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The Kent News.

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

VOL. 25.—No. 42. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865. WHOLE No. 1280.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Select Poetry.

THE RETURN.

"Three years! I wonder if she'll know me?
I limp a little, and I left one arm
At Petersburg: and I am grown as brown
As the plump chesnuts on my little farm;
And am as shaggy as the chesnut burs,
But ripe and sweet within, and wholly hers.

"The darling! how I long to see her!
My heart outruns this feeble soldier pace;
For I remember, after I had left,
A little Charlie came to take my place.
Ah! how the laughing three-year-old brown eyes
(His mother's eyes) will stare with pleased surprise.

"Sure, they'll be at the corner watching!
I sent them word that I should come to-night.
The birds all know it, for they crowd around
Twittering their welcome with a wild delight;
And that old robin, with a halting wing,
I saved her life three years ago last spring.

"Three years—perhaps I am but dreaming,
For, like the pilgrim of the long ago,
I've tugged a weary burden at my back,
Through summer's heat and winter's blinding snow,
Till now, I reach my home, my darling's breast,
Where I can roll my burden off—and rest."

* * * * * *

When morning came the early rising sun
Laid his light fingers on a soldier sleeping,
Where a soft covering of bright green grass
Over two lowly mounds was lightly creeping,
But waked him not; his was the rest eternal,
Where the brown eyes reflected love supernal.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE of a METHODIST BISHOP.

In Dr. Clark's "Life of Bishop Hedding," we find narrated the following incident:

Bishop Hedding was a plain and humble man. He chose only to be known as a Methodist preacher. He wore the garb, travelled in the style, and assumed the character of a Methodist preacher. Accordingly, when he stopped to seek lodgings with his brethren, he would announce himself simply as a Methodist preacher. If this did not always secure him as cordial a reception, and as grand an entertainment, as if he had announced himself "bishop" instead of "preacher," it at least enabled him to distinguish between Christian hospitality and hospitality to office.

While on a journey to attend one of his conferences an incident illustrative of this occurred. One Saturday, toward noon, he reached a manufacturing village, and finding both himself and his horse much jaded, he concluded to remain over the Sabbath. The preacher and his wife being both absent from the parsonage, he went to the public-house near by. After dinner he inquired of the landlord who were the principal men among the Methodists in the place; intending to seek the hospitality of some one of them rather than remain at the public-house over the Sabbath. The landlord gave him the name and pointed out the residence of one, who, he said, was the principal man in the church, and also in the village. The bishop immediately walked over to the house, and made known his wish to the lady. Instead of giving him a reply, she sent for her husband. When the man came in he introduced himself to him as a Methodist preacher on a journey, and said, that as he knew of no place he could reach before the Sabbath, he would like to pass it in that place if he could be entertained. The man made no reply, but turned the conversation to some other subject. After waiting a reasonable time, and no reply being made to his request, the bishop took his hat, and said, "Good afternoon, sir," intending to return and spend the Sabbath at the tavern. The man then said, in a cold and heartless manner, "I guess you'd better stay here." The bishop replied, that he would like to stay, if it would not be a burden to him or his family; but he did not like to make himself burdensome anywhere. "O, you can stay," said the man, with the same cold, apathetic indifference. "Well," said the bishop, "I have a horse at the tavern; have you horse-keeping?" "I have a barn and hay," replied the man, "but no grain." The bishop then said: "I can procure grain at the tavern, if you have good hay; but if your hay is not good, I will keep him there, as I have a long journey to perform." The man replied, with some little irritability, "The hay is good enough for your horse."

Upon this slender prospect of hospitality the bishop went to the tavern, procured oats, brought them in his sulky, and put up his horse, and took care of him while he remained. When evening came his host said to him—"There is a prayer-meeting at the meeting house; you can go, if you please; I can't go." The bishop went to the prayer meeting, took his seat in the congregation, and, at a suitable time, prayed along with the other brethren. After the meeting he returned to his lodgings.

The house of his host was large, and elegantly furnished; but at the hour of rest they sent the bishop to a small, remote chamber—far from being clean.—Here he had three apprentice boys for his companions—one of them occupying the same bed with himself.

In the morning, his host, in a half-inviting, half-repelling manner, remarked that there was to be a love feast, and inquired if he would go. "O, yes, certainly," said the bishop. Soon after he had taken his seat in the congregation, the preacher came in. He observed his host go up and speak to the preacher, when both turned their eyes upon him. The preacher had seen him before and instantly recognised him. A flame of fire seemed to overspread the face of his host as he slunk away to a seat. At the request of the preacher Bishop Hedding took charge of the love-feast, and then preached for him. He also engaged to accompany the preacher and officiate for him at his afternoon appointment—almost glad of the opportunity to escape from his host at this juncture. As soon as the service closed, he left the church to get his horse. His host soon came up with him, took his arm, and—half-mad, half-gracious, and quite thoroughly confused—said, in a quick, impatient manner, "Why didn't you tell me you was a bishop?" "O," said the bishop, "I am a plain Methodist preacher." Both the man and his wife seemed completely overcome with mortification, and it was a relief to the bishop to get away.

Perhaps after that the man remembered the injunction of the good book, "Be careful to entertain strangers, for some thereby have entertained angels unawares." At all events, he received an admonition upon the propriety of giving, at least, a decent reception and entertainment to the Methodist preachers.

TIME.—Ninety years hence, probably not a man or woman now twenty years old, will be alive. Ninety years! Alas! how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told; a dream, an empty sound, that passeth on the winds away, and is forgotten." Years shorten as man advances in age; like the degree in longitude, man's life declines as he travels toward the frozen pole until it dwindles to a point, and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country and substitute others in their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passions disappear, the love, hope and joy pass away in ninety years, and be forgotten?—"Ninety years," said Death; "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, to-day and to-morrow, and every day is mine.—When ninety years are past, this generation shall have mingled in the dust and be remembered not?"

WHERE IS THE GOLD AND SILVER?—A good many people are very much alarmed about the finances of the country, and fear that because they do not see gold and silver in daily circulation as they used to, it has all gone out of the country. Such people would be surprised if they could look into a few of the private hoards, to say nothing of the public receptacles of the country, and see the nice little sums laid by against a time of need, all of which will come into circulation again in an amazingly short space of time as soon financial matters become more settled. We know of an Irishman, who cannot write his name, who has in store $40,000 in gold coin, and $26,000 in silver coin.—He has money enough besides, and refuses to sell his coin at any premium, as he says the time may come when he shall want it. As other Irishmen may wish to know how their countryman happened to have so much money, we will add that the possessor of this hoard never drank a drop of liquor in his life, and don't stand round street corners puffing the smoke of vile tobacco from a dirty pipe in the faces of all the passers by. And there are others besides Irishmen, who, if they did not get rich, might profit materially by the habits of abstinence and prudence practiced by this fortunate son of Erin.—*Springfield Republican.*

LAY it down as a rule never to smile, nor in any way show approval or merriment at any trait in a child which you should not wish to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.

A MAN with a scolding wife, when inquired of in relation to his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

SIZING DOWN THE AGES OF MAN.

The man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the railway brakesman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men, are employed in this capacity. At the same age dies the factory workman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture scant wages, and unremitting toil. Then comes the railway baggage man, who is smashed on an average at 30. Milliners and dressmakers live but very little longer. The average of the one is 32 and the other 33.

The engineer, the fireman, the conductor, the powder-maker, the well digger, and the factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35. The cutler, the dyer, the leather dresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, the shoe cutter, the engraver and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives, in an unwholesome atmosphere, do not reach the average age of 40. The musician blows his breath all out of his body at 40. Then come trades that are active, or in a pure air.

The baker lives to an average age of 43, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace man to 42, the mason to 48, the stone cutter to 43, the tanner to 49, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 44, the drover to 49, the cook to 45, the inn keeper to 46, the laborer to 44, the domestic servant (female) to 43, the tailoress to 41. Why should the barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water.

Those who average over half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in health, have moderate exercise and not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 51, the cooper till 52, and the wheelright till 59. The rope-maker lengthens the thread of his life to 55; merchants, wholesale and retail, to 62. Professional men live longer than is generally supposed.—Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 55.

Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. The sailor averages 49, the caulker 64, the sailmaker 52, the stevedore 55, the ferryman 65, and the pilot 64. A dispensation of Providence that "Maine Law" men may consider incomprehensible is, that brewers and distillers live to the ripe old age of 64. Last and longest lived come paupers, 67, and "gentlemen," 68. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves and live on their neighbors, outlast all the rest.

HOW JOHN JACOB ASTOR BECAME RICH.—A writer in Harper's Magazine, speaking of the late John Jacob Astor, thus describes the means by which he acquired his great wealth:

It was neither furs nor teas that gave him $20,000,000. When he arrived in New York it contained only 25,000 inhabitants. In 1800, when he began to have money to invest, the city had begun to double its population, and had advanced nearly a mile up the island. Astor foresaw its future growth, and bought all the lands and lots just beyond the verge of the city that he could get. One little anecdote will show the wisdom of this proceeding. He sold a lot in the vicinity of Wall street, in 1810, for $8,000, which was supposed to be somewhat under its value. The purchaser, after the papers were signed, seemed disposed to chuckle over his bargain. "Why, Mr. Astor," said he, "this lot will be worth $12,000." "Very true," replied Astor, "but now you shall see what I will do with this money. With eight thousand dollars I will buy eighty lots above Canal street By the time your lot is worth $12,000 my eighty lots will be worth $80,000," which proved to be the fact. In the course of time the island was dotted all over with Astor lands to such an extent that the whole income from his estate for fifty years could be invested in new houses, without buying any more land.

HOW THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS WERE RECEIVED BY THE TWO ARMIES.—The Richmond Sentinel says:

A gentleman who was at the army at Petersburg when Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell passed through our lines on their way to Washington, says that the shouting along the lines was prolonged and enthusiastic. It would, indeed, be delightful if there was any room to hope that the Washington authorities are prepared for such terms of peace as would allow the soldiers to disperse. Once before the acclamations of the armies were united. When they lay confronted at Fredericksburg a fine military band played in succession "Yankee Doodle, "Dixie," and other national airs. These were appropriately responded to by the two armies alternately; but when the band struck up 'Home, Sweet Home,' the opposing camps forgot their hostility, and united in vociferous tribute to the common sentiment.

GREAT guns cost something. A ten-inch Parrott gun costs $4,500; an eleven-inch Rod-man gun costs $6,500; a fifteen-inch Krupp's gun costs $26,400; a twelve-inch Blakely gun costs $35,000. The two latter are made of steel.

From the South.

THE WHIG ON THE PEACE COMMISSION.

[From the Richmond Whig.]

We have arrived at a critical point in our controversy with the government at Washington, and the people it represents. Commissioners have left this capital for that of the enemy, under a quasi invitation from President Lincoln, to discuss the possibility of adjusting matters in dispute and ending the war. It is of vital importance that we should just now remember that we are dealing with an exceedingly artful and thoroughly unscrupulous foe.—It is not impossible that this is an honest and sincere endeavor on their part to terminate the war, and that such may be the result. But it is not safe to think so.

The visit of our commissioners may be permitted only for the purpose of satisfying all parties there that no peace can be made with us except on the basis of separation. Many of the late supporters of McClellan are pledged, when satisfied of this, to a most unrelenting war. Their accession to the administration party would relieve Lincoln of many embarrassments, and give him full swing. Moreover the call for three hundred thousand more fresh troops is now pending.

It is well to recollect how Seward played with and deceived the commissioners who visited Washington in March, 1861, keeping them there a whole month while a naval expedition was preparing for the relief of Fort Sumter, and pledging himself the whole time that Sumter should be evacuated. Judge Campbell, at least, will not be apt to forget what occurred on that occasion.

If we permit ourselves to be deceived and thrown off our guard, growing weaker daily, while they grow stronger, we shall reap a harvest of disasters. The President has done well in his selection for commissioners. The choice of Mr. Stephens shows a proper regard for that sentiment in the country least satisfied with his administration. Mr. Hunter represents the theories and doctrines on which the secession of these States was based, while Judge Campbell may be taken as the exponent of those shades of opinion that lie between extremes. They are gentlemen of such character and ability as to give dignity to the great mission on which they have gone and of such fairness and moderation as to furnish assurance to the enemy that we are acting in good faith and with sincere desire to accomplish a satisfactory settlement.

GENERAL LEE ON ARMING SLAVES.

A Richmond letter to the Liverpool Courier has the following passage:

"I spent a day with General R. E. Lee, and when the subject of arming the slaves was introduced he interrupted the conversation, and said: 'I wish you to understand my views on this subject. I am favorable to the use of our servants in the army. I think we can make better soldiers of them than Lincoln can. He claims to have two hundred thousand in his service. We can destroy the value of all such soldiers to him by using ours against them. I do not see why I should not have the use of such available materials as well as he. I would hold out to them the certainty of freedom and a home when they shall have rendered efficient service. He has not given them a home, nor can he give them officers who can understand and manage them as well as we can."

CASE OF HON. H. S. FOOTE.

In the case of H. S. Foote, a vote of censure reported by the minority of the special committee on the subject was adopted by the rebel Congress in lieu of the majority resolutions which were in favor of expulsion. The resolutions as passed, by yeas 64, nays 6, are as follows:

Resolved, That the said Henry S. Foote was properly arrested by the military authorities:

Resolved, That the said Henry S. Foote, for the conduct aforesaid, deserve the censure of this house.

PROMINENT PRINTERS.—An address recently delivered before the Typographical Society at Washington, stated these facts about honors to printers:

The United States Senate has chosen a printer for secretary, a printer for sergeant-at-arms, while a printer occupies the vice-president's chair. In the House a printer has been elected clerk, a printer postmaster, and on the first Monday of December 1863 the House of Representatives chose a printer for their foreman or speaker; and also of the fourteen gentlemen who had filled the office of Mayor of Washington, six were printers, namely: Rapine, Gales, Seaton, Weightman, Force and Towers.

THE AMENITIES OF THE PICKET LINE.—The following is a copy of a letter thrown over to our men on picket at the front:

Gentlemen.—There is one thing you have got and I want; that is, a Masonic breastpin. You will know me by having a red ribbon tied to my gun. I have not got any tobacco with me, but I will be on picket to morrow night and will have some. You must think hard of us not answering when you speak. Our officers are very strict on us. I wish the privates on both sides would come to some conclusion and stop this war. I thing we could make peace right off. Don't gather around those front holes in squads. The officers order us to fire, but we don't. All the shooting done in the day-time is done by them.—If you throw anything over, be sure and throw it as far as you can.

SINGULAR FREAKS OF A LUNATIC.

Recently a respectable looking individual announcing himself as Professor K., called at the residence of a boatman on Delaware avenue, and stated that he was desirous of making an important experiment in the river, and for which he needed the boatman's services at once to row him midway between the island and the city. The boatman proposed deferring the experimental trip until the following day, but the nervous professor was determined to submit to no delays, and handing the boatman a twenty dollar note for his services, the party proceeded to the wharf, and embarked in a boat for the ship-channel in the river.

As the boatman was pulling vigorously at the oars, wondering what sort of experiments the mysterious individual was about to make, the professor put a damper on his reveries by informing him that a man was of the same nature as a fish, and could breathe as well under as above water, provided he was determined and set his mind on doing it, and at the time requesting his companion to fall overboard and try under-water life for the space of an hour or two. The boatman was dumbfounded at this unnatural demand, and promptly refused to play fish under any consideration.

The professor, without further comment, plunged headlong into the swelling tide and disappeared beneath the angry waves. Scarcely a moment elapsed, however before his caput was above the surface of the water again, and throwing his arm about in a frantic manner, cried lustily for help. The boatman seized him by the hair and after some difficulty succeeded in getting him safely into the boat.

On expostulating with the learned gentleman for his temerity, and the folly of his theory that a man was of the same nature as a fish, the professor flew into a violent passion and said that had he gone into the river feet foremost instead of head first, he certainly would have reached the Azore Islands before morning, and that he should resume the experiment next summer, when the water would be of a more agreeable temperature.

On landing at South street wharf, the soaked professor was properly cared for. The following day it was ascertained that he had escaped from one of our private lunatic asylums, where he is now kept under strict surveillance, while he occupies his time in finishing a work he commenced some two years since, on "Man as a Fish." It was this that was the cause of his insanity.

PRACTICAL JOKES PLAYED BY A HORSE.—Though many curious tricks and mischievous but harmless capers have been played by horses within our knowledge, yet it is hard to give credence to the following anecdote from an English paper: "There was, some years ago, a very fine horse in the possession of Henry Meux & Co., the eminent brewers. It was used as a dray horse, but was so tractable that he was left sometimes without restraint, to walk about the yard and return to the stable, according to his fancy. In the yard, there were also a few pigs of peculiar breed, fed on grain and corn, and to these pigs the horse had evidently an insuperable objection. There was a deep trough in the yard, holding water for the horses, where this horse went often, taking his mouth full of corn. When he reached the trough, he let the corn fall near it on the ground, and when the young swine approached it (for the old ones kept aloof) he would suddenly seize one of them by the tail, pop him into the trough, and then caper about the yard, seemingly delighted with the frolic. The noise of the pig soon brought the men to his assistance, who knew from experience what was the matter, while the horse indulged in all sorts of antics to show his glee, and then returned quietly to his stable."

CURE FOR FROSTED FEET.—I know a remedy against chilblains which is so simple and easy that doubtlessly many would hardly think it worth trying. As, however, it completely cured my poor feet which had suffered for fifteen winters with chilblains, and to which all possible lotions and salves, &c., had been ineffectually applied, I am most anxious to give those who are similarly effected the benefit of my experience. The remedy consists in a hot footbath only; but the water must be as hot as can possibly be endured, and the feet, after having been kept in from fifteen to twenty minutes, must be immersed into cold water, to prevent catching cold. An instant relief will be experienced from the burning and itching sensation.—*Svea.*

SHARP PRACTICE TO OBTAIN A WEALTHY WIFE.—The Cleveland Plaindealer mentions the case of a well-dressed young man of good manners, who gave in his income to the assessor at several thousand dollars, paid the tax, and had the pleasure of seeing his name in the lists among the nabobs of the country. On the strength of this he courted a wealthy man's daughter and married her. Then it was found out that he had no money, and had sold his mother's watch to pay the income tax. The government made a good thing out of it, so did the young man.

GOOD-NATURE, like the little busy bee, collects sweetness from every herb; while ill-nature, like the spider, collects poison from honeyed flowers.

A GEORGIA CHARACTER.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, who accompanied Gen. Sherman in his march from Atlanta to Savannah, gives that paper a most interesting account of the campaign. The march was regarded as a pleasure trip by the 'boys,' and they met with many amusing incidents. After crossing the Ogeechee, a part of the army bivouacked at Welles' Station, and here they met a decided original. His conversation is given as follows by the correspondent:

At this station we came across an old man named Wells, who was the most original character I ever met. He was a depot master in the days when there was a railroad here. He is a shrewd old man, seemed to understand the merits of the war question perfectly. He said:

"They say you are retreating, but it is the strangest sort of retreating I ever saw. Why dog bite them, the newspapers have been lying in this way all along. They allers are whipping the federal armies, and they allers fall back after the battle is over. It was that ar' idee that first opened my eyes. Our army was allers whipping the Feds, and we allers fell back. I allers told 'em it was a humbug, and now by thunder I know it, for here you are right on old John Wells' place; hogs, potatoes, corn and fences all gone. I don't find any fault. I expected it all."

"Jeff. Davis and the rest," he continued, "talking about splitting the Union. Why, if South Carolina had gone out by herself, she would have been split in four pieces by this time. Splitting the Union! Why, darn it, the State of Georgia is being split right through from end to end. It is these rich fellows who are making the war, and keeping their precious bodies out of harm's way. There's John Franklin went through here the other day, running away from your army. I could have played dominoes on his coat tail.—There's my poor brother, sick with small-pox at Macon, working for eleven dollars a month, and hain't got a cent of the cussed stuff for a year. 'Leven dollars a month and seven thousand bullets a minute. I don't believe in it, sir.

"My wife came from Canada, and I kind of thought I would some time go there to live, but was allers afraid of the ice and cold; but I can tell you this country is getting too cussed hot for me. Look at my fence rails burning there. I think I can stand the cold better.

"I heard as how they cut down the trees across your road up the county and burned the bridges; why (dog bite their hides) one of your Yankees can take up a tree and carry it off, tops and all; and there's that bridge you put across the river in less than two hours—they'd as well try to stop the Ogeechee as you Yankees.

"To bring back the good old times," he said, "it'll take the help of Divine Providence, a heap of rain, and a deal of elbow grease, to fix things up again."

A LETTER, says the Indianapolis Journal, from a Major on the staff of a popular General, gives the following harrowing incident that occurred during Gen. Sherman's great march through Georgia—in fact, the only painful circumstance connected with the march. At Milledgeville, the residence of Gov. Brown was sacked, and ten boxes of old Sherry, branded 18—, were found. The mouths of certain staff officers had just begun to water, when Gen. Howard came up, and ascertaining the state of affairs (the General don't drink,) ordered the bottles to be broken. Remonstrance was useless, and the eyes of the gallant officers, whose mouths had begun to water, filled with tears as the choice liquor ran into the sacred soil of Georgia, and they declared (upon honor) that it was the most painful sight they had ever witnessed.

REST.—The purpose of all true rest is to qualify and prepare us for more thorough and effectual work; and the intent of all real work—educationary, disciplinary, and preparatory, as all the life-work of earth is meant to be—is just to train us for that rest which is not for a season only, but which "remaineth."

THE following advertisement appears in the New York papers:

"Divorces legally procured for persons from every State without publicity or change of residence. Incompatibility, desertion, &c., sufficient cause. Advice free and confidential."

WHY are greenbacks more valuable than gold, even at its present price? Because when you put a greenback in your pocket you *double* it, and when you take it out again you find it *in creases*. The writer of this only survived its authorship a few hours.

THEY get up "big things" in Philadelphia. They advertise a grand torch light procession *on the skating park*, and they speak in their advertisements of the "sweet silver light of the *artificial moon!*" No doubt Philadelphia abounds in artificial men and women, but *heavenly* bodies are valuable only as they are genuine.

SOME persons are not suspected of being rascals, because they are known to be.—They are not above suspicion, but are below it.

AN eastern editor heads his list of births, marriages, and deaths, "Hatched, Matched and Dispatched."