msa_sc2901_scm2354-0257 ©Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &C.

Vol. 16. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MARCH 8, 1856. No. 43.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

TO FARMERS, MERCHANTS, AND OTHERS.

THE subscribers respectfully announce to their friends and the public in general that having taken the "Farmers' Foundry" in Chestertown, they how have on hand a large quantity of materials which they will manufacture to order in the best manner, and at the shortest notice.



They also keep constantly on hand a good supply of Plough Castings, which cannot be surpassed in neatness and durability by any manufactured in the State. CARTS, WAGONS, PLOUGHS. &c., made to order at the shortest notice and low rates. All kind of machine work done in the neatest manner and at short notice on accommodating terms for cash. Blacksmithing will bt done in a workmanlike manner and of the bese materials. They would particularly call the attention of the Merchants and Farmers of Kent and the adjoining counties to their castings—they will be sold as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere. ☞ All descriptions of old iron will be taken in exchange for work at the highest prices.

HENRY W. EARNEST,
DAVID A. BENJAMIN.

Jan 19, 1856.—tf

ORPHANS COURT OF KENT COUNTY.

JANUARY 15th, 1856.

ORDERED by the Orphans Court of Kent County that the sale of the Wood Lot of Juliana F. Scott late of Kent County, deceased, made and reported by David Jones the Executor of her last will and testament, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 15th day of March next ensuing, Provided a copy of the order be published in some newspaper printed and published on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, once a week for three successive before the 15th day of March next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $60,00.

GEO. S. HOLLYDAY,
JAS. W. SKIRVEN.

Jan. 19, 1856.

Strayed



From the farm of Mr. Thomas Hunter near C. Town, about 3 weeks since, a sorrel MARE, with a white stripe in her face. A liberal reward will be paid for her delivery in Chester Town, or for any information in regard to her.

JNO. WRIGHT.

Jan, 19, 1856.—3w

Seamstress Wanted.

WANTED a Seamstress in a family residing very near town,—apply to the Editor.

Jan. 19, 1856.—3t.

BUCKWHEAT MEAL.—T. W. Elison has a supply of superior Buckwheat Meal for sale.

Jan. 19, '56.

NOTICE.

I WILL sell 5 Brood Sows and pigs, 2 Fine Young Mares, 1 Jack—four years old in the spring, and wants to purchase about Twenty Head young Cattle. Persons in want of the above or who have stock to sell will do well to call on

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner, Md., Jan. 19, 1856.

Notice.

AN Ordinance passed the Board of Commissioners of Chestertown, 22nd of December 1832, compelling the owners of dogs or bitches, to take out license on the 1st day of January, in each year.—In compliance therefore with the Ordinances upon the subject—the undersigned hereby gives notice, that on the first day of March next, he will proceed against all who do not pay their dox taxes by that time. WM. BURKE,

Jan. 19, 1856. Bailiff.

JAMES L. BEWLEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 78, South Wharves, Philadelphia.

Will attend to sales of grain, &c., &c.

Aug 28, 1855.—3m.

NOTICE.

ALL persons owing the estate of John E. Gale deceased, and whose notes are due, are requested to call and settle, as no longer indulgence will be allowed.

JAMES H. GALE,
Administrator of John E. Gale.

Jan. 19, 1856.

POETRY.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

THE BURIAL PLACE.

BY J. SWETT.

In this lone spot where green trees shed
Their cooling shade,
Calmly and sweetly sleep the dead
Beneath them laid.

The busy city's ceaseless hum
Disturbs them not;
Here toil and strife can never come;
A holy spot.

In this still city of the dead
No wild unrest,
No search for gold with hurrying tread,
No aching breast.

Around the graves the wild flowers smile,
Kind vigils keeping,
The dead seem but to rest awhile,
So calmly sleeping.

And rolling in on ocean's shore,
Pacific's surge.
Is deeply peeling evermore,
A fuderal dirge.

Tread lightly! and in trusting prayer
Look up above;
No sorrow casts its shadow there,
All light and love!

And list the voices that speak
Their holy feeling,
Breathed to the lowly and the meek
In spirit healing.

With strengthened hearts for toil and strife,
Lend cheerful face.
Then leave to live a purer life,
This burial-place.

Let not the lesson of the day
Be vainly given;
But guide the soul upon its way
To God and heaven!

Lone Mountain Cemetry, San Francisco.

A GOOD STORY.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH—BY CLEOPATRA.

In the reign of a king of Persia whose name I have forgotton, a merchant of Bassora was ruined by bad speculations. He collected the remains of his fortune and retired to the extremity of the province of Kousistan. He there bought a small house in the country, and a field which he cultivated very badly, because he was always thinking of the pleasures of his former profession. Chagrin wore away the days of this merchant. Perceiving himself near his end, he called into his presence his four sons, and thus addressed them:

"My dear children, I have no other property to leave you, except this house and the knowledge of a secret which I have not considered proper to reveal to you heretofore. In the time of my opulance I had a friend, the genie Alzim.—He promised to take care of you when I was no more and to divide a treasure among you. This genie dwells near this place in the forest of K. Go and find him; ask the treasure of him, but be careful how you believe——"

Death did not permit him to finish the sentence.

The four sons of the merchant after having buried and mourned their father, went to the forest of K. They enquired for the dwelling of the genie Alzim.—They had no difficulty in finding it, for Alzim was known in all that region. He received with kindness all those who came to see him, he listened to their complaints consoled them and gave them money when they needy. But these gifts were granted on one condition—the counsels that he gave must be followed secretly; no one was admitted into his palace, without having taken an oath to submit to his regulation. This oath did not frighten the three eldest sons of the merchant. The fourth who was named Tae, found this ceremony ridiculous. Yet he wished to enter and receive the treasure. He swore then as his brothers had done, but reflecting upon the dangerous consequences of his oath, and recollecting that his father who was accustomed to visit this palace, had spent his life in doing foolish things, he wished without being perjured to place himself far from all danger; and while they led him towards the genie, he filled his ears with odoriferous wax. Having taken this precaution, he prostrated himself before the throne of Alzim. Alzim told the four sons of his old friend to rise embrazed them, and ordered his servants to bring a huge chest filled with pieces of gold.

"Here said he is the treasure which I intended for you. I am going to divide it among you, and afterwards I will tell each one of you the route he must take in order to be perfectly happy."

Tae did not hear what the genie said, but he observed attentively, and saw in his eyes and on his countenance an air of deception and malignity which gave him much inquietude; yet he received with gratitude his part of the treasure. Alzim after having thus enriched them, took a more affectionate tone, and said; "My children, your good or evil destiny depends upon your meeting, sooner or later, a certain being named Bathmendi of whom everybody speaks and no one knows.—Unfortunate individuals seek him indiscreetly; but I who love you, am going to tell each one of you where he can find him."

At these words Alzim took Bekir one side—the oldest of the four brothers.—"My son," said he, "you are born with courage, and have much talent for war; the king of Persia is going to send an army against the Turks; enter that army; it is in the field of the Persians that you will find Bathmendi." Bekir thanked the genie and was impatient to depart.—Alzim made signs for the second son to approach, this was Mesrou. "You have spirit," said he, "address, and a great disposition for flattery; take the road to Ispahan; it is at court that you should seek Bathmendi." He then called the third brother who was called Sadder.—"You," said he, you possess a lively and fruitful imagination, you see objects, not as they are, but as you wish them to be; you have always genius, but not always common sense; you shall be a poet. Take the road to Agra; it is among the gay spirits and beautiful dames of that city that you will find Bathmendi." Tae advanced in his turn, but his ears being full of wax, he did not hear a word that Alzim said. The three brothers after having thanked the beneficent genie, returned to their dwelling and dreamed of nothing but Bathmendi. Tae unstopped his ears and heard their arrangements for departure, and proposed to sell their small house to the first offerer and divide the price. Tae asked to be the purchaser. The house and field haviag been estimated, he paid from his own gold the part which belonged to each one of his brothers, wished them all sorts of prosperity, embraced them tenderly, and remained all alone under the parental roof. He was now occupied in a project which had been for a long time the object of his thoughts.—He was in love with the young Amie the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Amie was beautiful and talented; she had the care of her father's household and asked of God but two things; the first, that her father might live a long time, the second that she might be the wife of Tae. Her wishes were granted. Tae asked and gained her hand. The father of Amine came and dwelt with his son-in-law, and taught him the art of making the earth render all that it can give to those that cultivate it. The field doubled in value; and as Tae was industrious and his wife econimical, each year increased their revenue. Amine had many children. Children who ruin the rich idlers of the city, enrich the laborer. At the expiration of 12 years, Tae, the father of five pretty children, the husband of a beautiful and virtuous wife, the master of many slaves, and possessor of two herds, was the happiest farmer in the province.

Meanwhile his three brothers are running after Bathmendi. Bekir had arrived at the comp of the Persians; he presented himself to the grand vizir, who admitted him into a regimeut of cavalry. A few days after, a bloody battle was fought. Bekir performed many exploits, saved the life of his general, and took into his hands the command of the enemy. The praises of Bekir spread abroad, and the grateful vizir raised his deliverer to the grade of commander-in-chief. "Alzim was right," said Bekir; here it is that fortune awaits me; everything shows that I am going to find Bathmendi." The glory of Bekir, and above all, his rank, excited the envy and the murmurs of all the satraps. Bekir, unhappy by his successes even, lived alone, always on his guard, and exposed every moment to receive some outrage.—He looked back to the time when he was but a simple soldier, and awaited with impatience the end of the war, when the Turks, reinforced by new troops, and guided by a new general, came to attack the division which Bekir commanded. This was occasion which the satraps of the army had a long time awaited. They employed a hundred times more address in causing their chief to be beaten, than they had shown in all their life not to be beaten themselves. The brave Bekir, abandoned, covered with wounds, his army diminished, was taken by the janissaries and sent to Constantinople, where he was thrown into a dungeon. "Alas!" he exclaimed in his prison, "I begin to think that Alzim has deceived me, for I cannot dope to find Bathmendi here." The war lasted fifteen years, and the satraps were always hindering the exchange of Bekir. His prison was not opened until time of peace. He went directly to Ispahan to seek his protector the vizir, whose life he had saved. Three weeks passed before he could speak with him; at the expiration of this time he obtained an audience.—Fifteen years in prison wrought no little change in the appearaace of a handsome young man.

Suffering had much altered his features so that the vizir did not recognize him; yet by dint of recalling the different epochs of his glorious life, he reminded him that Bekir had once done him a small service.

"Yes, yes, my friend," said he, "I remember you; you are a brave man; but the state is much in debt; a long war has worn out our finances. Yet let me see; I will endeavor, I will see ——."

"Ah, My Lord I have no bread; for fifteen days I have waited the moment favorable for speaking with your highness and I should have died in misery had not a soldier of the guard, my old comrade divided his pay with me."

"That's a fine soldier," said the vizir; "that is truly noble and affecting; I will speak to the king. Let me see; you know that I love you ——."

Saying these words he turned his back upon him. Bekir returned the next morning but found the gate closed.—Worn out with despair he went out of the palace and city, resolved never to enter it again. He threw himself at the foot of a tree on the bank of a river. There he reflected upon the ingratitude of the vizir, on all the misfortunes which he had experienced, and those which yet threatened him, and not being able to endure these sad thoughts, he rose up to throw himself into the river; but he was all at once embraced by a beggar who bathed his face with tears, and exclaimed sobbing, "it is my brother,—it is Bekir."—Bekir looked and recognized Mesrou. Every man without doubt has pleasure in finding a brother whom he has not seen for a long time; but an unfortunate one without resources, without friends, on the point of ending his days in despair, believes he sees an angel in heaven when he finds a brother whom he loves. This was the feeling that Bekir and Mesrou experienced at that time. They joined their arms in a mutual embrace; they mingled their tears; and after the first moments given to tenderness, they gazed upon each other with mournful eyes.

"Are *you* then also unfortunate?" exclaimed Bekir.

"This," answered Mesrou, "is the first moment of happiness that I have had since we left each other."

At these words the two unfortunates embraced again; they fell upon each other and Mesrou seated near Bekir commenced thus his history.

"You recollect the fatal day when we went to the house of Alzim. That perfideous genie told me that I could find at court this Bathmendi whom we so much desire to meet. I followed his deceitful council, and arrived soon at Ispahan. I made acquaintance with a young slave, who belonged to the first secretary of the grand vizir. This slave took a liking to me, and introduced me to her mistress, who made me pass as her brother. Soon the brother was presented to the vizir, and a few days afterwards obtained employment in the palace. The Sultana distinguished me and took me into an intimate friendship. From that moment riches and honors began to rain upon me. The monarch himself showed me marks of kindness. He loved to talk with me, because I flattered him with address, and always foresaw what he had a desire to do. It was the means of making him do soon that which I wished. At the expiration of three years I saw myself all at once the first minister, favored by the king empowered with removing and proposing the vizirs, deciding everything by my influence, and receiving every morning the grandees of the empire who came to await my awaking and receive from me a smile of protection. In the midst of my glory and my fortune, I was astonished not to meet Bathmendi for whom I was seeking. Nothing fails me, say I to myself, why then does Bathmendi. This idea and the uneasiness in which I was passing my life poisoned all my pleasures. The love of the king for a young Mingrelienne came to fill up my misfortune. All the court turned their eyes in that direction in the hope that the young beauty would expel the the minister and I prepare the blow, flattering the love of the king. Soon the monarch having decided to marry this lady, asked my mind; I delayed a few days. His mother the Sultana, fearing that she would loose her renown if her son married, told me that if I did not break up the match she would have me assassinated the day of the ceremony. An hour after, the young Mingrelienne came and assured me that if I did not allow her to marry the king the next morning, I should be strangled the day after. My position was embarrassing; it was necessary to choose the poignard, the rope or flight; I resolved to flee. I have disguised myself as you see, and have escaped from the palace with a few diamonds in my pocket, which will enable me to live with you in some corner of Hindostan, far from Sultanas, Mingreliennes, and the court."

After this recital Bekir recounted his adventures to Mesrou. They agreed that the best thing that they could do, was to return to Kousiston to their brother Tae, where Mesrou's diamonds would place them in a condition to maintain a tranquil and easy life. After this resolution they set out on their journey, and travelled many days without adventure. As they traversed the province of F., they arrived about evening at a small village, where they intended to pass the night.—It was a festival day. Entering this village they saw many peasants' children, conducted by a kind of master, badly clothed, moving with his head bowed down, and having the air of a sad dreamer. The two brothers approached the master, look at him attentively. What is their surprise? It is Sadder; it is their brother who embraces them 'Ah! how! my friend,' Bekir addressed him, 'is it thus they recompense genius?' 'You see,' answered Sadder; 'that they treat it pretty much as they do valor; but philosophy ought offer us consolations.' Saying this he told the children they might go home, and conducting Bekir and Mesrou to his small cabin, he himself prepared a little rice for their supper, and after having listened to a recital of their adventures, he thus recounted his history:

'The genie Alzim, who, I suppose, much loves to harm others, counseled me to seek this non-existent Bathmendi in the great city of Agra, among the gay spirits and beautiful dames of that city. I arrived at Agra, and before going out into company I wished to make myself renowned by some work of *eclat*. In about a month my work appeared. It was a complete course of all human sciences, in a small volume divided into chapters. Each chapter was a tale, and each tale taught a science. My work and myself soon became *a la mode*. They invited me into all companies which prided themselves on being fashionable; no one was talked of but me, and the Sultana wrote me a note in her own hand, praying me to come to the court. Courage! say I to myself, Alzim has not deceived me; my glory is at its summit; I will sustain it by means surer than those of intrigue; I will endeavor to please, and I shall find Bathmendi.'

'I was well received in the palace of the great Mogul. The Sultana openly declared herself my protectress, presented me to the Emperor, commended my verses, gave me pensions, admitted me to her little *soupers*, and swore a hundred times an eternal friendship. I believed myself on the point of finding Bathmendi, when my protectress fell out with the vizir because the minister refused to give the government of a province to the son of a confectioner of the Sultana. The Sultana, outraged at this audacity, besought the emperor to expel the insolent minister; but the emperor loved his vizir and refused to dismiss him. Then there must be a ragular plot for destroying the vizir: I was in the conspiracy, and I received orders to compose an offensive poem against the minister, and to bring it before the public. The vizir found out soon that I was the author. He then went and found the Sultana, brought her the commission he had refused; an ordor for a hundred thousand dariques from the royal treasury, add asked no recompense except the privilege of casting me in a dungeon. He is a miserable fellow, responded the Sultana, and I am very happy to do anything that may be agreeable to you. In good time I am going to send for that wretch who has dared to insult you in spite of my express commands, and place him in your hands. Happily for me, a slave of the Sultana who was present came and told me their conversation; I had just time to save myself. After this I wandered all about Hindostan, hardly gaining a subsistence by writing romances and making verses. As long as I had plenty of money my verses were master pieces, but as soon as I was in misery, they were only poor concerns.—At length, tired of instructing the universe, I have preferred to teach the peasants to read, and have been made master of a school in this little village, where I live upon brown bread, and have no hopes of seeing Bathmendi." 'You have nothing to do,' said Mesrou, 'but to stop, and return with us to Konsistan, where a few diamonds which I have, warrant us a pleasant and tranquil life.' They had no difficulty to bring Sadder to a determination. The next morning the three brothers departed from the village before day and took the route to Konsistan.

They were near their journey's end, and at no great distance from the cottage of Tae. This idea consoled them, but their hope was mingled with fear. 'Shall we find our brother?' said they, 'we left him very poor. He has not met Bathmendi, for he has not been to seek him.' 'My dear friends,' said Sadder, 'I have reflected much upon this Bathmendi of whom Alzim was spoken. Frankly, I believe the genie has mocked us and that there is no Bathmendi; for since my brother Bekir did not meet him when he commanded the Persian army—since Mesrou has heard nothing of him while he was the favorite of the great king—while I myself have not been able to find him, when I was loaded with the favors of glory and fortune, it is plain that Bathmendi is an imaginary being, an illusion, after whom all men run, because they love chimeras and because they love to run.' He was going on to prove that Bathmendi does not live in the world, when a troop of robbers leeped from behind the rocks which bordered the route, and ordered them to strip themselves.—Bekir had a mind to resist, but he was soon disarmed. After this ceremony, which was the affair of a moment, the chief of the robbers wished them a pleasant journey, and left them all naked in the middle of the highway. 'Here's a clincher to my proposition,' said Sadder looking at his brothers. 'Ah, the rascals!' exclaimed Bekir in a fury, 'they have taken away my sword! My diamonds! my poor diamonds,' said Mesrou weeping. Night came on. The three unfortunates hastened to reach the house of their brother Tae. They arrived at length, and the sight of that house made their tears flow. They stopped at the door; they dare not knock; all their fears all their apprehensions re-commenced.—At length while they were thus hesitating, Bekir rolled up a great stone mounted upon it, and finding a crack in the window-blind, he looked and saw in a private room simply furnished, his brother Tae at table, in the midst of five children, who were eating, laughing and chattering all together. Tae's wife was at his right, feeding number five; at his left was a little old man with a gay and pleasant countenance, who was turning to drink with Tae. At this spectacle Bekir threw himself into his brother's arms, and knocked at the door with all his might. A servant came to open it, and cried out in fear, seeing three men all naked. Tae ran to the door. The three strangers bowed to him; they called him brother; they bathed him in tears. He was at first troubled, but he soon recognized Bekir, Mesrou and Sadder. He pressed them in his arms; he could not embrace them enough. All the children ran to see who was there. Amine came also, but she retired with her daughters at the sight of three naked strangers. All left the table except the little old man, and he did not move. Tae gave clothes to his brothers, presented them to his wife, and let them embrace his children. 'Alas!' said Bekir, moved at this spectacle, 'this happy lot consoles us for all we have suffered. From the moment of our separation our life has been but a chain of misfortunates, and we have not seen this Bethmendi after whom we have all run. 'I think it likely,' said the little old man, who sat all the time at the table, 'I have not once left here.' 'How!' exclaimed Mesrou, 'you are——.' 'I am Bathmendi,' replied the old man. 'It is not to be wondered at that you do not know me, since you have never seen me; but ask Tae, ask the good Amine, and all her little children; there is not one of them that does not know my name.' The three brothers, who could not wait to look at the old, wished to embrace him. He said to them pleasantly, 'I don't like contnotion; we should be friends before caresses. If you are willing to be such, don't occupy yourselves too much on my account.' Thus saying, he rose, kissed each of the children, made a slight bow to the three brothers, gave a smile to Amine and Tae, and went with them to their bed chamber. The next morning Tae showed his brothers his fields and his herds, and gave them a recital of the pleasures which he enjoyed. Bekir took the plough the same day; thus he was the first that became the friend of Bathmendi. Mesrou who had been the first minister was the first shepherd of the farm, and the poet took for part, going to the city to sell the wool, tea and milk which they sent to market; his eloquence procured him purchasers, and he was as useful as the others. At the end of six months, Bathmendi was their friend and their tranquil days passed sweetly in the bosom of happiness.

It is perhaps useless to say that 'Bathmendi' in Persian signifies 'Happiness.'

Mr. Grip attends Divine Worship.—The Police Tribune elucidates excessive meanness the following story:

Mr. Grip is one of our best known citizens, Mr. Grip is a worshipper of money and never allows a half dollar to pass out of his hand without giving the 'eagle a squeeze that makes him hiss like a gander. Mr. Grip is a church member, who attends divine worship with becoming punctuality. Although Mr. Grip is a man of wealth, he 'makes it a point never to put over five cents on the plate, even for the benefit of 'Central Africa.' This piece of coin he places in the right hand pocket of his vest, on Saturday evening, so as to 'prevent mistakes.'

A few Suudays since, Mr. Grip in dressing got on the wrong vest. He did not discover his error till the 'man with the plate' commenced taking up the collection. The moment Mr. Grip saw him, he commenced chasing up that five cent piece. It was no good, however, for the smallest piece of money he had was a half dollar. He of course, could not think of 'throwing away funds' in that manner. He applied to his wife:

'Mary, have you got any small change?

'Not a cent.'

He then turned to his son:

'Got any small change, George.'

'Nothing but a shilling."

'Well, hand it here, and give me your knife, I'll stick him on four cents anyway.'

Saying this, Mr. Grip took the knife and drew it across his son George's shilling. By this means, Mr. Grip reduced its value to eight cents, and felt better for the next two days. Mr. Grip is a character. To do another out of four cents, affords him as much pleasure as to make two shillings in any legitimate manner.

"I am afraid you will come to want;" said an old lady to her daughter.

"I have come to want already," was the reply, "I want a nice young man."

☞ Adversity is the true touchstone of merit.