msa_sc2901_scm2354-0408 ©Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

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

Vol. 17. CHESTER TOWN, MD., NOVEMBER 22, 1856. No. 29.

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 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.

POETRY

THE FORTIETH WEDDING DAY.

Again thou'rt come, and I am here,
With faded eye and locks of gray;
How changed the scenes of life appear,
On this, my fortieth wedding day.

Was this the morn whose early hours
Woke fluttering with a troubled joy;
When all my footsteps were on flowers,
And hope alone my heart's employ?

And where are they, the young and fair,
Who graced that day with opening bloom
I ask, and 'echo answers where,'
Dear inmates of the silent tomb.

I see them now, the welcome throng,
That pressed around my bridal home;
The tale, the laugh, the merry song,
Like shadows o'er my senses come.

I see them round my toilette press,
And fold the plait and smooth the hair,
And give the soothing, fond caress,
And kiss the brow they said was fair.

I hear the solemn promise given,
I feel the small ring's circle now,
The closing prayer ascends to Heaven,
And angel pens record the vow.

'Tis gone—'tis gone—the fading dream!
My hair is blanched, my eyes are dim;
I'm floating on life's closing stream,
But, (praised be God,) it leads to Him.

CHOICE TALES.

OTHAN LOVINOFF;

—OR—

THE RUSSIAN SPY.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

The incidents of the following story were related to me by a polish officer who was present during the whole Russia Turkish campaign of 1828-29. They were never known in Russia, save to a few officers, who kept the secret for the sake of their lives.

On the 20th of July, 1828, the Emperor Nicholas in person led his army upon Schumla, strongly fortified town of Eastern Bulgaria. Up to the 19th of May, the Achdake Micael had held command of the army, but on that day Nicholas himself joined it. The plan had been to march directly to Constantinople, after having taken Schumla and placed a Russian guard in it. But in his plans the Emperor seemed to forget that the Turks might make some stout resistence in Bulgaria. When the imperial army reached Schumla, they found it in possession of Hussien Pasha with a large Turkish army. The Russian engineers supposed they knew all about the place, and they had drawn plans accordingly, and submitted them to the Emperor. But lo! when they reached the deep vale before the town, they found that Hussian Pasha had changed everything. New entrenchments were thrown up, new forts erected, and such musks thrown in the way that invaders could see but little of what had really been done—though they could see enough to convince them that the draughts of their engineers were good for nothing.—Nicholas had at his back over forty-five thousand men, and he had planned to spend the night at Schumla, place some of his officers in charge, and then move on. But he was stopped most summarily.

The Russian army prepared for encamping, and as soon as the Emperor's quarters could be arranged, he called a council of a few of his officers. There were Rudiger, the Court Sutchelen, Benkendorff, and two experienced engineers.

"So all our plans prove abortive," said Nicholas after his aid had retired and closed the door. "We find that the Turk has made new and stronger defences."

"And has a powerful army entrenched here,' said Rudiger.

"I care not for his army, but I would not throw away my men until I know where the dogs have concentrated their power. We must find a shrewd fellow who can make his way into the enemy's camp. The thing can be done for we have minute plans of the old defences, and of course some of them must be as they were before. I have examined them carefully, and I know that a fellow of wit can enter the city. If we take not this place, then we pass not over these mountains, but must immediately march back to the Euxine."

* * * * * * *

It was past midnight, and Hussien Pasha was taking a turn about the posts within the town. With him was a man well known in Turkey—Hemen Pasha. Our readers, many of them, remember the terrible massacre of the Mamaluks by Muhammed Ali. Hemen was at that time a member of the proscribed body, and he it was who leaped his horse over the wall of Cairo. He was the only one who escaped the massacre.

The two Pashas had left the great magazine, and were making their way towards the outer works, when they espied a dark form moving across the path before them.

They stopped a moment to watch its motions, but it seemed not to notice them keeping straight on across the street and was about to pass into a narrow path that led down to a new line of defences, when they hailed it.

Whether the stranger would have attempted to escape is not certain, for on the same moment that the Pasha hailed him a Turkish officer, at the head of a relief corps, came up the narrow pass from the new redoubt.

"Who art thou, out here this time of night?" asked Hussien, coming up to where the man had stopped.

"I am a Russian, just come into the town,' answered the stranger, speaking the Russian tongue.

"Ha! a spy!"

"I should not have been very ready to acknowledge, as I have, had I come with such intent.'

Hussien Pasha ordered the officer of the guard to bring the prisonor along, and then he started for his quarters. When he reached his own room in company with Hemen, he turned to look upon the stranger. He was an old man, with flowing white hair and beard, much bent with age and trembling violently. The fatigue of the rapid walk had affected him seriously, and it was some time ere he could command his speech. He wore a heavy gown stuff that came to his feet, and on his head a bonnet made of fur.

"Now, what do ye in our city?' asked Hussien Pasha, as soon as he saw that the old man had become composed.

"I have come into Schumla more to escape the Russian Lion than to do aught here,' was the reply.

"What is your name?'

"Othan Lovinoff."

'Lovinoff?' repeated Hussien; and then turning to Hemen, he added, "I have heard that name.'

"Ay, so have I,' returned Hemen. "I have heard of him as a strange old man, who follows the Russian army, and who, it is said, holds some very peculiar power over the Emperor.'

"Are you that man?' Hussien asked, turning to the prisoner.

"I am."

"Then tell us your story plainly. What are you here for?'

"Had I dared to strike Nicholas of Russia to the heart, I should not have been here,' the old man returned in a deep earnest tone. "Twas a thing I dared not do; but I could help do it. There are others, too, who would join me in the wish but who dare not yet strike. Ah, the Emperor thinks I have forgotten the past; but Lovinoff never can forget."

"Then you like not your emperor?'

"Say not my emperor. Like him? O he is the only enemy I ever feared. Dared I kill him, I should not have left him. I have followed him thus far in hopes to see him fall.'

The two Pashas conversed apart awhile and finally Hussien turned again to the old man.

"Hark ye!" he said. "We are inclined to credit you; and now, if you answer truly, you are safe. Do you know what the Emperor's intentions are with regard to the capture of this place?'

"Yes, he means to take it if he can.'

"And if he cannot?'

"I do not know; he has made no provisions for defeat.'

"How many men has he?'

"He numbers them at forty-five thousand, but there must be more than that number.'

Hussien went on and asked numerous questions concerning the state of the Russian troops, all of which the old man answered promptly and candidly, stating for facts only what he seemed to know, and frankly stating his doubts. Again the pashas conversed apart, and after a while Hussien approached his prisoner.

'Suppose it laid in your power to —— to——'

"Speak frankly,' interrupted Lovinoff, as the pasha hesitated, "I conceal nothing. I can place the emperor in your power, if you have the wit to take him.'

Both the pashas started, and after regarding each other for some moments, Hessien said—

"By the tomb of the Prophet, I have a mind to trust thee! But what assurance have we of you good faith?'

"Only my word. I know that you have hoped to get Nicholas into your possession. Now I can afford you the opportunity, if you can raise the right kind of men to do the work. It is now half an hour past midnight. At 2 o'clock, Nicholas will visit the outer posts in person, with only his servants with him—perhaps three, but not over four, will accompany him."

"Are you sure that he will do this?' asked Hemen.

"As sure as I am that he is able to do it. Many a soldier recognizes the officer who gives them the pass, when they do not know the tall, dark figure, that keeps him company. Nicholas has little love for his bed; he will go as I have told you. Close by the heights of Standscha a sentinel is posted. It is far removed from the camp, and the place can be reached without danger.'

"But what object have you in thus delivering up your emperor?'

"Say not my emperor. He is not my ruler. He is my enemy. Once I had a wife—go ask Nicholas if he remembers her! O, why did he not die then! And once I had a friend, near and dear—one whom I loved with my whole heart. He died! Go ask Nicholas how he died! I am an old man, but I have not forgotten—revenge! Ask me no more than that. Only let me place mine enemy in your hands, and I shall be content. And when it is done, give me a home where his power cannot come.'

It was quickly arranged that the men should be settled for this new work, and an attendant was called and ordered to send the watch to the room.

"Mind this condition,' said the old man—"there must be no fire-arms taken for I know how prone soldiers are to use them—the sword, good and true, is enough. If there is real danger, pistols could be of no use. You understand.'

Hussien knew the danger of fire-arms when secrecy was the great object, and he saw nothing in the request to justify any suspicion. Lovinoff was asked how many men they had better send.

"You can judge as well as I,' returned the old man. There will not be over four companions with the Emperor, and then we shall have one sentinel besides.—Twelve men, I should think, would be sufficient.'

"But suppose we send more?'

"You may send a hundred, or more, if you like; but I should thereby run the risk of being exposed, and you of losing your prize.'

It was finally decided that only twelve men should be sent, and in the course of an hour they were ready. Before they set out Hussien Pasha took them into a separate apartment and conversed with them some minutes. The old man bent his ear toward the door, but he could hear nothing, yet a peculiar light in his eyes showed that he knew well what the movement meant.

"Well sir, your men are ready,' said Hussein as he returned to the apartment, "and I will be frank with you, as I hope you have been frank with me. Every man has an order to run you through the moment they detect the least sign of treason on your part; and you may be sure that they will not follow you into danger unnecessarily with their eyes shut. Now go—and if you come back in company with Nicholas, you will be the most honored man of the day; and if you come empty-handed, so you come honestly, you shall lose nothing, but if you come dishonest, you come dead! The captain will lead you outside the wall and then give the guidance to you.'

Not long after this the old man was in the street, and around him stood twelve stout men. They were shrewd looking men; tall straight and muscular, and ones to carry out this enterprise for which they had been detailed. There was a moon well up in the heavens, and its light was sufficient to make the way plain The captain led the way down to the old fort, and from thence he turned into a baggage way that ran beneath the walls of some old store houses. At length they reached some of the new works, and the Russian could not help manifested.—When they had reached a point opposite the heights of Strandscha, they stopped at a small gate and demanded egress. The captain conversed apart with the sentinel for a few moments then passed out.

It now became Lovinoff's turn to guide and he took the lead. His feeble steps were hardly equal to the eagerness of those who followed; but they had respect for his age, and urged him not. The way was now mostly over uneaven, broken ground, and hardly a word was spoken till they had reached the foot of the Stranedscha, and here the captain asked how much further they must go.

"Not over a quarter of a mile,' returned the old man, "and then we come to the Russian army. The emperor will be there ere long."

Shortly after this the guide asked: "Did you ever hear of the Russian spy who once entered Schumla?'

'Never,' returned the captain. "Tell us about it.'

'Strange that you should not have heard of it,' resumed Lovinoff. 'But thus it was:

"A Russian army lay encamped before the town, very much as this one now lies. It became necessary that something should be learned respecting the defences of the place, and a bold reckless man offered to make his way into the city. He did so. Under the cover of night he made his way under the wall along the bed of an old water-course, the iron bars of which had become rusted off. He looked about some, gained much information, and was met by the commander of the place. And what do you suppose became of that spy?'

'He was hung of course,' said the captain.

'No, not hung.'

'What, ah, shot.'

'No, not shot.'

'What was done with him?'

'Hark!—ah! Do you not hear the movement of feet?'

The party had now reached a thick copse of cedars which made out upon the hillside on a point, and to this point they had come. The moon shone full upon them, and the moment they passed those cedars, they would be in sight of the encamped army.

'You asked me what become that spy,' said the old man as they waited by the copse. 'They did not know he was a spy. When he found he was detected, he confessed his nationality at once, and professed to have purposely fled from the Russians. But this was not the best of it.'

'Ah—'

'No. He wished to return immediately to his own camp, and to that end he offered to deliver up a very important thing to them if they would accompany him. And now, who do you think that spy was?'

'Who was it?' asked the captain.

'But guess.'

'We cannot.'

'Would you believe me if I were to tell you that it was the emperor himself?'

'Impossible.'

'But it is true.'

'Who? What emperor?'

'Nicholas!'

As the man thus spoke, he darted back and let the long robe fall from his shoulders and tearing away the white hair and beard with one hand and thrusting them into his bosom, he drew his ponderous sword with the other. The moon shone full in his face—the form was bent no more; but erect, tall, stout, powerful, it towered aloft, and the broad breast bore a single flashing star.

'Nicholas!' burst from the Turkish captain's lips, as his reason came back to him. 'At him! O, my men, if we can but—'

His voice was lost in the loud, thunder like voice of the Russian emperor, who heard the relief guard approaching.—With his back against the wood, the iron held the Turks at bay a moment, and then a hosts of Russian soldiers came bounding through the thicket. They recognized their master in a moment.

'Let not a man of them escape!' pronounced Nicholas, as he struck the Turkish captain to the ground with the flat of his sword.

There were twenty-eight men in the guard, and the Turks were captured before they could fairly recover from the shock of the astounding truth that had burst upon them. The emperor then picked up his long robe, and led the way down to the camp, where the twelve prisoners were placed under a faithful guard two of them only being wounded: And not one of those gardsmen knew that their emperor had been that night within the walls of the enemy.

The feelings of Hesscin Pasha, and of the impetuous Hemen, may be imagined, when they came to learn the astounding truth—when they knew that the emperor Nicholas, their most fearful enemy, had been so absolutely within their grasp, and that they had not even known he was a Russian Spy.

A man who cheats in small measure, is a measureless rogue.

If he gives short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain.

If in whiskey, then he is a rogue in spirit.

If he gives bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed.

And if he cheats whenever he can, he is in deed, in spirit, in grain, a measureless scoundrel.

A Western editor wants to know whether the law recently enacted against carrying concealed weapons, applies to doctors who carry their pills in their pockets.

A sailor looking serious in a chapel in Boston, was asked by a minister if he felt any change?

"Not a cent,' said Jack.

A country girl writing to her friend, says of the polka, that the dancing does not amount to much, but the hugging is heavenly.

For Ladies.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Dresses.—Silk dresses with flounces are decidedly in the majority. Rich full colors are those most in favor; especially the various shades of green, blue and puce or violet. The flounces are all in the style called a disposition, that is to say, woven in patterns distinct from that of the dress, when the latter is figured; and when the dress is plain the flounces are edged with stripes, or with some ornamental design.

The new silks introduced for the autumn and winter seasons, are of patterns and hues far surpassing any which has preceded them. They comprehend *moires* interwoven with patterns in velvet, brocatelles, reps of various kinds, and silks with flounces figured in various patterns. Velvets in beautiful new tints, have also been produced.

Cloaks.—As yet, but few have made their appearance. Those most suitable to the season are of small size, and composed of gray cloth. They are of a circular form, and are trimmed with several rows of ornamental ribbon. Rows of velvet have a very pretty effect on these small gray cloaks.

Bonnets.—The chief novelty in bonnets consists of a combination of crape and velvet; but bonnets composed wholly of velvet are being prepared for the approaching season. One of these, just received from Paris, consists of drab-color velvet. A small *roulcau* of feathers of the same tint ornaments the edge of the brim and the curtain; and the rest of the trimming consists of flowers of blue velvet. Another bonnet is composed of folds of garnet-color velvet, the trimming consists of black lace. Red flowers are employed for the under-trimming.—*Porter's Spirit of the Times.*

SHORT PATENT SERMON—ON GROWING.

BY DOW, JR.

Text—We are all growing, grow, grow, growing,
We are all a growing,
As the years roll on.

My Hearers:—In this world of continual change, every thing is growing—either large or small, longer or shorter, better or worse. Almost all objects have an upward tendency till they arrive at full maturity; but cow's tails and public morals tend downward—and the more they grow the longer they get. A seed planted in the earth is destined to grow, one way or the other. If it doesn't grow rotten and diminish, it must grow in bulk—expand and expaciate into a tree, leaves, flowers and fruit, and afterwards it gradually declines to the dust to grow again, in some shape or other.—Children grow in flesh and wickedness—the matured grow in wisdom, and the aged grow in grace; and yet after all there isn't (comparatively speaking) as much grace among mankind as there is grace in the hind leg of a grasshopper.

My friends, it is astonishing how we all grow as the years roll on. In the course of a few seasons every part of our corporeal selves is renewed. We old folks, don't have the same bodies now that we had in younger days, by any means, and yet we look in the glass and imagine that we behold the same material that composed our youthful frames, only perhaps a little worn by the worrying soul within and the scrubbing bush of time without. The spirit changes its carnal garments in due time, the same as we change our shirts, when we have clean ones available, throw off an old pair of pants, or petticoat, for something new and better. The spirit itself grows old at last, and requires to be rejuvenated, and rigged with togery suitable to the climate, and according to the custom of a new Texas beyond the tomb.

My friend, so man is born, grows up, and kicks the bucket. It may seem a pity that the world wasn't made large enough for him to stay here forever and keep on growing without ever attaining a full size; but it is all for the best that he is as he is, and not a little "izzer." After he has got his growth, and his complement of years, and can do no more plowing for posterity, he feels that all he has to do is to pack up his duds of piety and budge. In his earlier days he takes a great deal of pains to build him a body of roast beef, porridge and pudding—and yet often he seems to try hard to ruin it with rum. He set so much store by it that the whole world wouldn't be an inducement for him to part with it; but when death knocks at his door, he is willing to give the whole lot of rubbish (as he then calls it) for a spoonful of the salt of salvation. Oh man! thou growest in vanity like a toad stool by a mock heap, but the blossoms of wisdom put forth too late in life's season to yield thee any more fruit than a peach tree flowering at the door of December.

My hearers, truly has it been said that you spring up like aspara-gasses, jump about like hopper grasses, and lie down and die like jack-asses. It seems to me that you are nothing but bladders after all. You commence blowing yourself up with wind almost as soon as you begin to run; and in proportion as the inflamation increases, you feel and boast of your bigness and importance; but how often does it happen that just as you are gathering more wind to exclaim, "See how great and mighty I have grown!" the bladder bursts, and you got t'other end over head into an extremely foggy unknownity.—Grow, grow, growing, is the order of existence. Children grow ragged, raw-boned and saucy—ministers of the gospel try to make men grow religious and moral, and they grow just as it happens notwithstanding—men in place and power grow corrupt—women grow any way, as fancy or fashion happens to strike them—as for me, I am growing old, pious and particular; but as my friend Winchell would say, I have seen the day when I was just as good as I ever was. Morality grows mouldy for want of care,—virtue grows precious on account of its scarcity—vice grows abundant for want of a check—and the world grows weedy for the lack of cultivation. You are all growing, morally speaking the wrong way, like the feathers on a phizzle pig; but heaven grant that time may soon come when you all will grow in grace, righteousness, piety, and brotherly and sisterly love, like drooping squash vines after a refreshing shower. So mote it be.

Fattening Turkeys.—The alimentary properties of charcoal are very great; indeed it has been asserted that domestic fowls may be fattened on it without any other food, and that, too, in a shorter time than on the most nutritious grains. In an experiment made to test the value of the article, four turkeys were taken and confined in a pen, and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others of the same brood were also confined at the same time, in another pen and fed on the same articles, but with one pint of very fine pulverized charcoal mixed with their meal and potatoes; they had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being much the fatter, and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor. This would appear to establish beyond a doubt, the benefit of charcoal for fattening purposes.

Cure for Flesh Wounds in Horses.—I have never found anything better for wounds on horses than human urine; keep it in a vessel until it grows stale, then with a swab tied to the end of the stick, I wash the cut frequently; it has a tendency to cleanse and at the same time to heal the wound. I sometimes boil it up with Squaw or Black snake Root, which makes it better. I find it excellent for galded shoulders or back, healing them up in a short time by washing the feet with urine in which a little salt has been thrown; the horse should have a dose of physic at the same time, to purify the blood. I esteem this remedy equal to any of the celebrated linaments of the day.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Gutta Percha for Horse Shoes.—A Philadelphia mechanic has constructed a horse shoe in such a manner that it requires no nails, and can be put on by any one without the aid of a blacksmith. Attached to the shoe is a flange extending around the hoof; and at the back of the shoe, which lies over the frog of a horse's foot, is a joint, held in its place by a screw, which allows the shoe to open and close, so as to accommodate itself to the size of the hoof. Between the hoof and the plate is placed a layer of gutta percha, for the purpose of preventing injury to the hoof or leg of the horse by concussion, while running over hard roads or streets, The mechanism is very simple, and the appropriation of gutta percha a new and ingenious idea.

Remedy for Sprains.—We find the following remedy for sprains in one of our exchanges. The remedy is very simple which is something in its favor to say the least of it:—

"One pint of soft soap, (country prepared) one pint of whiskey—mix and boil them until the quantity is reduced to about one pint. It will then be of the consistency of plaster salve. Take a thick cloth, linen or cotton, sufficiently large to cover the parts injured—spread the mixture and sprinkle the same with black pepper. Apply this and let it remain for forty-eight hours. A cure of nine cases out of ten, will be effected."

'How shall I sell my horse?' said a certain doctor to a horse-jockey, 'his tail came off in less than six hours after I bot him.'

'Why sell him by wholesale,' replied the other, 'for sure no honorable man will re-tail him.'

"I don't care so much about the bugs,' said Mr. Wormley to the head of the genteel private family in which he resides, 'but the fact is marm, I hav'nt got the blood to spare; you see that yourself.'

☞ There is a time for all things.—The time to "leave" is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.