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The Kent News.

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

VOL. 22.—NO. 40. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862. WHOLE NO. 1132.

Select Poetry.

Though Clouds of Sorrow Lower.

Though clouds of sorrow lower,
Let not reproach find vent;
But midst the darkness and the gloom
Learn thou to be content;
And with firm, unwearing faith,
Hope's bright sunshine borrow;
And recollect though dark to-day,
It may be fair to-morrow.

And give not way to vain regret,
It is no balm for woe;
It cannot close the hidden spring
From whence the sorrows flow;
Forget not that afflictions deep
Are oft from heaven sent;
By God, to teach unto his flock,
A lesson of content.

Then in your journey through this life,
If trials you should meet;
If thorns unnumber'd and untold
Spring up beneath your feet;
Look up, look up, above this earth
To heaven's starry scope;
And pray that pure and steadfast faith
May warm your soul with hope.

Then ne'er complain beneath your load,
Nor at your lot repine;
But let sweet faith around your heart
Its silken fetters bind;
Let holy feelings of content
Repose within your breast:
Murmur not at heaven's decree,
And leave to God the rest.

A CAMP-FIRE STORY.

NOW AND THEN.

Seated in my tent one evening, just before the battle of the City of Mexico, the Captain came to me with, "Corporal, I have been requested to send a trusty non-commissioned officer to the general council to-night as a messenger. Will you go?" I replied in the affirmative, thanking the captain for his confidence. Our company was at that time detached from its regiment, and was doing special duty at General Scott's headquarters. In the discharge of that duty, I had made it a point to be specially attentive, and had thereby gained the confidence of our captain, and once or twice was commended by old "Fuss and Feathers" himself. I brushed up my old clothes, and brightened up my shoes and brass plates in the neatest manner possible that evening, and presented myself to the Adjutant General for instructions. I found that the council, about to meet for the consideration of Gen. Scott's plan for taking the city, was composed of all the colonels in the division, and that my duty would be to go errands, and attend to bringing charts, papers, or whatever might be required.

Well, the council met, and I was at my post. It was the finest body of military men I had ever seen together, and when they assembled around that table, and the old General stood towering high above the rest, I could not help but admiring him more than ever. After the customary salutation and organization, they sat down in regard to rank, beginning with General Wool, and succeeding each other in seats, as seniority in rank gave them privilege. It was no time for delay, and the General spoke rapidly and with earnestness, occasionally referring to some one on the right or left for information or corroboration.—Thus carefully and explicitly were the movements and marches, the sallies and sorties, the whole plan developed, so that all seemed to understand. But presently a plan was discovered, something was wrong, and I saw by the perplexed look of those around the table that some serious mistake had been made, but from what cause, my knowledge of military affairs did not enable me to judge. A dispute arose between some colonel and the engineer-in-chief in regard to the position and strength of some battery, and the topography of the surrounding country,

The colonel said that frequent reconnoisance of the ground, from the fact of his being encamped near the place in question, led him, even in direct opposition to the chart of the engineer, to protest against its truthfulness, and he would urge upon the General to make himself sure of the condition of affairs before he fully completed his plan. But this would not do; it was necessary that very important and vigorous movements should take place upon that very section of the defence, and without a correct knowledge of the place no action could be carried on with safety or certainty. It seemed, in fact, to be a main point, at which positive success would have to fall to the American forces. Finally, the colonel said that there was a young lieutenant in his regiment who had a correct chart of the defences, and a map of the demesne thereto adjacent. The engineer-in-chief sneeringly said, "*Very well*, sir, you had better send for *your* authority, and let us see this great map." The General nodded his approval, and the colonel gave me the name and address of the lieutenant. The encampment was not very far away, and I mounted my horse and rode off in haste to the regimental headquarters, and found the very man I was in search of in the colonel's tent with draughting paper on the table before him, and sketches of the city and its surroundings scattered everywhere. I handed him the note, which he read and hastily tore up, asking me if I could wait until he could borrow a horse? I told him I could, but had not long to wait, for he came back in a few moments and carefully wrapping up his surveys, he placed them in a long tin case, and mounting, prepared to follow me. On the way he conversed with so much earnestness, and in such a mild and interesting manner, that I felt encouraged to talk and chat, contrary to my usual practice when on horseback.—He informed me that he was a graduate of West Point, and that he had there fallen so much in love with the science of geometry, that he had made it an almost constant study, and that now he found it very interesting in the intervals of duty to make sketches and surveys of the city.

When we arrived at the General's again the lieutenant was introduced, and at his colonel's request produced his charts.—The party were astonished at their finish and fine execution, and when, after examination, they were found to be perfectly correct, General Scott came forward, and grasping the young lieutenant by the hand personally complimented him on his skill and thanked him for his efficiency. The chief engineer, somewhat chagrined at this display of learning on the part of his young rival, sneeringly said: "General, perhaps this young man has some plan by which this part of the defences may be attacked." Upon inquiry, it was found that he *had* a plan, which was produced with some degree of reluctance and laid before the assembly. It was read, and criticised and corrected, and finally, to make a long story short, adopted with some amendments by the council. This displeased the engineer, who seemed to think that the lieutenant, though but a very few years his junior, had no right to display so much knowledge of a science which did not belong to his branch of the service.

"I need not tell you," continued the corporal, "that, in the taking of Mexico, a few days after, the plan offered by this lieutenant was of signal service, and that he was brevetted soon afterwards."

Here the story ended, and the sergeant relapsed into his "pipe and silence." We all looked for a while into the fire, when one of the sentinels asked him what the name of the young lieutenant was. He slowly puffed the smoke from his mouth and answered—

"I believe his name was George—George B. McClellan."

"And who was that Engineer?"

"I believe his name was George, too—George T. Beauregard."

And we all smoked and looked into the fire, until the sentinel called out—

"Grand round! Turn out the guard!"

WIT.

There is no talent more desired nor more appreciated than wit, and there is scarcely one which involves for its owner a greater responsibility. He who possesses the propensity of witty sayings or repartee must be constantly on his guard, or he will inflict pain when he intended only to create a laugh. The kindliest utterance of wit sends often, and most unconsciously, a barbed arrow to some heart in which already rankles a hidden wound. And where the shaft is winged by malignity, it forms an engine of suffering whose power can hardly be overestimated.

Harmless jesting, fun, mirth, the exercise of a cheerful spirit, are all good in their appropriate time and place, and the latter especially is appropriate everywhere. But if the deadly power of wit be adapted to ridicule, let him beware who uses it. It will turn the fairest garden of friendship into a desert. It will make a good man almost a fiend. It withers confidence, it blights the best purposes, it humiliates, degrades, destroys. Only a kindly humor, only a gentle wit, that hides no sting beneath a velvet sheath, is to be desired.

VERY SOCIABLE.—Gov. Powell, of Ky., was once a great favorite. He never was an orator; but his conversational, story-telling, and sociable qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it from every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio past that place I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of Lazarus:

A citizen of Henderson coming on board fell into conversation with a passenger, who made some inquiries about Powell.

"Lives in your place, don't he?"

"Yes, one of our oldest citizens."

"Very sociable man, ain't he?"

"Remarkably so."

"Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable! I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and spit all over me!—re-mark-a-bly sociable!

A BABY'S EFFORT.—A bright little girl just beginning to talk, was very observant of all that passed around her. She saw a gentleman, with a dog, enter a house on the opposite side of the street. He shut the door, and left the dog without, who, by various canine movements of whining and scratching, manifested painful impatience. Moved by his desertion and complaining, she thrust her small face through the bars of her nursery window, and cried in a clear, earnest tone, "Ing'e bell, doggie!—ing'e bell!"

WHY are young ladies kissing each other like an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

AN INCIDENT.

I passed up the natural avenue and came out upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked slowly towards the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded. I however passed up the aisle until I had gained a position where I could have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. I soon perceived that I was an object of attention. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one present seemed to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take an interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the wood and the fragrance of health seemed to respond to his eloquence. Then it was not a great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white headed creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. While my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and the blessings of the two worlds, and wrapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of a most animated character. I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a time upon his countenance—and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her.

I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart. I doubted not that the fair young damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself—that we were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise? She had been born and nurtured amid these wild and romantic scenes—and was made of romance, of poetry and tenderness. And then I thought of the purity of woman's love—her devotion—her truth. I only prayed that I might meet with her where we could enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment.—Her glances continued—several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home, alone, on foot. "O that the customs of society would permit me; for we are surely one in soul! Cruel formality, that throws up a barrier between hearts that are made for each other!" Yet I followed after her. She looked behind, and I thought she evinced a notion at recognizing me, as the stranger of the day. I quickened my pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let me come up with her.

"Noble young creature," thought I.—"Her artless and warm heart is superior to the shackles of custom!"

I at length came within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat, as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, my dear girl; that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me sternly. "I thought when I saw you in the meeting house that you looked like the pedlar that passed a pewter half-dollar on me a few weeks ago, and so I am determined to keep my eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and he says that if he catches the fellow, he'll ring his neck for him, and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal, after all!"

Reader!—did you ever take a shower bath!!

WE occasionally hear a simpering, double-refined young lady boasting that she never labored, and could not for the life of her make a pudding, as though ignorance of these matters was a mark of gentility and leaning towards European nobility. There can be no greater proof of silly arrogance than such remarks, and for the especial benefit of such, we would kindly inform them that Madame de Genlis supported the family of the Duc de Orleans, (and among them the present reigning monarch of France) in London, by the sale of her drawings; one of the duchesses of the same court maintained herself and husband in Bath by teaching a music school and the queen herself kept her family by plaiting bonnets. The examples we hope will have their influence, where examples of our good country would be spurned as vulgar republican models.

TO CURE THE CROUP.—The following is highly recommended by an exchange: "A piece of fresh lard, as large as a butternut, rubbed up with sugar, in the same way that butter and sugar are prepared for the dressing of pudding, divided into three parts, and given at intervals of twenty minutes, will relieve any case of croup which is not already allowed to progress to the fatal point."

A FREE-SIGHT.—Speaking of lions, said a hark shell preacher, discoursing of Daniel in the den of lions: "There he sot all night looking at the show for nothing; it didn't cost him a cent."

Negroes in the Rebel Service.

A letter from Munfordsville, Kentucky, in the Cincinnati Times, says:

"Ten contrabands, all males, arrived here last night (January 15th), from Bowling Green. They have been several days making their escape, and compose the part of a large party, all of which left at the same time. They made their way to our pickets last evening, and, after undergoing examination at the outposts, were brought to headquarters. I had a conversation with one of them, an intelligent young mulatto. He says that for two or three weeks the Rebels have been seizing on all the colored people they can find, and that a great number is now at Bowling Green. They take whole families, without respect to age or sex.

"The women are put into the hospital as nurses and washerwomen. The stouter children are put to work in various ways, the best men taken as soldiers and the rest employed as servants and laborers. Nearly all of these slaves have been taken forcibly from their masters. *Numbers of them have been run South and sold for the benefit of the Southern Confederacy!* He says there are fully a thousand at Bowling Green awaiting an opportunity to escape, some to our lines and others to their masters. On their way here this party were frequently aided by Union men, some of whom had been robbed of their slaves. They all represent the distress and desolation at Bowling Green, and through the surrounding country, as frightful.

"Having pressed nearly all the negroes into the service, the Rebels have now commenced on the white people. It was a condition of Kentucky's admission into the Southern Confederacy that she furnish twenty-five thousand troops. The Provisional State Government has called for that number, and getting no volunteers, has resorted to impressment. Citizens are seized in their houses, on the roads, or wherever found, and carried at the point of the bayonet to Bowling Green, where they are enrolled in the service of the Confederate Government."

Who General Schœpf is.

The statement that this gallant officer was once a hotel porter is incorrect. General Schœpf was born in Hungary, was a distinguished officer of the Hungarian army, and shared with Kossuth his imprisonment in Turkey. After he came to this country he served for many years under Professor Bache, where he remained till nearly three years ago, in the computing office of the Coast Survey Department, and then was transferred to the Patent Office as an Assistant Examiner, receiving his appointment from Commissioner Holt.—During last summer Mr. Holt urged the Government to appoint Mr. Schœpff a Brigadier-General, and saying so much in his favor as to induce General Scott to request an interview with Mr. Schœpff, the result of which interview so well satisfied General Scott, that he immediately added the weight of his recommendation in Mr. Schœpff's favor. He was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His subsequent history is known to the country.

HON. JOSEPH HOLT'S OPINION OF THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.—In a letter to a friend Mr. Holt says:

"The selection of the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War has occasioned me unalloyed gratification. It is an immense stride in the direction of the suppression of the rebellion. So far as I can gather the popular sentiment, there is everywhere rejoicing over the appointment; but that rejoicing would be far greater did the people know, as I do, the courage, the loyalty and the genius of the new Secretary, as displayed in the intensely tragic struggles that marked the closing days of the last Administration. He is a great man intellectually and morally—a patriot of the true Roman stamp, who will grapple with treason as the lion grapples with his prey. We may rest well assured that all that man can do will in his present position be done to deliver our poor, bleeding country from the bayonets of traitors now lifted against its bosom."

DICKENS ON THE WAR.—The British periodicals, big and little, are all running a muck at the United States. Even Dickens' "All the Year Round" must have its cut at us. The last number received contains an article arguing in favor of "American Disunion" as a matter of necessity, and, in order to get up a small crow over the Trent affair, the story of the fight between the Chesapeake and Shannon is rehearsed as an instance in which "English courage and English pluck carried it over distinct odds!" The writer goes on to say that "the Americans are like a party of overbearing school boys, who want a sound thrashing." And what is Johnny Bull like? He is like a big bully, who, when we were strong, carefully avoided a quarrel with us, but now that we are weakened by division, blusters most valiantly, and is ready to seize the opportunity to take us at disadvantage.

A surprise party waited upon a poor widow in Boston, a few days since. She was just cooking her last meal over the embers of a fast dying fire, when her room was suddenly filled by strangers, each one of whom carried a basket containing provisions, in addition to which they made up a purse for her.

How Gen. Zollicoffer was Killed.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper relates the following strange incident of the late battle in Kentucky:

During the hottest of the engagement, and when the two lines were not more than one hundred yards apart, an officer with his aid rode up to the side of Colonel Fry, and cautionally remarked to the Colonel not to fire upon our own men, at the same time pointing to the enemy's line, saying, "There are our own men." Colonel Fry, supposing him to be a Federal officer, replied, "We are not firing upon our own men," and pointing to his own regiment, remarked, "These are our men here."

The two rode by the side of each other for some minutes, conversing upon the battle and the incidents, when the officer wheeled his horse and rode off to one side. After getting some thirty feet from Colonel Fry, the aid who accompanied the officer levelled a pistol at Colonel Fry and fired at him, at the same time putting spurs to his horse and fled. The Colonel now suspecting treachery, drew forth his postol and fired at the officer, shooting him in the breast, just before the left nipple.

The officer fell from his horse a dead man. He was soon afterwards recognized as General Zollicoffer, late commander of the division of the rebel forces.

THE RELEASE OF SLIDELL AND MASON.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, remarks, that "Mason and Slidell have been invaluable to the United States. We gave them in exchange for the neutral freedom of the seas, to secure which has been the object of our earnest endeavor since we were first a nation. The rebel commissioners are the debased coin which we have paid out and thus secured to the pacific commerce of the world perpetual exemption from seizure and search by belligerent powers. This is putting Mason and Slidell to a better use than detaining them in Fort Warren, or even than hanging them. Who would not be delighted to see the most atrocious murderer pardoned under the gibbet, if, by his pardon, the world could evermore be exempted from the crime of murder?"

THE STORY OF AN ESCAPED JERSEYMAN.—John Johnson, a Jerseyman, impressed into the rebel service in New Orleans in April last, escaped from Manassas a short time since, and has arrived at Philadelphia, on his way home. He estimates the force at Manassas at forty thousand, at Leesburg thirty thousand, and at Occoquan at fifteen thousand. He did not hear of the Port Royal victory until he got within the Federal lines. The defeat of the rebels at Dranesville had a depressing effect on the rebel army. The loss was conceded at eight hundred killed, wounded and missing. He says the Louisiana regiment to which he was attached contains a large number of steamboat men anxious to escape to the Federal lines.

The New Hardee.

From the fact that the usual mode of giving command by military officers falls so harshly upon the ears of sensitive privates, we would recommend that the following style be adopted, and that it be termed the Chesterfield Manual:

BY COMMANDING OFFICER.

1. Gentlemen, you will please give me your attention!
2. You will be kind enough to cast your head and eyes to the right, and endeavor to observe the "immaculate bosom" of the third gentleman from you.
3. Oblige me now by casting your visual organs to the front.
4. Allow me to suggest the propriety of coming to an order arms.
5. Gentlemen, will you condescend to shoulder arms.
6. You will confer a special favor by coming to a support.
7. If it meets your approbation, I beg leave to propose that you carry arms.
8. Now, gentlemen, you will please present arms.
9. I shall consider myself under an everlasting obligation if you will once more oblige by carrying arms.
10. Having a high appreciation of your intrinsic worth, as well as your exalted position in society, I humbly trust that I am not infringing upon your good nature when I request you to trail arms.
11. Gentlemen, for the last time, permit me to remark that it is my earnest desire that you should shoulder arms.
12. If it is not too laborious, I should be delighted to see you change your position by coming to a right face.
13. To conclude your arduous exercises I will still further trespass upon your well-known affability by desiring you to come to arms port.
14. Gentlemen! soldiers! blood-stained heroes! If congenial to your feelings, you may consider yourselves dismissed.

DECLARED VACANT.—Gov. F. H. Peirpoint has, by proclamation, declared all the civil offices vacant on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and General Lockwood has issued a proclamation for the people to meet in their several magisterial districts and elect persons suitable for exercising the functions of said offices in conformity with the Constitution of the United States.

A Dutchman thinks "Honesty ish de pest policy, but it keeps a man tam poor."

The Last of Jeff Davis.

A WAR SONG.

Oh may that cuss Jeff Davis float
Halle—Hallelujah,
On stormy sea and open boat,
In Iceland's cold, without a coat,
Glory Hallelujah.

No rudder, compass, sail or oar,
Halle—Hallelujah.
A million miles away from shore,
Where myriad briny monsters roar,
Glory Hallelujah.

May sharks devour stem and stern,
Halle—Hallelujah,
A whale then gulp them down in turn,
And the devil get the whole concern,
Glory Hallelujah.

Oh plunge the d—d secession swell,
Halle—Hallelujah,
In darkest pit of deepest hell,
To gnash his teeth, and roar and yell,
Glory Hallelujah.

In burning brimstone may he be,
Halle—Hallelujah,
Whilst little devils dance in glee,
And lock the door and loose the key,
Glory Hallelujah.

Good devil, see you chain him well,
Halle—Hallelujah,
In torture worse than tongue can tell,
In hottest fire of blazing hell,
Glory Hallelujah.

And 'mid his roars and frantic cries,
Halle—Hallelujah,
Oh make eternal ashes rise,
And blow forever in his eyes,
Glory Hallelujah.

Oh d—n each cursed rebel knave,
Halle—Hallelujah,
On no account Jeff Davis save,
That hell-deserving scoundrel slave;
Amen, Hallelujah.

HORACE BINNEY ON THE HABEAS CORPUS.—The Philadelphia Press states that Horace Binney, the eminent lawyer of that city, now in his eighty-third year, has just published a pamphlet for private circulation, entitled "The Privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus under the Constitution," in which he may be said to have exhausted this important politico-constitutional question. The conclusion he arrives at, touching the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus is, that "the Constitution intended that for the defence of the nation against rebellion and invasion, the power should always be kept open in either of these events, to be used in that department which is the most competent in the same events to say what the public safety requires in its behalf. The President being the properest and safest depository of the power, and being the only power which can exercise it under real and effective responsibilities to the people, it is both constitutional and safe to argue that the Constitution has placed it with him."

A SHORT ARGUMENT.—I beg leave to propose a short, clear, and strong argument to prove the divine inspiration of the Scriptures. The Bible must be the invention either of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or of God. It could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neither would nor could make a book and tell lies, all the time they were writing it, saying: "Thus saith the Lord," when it was their own invention. It could not be the invention of bad men or devils, for they would not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sin, and condemns liars to hell to all eternity. I therefore draw this conclusion, that the Bible must have been given by divine inspiration.—*John Wesley.*

LOVE.—"Love, like electricity, pervades all bodies. My heart sinks into my trowsers pocket, when I meditate upon the evil which it has caused. It comes before you know it, and makes you feel queer. Look at your miserable self-martyr, with the fire of liquid perdition gleaming through his carbuncle nose; the pangs of despised love pour through every pore of his ruby proboscis. What constitutes the staple of his hard reflections?—tears, kisses, partings, saw-dust, soft-sawder, and soft-soap!"—*Dow, Jr.*

BELGIAN MUSKETS.—The Chicago Tribune is opposed to the purchase of any more of the Belgian muskets. It says they are double acting—about equally dangerous at either end—and tells the following story of what an Illinois Colonel said in praise of them.

Says the Colonel, "In platoon firing with the Belgian musket I can tell what I cannot with any other arm, and that is how many pieces have been fired."

'Hoy can you tell that?"

'Oh, I count the men on the ground, It never deceives me. It is 'fire and fall back 'flat."

"Mrs. Jenkins," said a little red-headed girl, with a pug-nose and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by lending her a stick of fire-wood, filling this cruet with vinegar, putting a little soft-soap in this pan, and please not let your turkey-gobblers roost on our fence."

A FEW years since at the celebration of our national anniversary, a poor pedler who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following:

"Here's a health to poverty; it sticks to a man when all friends desert him."

A little stealing is a dangerous part, but stealing largely is a noble art: 'tis mean to rob a hen-roost of a hen, but stealing millions make us gentlemen.

AN Irish paper announces that a Mr. Kenney, returning to town, fell down and broke his neck, but happily received no other damages.

A rigidly pious old lady down East says "this civil war is a judgment upon the nation for permitting women to wear hoops."