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The Kent News.

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

VOL. 24.—NO. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863. WHOLE NO. 1221.

A Parody on "Excelsior."

BY THE BARD OF "MARBLE HALL.'

The shades of night were falling fast,
As thro' the "Monumental City" pass'd
A youth 'mid snow and ice who bore
A card of Smith & Bro.'s store
At Marble Hall.

His coat was torn, his pants below
Were furrowed here and there *like snow*,
With *flags of truce* that gaily shone
As he moved hastily along
To Marble Hall,

In other stores he saw the light
Glistening, glowing, warm and bright,
With eager steps he passed all others,
Resolved to buy of Smith & Brothers
At Marble Hall.

"Try not the space" the old man said,
"For there you're likely to be *bled*,"
Buy not up town the price is high—
THE ONLY PLACE in town to buy
Is Marble Hall.

* * * * *

Long since at eve as supperward
Some street was trodden by the 'Bard'
He heard the oft repeated prayer
Steal out upon the stilly air
For Marble Hall.

Peeping—for once beneath the screen
This youth (I knew by his clothes) was seen
Clasping unto his manly breast
As fair a maid as ever blessed
MARBLE HALL.

There in the twilight soft and gray,
Clasped in his arms I heard her say
(And then of course I came away,)
We owe our life with love's fruit frought
To that fine suit of clothes you bought
At Marble Hall.

MARBLE HALL—the greatest notoriety in Baltimore—is at No. 40 W. Balt. Street, where EVERY BODY GOES to get their clothing. Don't fail to visit it when you come to the city. Come and see the large stock of Clothing for Men and Boy's wear. [apr25.]

MARYLAND:
Kent County Orphans' Court.

December 8, 1863.

On the application of John P. Hartley, Administrator of Sarah M Hartley, late of Kent county, deceased:

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 8th day of December, 1863 Test, JOS. P. IRELAND, (SEAL)
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Saran M. Hartley, late of Kent county, dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 15th day of June, 1864; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 8th day of December, 1863. JOHN P. HARTLEY,
d12-4t. Adm'r of Sarah M. Hartley, d,ecd.

MARYLAND:
Kent County Orphans' Court,

December 8, 1863.

On the application of Samuel J Hill, Administrator of Thomas L. Hines, late of Kent county, deceased;

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the *Kent News*, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the countyaforesaid I have hereto set my hand, and the seal of office affixed this 8th day of December, 1863. Test, JOS P. IRELAND, (SEAL)
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Thomas L. Hines, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of June, 1864; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of December, 1863. SAMUEL J. HILL,
d12 4t. Adm'r of Thomas L. Hines, dec'd.

MARYLAND:
KENT COUNTY ORPHANS' COURT.

December 1, 1863.

On the application of Walter T. H. Miller, Executor of Merritt Miller, late of Kent county, deceased;

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, in Kent county, Md., and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 1st day of December, 1863. Test, B. F. HOUSTON, (SEAL)
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Merritt Miller, late of Kent county, dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 5th day of June, 1864; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 1st day of December, 1863. WALTER T. H. MILLER,
dec5-4t. Exec'r of Merritt Miller, dec'd.

AXES.—We have just received the celebrated AXES that we have sold for several years, that have given such general satisfaction. Farmers that have never used them would do well to try one. Sold by
Dec. 5, 1863. W. A. VICKERS.

BUCKWHEAT, of the best family brand, just received by WICKES & BRO.
Chestertown, Nov. 28, 1863.

FINE BLACK CLOTH SUITS, made up in the most fashionable style, and selling at prices that defy *all* competition, at
nov14. MASTBAUM'S.

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.

Poetical.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

THE following verses by a true woman, simple, touching, and teeming with mother-love, comes to us from Monroe, Michigan:

'Tis Christmas-eve! the tireless clock is tolling
the hours away,
And my household all are sleeping, dreaming
of Christmas day.
My countless varying duties are finish'd, one by
one,
Still, there's always something left—my work
is never done;
So I sit down by the cradle, my little one to
rock,
And while I sing a lulaby, I knit for him a sock.
I've filled some little stockings with candy and
with toys,
And hung them by the chimney-place, to please
my darling boys.
There sleeping sweetly in their cribs, I've tucked
the clothes in tight,
I've heard them say their evening prayer, and
kiss'd them both good-night.
I know, that ere the daylight shall through the
curtain peep,
Their Merry Christmas wishes will wake me
from my sleep.
I've many, many thoughts to-night and they
are sad to me:
Two stockings only hang this year, where three
were wont to be:
The tears are falling thickly as I think of the
day
When I laid that little stocking forevermore
away;
For the happy one that hung it there but one
short year ago
In yonder graveyard quietly sleepeth 'neath
the snow.
How many little stockings that on last Christmas day
Were fill'd by darling little ones, have since
been put away!
How many smiling faces, that to our nursery
door
Came wishing "Merry Christmas," will come
again no more!
Their waxen hands are folded upon each quiet
breast,
And the Shepherd God has gather'd those little
lambs to rest.
How many pleasant visions, and, ah what sad
ones too,
With each succeeding Christmas-eve come vividly to view!
I see again my childhood's home, and every
loved one's face;
The stockings hanging, as of yore, around the
chimney-place,
From the wee red one of baby's to grandpa's
sock of gray,—
Each in its own accustom'd place, not even one
away.
But the pleasant vision passes, and one of darker shade
Reveals how many changes each Christmas-eve
has made:
For those whose stockings hung there so closely
side by side,
In happy days of childhood, are scatter'd far
and wide!
A few still linger here to see this Christmas-eve
pass by,
But many, many more to-night within the
church-yard lie.
The baby's sock is finish'd—'tis sprinkled o'er
with tears:
Where will his tiny footsteps wander in future
years?
Perhaps this innocent will live to see, as I have
done,
The Christmas-eves of childhood steal onward
one by one;
But, whether a life of sorrow, or whether a life
of joy,
I feel that I can trust with God my much loved
baby boy.
The clock has struck the hour of twelve! I've
put the sock away,
And by the baby's cradle I now kneel down to
pray—
To ask that loving Saviour who on Christmas
morn was given
To save our souls from sin and death, and fit
us all for Heaven,
That he would guide our footsteps, and fill us
with his love,
That we may sing together a Christmas hymn
above.

IT is a settled thing in Europe that extravagance in dress is the very extreme of vulgarity, and is never indulged in except by those whose only claim to distinction is their length of purse.

"HEROINE," is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language. The first two letters of it are male, the first three are female, the first four a brave man, and the whole a brave woman.

"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee;" and at the precise moment the 'bad man' was floored by the weight of a walking stick that the Quaker generally carried.

"GOD WILL BRING US SAFELY HOME."

A lady with her husband, and a sweet little girl seven years old, were returning from India, with hearts full of joy and expectation to meet again the beloved friends from whom they had long been parted.

For some time the voyage was a smoothe and pleasant one. Suddenly the fine vessel in which they were sailing was becalmed, which in this instance meant, that, sliding down on the breast of a wave it was unable to rise to the top, and lay like a log upon the waters, in danger of sinking immediately.

The cargo was at once lightened, and everything, of course, done to ease the struggling ship, which groaned and trembled like a living creature. The captain a grey-haired man, went down into the cabin, and told the passengers of the fearful danger in which they were placed.

All bowed their heads in silent prayer as they waited the terrible rush of the waves to bury them in one deep and common grave; when the voice or the little girl rang out in clear and loud tones, "O don't be afraid, God is very good. He will make the ship ride the waves; He will bring us safe home. And on she sped, from one to another, like the dove with the olive leaf, bearing the sweet message in her mouth, "O, don't be afraid; don't be afraid."

Just then a tremendous noise above board made all start to their feet, thinking the ship was going down. Suddenly there was a cry at the cabin boor, "we are saved! The ship has righted herself.

"Ah! yes, said the child; I told you God was good. God has made the ship ride the waves, God will bring us safe home."

After the first burst of thankfulness to their great Protector, all the passengers embraced the little girl, and the sailors declared she was the angel of the voyage, and that, while she was on board, nothing wrong happened. This story is related by the mother of the little girl.

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.—The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a macadamized one, nor does it often lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait a-bit" thorns, and full of pitfalls which can only be avoided by the exercise of a watchful care and circumspection. After each day's journey over this worse than corduroy turnpike, the wayfarer needs something more than rest. Requires solace and deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, a thirst for the poetry. Happy is the man that can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greeting from the loving heart, fond glances from bright eyes that

"Mark our coming,
And look brighter when we come."

the welcome shouts of children, the thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love; the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it.—These and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconcile us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men.

AN INFIDEL—DOVE AND BUZZARD.—An infidel from Louisiana saw in a steamboat on the Mississippi a minister whom he heard deliver a discourse on infidelity.—Gathering his associates to the table, he began to tell hard stories about religion and religious people, the Bible and its ministers. The minister said nothing.

At length the infidel came up, and suddenly slapping him on the shoulder, said:

"Old fellow, what do you think of these things?"

"Do you see that beautiful landscape?"

"Yes."

"If you were to send out a dove he would pass over it and see, and delight in all that is beautiful and lovely; but if you were to send out a buzzard, he would see nothing to fix his attention; unless he could find some rotten carcass, loathsome to all other animals, on it he would light and gloat with exquisite pleasure."

"Do you mean to compare me with a buzzard?"

"I made no allusion to you."

The disciple of Tom Paine walked off in confusion, and was called buzzard the rest of the passage.—*Presb. Herald.*

HUMAN LIFE.—There is a story somewhere of an eastern king, whose delight it was to assemble his subjects in a glittering hall, where they were crowned with roses, and drank the purple wine from cups of gold; but under them were caverns and chains. Suddenly the floor gave way, and the guests were precipitated into the darkness below, there to meditate at leisure over their former blind enjoyment. Human life is just such a tyrant—the pleasure hides the pain—but not long, soon, very soon, are we precipitated into the depths of experience and regret.

A PRETTY GIRL WITH AN IMPATIENT TEMPER.—There are no two greater sources of misery to women than these two qualities. One creates love and the other kills it; hence alienation, quarreling, hatred, seperation. She loses as many lovers and friends as she gains, and at last she becomes a selfish, grumbling grievance-dealer.

HOW A LIAR WAS TAUGHT TO TELL THE TRUTH.

On a certain occasion, while a medical professor was engaged in delivering practical lectures to the public a gawky fellow thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the doctor. He mounted the stage, and being questioned about his disorder, said, gravely; "Why, I'm a liar!" "Sad disorder, sir, but perfectly curable," said the doctor. "Well," said the man, "but I've a worse complaint than that—I've lost my memory." "Quite curable, also," added the doctor; "but I must make my preparation. Come again after dinner, and I will be ready for you; but lay down seventy-five cents." The man who intended to have his fun gratis, resisted; but the doctor declared he never let any one down from the stage till he had paid something. "Beside," said the doctor, "how can I trust you? You say you are a liar, and have no memory, so you will either break your promise or forget all about it." A loud laugh from the audience expressed their acquiescence in the justness of the claim, and the poor fool was compelled to lay down the cash. No one supposed he would come back again, but he still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour. The doctor received him with great gravity, and addressing the audience said: "Gentlemen may think it a joke, but I assure them, on the honour of a gentlemen, that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money if the audience do not acknowledge the cure, and I am entitled to the reward." The man sat down, and was furnished with a glass of water. The doctor produced a box of flattened black pills, and to show that they were perfectly harmless, offered to swallow three or four of them himself. He then gave one of them to the man, who after many wry faces, bit into it, started up spitting, and exclaimed: "Why hang me if it ain't cobbler's wax!" "There," said the doctor, lifting up both hands, "did anbody ever witness so sudden, so miraculous a recovery? He is evidently cured of lying, for he has told the truth instantly; and the memory, my good fellow," continued he, patting him on the back, "if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return the money."

We guess the young man will never have occasion to apply for the return of his money. He evidently considers that doctor a bad "egg" to trifle with.

I MEAN TO BE A CHRISTAIN.—I sat by the bedside of a dying soldier in one of the hospitals of Gettysburg, and asked him what message I should convey to his pious mother. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I always told my mother I meant to be a Christian, some day. Tell her that I want to be a Christian, and I pray that God will have mercy upon me. He died a few hours after, whether prepared or not is known only to his Maker. But what perilous and wicked presumption this is, to be always 'meaning' and promising to repent, and yet always postponing the work until death brings home its necessity.

There are thousands in the army and out of it who are continually "meaning" to get to heaven, but who will never reach it because they are always neglecting the solemn promises to God and pious friends, that they would secure their salvation.—Sinner, deal honestly with God and men, and do not keep saying that you mean to be a Christian while you are daily and hourly refusing to yield to Christ. It is difficult to repent in a death hour,—the hour so fraught with pain and weakness, with dimness and horror!—*Christian Banner.*

KEEP THEM WARM.—Medical gentlemen assert that diseases of the chest are early contracted by exposure to the cold without sufficient clothing. The greater portion of children from one to fifteen months old, who die in winter, are killed by the cold or diseases resulting from the cold. Woolen flannel is recommended as the best clothing to be worn next the skin in our valuable climate, at least nine months in the year. If parents would preserve the health of their little ones, they should keep them warmly clad, especially about the chest and feet. Woolen socks should be adopted, for cold feet are always the cause of catching cold.

A LAUGHABLE incident is related of a jealous woman, at Lewistown, Maine, who went into an auction room the other day, and saw, (as she supposed) her husband very familiarly sitting beside a young lady. Stepping up softly, she seized a head in each of her hands and pounded them together a number of times in great rage.—Her surprise may be imagined when she found that the innocent stranger was not her "worser half" She apoligized and passed out amid the laughter of the crowd.

I would have no one criticise a sermon, said Samuel Drew, "till he had attempted to address a congregation: you will then better understand a preacher's sensations and difficulties. And remember this in your criticisms; the hand that cannot build a hovel may demolish a palace.

CARRYING politeness to excess is said to be raising your hat to a young lady on the street, and allowing a couple of dirty collars and a pair of socks to fall out upon the sidewalk.

FOOTE'S SPEECH.

In the Confederate Congress, Dec. 8th, Mr. Foote expressed great indignation at the course pursued by President Davis.—When Pemberton dishonorably surrendered Vicksburg to the enemy, the President made him his companion, and carried him to General Bragg's army, when, as he rode along, soldiers were heard to say, "there goes the traitor who delivered us over at Vicksburg."

The President never visited the army without doing it injury—never yet that it was not followed by disaster. He was instrumental in the Gettysburg affair. He instructed Bragg at Murfreesboro. He has opened Georgia to 100,000 of the enemy's troops, and laid South Carolina liable to destruction. I charge him with having almost ruined the country, and will meet his champion anywhere to discuss it. Would to God he would never visit the army again.

Mr. Foote also referred to abuses in the Commissary Department: A certain Commissary General, who was a curse to our country, is invested with authority to control the matter of subsistence. *This monster, Northrop, has stealthily placed our Government in the attitude charged by the enemy, and has attempted to starve the prisoners in our hands.*

From the 1st to the 26th, meats were furnished the prisoners very irregularly, and in a meagre manner. *For twelve days the supply was inadequate, and for eight days they had none at all.*

The Commissary General, says Mr. Foote, was a *pepper doctor* down in Charleston, *and looked like a vegetarian,* and actually made an elaborate report to the Secr'y of War, showing that for the subsistence of a human Yankee carcass *vegetable diet was the most proper!* For the honor of the country this Northrop should be ejected at once.

Mr. Wilson has introduced in the Senate a bill for increasing the pay of the army which provides that from and after the first of January, 1864, the pay per month for noncommissioned officers and privates in the Regular army and Volunteer forces in the service of the United States shall be as follows, viz: Sergeant Majors of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, $25; Quartermasters Sergeants of Cavalry, $25; of Artillery and Infantry, $21; First Sergeants of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, $23; Sergeants of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, $20; Sergeants of Ordnance, Sappers and Miners and Pontooniers, $35; Corporals, $18; Privates, $16; Corporals of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, $19; Chief Bugler of Cavalry, $25; Buglers, $18; Farriers and blacksmiths of Cavalry, and Artificers of Artillery, $20; Principal Musicians of Artillery and Infantry, $25; Musicians of artillery and Infantry, and Musicians of Sappers, Miners and Pontooniers, $16.

"THE COUNTRY MUST SUCCUMB."—This is the last sentece in the report of the Rebel Secresary of the Treasury, after giving and urging Congress to pass a new loan for the relief of the so-called Confedracy. He depicts in a truly mournful tone the utter hopelessness of the now rotten concern; and in speaking of the rebel currency concludes as follows.

The continuance of the notes as a circulating medium to their present extent, involves the ruin of the public and private credit, and will deprive the Gouernment of the merns of defending the livus and property of its citizens. If the currency remains in its present expanded state, no measure of relief can be made effectual. Prices must advance, and the means of the government to pay these prices must daily lose efficiency. Taxes become fruitless by reason of the depreciatian of the money. The army can neither be paid, clothed nor fed; arms and munitions of war can no longer be supplied, the officers of the Government cannot be supported, AND THE COUNTRY MUST SUCCUMB.

GENERAL MEADE ON HIS LATE MOVEMENT.—The following is an extract from a letter of Gen. Meade to a friend in Newark, New Jersey, written just before the last movement of the Army of the Potomac:

"I am fully aware of the great anxiety in the public mind that something should be done. I am in receipt of many letters, some from persons in high positions, telling me that I had better have my army destroyed, and the country filled up with the bodies of the soldiers, than remain inactive. Whilst I do not suffer myself to be influenced by such communications, I am and have been most anxious to effect something, but am determined, at every hazard, not to attempt anything unless my judgment indicates a probability of accomplishing some object commensurate with the destruction of life necessarily involved. I would rather a thousand times be relieved, charged with tardiness or incompetency, than have my conscience burdened with a wanton slaughter, uselessly, of brave men, or with having jeopardized the great cause by doing what I thought wrong.

On the 12th inst. the members of both Houses of Congress were finely entertained on board the Russian flagship, where speech, and sentiment, and eating and drinking were the order of the day.

A PRIVATE HOTEL.

We observe the following going the rounds of the Rebel press:

Mike has made several important discoveries in his recent raid through the Southwest. He says he has just found out what a "private hotel" is. He has found several of them in his travels, and they are certainly very peculiar institutions.—He says their bells and gongs make as much clatter as if there was really something on the table to call the public to, but when one gets there he sees nothing but empty plates.

Presently the waiters will be seen dispensing different articies of provender—pretty generally to the military gentlemen with the stars and bars on their collars—and when you ask them to give you "some 'o that what that feller's got," the waiter will look at you just as a faro dealer does when he "rakes down your pile," looks as if he had "chawed" you, and innocently says:

"That's private, sir!"

Then you look around to see what else might you taste, and you see another chap with eggs. You think "well eggs are common enough, dear knows."

"Well, give me some eggs, then."

"Dem's private, too, sir. De gemman fotch 'em here and we cook 'em for him."

"Give me some potatoes, then; I suppose they're not private," I said loud enough to attract all the eyes around the table.

"Yes, massa, dem's private, too, but I can give you some corn bread, an' here's some salt, an' here's some corn bread."

"Give me some of that butter, you black rascal," I said aggravated, as indeed it should make anybody feel who was paying eight dollars a day for board.

"Well, massa, 'clare massa, dat's private, too! Here's some salt?"

Spying another nigger, I motioned him to me, thinking I would slip a bribe into his fingers, and possibly get some of the private dishes. He came reluctantly, and as I extended my hand with a promise in it, he stooped and said in a low tone:

"I'se a private servant, massa."

This capped the climax, and I determined to finish my meal of corn dodger and salt, and take the next train for a change.—*Bugle Horn.*

GEN. HARDEE AND THE STRAGGLER.

We recently heard a camp anecdote which, we think is worthy of being preserved in print. While on a forced march in some army movements in Mississippi last summer, Gen. Hardee came up with a straggler who had fallen some distance in the rear of his command. The General ordered him forward, when the soldier replied that he was weak and broken down not having had even half rations for several days.

"That's hard," replied the General, but you must push forward, my good fellow, and join your comrades, or the provost guard will take you in hand. The soldier halted, and, looking up at the General, asked:

"Ain't you Gen. Hardee?"

"Yes," replied the General.

"Didn't you write Hardee's Tactics?"

"Yes."

"Well, General, I've studied them tactics, and know 'em by heart. You've got a order thar to double column at half distance ain't you?"

"Well, asked the General, what has that order to do with your case?"

"I'm a good soldier, General, and obey all that is possible to be obeyed, but if you can show me an order in your tactics, or anybody else's tactics, to double distance on half-rations, then I'll give in.

The General, with a hearty laugh, admitted that there was no tactics to meet the case, and, putting spurs to his horse, rode forward.

SENATOR BAYARD'S POSITION.—Senator Bayard of Delaware, never having taken the anti-rebellion oath required by the act of the last session, was informally reminded of that fact by the Vice-President on Monday, and requested to say whether he was prepared to take it, he replied in the negative; adding that if the Senate, by a formal vote, required him to take it, he should resign. If he persists in his determination he will be expelled.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

By way of Richmond and Fortress Monroe we have some interesting news from Charleston from the 11th to the 15th, inclusive. Gen. Gilmore continued to shell the city at intervals, but caused no personal injury, although several houses were struck. On Saturday some shells containing Greek fire were thrown into the city, but did no damage, or at least none was reported. On Friday morning the wood work on the southeast angle of Fort Sumter accidentally took fire and was destroyed. During the conflagration the Federal batteries opened heavily on the fort, the garrison losing ten killed and thirty wounded. On Tuesday, the latest date, there were no new movements of the Federal forces, and all was quiet in the harbor, with the exception of the guns firing shells on the city.

CHILDHOOD has little retrospection; its heart and soul are in the future, a glorified dream. Memory, with all its pleasures and pains, is for the old, and chiefly for the prematurely old; but youth is a vision of the islands of the blest; it tells its own fairy tale to itself, and is at once the inventor and hero.