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The Kent News.

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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.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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

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Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

BENEDICT'S LAMENT.

I wish I were a bachelor,
  No wife to curb my ways,
No nest of little curly heads
  To blast my quiet days.
Oh! then I could be out of nights
  Among the girls till two:
And sleep next day till ten o'clock
  Without a lecture blue.

Could throw my boot just where I pleased,
  And in my cozy room
My things could lay at finger's end,
  Untouched by brush or broom;
My boots and papers all would be
  Upon my table strewn;
Then I could puff my pipe in peace,
  And take my nap at noon.

But now I must be in at nine,
  Be broken of my rest,
That dearest Maggie may recline
  Upon my faithful breast;
And at the earliest peep of dawn,
  She to the window flies,
And opens wide the creeking blinds
  Upon my sleepy eyes.

And now farewell my cherished pipe,
  Cigars I must dismiss;
For Maggie says tobacco lips
  Are not fit for wives to kiss!
My boots must have a special niche,
  My things are all mislaid—
I wish I was a bachelor,
  And she was an old maid.

The halcyon days of youth are gone,
  The glorious days of yore!
And single blessedness has flown,
  To smile on me no more.
The romance of a wedded life
  Has vanished from my eyes,
And fades the dream of early love
  Like dews of Paradise.

But in their place the nobler forms
  Of worth and beauty stand,
And woman leads me heavenward
  With soft caressing hand.
Ah! what can nerve the arm like her
  Who thus my life has blessed;
Who, when the storms of sorrow come,
  Still folds me to her breast!

MARRIED AND SINGLE.—I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by hoping that, though all around is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect—to fancy himself lonely and abandoned and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion for want of inhabitants.

HUMAN LIFE.—"Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed fellows.—But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest; and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have not a frailer hope upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude which fills the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore."

THERE is a farmer in Putnam county, New York, who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has eight boys and girls. Eight furlongs one mile.

"GOOD morning, Smith, you look sleepy." "Yes," replied Smith, 'I was up all night." "Up where?" "Up stairs, in bed.

IT seems singular that the fierce flame in the bosoms of some of our charming Rebel women does not set their cotton on fire.—*Prentice.*

Persecution of Parson Brownlow.

HIS OWN STORY OF HIS TRIALS.

The following narrative is from Dr. Brownlow's own lips, and lately dictated by him while lying sick at Nashville:

Our reign of terror has been as violent and relentless as ever was experienced in the civilized world.

My house and office were singled out as objects worthy of special assault and battery. The infuriated Southern soldiers, of the lowest morals imaginable, were encouraged by the Secession citizens to pull down the flag over my residence and demolish my office. Upon the arrival of every new instalment, while awaiting transportation, they surrounded my house, howling like wolves, swearing and cursing like troopers, and blackguarding its inmates without regard to age or sex.

I continued to fight them in every legitimate shape until October 25, 1861, when they seized upon my office, building, press, type and engine, and used the edifice for repairing and preparing guns for their soldiers.

On the 6th of November the election for President and Vice-President of the Rebel Government and for members of the Rebel Congress took place. The Union voters refused to go to the polls, the result of which was that Davis and Stephens obtained no votes of any consequence, and their Congressmen were elected by some 700 votes from the largest districts Out of 175,000 votes in the whole State, Davis and Stephens received about 25,000, and mighty few of these in East Tennessee—the Sheriffs and their deputies utterly refusing to open polls.

This exasperated soldiers and citizens of the Secesh party, and they determined to hang the leading Unionists. At the same time the Legislature passed a law ordering all Union men to give up their fire-arms of every description, under a penalty of fine and imprisonment. This was followed in East Tennessee by the burning of bridges by Union men. Then came the tug of war. On this condition of affairs, at the earnest solicitation of my family and friends, I retreated into the "Smoky Mountains" with a company of ten or twelve Unionists, among whom was a venerable minister of the Gospel, in his 77th year, who had served as an officer in two campaigns under Gen. Jackson in the war of 1812, fighting not for the "Southern Confederacy" but for the United States of America. This venerable man of God had committed no other offence save that of declaring himself for the Federal Government, under whose flag he had fought and bled. In these mountains, far beyond the limits of civilization, we encamped for days and nights together, subsisting upon bear meat, wild turkeys, and such provisions as we were able to carry with us.

After a time we returned to the settlements, traveling by night and putting up by day at the houses of friends. Meantime the Rebel cavalry were out in pursuit of us with double-barreled shot-guns, with orders to shoot us down at sight and capture none of us as prisoners. We separated, and some of our number were captured. They were unable to find me, although I saw their cavalry pass my hiding place in rapid succession. Finally, failing to capture me, the Secretary of War, Benjamin, the Jew, instructed Major-General Crittenden to give me passports and an escort out of the "Confederacy" into the United States lines, on the ground that I was a dangerous man to the South, and keeping up the Union sentiment of East Tennessee. Gen. Crittenden addressed me a note saying if I would report myself at his head-quarters within twenty-four hours, he would grant me passports and escort. I did so promptly the next day, and it was agreed that I should start the next morning. But that evening, about sunset, I was arrested by the Marshal on a warrant for treason, founded on the editorials of my paper *before the State seceded.* I was refused a trial and security, though I offered to enter into a bond for $100,000 for my appearance. Consequently I was thrown into the Knoxville jail on the 6th of December, where I found one hundred and fifty Union men, many of them the best citizens of East Tennessee. We had neither table, bench, chair, nor stool, and the provisions furnished were the offal of a miserable old hotel, kept by the Confederate Marshal. *While there, they would take out as many as two at a time and set them on their coffins, in a cart, and, surrounded by bayonets, carry them to the gallows and hang them,* Secession ladies of Knoxville going out to witness the frolic. In one instance, a man by the name of Haun was hung with only an hour's notice. He requested that a minister should come and pray for him. His request was denied with cursing and bitterness.

From first to last I have put myself under no obligations whatever to the bogus Confederacy. While in jail they offered to release me and guarantee my safety if I would take the oath of allegiance, but I indignantly refused, telling them that they had no Government; that it was a big, brutal Southern nest; never had been recognized by any Government on earth and never would be, and that I would die of old age in jail before I would disgrace myself by taking any such oath.

I have not spoken of the destruction of Union property, the robbing of Union houses, the stealing of Union horses and negroes, and of the various and numerous other enormities perpetrated by these vandals. Suffice it to say, that if the Federal Government does nothing more during this war, she owes it to the loyal citizens of East Tennessee to redress their wrongs and to emancipate them from the clutches of their oppressors.

I have never doubted that the Government would crush out this rebellion, but have felt mortified and discouraged because the Federal troops have been so slow in reaching East Tennessee. The Union sentiment of East Tennessee has never yet yielded a hair's breadth, and the approach of a Federal army would be hailed with as much enthusiasm and joy as the pious people of Palestine hailed the announcement that "this day is born to you in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

I have escaped from the Philistines, bringing my son with me, to avoid his being forced into the Rebel army. My wife and five little girls remain in bondage.—When they are to be released and I permitted to return God only knows.

Philadelphia Conference.

The Philadelphia Conference of the M. E. Church adjourned on Friday, March 28th, after a session of nine days. The following are the appointments for Easton District, which includes the most of the Eastern Shore of Maryland and a portion of Delaware:

T. J. Quigley, Presiding Elder.
Smyrna—H. R. Calloway.
Smyrna Circuit—J. B Ayres, W. Mathias.
Middletown—T. W. Simpers.
Odessa—J. S. Cook.
Dover—J. D. Curtis.
Camden—J. L. Houston.
Frederica and Barrett's Chapel—J. Dickerson.
Willow Grove—W. Hammoud, J. W. Weston.
Milford—W. E. England.
Harrington—H. S. Anderson, J. O. Sypherd.
Denton—S. T. Gardiner, John A. Cooper.
Greensborough—W. M. Warner.
Hillsborough—W. T. Quin, S. Townsend.
Talbot—W. Bishop, W. O. Neill.
Easton—E. Miller, J. E. Elliott.
Centreville—H. Colclazer, T. E. Bell.
Kent Island—W. Merrill, T. G. Skinner.
Sudlersville—J. Aspril, W. T. Tull.
Kent—J. E. Smith, J. Brandeth.
Millington—S. M. Cooper, N. M. Brown.
Queenstown—W. H. Fermosa.
W. B. Walton, Chaplain 2d Regiment M. V.

The committee on statistics reported the number of members and probationers at 59,660.

The committee to receive the vote on Lay Delegation from the several charges, reported as follows: For Lay Delegation, 2659; against, 2024—majority in favor of lay delegation, 635.

The amount of money contributed for Missionary purposes within the bounds of the Conference was upwards of $29,000, being $2,000 more than last year.

The next session of this Conference, by request, will be held at West Chester, Pa

The following are the resolutions on the state of the country, as finally adopted by the Conference; the one in relation to the oath of allegiance having by common consent been withdrawn:

Whereas, A most unjust and wicked rebellion has arisen in the Southern States against the Government of these United States, with the avowed purpose of its overthrow, and the establishment of a separate and independent Confederacy, on principles subversive of human liberty, and

Whereas, The Federal Government has been compelled to use force of arms, and is now engaged in a fearful war to suppress said rebellion and to maintain its supremacy, and

Whereas, It is the duty of the Church, both in its ministry and membership, to employ every appropriate means for the maintenance and perpetuity of good government, and to sustain the powers that be in this great struggle; therefore

Resolved, That while we disclaim all connection with the political parties, yet as local ministers in Conference assembled we do hereby express our utter abhorrence and opposition to the present rebellion, as being the offspring of treason, and the instrument of the destruction of the best Government in the world.

Resolved, That the Government, the Army and the Navy have our deepest sympathy and fervent prayers, and that we pledge our influence to encourage and assist them in their noble and righteous deeds to protect the honor of our flag, the integrity of the Constitution, and the maintenance of our glorious Union.

Resolved, That we will cheerfully bear our portion of any tax or taxes that may be required by the Government to defray the expenses of the war.

Resolved, That while we confess our sins, and humbly prostrate ourselves before the Almighty God, we thankfully receive the many victories which have crowned our arms as tokens of his favor; and with gratitude and hope we lift our hearts to Him by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice, that victories may continue to bless us until our brethren, North and South, East and West, again united, may "learn war no more."

Resolved, That we not only declare our loyalty to the Constitution and Government of these United States in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses; but that we declare our willingness to swear or affirm the same wherever it shall be required by those who have the rule over us.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing be transmitted to the President of the U. S. signed by the Presiding Bishop, and countersigned by the Secretary of the Conference.

Remarks of Hon. J. W. Chrisfield

In the House of Representatives on the proposition of Mr. F. P. Blair, Jr., to place an additional tax of five dollars on each slave:

Mr. Chairman, I am exceedingly astonished that this proposition should have been presented to the committee. There is no proposition which could be submitted which is calculated to excite more bitter feeling and to do more injury in the region of country from which I come. I think if gentlemen will examine the bill they will see that this is the only instance where it is proposed to tax property as property. The bill proposes to tax those who manufacture and those who sell—those who do business; but it does not propose to lay a tax upon any particular article of property, except where it is used for the purpose of manufacture.

Sir, we of Maryland have had a good deal to stand. I wish to say to this committee that there is no other portion of the country, except Missouri and Kentucky, in which the people have stood by the Union under circumstances more calculated to drive them from it. We have interests of property with the people of the South. We have feelings in common with them. We have a divided society, yet we have stood firm from the time that these troubles commenced. We still stand firm to the Union, and expect to stand firm to it to the last. Yet loyal as we are, we may be goaded into exasperation. What is it that is now proposed to be enacted? To lay a tax of five dollars a head upon our slaves. Have gentlemen considered the position in which it places us? We have nearly ninety thousand slaves in Maryland, and the amount of tax this amendment will levy upon that State alone will be more than her portion of the direct tax imposed at the last session. We will have to pay this and our share of the other taxes too. This proposition is not for the purpose of raising revenue, but for the purpose of striking at an institution which we cherish. What have we done? Maryland has come forward and raised her share of the direct tax. She has raised it on this description of property. She has assumed the direct tax in her corporate capacity, and made provision to pay it—not only to pay it for this year, but for the next year and five years to come. That is only one half of what she has done. She has assumed that the direct tax will be doubled, and she has made arrangements to meet that condition of facts. Yet loyal as we are, and have been, here is this proposition to strike at our interests and to tax us double what other States are taxed.—I protest against it in the name of the Constitution. I protest against it in the name of Maryland's loyalty. I protest against it in the name of our oppressed people. I hope that the House will not put us to too severe a test.

In the course of debate Mr. Lovejoy attacked the loyalty of Maryland, and Mr. Chrisfield replied thus:

MR. CHRISFIELD. There are many things which fell from the gentleman from Illnois [Mr. Lovejoy] which I do not feel myself called upon nor shall even permit myself to notice. I, sir, do not admire that taste which can use in this presence, or anywhere the term lecher, and other terms of that description, of which the gentleman has made free use. I have no taste for the ideas they suggest; they are unbecoming the place and the occasion, and I leave them to the source from whence they came.

Sir, these troubles which agitate and afflict the country have been brought upon us by two classes of people. One of these classes, whom I condemn as sincerely and will denounce as severely as any gentleman upon this floor, is now found in the ranks of the rebellion, aiming its blows against the Constitution and national existence. The other class, quite as mischievous and equally as detestable, is found in the North constantly agitating and disturbing the harmony and peace of the country, and of this class the member from Illinois is a prominent and leading member.

He says that I can, by an act of righteousness, discharge myself from the burden of slavery. I may emancipate them Sir, he does not know anything about which he talks. In the existing state of society in Maryland, instead of being an act of righteousness to emancipate the slaves, it would be an act of cruelty and oppression. Sir, Maryland is doing to-day, and through every day of her history has done more to elevate the condition of the black man than the whole of that miserable class to which he belongs has done in all time, or is capable of conceiving. For an age she has been trying to rid herself of this race; she has taxed and is taxing herself to find an asylum for them; but she and her statesmen know, and every sensible man must see, that while they remain where they now are they must be preserved in a state of slavery, or submit to a condition far worse. The choice for them is between slavery on the one hand, and degradation, poverty, suffering, and ultimate extinction on the other. Humanity, to say nothing of other considerations, recoils from the consequences which would be inflicted upon that race by emancipation of it without some provision for its removal from the presence of the superior race. What would the gentleman have us do? Why, sir, I am the owner of slaves; they are the descendants in a great degree of the woman who nursed me. They have grown up around me, and look upon me as their protector. I am in truth their only friend. Am I to turn them off as outcasts on the world? I have been my whole life engaged in their protection. I have an affection for them, and have a duty to perform for them. Their children who have grown up around them—can I turn them into the street without protection or support? They have labored for me, it is true, but they have in turn received from me as much as they have given me. I am not enamored of slavery; if it did not exist, I should not desire its existence. And I have no wish to continue it longer than it can with safety and advantage to both races be extinguished. Provide the means by which I can be remunerated for raising these slaves; provide the means adequate for their removal, and satisfy me that their condition will be bettered, and I say to-day that mine, at least—and I believe I speak the general sentiment of Maryland—may all go to that happier condition, and I shall rejoice that an asylum has been found for them. An act of righteousness! Sir, emancipation, without such removal and such provision, is an act of inhumanity. We must either keep them as they are, or turn them off to be brutalized, and after a season of degradation and suffering to become extinct. But I cannot dwell on this point; there is another one to which I wish to refer.

The gentleman from Illinois says that we speak the language of threat. He more than suspects our loyalty. Why, sir, it is not an act of merit in him to be loyal.—He cannot be anything but loyal, if indeed he be loyal. But I hold that the man who stands up here day after day, and year after year, using his powerful talents to disturb the peace and harmony of the country, is as disloyal as the man who draws his sword to strike down the Constitution. The gentleman from Illinois has nowhere to stand but under the stars and stripes; and there he agitates and labors to embitter the national life. That is the only field for the exercise of his evil passions. But we of Maryland have interests, attachments, and social relations which draw us in another direction; and yet there is no State in the Union that has given more solid evidences of her loyalty than Maryland. Look at her elections, in which she has twice expressed her attachment and devotion to the Union; look at her statute-books, and you will see that she has assumed all the taxes you have imposed, and more than as much more, and made ample provision to pay them. She has wiped out the stain upon her good name caused by the mob of April last, and made ample provision for families of Massachusetts troops who were slain in the streets of Baltimore; she has undone all the mischievous work of the deluded men who trifled with her loyalty, and had well nigh driven her into revolution. Look at all these things, and then answer whether it is not a slander to say that Maryland is not loyal to the Union. [Here the hammer fell.]

The proposed tax was voted down.

A POINT OF HONOR.—Meredith P. Gentry was once an eloquent member of the United States Congress from Tennessee. He flew-off the handle, as a Whig, when General Scott was nominated for the Presidency. How much he contributed to Scott's defeat, it is impossible to tell, as he was then a much more respectable man than he is now; but it is certain the rebound of his fire killed Gentry as a Whig. As a Know-Nothing, he ran afterwards for Governor, against Andrew Johnson, and was bady beaten. Now he is a member of the so-called Confederate Congress at Richmond. On his way to the seat of piracy, from his residence in Bedford county, Tennessee, he called on Doctor Brownlow. Being well stiffened up with his usual stimulant, he was talkative. "Well Brownlow," said he, "I am going to Richmond on a point of honor. You know, I had retired from politics, and had no desire to re-enter the arena. But my old friends and neigbbors insisted that I should run for the Confederate Congress, and I was elected. Now, I make it a point of honor to go just because they say that McClellan will bag Richmond, and capture the entire Congress. I wish them to see that I am not afraid."

"Yes, Gentry," replied Dr. Brownlow, "and there is another point of honor, which you have failed to mention. Buell and his army are at Nashville, and are therefore nearer to Bedford county than McClellan is to Richmond. You are like a pismire on a chunk fired at each end—you have a point of honor on either side of you."

Gentry acknowledged the corn.

THE DEPENDENCE OF THE REBELS.—The Nashville *American* says that the cry of the people of the South has all along been that "God and the British" are on our side!—but the editor thinks the late battles at the West have been eye openers to them, that "God and the British" are not to be depended on, unless the people help themselves. As for the British, the recent evidences of change of feeling in England towards this country, especially with the Ministry, shows the rebels that they have to adopt an old maxim, "not to put their trust in Princes" As for their dependence upon Providence, it is very plain that they begin to believe in Bonaparte's doctrine—that Providence is on the side of those having the heaviest cannon.

Effects of the War in Missouri.

SCENES OF DESOLATION.

A correspondent of the N. York Times writes from Southwest Missouri as follows:

Yesterday we passed burned houses enough. We rode through the ashes of one, and my companion checked his horse upon the very spot where he had spent many a night in bed. He remarked that he little thought, fifteen years ago, when he first slept there, that he should ever live to see that house a heap of ruins. We seemed to see the families flying from the houses in the middle of the night, to hear the cries of the children, the angry expostulations of the owner, the fierce shouts of the lawless soldiery, the crackling of the flames, the falling of the chimney, and the whole fresh scene of ruin and desolation. And where now the houseless, homeless wanderers? Who knows? Who cares?

We passed another melancholy sight—a wagon filled with emigrants and all their wordly goods. By the side trudged a little barefooted fellow, ragged and dirty.—My companion said to him: "Well, my little man, where do you live?" He sadly answered: "*We* don't live *nowhere*, only in a *waggin*"

We met another party on horseback. One of the men told us how his house had been attacked in the night by a gang of marauding secessionists, and how he had made one of them bite the dust, with a bullet which, he said, "took him *spat* between the shoulders."

Such things are common. War has developed the wickedness of men and fostered all their evil passions. Men swear and lie, and steal and kill, who were never guilty of such acts before. The Sabbath seems utterly disregarded. The churches and schools are closed, and the devil seems to reign supreme. A Christian man, who retains his religion, is worthy of all honor; or, rather, his thanks are due to that Divine grace which could alone preserve him.

HOW OUR MORTARS ARE DISCHARGED.—A correspondent of a Western paper thus describes the manner in which the immense Pittsburg mortars being used in the reduction of Island No. 10 are discharged. He says:—"A bag of powder, weighing from eighteen to twenty pounds, is dropped into the bore of the huge monster; the derrick drops the shell in; the angle is calculated; a long cord is attached to the primer; the gunner steps out upon the platform and the balance of the crew upon the shore; the captain gives the word, the gunner gives the cord a sudden jerk, a crash like a thousand thunders follows, a tongue of flame leaps from the mouth of the mortar and a column of smoke rolls up in beautiful fleecy spirals, developing into rings of exquisite proportions. One can see the shell, as it leaves the mortar, flying through the air, apparently no larger than a marble. The next you see of the shell, a beautiful cloud of smoke bursts into sight, caused by the explosion.

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.—A wag has made the following summary of what he calls the "Inalienable Rights of Americans," which are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence:

To know any trade or business without apprenticeship or experience.

To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, position, or opinion of parents and friends.

To put on hireling strangers the literary and moral education of your children.

To teach your children no trade, hoping they will have, when grown up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

To enjoy general sympathy when made bankrupt by reckless speculation.

To cheat the government if you can.

To hold office without being competent to discharge its duties.

SUBLIME.—There is so little genuine poetry now-a-days that it is quite refreshing to meet with so beautiful a gem as the following. None but those who have felt the "tender passion" can fully appreciate the intensity of the poet's "phelinks."—Notice the beauty and sublimity of the following lines:

"My love she is my heart's delight,
  Her name it is Miss Betsy;
I'll go and see her this very night,
  If Heaven and mother'll let me."

On the head board of the young man's bed the chambermaid found written in chalk the next morning:

"I loved Miss Betsy, well I did,
  And I went there for to tell her;
But like to goose-grease quick I slid,
  For she had another feller."

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said contemptuously: "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if my grandfather was alive he would now be a hundred and fifty years old."

THE Rebels have made a great many infernal machines that won't explode.—Their rebellion is an infernal machine that will.—*Prentice.*

"How very odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot, one hot sultry day, "that a man niver *meets* a teem going the same way he is."

"Who is that ragged and forlorn-looking critter, Jack," said a countryman.

"Why, that's the Printer—he's just returning from a dunning expedition."