msa_sc2901_scm2356-0048 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 25.—No. 40. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865. WHOLE No. 1278.

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:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements not exceeding eight 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 eight lines.

Job-Printing.—HAND-BILLS, BLANKS, CIRCULARS, &c.—We have an extensive assortment of new and beautiful JOB TYPE, and are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice on very reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

☞The following beautiful sketch was written at Savage's Station while the Army was making the Peninsula campaign under Gen. McClellan. No one who reads it can fail to be impressed with the flowing beauty of the rhyme and the tenderness of sentiment pervading it:

A PLAINT FROM SAVAGE'S.

BY GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND.

Alas! for the pleasant peace we knew
In the happy summers of long ago,
When the rivers were bright and the skies were blue
By the homes of Henrico.
We dreamed of wars that were far away,
And read, as in fable, of blood that ran
Where the James and Chickahominy stray,
Through the groves of Powhattan.

'Tis a dream come true, for the afternoons
Blow bugles of war by our fields of grain,
And the sabres sink as the dark dragoons
Come galloping up the lane;
The pigeons have flown from the eaves and tiles,
The oat-blades have grown to blades of steel,
And the Huns swarm down the leafy aisles
Of the grand old Commonweal.

They have torn the Indian fisher's nets
Where the gray Pamunkey goes towards the sea,
And blood runs red in the rivulets
That babbled and brawled in glee;
The corpses are strewn in Fairy Oak glades,
The hoarse guns thunder from Drury's Ridge,
The fishes that played in the cool deep shades
Are frightened from Bottom Bridge.

I would that the year were blotted away,
And the strawberries green in the hedge again;
That the scythe might swing in the tangled hay,
And the squirrels romp in the glen;
The walnuts sprinkle the clover slopes
Where graze the sheep and the spotted steer,
And the winter restore the golden hopes
That were trampled in a year.

EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.

Lord Shaftesbury recently stated, in a public meeting, in London, that he had ascertained from personal observation that of adult male criminals in that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a boy lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in his favor and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

This is a fact of startling importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over his child until sixteen—it cannot be a very difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parents fault—it is owing to parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of ninty-eight per cent. of the crime in a country such as England or the United States, lies at the door of the parents.

It is a fearful reflection. We throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only, as to the early seeds of disease, that in nearly every case they are sown between sundowns and bed-time, in absence from the family-circle, in the supply of spending money never earned by the spenders, opening the doors of confectionaries and soda-fountains, or beer and tobacco, and wine shops, or the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant and dance; then follows the Sunday excursion, Sunday drives, the easy transition to the company of those whose ways lead down to the gates of social, physical, moral ruin.

From "eight to sixteen!"—in these few years are the destinies of children fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty—fixed by parents! Let every father and mother solemnly vow: "By God's help I'll fix my darling's destiny for good by making home more attractive than the streets."

OF all the sins committed in a Christian land swearing is the most insulting to God because, to quote the quaint language of Quarles, "It is a sin whereunto neither profit incites, allures, nor necessity compels, or nature persuades.

ALMOST every young lady is public spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court house

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

This is a sore subject to touch. One feels like treading all at once on a hundred corns. Nearly every family has its sore spot, its dark corner, its private closet, carefully locked up, and in the interior hidden from the light of day. It seems strange to say that most family difficulties arise from the ignorance of the different members of each other, and yet it is sadly true. Many families live together for years, and separate, knowing less of each other's secret feelings, motives, and the springs which guide action, than of others who have lived outside the family circle. Small jealousies, petty selfishness, creep in and produce estrangements, which frequently mar the happiness of a life-time.

There is little appreciation of the divine beauty and loving, graceful possibilities of the family relation. It is so common a fact that we lose sight of its wisdom, just as we forget to be thankful that the sun shines, or that the dew or rain falls. The sweet name of mother, brother, sister, falls upon the year without meaning, while we are constantly associated with them, and in the habitual enjoyment of their kind offices; it is only long after, when perhaps some bright eyes have become dimmed, and the merry laughter of others hushed, and the weary, tired heart seeks its rest among strangers, that the magic of household names, and the deep, tender meaning of the household relationship, are really felt.

The great want in families is justice and reciprocity, and that forbearance which it is necessary for mortals always to exercise toward each other. We willingly accept it from others, but we are not willing to give it in return. We establish a claim on some incidental circumstance, or the bare fact of relationship, and impose burdens and accept kindness without a thought of obligation on our part. Children make the life of their parents one of never-ending toil and anxiety, and often refuse even the poor reward of their love and confidence. Sisters demand aid, protection, and favors of all sorts from their brothers, and if asked to make their shirts, mend their hose, or even hem a handkerchief in return, would have a thousand excuses, or perhaps flatly refuse the needed service.

Habitual politeness is a valuable element of family intercourse. A coarse, rude speech is less excusable, addressed to a father, mother, brother or sister, than if used to a stranger or a simple acquaintance; and yet how common it is! Of course the fault of this lies with the parents. Precept is of little use without example. Some parents think it beneath their dignity to prefix a request, "If you please," "Have the kindness," and then wonder why their children can not be "mannerly" like other people. We have known the sons of a poor widow, who on no account would have permitted themselves to sit down to table with their mother without first arranging their toilet in the best manner their circumstances would permit, and never suffered her, no matter what the temptation, to attend church or weekly prayer-meeting alone. This consideration extended to the minutest acts of their daily life, and was a most charming thing to see. The mother, it is hardly necessary to say, was a lady of birth and education, and had carefully practiced toward her children that respect for their feelings and thoughtfulness for their comfort which she afterwards received from them.

TESTIMONY OF RICHARD COBDEN.

I have traveled in most civilized countries, and I can say that the mass of the people in England don't compare favorably with the mass of the people in other countries as I could wish. I find in other countries a greater number of people with property than there are in England. I don't know a Protestant country in the world where the mass of the people are so illiterate as the mass of the people in England. These are not bad tests of the condition of the people. It is no use talking of your army or your navy, of your exports or imports; it is no use telling me that a small portion of the people are exceedingly well off. I want to bring the test to a comparison of the majority of the people of this country against the majority of any other country. I say it, with some knowledge of foreign countries, that we don't compare favorably in that way. The English peasantry has not a parallel on the face of the earth. I know no other peasantry but that of England which is entirely divorced from the land. There is no other country in the world where you will not find men holding the plow and turning up the furrow of their own freehold. You will not find that in England. I don't want any revolution or aggrarian outrages to change this. But I find that wherever I go the condition of the people is apt generally to be pretty much in accordance with the power they have to take care of themselves. If you have a country where the people have no political power, and another country where they have, they will be treated with more consideration, and will have greater advantages, will be better educated, and will have a better chance of obtaining property in the latter case than in a country where they have no chance of having the political franchise.

SOME men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

THE LIFE OF THE FARMER.

The highest hope and ambition of multitudes of those in large cities is that they may live to see the time when they shall have a home of their own in the country; if nothing more, at least

A little barn, a little farm,
A little horse to till it;
A pretty yard, a pretty house,
A pretty wife to fill it.

The farmer, on the other hand, has no such wish to gratify. From his own land and dwelling he may ever freely gaze on the broad and living pages of nature, with lessons of heavenly wisdom everywhere around him. No close confinement of the workshop or of study shut him in. No thick, dark clouds of city smoke and noxious vapors overhang and surround him, polluting the air and obscuring the bright sunlight of heaven. No lofty dwellings with narrow streets hide him from the fair face of nature around. No dust-laden, heated, stifling air of busy, crowded rooms weakens or exhausts him. No noisy din of hammers, nor whirl of wheels and spindle, confines the brain, or drowns the voice of reflection within him. For him more than others the sun shines, the pure and healthy breezes blow, the night dews fall, the rain descending from the clouds feeds the mountain springs, and sends the leaping rivulets to enrich the plains below, soothing the spirit by their gentle murmurs, or rousing to joyous effort by their ceaseless activity and motion. For him the glittering rain and dew drops on leaf and plant and flower, like unnumbered gems of fairest radiance, dance and tremble in the early sunlight, as if full of life and joy. For him the brilliant glories of the rainbow are painted by the hands of God on the misty curtains of the evening sky. The joyous singing of the birds of spring is his. For him the flowers breathe the sweetest fragrance, and the golden fruits of autumn do yield their richest stores. For him the fields of summer wave in graceful beauty beneath the breath of morn, and the rustling leaves of autumn sing their plaintive song of ruin and decay.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE of CALIFORNIA.

All the vegetation in California is monstrous in growth. Strawberries as big as hen's eggs, some of which sold at a Sanitary Fair for a dollar a piece. Indeed, eggs have sometimes sold in market at seven to ten dollars per dozen. We have no conception of the extravagance of the people. They never think of the price of anything so long as they have the money. They live on their capital instead of income, and begin anew every year. A lazy stage driver will toss the stable boy who waters his horse a silver half-dollar, as if it were but two cents. Judging from their generosity, we think this people must be immensely rich, but they are poor—keeping themselves so by their extravagance—no population in the world, living at the same rate, has so little wealth.—But the great crops, green vegetables, are to be had through the whole year, and in size they beat nature. A respectable Presbyterian clergyman told me he planted a peach pit, and in *fourteen months* it had grown to a tree ten feet high, and he ate peaches grown upon it. Now you don't believe this, but it is true.

One man cut a stick which he carried as a cane for a week or two, and then sticking it in the ground as a support for a weak sapling, it sprouted, and in two years he gathered a peck of pears from that every cane! We have no conception of the activity of that soil. Prodigious crops of wheat and oats are raised; and as to peaches, plums, and pears, why, I should ruin my character for veracity should I give you the facts about them. Pears weigh five and six pounds; grapes weigh four and a half pounds to the bunch. It is the greatest grape-growing country in the world; they are produced in the greatest confusion—grapes for breakfast, grapes for dinner—and yet they are not cheap, because labor is high. So nothing is cheap, though it is picked up in the streets, because the man who picks it up will charge you a quarter for stooping down and picking it up. All vegetables, potatoes, turnips, &c., are sold by the pound, and you can imagine what the bills must be.—*Address by the Rev. Dr. Bellows.*

ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH, BOYS.—The ground-work of all manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything said. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know that he will not deceive me. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawfull and just ground to build upon. So long as the truth remains in a child, there is something to build upon. So long as the truth remains in a child, there is something to depend on; but when the truth is gone, all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? if so, you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it may you never depart again.

SAYS Artemus Ward:

"Yuma differ as much as you pleaze about the stile of a young lady's figger, but I tell yu konfidentially, if she has forty thousand pounds, the figger is about as near rite as you will get it."

THE KEEPER OF THE REBEL PRISON AT ANDERSONVILLE ARRESTED.

This individual—S. B. Davis by name—was arrested and arraigned for trial before a court martial in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 17th instant, charged with being a rebel spy. The Cincinnati Commercial gives the following circumstances of his detection and arrest:

A young soldier—Archibald Parker of the Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry, only 18 years of age—detected him on a train going from Toledo to Newark. The soldier had been a prisoner at Andersonville, and recognized his rebel friend. Approaching him, he said:

"Is this not Mr. S. B. Davis?"

"No sir, my name is Cummings."

"Don't you live in Georgia?"

"No sir, I live in Canada. Here is my passport;" and the suspected man drew forth a paper having the appearance of an official passport, giving the bearer, Willoughby Cummings, permission to go into the United States, except the insurgent States.

The young soldier was not satisfied, but did not press his inquiries further just then. Cummings invited him out to take a drink at the next station, when he said:

"You certainly are the man who had charge of the prison at Andersonville."

Cummings protested that he was not; but the soldier kept a close watch on him. At the next station he found a train of cars waiting, on which were a number of soldiers. He went over to them and said, "Boys, were any of you prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia?" Some of them replied that they were. "Well," said he, "Davis, who had command of the prison, is over here in this train; come and see him." They went with him, and recognized Davis at once, saying, "How are you, Davis? You are not found feeding Yankees on corn meal and mule meat now." The fellow still protested his name was Cummings, and again produced his passport; but he could not fool the boys, and they compelled him to acknowledge he was their old keeper. Two of them guarded the car, and sent a despatch to the provost marshal at Newark, where Davis was arrested on the arrival of the train. He had through tickets for Washington, and acknowledged he was trying to get back to Richmond.

Relative to his arrest, the Columbus Journal says:

Lieutenant Davis, whose capture was announced in Friday's Journal, has been transferred to Cincinnati. He made a full confession, stating that he destroyed his despatches after he was captured. They were written on silk, and sewn on the inside of his coat sleeve. Watching his opportunity he cut them out and burned them. He also acknowledged that the treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia, and other places was severe, but asserted that he was only obeying orders, and that he was not in any way responsible.

THE DESOLATION OF WAR.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writing from Gen. Grant's army, gives the following picture of the havoc of war.—Speaking of the country around Petersburg, he says:

Those who saw these lands when they first became the theatre of active operations would now have difficulty in recognizing a single field. The houses are nearly all still remaining, but every other trace of the old inhabitants has disappeared. A large portion of the section we occupy was densely wooden with pine when we came; it has now become a question whether there is wood enough in the army lines to last much longer, so nearly have the forests disappeared.

And not an iota of this destruction is the work of wantonness. It is the inevitable result of the army remaining in the same camps for a few weeks. Fences are *non est* generally, from the first hour of occupation, as they are in the way of the evolutions of troops, and a battle strips them as completely from the face of the country as though they had never been. The forests are consumed only because the army must have wood to burn and timber to build quarters. The fields are cut up into roads because the means of communication between the different parts of the army must be numerous to facilitate the distribution of rations, and its concentration in case of attack at any point.—Nobody trample a field, cuts down a tree, or tears up a fence, simply to destroy, but because the seeming destruction conduces to the comfort or convenience, or both, of the army.

JOHN KELLY enlisted in South Boston about three years ago, and deserted by jumping out of the cars while running at full speed. He enlisted again in Washington, and again deserted; was arrested, tried by court martial and condemned to be shot; his sentence was commuted to hard labor at the Tortugas during the war. He escaped from the islands and enlisted again in New York; again deserted, and fell in with one Hugh Riley, and was brought by him to the Charlestown, Mass., Navy-Yard for the purpose of enlisting in the navy. On Thursday night last Kelly got into a fight, lost his coat and hat, and had the impudence to apply to the police for their recovery. This led to his identity and arrest.

HOW PETROLEUM IS FORMED.

The Pittsburg Chronicle, speculating on the formation of petroleum, says:

We may set it down as an axiom that nature is not only capable of producing now all articles that she has ever produced, but that she is and will continue to produce them until she substitutes something better. Perhaps our meaning will be better understood by applying to a single article. Suppose, for instance, we take the one in which we have so deep an interest—petroleum. This is known to be a hydro carbon, composed of two gases. These gases are primary elements, indestructible and exhaustless in quantity. One of them—hydrogen—is a constituent of water, and, of course, is as exhaustless as the ocean. The other is a constituent in all vegetable forms and in many of our rocks. One hundred pounds of limestone, when burned, will weigh but sixty pounds. The part driven off by burning is carbonic acid. Underlying the "oil rock" is a stratum of limestone of unknown thickness, but known to be upwards of one thousand feet in depth. The water falling on the surface and percolating through the porous sandstone that underlies the oil rock, becomes charged with salt, potash, saltpetre, and other chemical ingredients, and, finally, reaches the limestone rock and decomposes it—the carbon in the rock and the hydrogen in the water uniting to form oil, while the oxygen is set free to ascend to the atmosphere or unite with minerals and form oxydes. The reverse of this process is seen in burning the oil in a lamp—the oxygen in the atmosphere uniting with the carbon in the oil, forming carbonic acid and with the dydrogen forming water—thus completing the circle. The question is frequently asked, "When will the oil become exhausted?" We may answer, when the ocean is, and not before.

HOW TO REPAIR A ROAD.

The first requisite is to have a dry bed for the road. Without this, the superstructure, of whatever material it may be composed, will soon become rough and uneven. Some soils are naturally drained and the gravelly subsoil thrown upon the surface and rounded a little, makes as good a path as need be. Others need draining, and no amount of gravel upon the surface will make a good bed without it. We frequently find bad places upon a hill-side where the water is always bursting out in rainy seasons. A three inch tile drain four feet deep just above these wet places would make them dry up permanently, and save a large expenditure every year. If tiles are not available, stones or wood should be used. There is no help for these mud holes but in draining the bed. A single dollar spent at the bottom is worth ten at the top in gravel. Roads are so constantly in use and the prosperity of the farmer so much depends upon them, that no pains should be spared to have them of easy grade and as smooth as possible. All classes in the community are benefitted by good roads, but the farmer most. All his surplus crops must go over the road to market, and it makes a great difference with him in the course of a year, whether he be able to make a ton and a half at a load, or only half that quantity. Good roads add to the value of every acre he owns and of every thing that he produces, to say nothing of their influence upon his manhood. They are a mark of the progress of civilization, and a pretty good index of the moral culture of a people. A team stuck in the mud, the snapping of whiffletrees and braces, the cursing and bad temper of the driver, show that "there is something rotten in Denmark." The mud holes in the highway undo the work of the schoolhouse and the church. There is an intimate connection between the highways and the moral ways of a people. In mending either it is a very safe maxim to "*begin at the bottom.*"—*American Agriculturist.*

Newspapers and Bacon.

An old and worthy subscriber to the Augusta Constitutionalist, (noted for his good bacon,) stepped in recently, and proposed paying his subscription for six months. The bookkeeper made out his receipt for $3.

"How is this," said our country friend. "You have put up the price."

"Yes," answered the bookkeeper, "we have been compelled to do it in self-defence."

"Well, sir it is extortion. I won't take it." "Well, then if you don't like it that way, we will let you take the paper at $2—our old price—for six months, if you will pay us in that fine bacon of yours at ten cents a pound the old price. That is certainly fair."

"How much bacon would it take?"

"Just twenty pounds, sir."

"Why, that would be giving you $12 for your paper for six months, at the lowest price at which such bacon as mine sells now!"

"I know it," answered the book-keeper. "We can't help it; and for this very reason we have been compelled to put up the price of our paper. Each sheet of the plain paper on which we print our daily now, costs us two cents, and every other thing in proportion."

"Well, well," said our friend, "that bacon argument is a clincher. Give me the receipt; here is the money. I must act upon the prevailing opinion. I must *save my bacon.*"

A PRETTY MACHINE.

You may see them at work any time in the day:
Oh, what dainty perfection their movements display!
There's a rustling and swaying as onward they sweep,
And the dirt of the pavement before them they heap;
It's the finest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street sweeping machine.

They are simple in shape, they are easy to move,
And the walk of a city they vastly improve;
You may have them of silk, barege, or delaine,
You may have them trimmed gaily, or have them quite plain.
It's the neatest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

There are some who declare they demand too much room,
There are some who prefer, too, the old style of broom,
But all these are old fogies, who always cry down
Every bright innovation with anger and frown;
It's the nicest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

In what delicate folds round the corners they flow!
In what shimmering slopes to the pavement they go!
Where's the use of contractor's for cleaning the streets,
When the job's neatly done by the fairies we meet?
It's the rarest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

A LITTLE LESSON FOR WELL-DISPOSED WIVES.—Why is it, asked a lady, that so many men are anxious to get rid of their wives? Because, was the reply, so few women exert themselves after marriage to make their presence indispensable to the happiness of their husbands! When husband and wife, have become thoroughly accustomed to each other—when all the little battery of charms which both played off so skillfully before wedding-day has been exhausted—too many seem to think that nothing remains but the clanking of the legal chains which bind them to each other. The wife seeks to develop in her affection no new attraction for her husband; and the latter, perceiving the *lapsus*, begins to brood over an uncongeniality which does not exist into insurpassible obstacles in the ways of his earthly felicity. This is the true secret. The woman who charmed before marriage can charm afterward, if she will, though not of course by the same means. There are a thousand ways, if she will only study them out, in which she can make home so attractive that her husband will unconsciously dislike to absent himself from it, and so she can readily make herself the particular deity of the domestic paradise. This done she may quietly laugh at any attempt to alienate her husband's inclinations; and with those inclinations will always go, in such cases, his active judgment.

To Make a Barren Tree Produce.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker writes: "Permit me to make a statement that I think is not generally known and might be a benefit to many, viz: A rule by which a barren fruit tree can be made to bear. Sometime in the month of February supply yourself with a few yards of twine or small iron wire, go up into the tree, bend the upright branches over in a gentle curve, or bow-like shape, and tie them in that position, and I will warrant that your trees that never blossomed before will do so and bear fruit the first season; and they will increase their product still more the second. The above rule may be well-known among fruit growers. I will not at this time attempt to give the reason for the result above stated, but simply say, try it; the expense will be next to nothing."

THE TRIBE OF DAVIS.—A Washington writer is rather cool on the Davises, loyal and disloyal, and perpetrates the following:

"Abram says: 'May Heaven save us
From the windy tribe of Davis!
What with Winter, Jeff, and Garrett,
How can any mortal bear it?
We are lost, or Heaven must save us
From the windy tribe of Davis!'"

A LITTLE MIXED.—The celebrated speech of Sir Boyle Roche: "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; but mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud," was evidently the model upon which a writer in Kansas framed, the other day, some remarks upon the recent election. The Leavenworth Conservative says that, by the result of that election, "the fall of corruption has been dispelled, and the wheels of the State government will no longer be trammeled by sharks that have beset the public prosperity like locusts."

WESTERN papers give currency to a rumor that marriage is likely to occur ere long between the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Mrs. Douglas, the widow of the lamented Illinois Senator.

ONE of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.

THERE are forty thousand Jews in the Federal army. Do they eat their pork rations?

General Sheridan was once a news-boy. That was where he learned how to go to press Early.