering patriots are from Baltimore, and the agony of their relatives and friends at the recital of their condition can better be imagined than described.

A New York paper, commenting on the barbarity of the Rebels toward our prisoners, says:

"This is, indeed, a horrible state of things, and utterly without palliation or excuse on the part of Jeff Davis and his infamous jailkeepers. We know that the people of Richmond, from their bread riots, are themselves reduced to the verge of famine; we know the Rebel army of Lee is half starved, shoeless and in rags; for a correspondent, writing from that army to the Richmond *Enquirer*, makes a boast of it that, if they gained nothing else in their late grand march to Manassas and back again, they have gained some few pairs of shoes, which were taken from the feet of their Yankee prisoners. But if the Rebels are too poor to feed their prisoners, or to give them shelter, they know that an honest confession of this inability to any Union officer, with an intimation that supplies will be accepted from Washington, would instantly be answered by a ship load.

"The failure of the enemy to adopt this course fully justifies the conclusion that they have deliberately adopted the policy of starving their Union prisoners of war to death, from that ferocious hatred which springs from a devilish despair.

"Now, what is to be done? There are ten or twelve thousand Union soldiers still held to this trial of starvation at Richmond. They must not be permitted to perish. But what is to be done? That which should have been done long ago.—These prisoners at Richmond must be rescued by force of arms; and this can be done. The Army of the Potomac can do it, and do it at a very short notice, if relieved of the duty of guarding Washington for a time. And to relieve this army for this urgent duty of the capture of Richmond, the President has only to call upon Pennsylvania and New York for fifty thousand militia for sixty days' service. In answer to such a call the troops, we believe, would be in Washington in ten days.—Thus relieved, the army of Gen. Meade, shipped to the Peninsula, could be in Richmond before the end of November. We have not a doubt of it. We believe, moreover, that this movement would at once bring about the collapse of the rebellion from Virginia to Texas.

"We earnestly call upon President Lincoln to move in this way to the rescue of our starving soldiers at Richmond, for such an enterprise will make our liberating army invincible in their righteous wrath, and superior to all impediments."

WILLIE JOHSTON, thirteen years old, of St. Johnsbury, a drummer boy in the Third Vermont regiment, has received a medal for heroic conduct in the seven days' fight before Richmond. Secretary Stanton presented the medal in person. On the retreat, when strong men threw away arms, knapsacks, blankets, everything, this little fellow carried his drum safely through all, to Harrison's Landing. There he had the honor of drumming for division parade, being the only drummer who brought his drum from the field.

THE OFFICIAL VOTE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The official returns of all the counties of the State have been received. The result is as follows: Curtin 269,496, Woodward 254,171—Curtin's majority 15,325. The Legislature stands—Senate, 17 Republicans to 16 Democrats; House, 52 Republicans to 48 Democrats—Republican majority on joint ballot, 5.

The Louisville Journal announces authoritatively that no recruiting of negroes will take place in Kentucky.

THE DRAFT.—*Statement of Provost Marshal Fry.*—The War Department has made public a statement of Provost Marshal Fry in reference to the draft. The marshal says that the machinery for executing the enrollment act is in complete working order, but is of opinion that the law as it stands cannot be made to develop the *entire* military strength of the nation, as the execution of it has been rendered exceedingly difficult by the efforts made in various ways to resist or evade it, or to escape from its operation.

Its fruits, therefore, are not as abundant as they will be from a perfected law and more thoroughly established system of executing it. All the advantages, however, which could reasonably have been expected from the law are secured. Its general principles distribute the burdens of military service fairly among those liable to bear them, but there is, perhaps, more generosity than justness in some of its humane provisions.

Of those drawn in the present draft, including the 50 per cent. additional, *over* 80 *per cent* have reported in accordance with the orders of the boards. Of the 20 *per cent*, who have not reported, many are not wilful deserters, being unavoidably absent at sea, and the like. The deserters are being arrested.

About *one-half* of those held to service have paid commutation; of the remainder about *one third* have gone in person, and *two-thirds* have furnished substitutes.

All the expenditures up to this time on account of this bureau, including the enrollment, draft, and pay of officers and persons connected with it, are but little over $1,200,000.

The amount of money received from the draft is about ten times as great as all the expenses incurred on account of the enrollment act.

ARREST OF A BOSTON LAWYER FOR DESERTION.—Samuel L. Crocker, a member of the Suffolk bar, has been arrested for desertion, he having been drafted and failed to report in due form to the board of enrolment of the third district. When Mr. Crocker was notified to appear at the headquarters of the provost marshal, he went there with a substitute, but because he refused to comply with what he considered exactions of the provost marshal, the substitute he presented was not accepted.—The war Department sustained the action of the board of enrolment, and he was arrested.

On examination by the Board, Mr. Crocker was declared to be able-bodied, and was ordered into the service, but was allowed a furlough until Wednesday, when he will have to go into camp, as by a decision of the War Department his privilege to furnish a substitute or to pay the commutation money, is now cut off.

CONTRABAND MILK.—The following extract from general order No 2 of Lieut. Col. King, of the Massachusetts 35th, who is military commandment of Lexington, Ky., is original and decidedly pointed:

"Frequent complaints having been made that the milch cows of citizens have been milked, and oftentimes detained for days by persons, connected with the army, if such practices are continued and can be brought home to any one, the offender will be dealt with in a manner to make him wish that earlier in life he had been weaned from a love for milk."

THE NUMBER OF TROOPS VOLUNTARILY RAISED.—The Army and Navy Journal publishes a tabular statement of the number of troops voluntarily raised by the loyal States from the commencement of the war to January 1st, 1863. The total is as follows: Three months' men, 91,561; nine months, 67,335; defense of State, 15,863 three years, 1,068,769. Total, 1,276,246 exclusive of Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Tennessee and California from which no returns have been received.

A GENERAL TURNED PORK PACKER.—It is stated that Gen Lew Wallace, who took an active part in the fight at Island No. 10, Pittsburg Landing, Shiloh and Corinth, but who from some cause silently passed from observation, has become a partner in a pork and beef packing-house, at Crawfordsville, Ind.

THE QUOTA OF NEW YORK.—Provost Marshal General Fry telegraphs to Gov. Seymour the correct quota of New York under the proclamation of 17th of October, as 60,378; number to be raised to avoid a new draft will be 108,085.

THE VOTE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The whole vote for Governor at the late election in Pennsylvania is 30,985 larger than the heaviest vote ever before polled, which was at the Governor's election in 1860.

It is stated that the Confederate loss at the battle of Chickamanga was seventeen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine.

The court of inquiry in the case of Gen. Buell returned a verdict of acquittal on all the charges preferred aguinst him.

"What, are you drunk again?

"No, my dear, not drunk, but a little slippery. The fact is, my dear, some scoundrel has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

Little boys should be seen and not heard, as young Precocity coolly remarked to his teacher when he couldn't say his lesson.