msa_sc2901_scm1621-0641 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 24.—NO. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863. WHOLE NO. 1218.

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.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements not exceeding ten 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 ten lines.

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.

Poetical.

THE CHILDREN.

BY THE "VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER."

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed;
O! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace,
O! the smiles that are haloes of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last:
Of love that my heart will remember
While it wakes to the pulse of the past
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O! my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fount of my feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them—
Of the tempests of Fate blowing wild,
O! there's nothing on earth half so holy,
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;
His glory still gleams in their eyes:
O! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know, now, how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear one
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayers would bound back to myself,
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them for breaking a rule,
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshhold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve—
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

BOLDLY CARRIAGE.

Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes, and strengthening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to many, because soon forgotten, or of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort which procures a willing omission; all that is necessary to secure the object is to hold up the head and move on, letting the toes and shoulders take care of themselves. Walk with the chin but slightly above a horizontal line, or with your eye directed to things a little higher than your own head. In this way you will walk properly, pleasantly, and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness.

If any one wishes to be aided in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourself to carry your hands behind you, one hand grasping the opposite wrist. Englishmen are admired the world over, for their full chest and broad shoulders, and sturdy frames, and manly bearing.—This position of body is a favorite with them, in the simple promenade in the garden or gallery, in attending ladies along a crowded street, or in public worship.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SINGING.—Singing is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care—supplies the place of sunshine.—A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much again as a cobbler who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, and August of its meadow larks.

For the Kent News.

OUR TIME IS A STREAM.

Could we roll back the swelling surge of time and ramble amid the checkered scenes of past ages, we should see evidence strewed on all sides proving conclusively that man was not placed on earth to enjoy perpetual bliss, but rather to sip alternately of the cup of joy and sorrow, and then be snatched from scenes beloved and ushered into an unexplored Eternity.

When Omnipotence first spoke into being "this speck of creation" upon which we live, he "looked upon it and pronounced it good." Not willing that such perfection should be known to none save those of the spirit land, he formed intelligent beings and placed them in a spot where was concentrated all that is pure and lovely, and endowed them with capacities fully capable of enjoying the loveliest luxuries of his noblest works. The all-wise Creator, aware that harmony might be destroyed by the competition of human art, formed a sheltering canopy from night's pearly tears, by means of the spreading boughs of the palm, the cedar and the fir, which closely entwined formed a shelter by night, and by day a shady bower, whose branches waved gracefully beneath the gentle zephyr. At morn the whole landscape sparkled in the dew, and nature's emerald carpet embroidered with the richest, and yet the most modest flowers, smiled in unison with the surrounding scenes, and now the little paradise songsters mingled with the heavenly melodies of man's first song of praise to his Creator. The rosy tints of the rising sunbeams kissed the gushing foam of the crystal fount—and the transparent brooks, rippling over the golden sands, ran in different directions, as if desirous not only to quench the thirst of man, but to nourish fruits and flowers also. In view of such a scene as this who can wonder that the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

The joyous beams of pleasure that lighted up the path of our first parents, were superior in purity and brightness, to any that have since lighted the human soul, for they emanated directly from the fount of heavenly purity. But the sunny sky of Eden was destined, ere long, to be obscured by sable clouds of sorrow. Through transgression, the happy occupants of that blissful spot, were doomed to bid a final adieu to their native soil. Then what a tide of woes came rushing over them! In bitterness of their stricken souls they might have justly and appropriately exclaimed, "Man! thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear." But in the Divine clemency they were not abandoned to perpetual misery, for through the power of a rich promise, and the shedding of precious blood, the star of hope lighted up their bosoms, and redemption and final happiness were made accessible to all.

Turning now from these scenes of primitive happiness, error and hope, and gliding a little onward down the "stream of time," we view the wide extended nations which the Divine hand had planted upon our once enchanting, but now much changed earth, but "time" in its rising and onward roll has borne away in its resistless course Empires once the most august. Generations that once regaled in pleasure or moved in arms have been borne from the scene of action, and "no man see them more." Oft has Aurora smiled on nations inhaling the ethereal breath of liberty, and surrounded by pleasure's brightest ray; while calmly resting beneath the balmy promises of peace and prosperity, through time, have been by intrigue and treachery laid prostrate at the foot of giant oppression. Their noble cities, upon which we have gazed in fancy's mirror, have been levelled with the dust; scenes once enlivened by ten thousand voices, are now hushed in a silence broken only by the wild bird's scream. Mouldering ruins—stupendous monuments—indicate that the last gleam of glory has shone upon the cities once magnificent, and intelligibly speak of the effects of "time's" effacing finger. Scenes similar to these meet our eyes, as we stand upon the banks of the mighty tide of time. 'Tis even true of men, while struggling in the great and dangerous whirlpool of national affairs—to defend their country from the iron grasp of tyranny—have at last fallen before their foes, and have been taken captive to grace the triumph of the conqueror, or perhaps have fled to other lands where the most cheering flag of peace and liberty may still be proudly unfolded to the breeze. But follow the friendless travellers; perhaps they may have in their wanderings crossed the boisterous waves of the Atlantic. Trace them to our own country;—and see if her bright sky is not partly obscured by clouds of adversity, that have so often darkened the aspect of other nations and countries.

True, her confines resound with the tramp of war, and her political bosom does not enjoy tranquility; yea, thrice has the clarion of war disturbed our heaven-favored borders, yet we are buoyed up with the brightning and pleasing hope that the day of peace and pleasure will soon break upon us in beautiful corruscations of light and prosperity; though the "wind and waves," says Gibbon, "are always on the side of the ablest navigators." ALPHA.

QUITE AN ITEM.—A single firm pays one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to the London Times for advertising.

GENERAL GRANT.

No soldier of our army has during the present war done so much work with so little pretence as General Grant, and, although we entertain a great distaste for the fulsome puffery of our commanders which has been so frequent throughout the war, we think it no more than common justice to avail ourselves of the present opportunity to pay a deserved tribute to this western veteran. He has suffered, thro'out all his military career in this war, from a course of misrepresentation and slander upon his character and habits as shocking as they were unaccountable.—Even his greatest achievements have been strangely perverted to serve the ambitious purposes of other leaders, and there still seems to be some impression upon the minds of thousands that his victories are the result of good luck rather than good management.

From his first struggle at Belmont to his last at Chattanooga, the men led by him have fought more steadily, fiercely and successfully than those of any other portion of our army. In looking back over the history of the war, the eye rests upon no more glorious pages than those whereon are written Fort Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga. We rejoice to say that we do not think General Grant has the slightest idea of flourishing as one of the numerous imitators of Napoleon. He has no host of flatterers, is not a candidate for the Presidency, holds no correspondence with politicians, never grumbles at President Lincoln or General Halleck, does not consider himself a persecuted man, and is cheerful and contented with the position and duties assigned him. He never needs to be ordered peremptorily to fight the enemy, for the plain reason that he is prompt to fight whenever the occasion offers. He cultivates no popularityamong his soldiers. He leaves his deeds to speak for him and takes no pains with his reputation. In fact he is a model for all our officers.—*Phila. North American.*

NEW SWINDLING SCHEME.

A few days ago, says the Wheeling Intelligencer, we advertised for the Government in our own columns the sale of several tons of old iron at Harper's Ferry, the wrecks of the magnificent arsenal that once existed there. Several of our iron men went on to attend the sale. We are informed by one of them, who has returned, and who bought a considerable amount of the iron offered for sale, that on reaching the Ferry, he and his companions were at once approached by a set of speculators who had arrived in advance of them from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other places, to see if they would enter into a "ring" to cheat the Government and divide the profits of the operation. The operation proposed was this:—To form a ring of all the buyers on the ground and appoint certain ones to bid up the iron to a certain price, say half to what it was worth.

They were then to let it go to some one of their number, and the Government being thus disposed of, the "ring" were to put the iron up a second time, and every purchaser was to bid his highest figures, the highest of course getting the iron.—The difference between what the iron was bought at from the Government and what it sold for the second time to one or more members of the ring, was to be paid in dividends to each member of the ring.—For instance, if the iron had been bought for $50,000 from the Government and put up again and struck off to the "ring" purchaser, or purchasers, for $100,000, there would of course be $50,000 to divide, the purchasers getting their share of the dividends along with the others. This rascally game our Wheeling men wouldn't go into, preferring, as they told these bloon-suckers, to give the Government the highest price the iron was worth, and they did pay a good price for the iron bought, full as much as it was worth, and in doing so set an example to the unprincipled cormorants around them that must have been refreshing to their depraved ideas of a business transaction.

The villians had actually the hardihood to tell the buyers from Wheeling that the game they proposed was the common one practiced at all sales of the kind, and gave that as a reason why it should be entered into at the Ferry.

HOW NATURE COVERS UP BATTLE FIELDS.—Did I tell you ever, among the affecting little things one is always seeing in these stirring war times, how I saw on the Bull Run battle field pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of emptied ammunition boxes, a rose thrusting up its graceful head through the head of a Union drum, which doubtless sounded its last charge (or retreat, as the case may have been) in that battle, and a cunning scarlet verbena peeping out of a fragment of bursted shell in which strange cup it had been planted.—Wasn't that peace growing out of war? Even so shall the graceful and beautiful ever grow out of the horrible and terrible things that transpire in this changing and and ever advancing world. Nature covers even the battle grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty soon spring up in the track of devastating campaigns, and all things in nature and society shall work out the progress of mankind and harmony of God's greatest designs.—*Exchange.*

The reported resignation of Secretary Chase and Chief Justice Taney is denied.

RICHMOND PRISON HORRORS.

Average of 50 Victims Daily---Disease, Starvation and Death---Sick Denied Hospital Treatment---Shocking Pictures of Destitution and Wretchedness.

The following statement, by Surgeons just released from Libby Prison, of the treatment received by our prisoners at Richmond, was presented to the War Department on Saturday:

WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov. 27, 1863.

We, the undersigned Surgeons of the United States army, and recently prisoners in Richmond, Va., consider it our duty to publish a few facts that came to our knowledge while we were inmates of the hospital attached to Libby Prison.

We enjoyed for several months daily access to the hospitals where the sick and wounded among our Union soldiers received treatment. As a result of our observation, we hereby declare our belief that since the battle of Chickamauga, the number of deaths per diem has averaged fully fifty. The prevailing diseases are diarrhœa, dysentery and typhoid pneumonia. Of late the percentage of deaths has greatly increased—the result of causes that have been long at work, such as insufficient food, clothing and shelter, combined with that of depression of spirits brought on so often by long confinement. It may seem almost incredible, when we affirm of our personal knowledge that in the three hospitals for Union soldiers the average mortality is near 40 per day, and upon the most reliable testimony we are forced to believe that the deaths in the tobacco factories and upon the island will raise the total mortality among all the Union prisoners to 50 per day, or 1,500 monthly.

The extremely reduced condition of those brought from the island argues that hundreds quite sick are left behind, who with us would be considered subjects for hospital treatment. Such, too, is the fact as invariably stated by scores we have conversed with from that camp.

The same, to a degree, holds true of the prisoners in the city. It would be a reasonable estimate to put the number who are fit subjects for hospitals, but who are refused admittance, at five hundred. A thousand are already under treatment in the three hospitals, and the Confederate Surgeons themselves say the number of patients is only limited by the small accommodations provided. Thus we have over ten per cent. of the whole number of prisoners held classed as sick men, who need the most assiduous and skillful attention. Yet in the essential matter of rations they are receiving nothing but corn bread and sweet potatoes. Meat is no longer furnished to any class of our prisoners, except to the few officers in the Libby Hospital, and all sick or well officers or privates are now furnished with a very poor article of corn bread in place of wheat bread. This is very unsuitable diet for hospital patients prostrated with diarrhœo, dysentery and fever, to say nothing of the balance.

Startling instances of individual suffering, and horrid pictures of death, from protracted sickness and semi-starvation, we have had thrust upon our attention.

The first demand of the poor creatures from the island was always for something to eat. Selfrespect gone; hope and ambition gone; half clad, and covered with vermin and filth, many of them too often beyond all reach of medical skill. In one instance the ambulance brought sixteen to the hospital, and during the night seven of them died, again eighteen were brought and eleven of them died in twenty-four hours. At anorher time fourteen were admitted, and in a single day ten of them died. Judging from what we have ourselves seen and do know, we do not hesitate to say that, under a treatment of systematic abuse, neglect and semi-starvation the number who are becoming permanently broken down in their constitutions must be reckoned by thousands. We leave it for others to say what is demanded by this state of things.

The Confederate daily papers in general terms acknowledge the truth of all we have affirmed, but usually close their abusive editorials by declaring that even such treatment is better than the invading Yankees deserve. The *Examiner*, in a recent article, begrudged even the little food, the prisoners did receive, and the boxes sent to us from home, and closed by eulogizing the system of semi-starvation and exposure, as well calculated to dispose of us.—All this is true, and yet cold weather is hardly commenced.

We are horrified when we picture the wholesale misery and death that will come with the biting frosts of winter. Recently several hundred prisoners per day were being removed to Danville. In two instances we were standing in view of them as their ranks filed past. It was a sad sight to see the attenuated features and pallid faces of men a few months since robust and in vigorous health. Numbers were without health—numbers were without shoes—nearly all without blankets or overcoats and not a man did we see who was well and fully clad.

But to the credit of the prisoners in Richmond, of all ranks, be it recorded, that all along they have shown heroic fortitude under suffering, and spurning the idea that their Government had forgotten them, they have held fast their confidence in the final and speedy success of our cause.

In addition to the above statement we wish it to be distinctly understood that the Confederate medical officers connected with the hospitals referred to--Surgeons Wilkins Simmons and Sabal, and the Hospital Steward, Hallet--are not in any way, so far as our observation has extended, responsible for the state of things existing there; but on the other hand, we are bound in justice to bear testimony to their kindness and the faithful performance of their duties with the limited means at their disposal.

(Signed) DANIEL MEEKER,
Surgeon United States Volunteers.
C. T. SIMPERS,
Asst't Surgeon 6th Regiment Md. Vols.
J. L BROWN,
Assistant Surgeon 116th O. V. I.
A. M. PARKER,
Assistant Surgeon 1st Maine Cavalry.

THE "FATHERS" OF CONGRESS.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial writes as follows:

Hon. Reverdy Johnson is the Father of the Senate, having first taken his seat as a Senator from Maryland in 1845, but he has not occupied it continuously, while Hon. John P. Hale has been a Senator from New Hampshire since 1847. So in the House, Hon. Mr. Washburn, the radical candidate for Speaker, has represented his district longer, continuously, than any other representative; but Hon. Thad. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, was a member some years before his term commenced. It may not be interesting to state that the "Father" of the correspondents is Mr E. Kingman, who has written from here at least a score of years, and next in seniorty on the roll of service is Mr. B. Perley Poore, who has plied his pen since 1848. Since the death of Hon. Mr. Whittlesey, who was a newspaper correspondent when he was in Congress many years ago, the oldest among the distinguished gentlemen who have been connected with the third estate is Hon. Mr. Brooks.

A NEW METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.—No denomination of Christians has increased more rapidly in the Monumental City than the Methodist Protestants. But a few years since they had, in the language of Wesley, but three "*preaching places*," but now they have seven regularly organized congregations, and the prospects for an additional one are auspicious. Some time ago, Wesley Starr, Esq. commenced the erection, on his own account, of a commodious church edifice on a commanding site on Poppleton street, near Pratt, which would have been completed ere this but for the present national difficulties. It is of brick, has a spacious basement, with a commodious audience chamber, and calculated for sides and choir galleries. The building itself may be said to be finished, but the interior is not. It is understood that Mr. Starr has generously given the structure, as it now stands, for a small consideration, to the Methodist Protestant Church, and the prospect is that it will soon be finished and occupied by a prosperous congregation.—*Balt. American.*

PAY OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.—The Massachusetts Volunteers under the bounty act just published by the General Court, will probably be the best paid troops in the world. The amount of bounty and pay to be received for three years' service by a soldier who has previously been in the army nine months or more, if he has a family of not less than three persons dependent on his labor for support, is as follows:—United States bounty, $402; the common wealth's bounty, $325; pay, $468; rations, $324; clothing, $126; aid to family, $432; total, $2,077. If instead of $325 in hand from the State, he accepts the offer of $20 per month increase of pay, he will receive $445 more than the sum above.

REBEL LEAVES OF ABSENCE.—The Atlanta Intelligencer contains the following racy *morceau* from its correspondent at the front: Applications for leaves of absence in Gen. W. H. T. Walker's Division of Gen. A. P. Hill's Corps were endorsed by General Walker "disapproved, but respectfully forwarded to Gen. D. H. Hill." General Hill endorsed it, "approved, upon the ground that brave men of the army should be permitted to go home whenever practicable; otherwise all the children to be born during the war, and the usual period afterward, will be the offspring of the cowards at home who have substitutes and are otherwise exempt." General Walker, upon the return of the application, cheerfully withdrew his disapproval, and permitted the brave soldier to go home.

SHOWING THE WHITE FEATHER.—Many of the secession ladies in the South are distinguishing themselves by wearing *white goose feathers* in their heads, says Brownlow in his paper of the 11th inst. Some of our Union friends are disposed to make sport of this. We are not, and only regard the matter as one of *taste*. Nor do we think it follows that every lady South, who may adorn herself with these feathers, must necessarily turn to a *goose*. Being rebels make them *hiss*. The spring of the year is *setting time*, and then it is usual for a goose to *hiss*. The only suggestion we have to make our lady friends is, not to use the feathers of the goose shed in the spring.

TESTS OF CHARACTER.

A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhilewhen the breakfast hour comes; but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one but for every morning perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. O! how does women shame us by forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are the tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of an angel, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

HOW THE THREE HUNDRED POUNDER PARROTTS ARE WORKED.—A correspondent on Morris Island writes: As there is no manual laid down for the three hundred-pounder Parrott, I subjoin that in use.—The piece is on its carriage and 'from battery.' Implements, no two to be in the same place and no one in its proper place. The instructor gives the command "load her up!" At this command the gunner says, "some of you fellers bring a shell," and "John, bring a cartridge." Some of the "fellers" take a small hand-barrow and bring a shell. Gunner says, "stick in that powder." "Now, boys, hold on till I get a fuse." "Stick it in." All hands, by hard heaving, got the shell to the embrasure. Gunner says, "Swab her out." She is swabbed out. "Now, heave and haul, and in it goes." In it goes accordingly. "Now, ram it down." It is rammed down. "Now, run her in." She is run in. "Screw down the recoil bands." They are screwed down. Gunner aims. "Slew her round a little." "All right." "Where's that primer?" "Now, git out of the way, everybody." All go to windward, and No. 3 steps round a corner, so as not to be hit if the gun bursts. Gunner says, "Blaze away." She blazes away. Remark of the gunner on returning to the gun: "How are you Sumter?" Repeat.

A BRIDE WORTH HAVING.—The Rockingham (Va.) Register publishes the marriage of Miss Lucy F. Roller, the daughter of a wealthy farmer in that county, and adds: "She was what we would call 'an independent girl,' sure enough. Her bridal outfit was all made with her own hands, from her beautiful and elegant straw hat down the handsome gaiters upon her feet! Her own delicate hands spun and wove the material of which her wedding dress and traveling cloak were made, so that she had nothing upon her person when she was married, which was not made by herself! Nor was she compelled by necessity or poverty to make this exhibition of her independence. She did it for the purpose of showing to the world how independent Southern girls are.

"WHO MADE YOU?"—One of the ladies connected with the Methodist Five Points Mission, who has under her charge some thirty little boys, called them together on the morning of Christmas, to perfect them in their answers to questions she intended to put them before visitors during the afternoon. After arranging them properly, the first boy on the right, in answer to the question, "who made you?" was to say, "God." The next: "Of what are you made?" reply: 'The dust of the earth,' and so on through the Catechism. The all important moment having arrived, the little "shavers" were told to stand up. The little head boy, it seems, was missing, but the fact being unnoticed by the teacher, she proceeded with the question "Who made you?" which elicited the following laughable answer: "I was made out of de dirt of the ert; but the little feller what God made has got the belly ache and gone home."

THE EL DORADO OF AMERICA.—From recent reports it appears that Arizona Territory is likely to become the El Dorado of America. The gold and silver recently found there is only from one to four inches under the surface, and for over a hundred miles it may be found in every gulch and creek-bed. Brigadier General Carlton, commanding the military department, has sent troops to the mines, where a military post is to be established.

☞ The *National Intelligencer* nobly says:

We profess no political loyalty save that inspired by love for the Union, the constitution, and by respect for the Laws.—Who professes more, have none.

NOBODY giving attention to Diogenes while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song, and multitudes crowded to hear him. "Ye gods, said he, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom!" Poor human nature!