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The Kent News.

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

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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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This Institution is pleasantly located on the Delaware river, about sixty miles by Railroad from New York, and thirty from Philadelphia. Thorough instruction is given in the common and higher branches of English, and superior advantages are furnished in the Ancient and Modern Languages, Drawing, Painting in all its branches, Vocal and Instrumental Music.—For Catalogues address the President. [j18 4m.

TO THOSE AFFLICTED WITH

Defective Sight and Hearing.

PROFESSOR J. ISAACS, *Oculist and Aurist,* from Leyden, Holland, has permanently located himself at No. 511 PINE ST., Philadelphia, where he may be consulted by those afflicted with DEAFNESS OR IMPAIRED SIGHT. Those unacquainted with the Professor are referred to the numerous testimonials of remarkable cures effected by him in Kent and adjoining counties.

His PANTASCOPIC GLASSES have given great relief whenever used. [je13;.]

1864. FALL 1864.

AND WINTER!

The Great Corner Store

UNDER THE "VOSHELL HOUSE."

I. FRANK has already laid in and is having manufactured, and receiving every week one of the largest and most carefully selected stocks of

CLOTHING

Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.,

ever offered on this shore.

He also has his usual and justly celebrated stock of BOOTS, together with the most extensive and varied stocks of HATS, both Men and Boys' wear, from the lowest to the finest quality. As he could not be dislodged, but has only changed his base of operations to a decidedly more advantageous and better adapted position, he is enabled to keep a larger and better stock of Goods, and enjoys ampler facilities to give satisfaction.

He is determined to conduct this as a FIRST CLASS ESTABLISHMENT, and will spare no pains to this end.

A call is solicited to put all his assertions beyond doubt. I. FRANK.

Chestertown, Sept. 10, 1864.

JAMES R. CHANCE & SONS'

CHEAP CASH STORE.

WE are just receiving our Fall and Winter Stock of all descriptions of Goods, which we desire the public generally to call and examine, as we are determined to offer such inducements as will be sure to meet the views of purchasers. We name in part:

A general assortment of all kinds of

Ladies' Dress Goods and Trimmings,

Also, Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear, bleached and brown Goods, Domestic Plaids, Kerseys, Flannels, Striped Shirting, Ticking, Table Damask, Irish Linen, L. C. Hdkfs, Shawls, Zephyr Wool Goods, all kinds of Hosiery, Gauntlets, Gloves, Mitts, &c. A great variety of FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, Soaps, Perfumery, Photographic Albums, &c.

ALSO,

Ladies', Gents', Misses Children, Boys and Youth's BOOTS, SHOES, Balmorals and Slippers of all descriptions, at low prices. Also, Men's Boy's and Youth's Slouch Hats & Caps.

ALSO,

A general assortment of **Groceries,** TEAS, SPICES, &c.

ALSO,

China, Glass, and Queensware, Crockeryware, Woodenware, Hardware, table and pocket Cutlery, Rich Silver Plated Castors, &c.

ALSO,

CARPETING, OIL CLOTHS, MATTING, TRUNKS, &c., together with a large stock of *COAL OIL LAMPS, &c.,*

with many other Goods too lengthy for detail, all of which we pledge ourselves to sell at the VERY LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES!

☞ *We only ask an examination of our Stock,* as it gives us pleasure to show our Goods.

JAS. R. CHANCE & SONS.

Chestertown, Oct. 8, 1864.

COAL SIFTER.—The most complete Coal Sifter we have ever seen, is to be found at W. A. VICKERS'. The high price of Coal should induce Housekeepers to purchase. oc8.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Oh! what is life? I asked a worldly man,
A man of years, enriched with earthly gain;
"'Tis joy and sorrow, happiness and woe,
Our cups are filled; with each they overflow."

As thus he spoke, I asked a child,
His only one, a spoiled but lovely child;
She answered with a smile, "riches and ease;
'Tis misery and sorrow without these."

I asked an aged man, a man whose air
Bespoke a life of poverty and care;
"Life," he replied, "is one great scene of strife,
With but a *dream* of joy, with sorrow rife."

I asked his dying child, who, on her bed
Lay waiting with a smile, the summons dread;
A whisper low, 'twas all I heard her say;
"A moment more, and then—Eternity!"

I asked an infidel, a man whose faith
Denied the existence of a God; and death,
To him, was but the end of life; the grave
A tenement from which no God could save.

"'Tis nothing," he replied; "man lives and dies!
An idiot's tale that nothing signifies."
He died! his terror he could scarce restrain!
He knew his fate! *I dare not ask again!*

I asked the Christian; with a smile he brought
His Bible, and its meaning *there* he sought;
He found it, and with joy I heard him say:
"Jesus! Thou art the *Life,* the Truth the Way."

I asked myself; and now my conscience spoke,
As if from slumber it had just awoke;
"Life is a race, with Heaven as the goal,
The prize, *a glorious crown,* the stake *thy soul!*"

WOMAN AND HER TOILS.

The following sketch of "Woman and Her Toils," which we find in one of our exchanges, is so truthful that we give it to our readers as worthy a careful perusal:

Shall the wife that is to be the mother of your children be treated with less care, kindness, and attention than the animals in your flocks and herds, from which you expect to raise stock of an improved race? Shall the lower order be cared for and the higher forgotten and slighted? Here is a picture of many Homes, that for want of serious reflection will soon be desolate:

"What a mysterious Providence! say the farmers' wives, as they come together to look for the last time on one of their number; and they glance pityingly on the bereaved husband and the family of children, varying in size from the tall youth or blooming maiden, down to the little child. Truly it is a mystery that she should be taken away in the prime of life when her children need her watchful care and counsel more than ever before. But let us examine into the life led by many farmers' wives, and see if we can gain a clue to this mysterious Providence, which so often leaves the family circle desolate.

"A young farmer marries, and for a year or two his wife can do very well without help; but by and by his work is too much for him alone, and he must have a hand; and, one by one, little children increase the family, until the wife's burden is much heavier than when she took it up. But he is just getting a start, and if they want to get rich—as everybody does—they must economise, so *she* 'gets along' without help. She rises early, milks the cows, gets breakfast (often for several men) dresses the children, washes dishes, skims milk, churns, perhaps sweeps the rooms, makes beds, prepares dinner, cleans up, snatches an hour to sew, keeping a restless baby quiet meanwhile, gets supper, milks again, puts the children to bed, and after they and the husband are asleep, resting from their weariness, sits up to sew that she may avoid paying a seamstress.

"In addition to all this daily routine, she does all the washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, house cleaning, etc.—*it costs so much to hire help.* So year after year she toils and drudges, not allowing herself the least opportunity for improving her mind, so that she may be a better guide and counseller for her children.—And very soon her fair face is faded and careworn, her temper soured, and fretful, and herself prostrated now and then by fits of illness, only to resume her wearying labor, as soon as returning strength permits. And thus she yearly becomes less able to bear the burden of her increasing household duties. If the husband is a kind, considerate man, who has been taught to assist his mother in boyhood, he makes her work lighter, by carrying wood and water, amusing the children and doing numberless little things, which may seem trifling in themselves, but are of much importance in the aggregate.

"But too many men leave the wife to draw water and carry wood, and if she finds it cut *part* of the time, she considers herself fortunate—and as for the baby he thinks it is a woman's place to nurse children, so it frets and cries, or mamma must work with it on her arm, while he reads his paper or talks with his hired men.

"Well, the farm increases in value and fertility, and his labor for producing for his family becomes lighter, as he is able to hire more help; but it is an old thing, both to himself and his wife, for her to do all the housework, with what little help the elder children, if they are girls can give her; for, if they are boys they cannot work much for her; as soon as they can use a hoe they must help father; and she toils on in the same old fashion.

"And when the comfortable new house is built and nicely furnished, and her children are beginning to be a real help to her, the pale, sickly, wife and mother, *lies down to die! Truly her sun goes down at noonday.*

"This wife has saved, by her ceaseless, wearying toil, hundreds of dollars for her husband, and he has lost—what money is powerless to recall—the companion of his youth, the one who has walked beside him through life's most thorny paths.

"And friends say it is a mysterious Providence! Just as if God ordained that the mother should be taken from her children when they are most exposed to temptation and danger! Instead of laying it to Providence, let us remember the days spent in toil, when the weak, exhausted frame was suffering from disease, induced perhaps from over-exertion; the hours stolen from needed slumber and devoted to labor; the numberless household duties performed with a fretful infant upon her arm; the immense amount of time spent in cooking over a hot fire, and the many sleepless nights passed in anxious watching over sick children. When we look at the subject in this light, is it so mysterious that so many women die in their prime?"

THE VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Life in a human creature is apparently a gift of so much value, that we should suppose it worth more fullness of development than is commonly secured, or even attempted. Examples, too, such as we observe here and there, seem to show that wonders of good may be wrought by a due cultivation of the various faculties given to us. But the mass of men vegetate and animalize through the predestined term of years, without giving any clear indications of the higher life, of which, as human beings, they are evidently capable. Who would imagine, from what is usually witnessed, that men may attain to such powers and grace, and excellencies, as we sometimes behold in the developments of our common nature? We may, indeed, be told that these extraordinary exhibitions are no proof of what we ought generally to expect; but mere instances of certain possibilities of intellect and goodness, displays very fit for our contemplation, but no models for us to think of imitating.

Now, as it respects intellectual power, it is sufficiently plain that we cannot look for the development of a Plato, a Demosthenes, a Newton, or a Milton, from the ordinary germs of humanity; and, perhaps, it might be too much to expect the goodness of an Isaiah, a John, or a Paul, in the common circumstances of mankind; but real life, of mind and heart, as well as of the animal frame—real excellencies of character, beyond what we most frequently witness—are, no doubt, attainable by every one born in possession of common strength of body and a well-conditioned brain. With suitable advantages of mental training, any one may learn to think vigorously; and with proper instruction in religion, and proper moral discipline, every one may come to believe truly, feel strongly, and act with energy in any sphere of life assigned to him. There is no necessity that the mass of men should be only a higher species of animals, or that they should be human dwarfs in all that is most characteristic of a human being.

But whatever is possible in our attainments, especially of the higher kind, ought to be aimed at with all the earnestness of which we are capable. The value of a vigorous mind, and a well-ordered moral nature is inestimable. No possible sacrifice of any mere present good is too great to be persistently made for such ends. These ends are not only in and of themselves immeasurably above any form of good that may come in competition with them, but, as being of endless durability, they are truly infinite in their value.—Nothing that we can possibly give in exchange for such treasures and such abilities, for the service of God and man, should, for a moment, be esteemed too much. The fullest energies of will, and strictest tenacity of purpose, should characterize our daily efforts to become the very best which the mercy of God may permit us to be. No half purposes, or hesitating efforts, should, for a moment, be tolerated.—*Christian Times.*

NOT AT HOME.—A worthy Hibernian, who was laboring under the delusion that men and women meant what they said, was tempted by a very cordial invitation from a lady of distinction to call at her house. The servant opened the door so quick that her voice was heard by Dr. M. saying, "Tell him I am *not at home!*"—His Irish wit came to the rescue, for he immediately said in a loud voice to the darkey, "Tell your mistress I have *not* called upon her this evening as she wished me." The lady ran out, took the doctor by both hands, and laughed heartily at his ignorance of the greatest institution of *respectable* life—lying.

THERE is nothing magnanimous in bearing disappointment with fortitude when the whole world is looking on. Men in such circumstances act bravely from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity, who, without friends to encourage, acquaintance to pity, even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility, is truly great; and whether peasant or courtier, deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect. —*Goldsmith.*

IT may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

IT is no uncommon thing that hot words produce a coolness.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Blair county (Pa.) *Whig* furnishes that paper with the particulars of the following interesting incident of which he was an eye witness.—In occurred a few years ago on the line of the great internal improvements of that State. It was one of those acts of genuine kind heartedness which fill the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is something of the angel still in our common nature.

At the points this side of the mountain, where occurred the tran-shipment of passengers from the West, was moored a canal boat awaiting the arrival of the train ere starting on its way through the East. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun-embrowned man, stood by his craft superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few moments after a party of about a half a dozen of gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something after this wise:

"Sir, we wish to go on East, but our further progress to-day depends upon you. In the cars we have just left is a sick man whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain; what say you?"

"Gentlemen," replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?"

To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer, when without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and entering, beheld in one corner a poor emaciated, worn out creature; whose life was nearly eaten out by that canker worm—consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke to him kindly.

"O, sir," said the shivering invalid looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectation, "are you the captain, and will you take me? God help me! The passengers looked upon me as a breathing pestilence, and are you so unkind! You see sir, I am dying, but oh, if I am spared to reach my mother, I shall die happy!—She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die."

"*You shall go,*" said the captain, "*if I lose every passenger for the trip.*"

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled on the path and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage.

A moment more and that decision was made known, as they behold him coming from the cars with his dying burden cradled in his arms. Pushing his way through the crowd with the sick man, he ordered a mattrass to be spread in the choicest part of the boat, on which he laid the invalid with the care of a parent. That done, the captain ordered the boat to be got ready for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to pervade the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin.

He went, and from their midst there arose a whiteheaded man, who, with tear-drops in his eyes, told that rough, sun-browned man that they felt humbled before him, and they asked forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of true sympathy was broken in the heart of nature, and its waters swelled up, choking the utterance of all present.

On the instant, a purse was made up for the sick man, with a "God Speed" to his home, *to die in the arms of his mother!*

WINTER THE TIME TO THINK.

Winter is the time for farmers to think—spring, summer and fall to work; and the three latter seasons' labor will be to little profit if the time of the first shall have been misspent. All the plans of the next season's operations should be laid and well considered during winter. All improvements, all designs for new operations, all the work to be done, should then be considered and prepared for; so that, when the time for work arrives, he will have nothing to do but to go ahead. Then he has no time to think; but if he has been wise during winter, he will have no need of it. It is a pitiful sight to look at in the spring, when all nature is in an ecstacy of delight, to see a farmer flying about, trying to do several things at once and not knowing which to do first, running here and running there in search of rusty implements, some of which require repairs, some cannot be found—the plowing season passing away, the planting corn season rapidly advancing, and he not prepared for anything.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.—A late arrival from Europe brings information of a terrific hurricane that occurred at Calcutta on the fifth of October, by which 110 ships were wrecked and 12,000 persons drowned. The destruction of property was immense. A portion of the city and villages along the river were inundated.

WHY is an unserviceable gun like an office holder? Because it kicks mightily when it is discharged.

AN INTELLIGENT WARRIOR.

The colored individual known as the "intelligent contraband," has doubtless enlisted, and has been keeping guard at the Covington Ferry, as will be seen by the following, which occurred there a day or two since.

A merchant doing business in Cincinnati, but who rejoices in the possession of an "Old Kentucky Home," which he visits about twice a week, started with a small valise to cross the river. Arrived upon the opposite side, he was confronted by a bayonet, behind which he recognized the sombre shadow of the countenance of one of our American brethren of African descent, and at the same time he was brought up standing, by hearing the utterance of an imperious "Halt!" And the gentleman halted.

"What hab you got dar?" questioned the sable warrior, pointing to the suspicious valise.

"Three dirty shirts, four pairs of socks, a comb, tooth brush and a bottle of Hiawatha," was the reply.

"Whar am your permit to bring dem articles into Kaintuck?" demanded the vigilant sentry.

The gentleman was nonplussed for a moment, when a happy idea struck him, or rather he struck a happy idea. Taking from his pocketbook a promissory note for $130, he handed it to the "intelligent contraband," who, after regarding the document upside down with profound attention, returned it, exclaiming as he recovered arms "all korrect, you may pass."

"COME AND SEE ME."

Never take "come and see me" as a phrase meant in earnest, unless it is accompanied with a date. An invitation without "circumstance" is no invitation at all. Depend upon it, if any gentleman or lady desire your company, he or she will appoint a time for your visit. "Call on me when you can make it convenient," "drop in as you are passing," "make us a visit whenever you have an hour or two to spare," are social indefinitisms by which men of the world understand that they are not expected to do the thing requested. When people wish to be *cheaply* polite there is nothing like this kind of vagueness. It is truly said that the complimentary small change of society should always be taken at a large discount. It is never worth its face, or anything like it. Yet it is a convenient medium of exchange for all that, and heavy debts of gratitude that ought to be requited in better coin are often paid with it. People who have more polish than principle, use it lavishly—plain, blunt, honest men, sparingly, or not at all. Whoever makes a friendly visit to a fashionable house on the strength of a mere "come and see me," will be likely enough to find that the family circle which he has dropped into by request is as ungenial as the arctic circle, and to leave it with a chilly feeling about the heart that will prevent him from venturing into the same high latitude thereafter. But when a whole-souled fellow, whom you know to be your friend, grasps you vigorously by the hand and says:—"Come and dine with me to-day—dinner on the table at three o'clock—be sure to come, we shall expect you"—go if you can, and you will be all the better for it both in mind and body. One likes to meet friends at the hospitable board—one's own or their, it matters not which—but a nod in the street is all-sufficient from a fashionable acquaintance.

WEAR A SMILE.

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words and a fretful disposition you can make hundreds unhappy beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and let love glow on your forehead! There is no joy as great as that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and in the day when about your daily business.

AN officer down in Georgia tells the following story:

One night General —— was out on the line, and observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer that a hole could be easily put through it. Whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said:

"Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it," ordered the captain. The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready he looked up and said: "Captain that's the moon."

"Don't care for that," was the captain's ready response, "put a hole through it any how."

GENTILITY is neither in birth, wealth, manner nor fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take advantage of another, and adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.

ELECTION INCIDENTS AND WAGERS.—Some curious wagers were made on the result of the late election. A citizen of Trenton, N J., in case McClellan carried the State, was, on all the pleasant days of a week, (which he had the reserved right to select,) to eat a frugal dinner on the steps of the court house, said dinner to be served to him by bootblacks in the filthiest state of dilapidation. In Chicago an ex-U. S. marshal will, according to the terms of his wager, be compelled to pay for and eat four dinners with such colored company as the fortunate winner of his wager may select. In Binghampton, N. Y., there is a lady whose suitor was a strong supporter of McClellan. So certain was he of his favorite being the favorite of the people that he proposed to his sweetheart that in case of Lincoln's election he would promonade the public streets, at high noon, with a large placard on his back inscribed "Sold," never dreaming that he would have to fulfil his promise. But on Wednesday last, having discovered his mistake, he was forced to execute his promenade, much to his own disgust and to the delight of small boys and the amusement of children of larger growth. The New York Sun mentions several other wagers as follows:

One man, a democrat, bet that McClellan would be elected. In the event of his losing he was to saw and split a cord of wood at a certain hour in the day, in front of one of the principal hotels; and in case he failed to do his work, even to the last stick, he was to forfeit $250. Another promised to walk a mile and a half barefoot, in case his candidate is not elected, the penalty, in case of failure, being a hundred dollars; a third is to wheel a barrow filled with stones and earth through the streets, or forfeit five hundred dollars; a fourth, a republican, promises to wear a most ridiculously made hat during the four years of office of the successful candidate, and as the said candidate was his man, there is but little doubt but he wants to advertise himself as a Lincoln man, and probably hopes thus to get a fat office.

Curious Calculation.

Few persons have any tolerable notion of that space which would be occupied by the population now living on this side of the globe if congregated together; and as to that vast majority, the dead, the wildest conjectures have been indulged in.—Some have even doubted whether such a number of human beings could find standing room on the whole face of the earth. Now, taking the present population of the earth to number one thousand millions, and assuming that the average population of the earth from the time of Adam till now has been half that number, and that the generation of men have averaged forty years each, we come to this conclusion—that the smallest county of England would afford sitting room for all the men, women, and children now alive on earth, and that a number of human beings equal to all that have ever lived on the face of the earth might stand within the area of the largest county in England.

BOYS, HELP YOUR MOTHERS.—We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the woodpile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meat house to cut a frozen steak for dinner. This is not as it should be. There is much work about the house too hard for women. Heavy lifting, hard extra steps which should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do it all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prosy housework is irksome enough at least. It is a long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is quite done, and then on the morrow the whole is to be gone over with again.—There is more of it than one is apt to think.

AN INTERESTING STORY.—"Shon, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language. "Shon, mine Shon! came here an' I vill dell you von little stories Now mine Shon, shall it pe a drue story, or makes pelieve?"

"O, a true story of course!" answered John.

"Ferry vell den. Dere vas a goot nice old shentleman, (shoost like I,) and he had von liddle poy, (shoost like you.)—And von day he heard him shwearing like a younq fillin,—as he vas. So he vent to der winkie (corner, and took out a cowhide,—(shoost as I am going to do now,) and he dook ter dirty little blackguard py de collar, (dis vay you see!) and valloped him, (shoost so!) And den mine tear Shon, he bull his ears, (dis vay,) and smack his face, (dat vay,) an' dell him to go mitout his supper shoost as you vill do this efening."

"The four hundred and seventy-fifth day," is the title of a paragraph in the Charleston papers of October 27th, announcing the results of the bombardment of the city on that day.

THE Constitution of Nevada provides that in civil cases three-fourths of a jury may render a verdict, the same as if the whole panel agreed.

THOSE men who are of the noblest dispositions think themselves the happiest when others share their happiness with them.