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# THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra,laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

VOL. 13 SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852. NO. 31.



*Eastern Shore Steam boats!*

The Boats of the *Eastern Shore Steam Boat Company* will run as follows:

The Steamer **Hugh Jenkins**, *Capt James Tilghman*, will leave Light street wharf every *MONDAY MORNING* at 7 o'clock, direct for *CAMBRIDGE and OXFORD*, returning same day via *ANNAPOLIS*.

The JENKINS will eaves as above every *TUESDAY MORNING*, at 7 o'clock, for ANNAPOLIS, SOUTH RIVER, COMBRIDGE, OXFORD and EASTON, and return on WEDNESDAY by the same route, leaving Easton at 7 o'block, A. M.

The JENKINS will leave every THURSDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, for St. Michaels and Miles' River Ferry, and return same day by Annapolis.

The Jenkins will leave every Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, West River, Cambridge, Oxford and Easton, and return on Saturday by the same route, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock A. M.

Passage to Annapolis 75 cents, West and South Rivers, $1; St. Michael's $1; Cambridge and Easton $1 50.

The Steamer **OSIRIS**, *Captain Tirwan*, will leave Light street wharf for *KENT ISLAND, CORSICA, CHESTERTOWN, CRUMPTON*, and intermediate Landings, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY MORNINGS, at 9½ o'clock.

Returning the OSIRIS will leave Crumpton at 7 o'clock on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNINGS, touching at all the Landings on her trips to Baltimore. Passage $1.

Mr. Forbert (opposite the wharf) will receive and receipt for FREIGHTS for both boats.

WILLIAM CALLOW, Agent,
Office Light street wharf.
April, 17, 1852

THE STEAMER

LADY WILMER,

CAPT. JOSHUA PENNINGTON,

WILL, for the balance of the season run as follows:

Leaving Frederick own on Mondays, 9 o'clock, for Port Deposit.

Leaving Port Deposit on Mondays 3 o'clock, for Philadelphia.

Leaving Philadelphia on Wednesdays 12 o'clock, for Port Deposit.

Leaving Port Deposit on Thursdays, 9 o'clock for Fredericktown.

Leaving Fredericktown on Thursdays 3 o'clock, for Philadelphia.

Leaving Philadelphia on Saturdays, 9 o'clock for Fredericktown.

The LADY WILMER has been handsomely fitted up for the accommodation of passengers, and has capacity for a large amount of Freight. Farmers Merchants and others having produce or merchandise to ship, will find it their interest to patronize this line. Passage to or from Philadelphia, $1.

WILMER & DAVIS, Port Deposit
GILPIN & STEPHENS, 47 North Wharves, Philadelphia,
AGENTS.
Sept. 25, 1852.

The Steamer

CECIL

will leave her wharf, Light Street, near Camden, every SATURDAY MORNING, at 10 o'clock, for SASSAFRAS RIVER stopping at KENNARD'S LANDING, BARNER'S CREEK, FREDERICKTOWN, and GEORGETOWN returning by the same route on MONDAY, leaving Georgetown at 9 o'clock, A. M.; every TUESDAY MORNING, at 8 o'clock, for all the above places, returning the same day.

*Taylor's Island and Church Creek*

The steamer CECIL will leave her wharf, Light street near Camden, every *Wednesday morning* at 7 o'clock, for the above places, and land and take off passengers also on the river returning next day, leaving Church Creek at 7 o'clock.

☞On TUESDAY, Excursion Passengers will be taken the round trip for one dollar.

E. G STURGEON, Captain.
June 5, 1852.

LEEDS BARROLL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
offers his professional services to the public. Office on High street.
Chester Town, April 24, 1852.

OIL.—Machine oil for sale by
*Wilmer & Walker.*

WILLIAM G. SETH,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
*NO. 4 BOWLEY'S WHARF*
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE undersigned, having retired from the late firm of Godwin, Seth & Co., begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has taken the Counting Room No. 4 Bowley's Wharf (up stairs) and will give his attention exclusively to the Commission Business.

He returns his thanks for the encouragement received, while a member of the late firm, and offers his services for the sale of Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats and Country produce generally, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit the confidence and receive a share of the patronage of the public.

WM. G. SETH,
No. 4 Bowley's Wharf, Balt, Md
May 22, 1852.

Le FEVRE, BLACK & Co,
GRAIN & PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
*No 71 SOUTH WHARVES,*
PHILADELPHIA.

We possess every facility to transact the grain business to advantage, and long experience has given us a thorough knowledge of the trade.

By devoting close personal attention to the interest of those who consign to us, we are able to procure the best prices and give good satisfaction.

G. H. Le FEVRE.
JAS. J. BLACK,
GEO. W. MEARS.

REFERENCES:
Daniel Jones, Esq., Kent county, Md.
Dr. T. C. Kennard, " " "
G B Westcott, Esq., " " "
Myers Claghorn & Co., Philadelphia

**Liberal cash advances made upon consignments when stored.
June 26 1852 —1y.

WOLF [illegible]
*WHOLESALE GROCERS,*
*No. 110 Pratt Street, between South St. and Cheapside, Baltimore,*

HAVE on hand a large and well selected stock of

*GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS,*

which we offer to our friends and customers upon the most reasonable terms—we are receiving daily additional supplies to out regular stock, which enables to furnish our customers with fresh and and good goods, at the lowest cash prices.

EDMUND WOLF,
CHAS. W. SLAGLE.
Oct 2, 1852.

Boots & Shoes!

100 Pair of Long Boots made expressly for my sales, suitable for negroes (no Yankee about them) which we will sell at 10 per cent less than the same article can be bought in Baltimore—also a good assortment of mens fine sewed boots, and a good article of pegged work—prices from $2.50 to 4,50—a general assortment of boys' and youths' long boots, with a general assortment of Lace Boots, Shoes, &c. A few pair left of those heavy fave boots for negroes wear, homemade—price $150. Call and see them

ABEL J. REES.
Rees' Corner, Oct. 9, 1852.

Hats! Hats!!

The undersigned would call the attention of the citizens of Kent county to their large and fashionable HAT STORE.—They have now on hand a very large and excellent assortment which they will sell cheap. They will sell the best quality Hats for $4. Persons visiting the city would do well to give them a call.

ISAAC COX & CO Pratt st.
opposite American & U.S. Hotels.
May 22, 1851.

BUTCHERS will please take notice, that I have for sale a few fat SHEEP,

Also, ten head of FAT CATTLE, which I will dispose of on reasonable terms. Please call and see them.

Rees Corner, Oct 9, A J. REES

*Yarn! Yarn!*

A FULL assortment of *Stocking yarn* on hand and for sale by

A. J. REES
Rees' Corner, Aug. 21, 1852.

ALWAYS on hand all kinds of Plough castings such as is used by our farmers WM. P. FRANCIS.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS for sale by WM. P. FRANCIS.

JUST received and for sale, a very choice lot of Segars
WM. P. FRANCIS.



THE KENT NEWS.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
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—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.

**Terms of Advertising.**

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

All communications must be post-paid.


# POETRY.

**Don't say one thing and Mean another.**

The little lane—the greenwood lane—
Where Mary dwelt, was gay with singing;
For brook and bird, in many a strain,
Down vale and moor their notes were flinging,
But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
No longer she her tears could smother;
For she had learnt, at last, 'twas wrong
To say one thing and mean another!

'Tis right—'tis due, when hearts are true,
To show that heart without deceiving,
And not to speak, in idle fleak,
To try if one's the power of grieving,!
In Mary's heart, and Mary's mind,
She loved one youth—and loved no other,
But Mary's tongue was oft unkinder,
To—
Would all might see how sweet 'twould be,
If truth alone their words directed,
How many nights might then be gay,
That passeth now in tears dejected;
Would all might learn, and all discern,
That truth keeps longest friend and brother;
Then maids be kind, and speak your mind,
Nor say one thing, and mean another!

**We laid her Down to rest.**

BY C C BUTLER.

The summer winds were lightly strung,
The golden eve drew near,
The golden zephyrs sweetly sung,
To call from us a tear,
Oh! sadly sweet that mournful strain
That calleth her to the blest,
As 'neath the green and fertile plain
We laid her down to rest.

The smile of love that rested there
Upon the blooming cheek,
Doth shine in that bright world of prayer,
Where angels only speak.
We look to see that face in vain—
That gentle heaving breast—
But 'neath the green and fertile plain
We laid her down to rest.

That gentle voice is hushed in death—
She closed her weary eyes—
While angels watched the parting breath,
And took her to the skies.
Yes! Death, to break the golden chain,
Appeared a welcome guest—
And 'neath the green and fertile plain,
We laid her down to rest.

# ORIGINAL TALE.

*Written for the Kent News.*

## BOJAZARIA,
## THE TURKISH MAIDEN.

BY MINNA.

CHAPTER I.

BEING always very fond of stories of olden times I have frequently spent hours together in rummaging old books and manuscripts, and often have I feasted my mind upon the interesting and many times edifying subjects contained in these old, neglected works of a generation, that have long been reposing beneath the clods of the valley. But none has ever pleased me more than one I crossed not long since at the ancient residence of one of the oldest families in the State wherein I was sojourning. The only surviving representative of that family had lately brought his young and blushing bride, who was a distant relative of mine to preside over the antiquated halls of his ancestors. This young wife wishing to appropriate, to her own use, a closet which for a century or more, perhaps, had been devoted to no other purpose than that of a repository for old books, manuscripts, &c, desired my assistance in what was to be a delightful employment, in examining the contents of this prison house of ancient lore It was the intention of my young friend to commit to the flame all of those productions which she conceived too old to be of any value, for she entertained no love for the thoughts of those who had so long ago taken their flight to the spirit land: she deemed to feel superstitious horror for such grim looks as these of the departed, as she expressed it, and could commit them to the flames with as good a grace, if the expression may be allowed, as our ancestors did the Salem Witches. So, while I was poring over their contents diligently she was as busily employed in making a pile large enough, I thought, to consume any one of the unhappy creatures who had been sacrificed as victims to the dark spirit of delusion which reigned in those days of intolerant superstition

"Help me drag down these old dust begrimed occupants from this shelf," said she playfully; but, without waiting for my assistance, she tumbled to the floor a large number of the objects of her vengence, raising at the same time, such a cloud of dust that it was with difficulty I could breathe for some minutes, after sneezing and clearing her throat several times, she commenced gathering them up and lugging them to the pile of destruction; when on the face of one of them I discovered the title of "BOJAZARIA, THE TURKISH MAIDEN." I instantly caught it as a brand from the burning, at the moment the flames had begun to make a fearful havoc among those devoted legends; but not before it had been somewhat scorched by them.

'Let it be consumed, as it deserves, for helping to choke me with dust," said the lively destroyer of these receptacles of olden families and ancient narrative

"No, no," I replied, "I must first see whether it deserves such a fate, before I consent to give it over to the execution of your fiery ordeal, for I am resolved to make myself mistress of its contents."

"Nothing but books of witches and warlocks, I'll warrant you."

"Well, if so," I answered, "as long as they are powerless, I shall not fear to dive into their mysteries." But, upon perusing this manucript, I found its contents to be, not fables of witches and warlocks, but containing an account of the truth of the everlasting gospel, made manifest to the heart and mind of a little Turkish maiden; and hoping it may prove as interesting to my youthful readers as it was to me, I am induced to give it to them with very little alteration.

In the ancient province of Romelia, in the southern portion of Turkey, in Europe, where a small river rolls peacefully on its way through a delightful valley, watering in its course the most beautiful groves of orange, lemon and citron, which give their grateful fruits to the indolent inhabitants; and where grapes of the most delicious sweetness hang in gay festoons, pendant from the thick boughs, and peeping from amidst the clustering foliage of Pomgratate and other beautiful trees and flowing shrubs that line the shore of that gentle and purling stream, to the place where it discharged its limpid waters into the Archipellago, anciently known as the Aegean sea Shaded by such delightful fruit trees and surrounded by odoriferous flowers stood the residence of a minister of the sublime Porte, Bojazet, by name; this man was in great favor with the Sultan of Grand Seignor, and had an only daughter, who was called Bojazaria: this little girl was very pretty though her complexion was somewhat dark, yet not so much so as is generally the case among the Turks: her eyes were black and very sparkling; her long black hair was braided after the Turkish fashion, richly ornamented with costly jewels; her arms were adorned with bracelets, her fingers with rings, and her neck was decked with those most brilliant gems. Such was the only child of Bojazet, who loved her as well as a father could love a daughter. He had devotedly loved her mother, who was a Circassian slave, whom he purchased and made his wife; after her death, which happened when Bojazaria was only four years of age, Bojazet transfered all his affection for her to his little daughter, for whose sake he would never take another wife. In her infancy Bojazaria had been betrothed to the son of the Grand Vizier, to whom she was to be united in marriage at the age of sixteen. The father of Bojazaria was a bigoted Mussulman, and had from her earliest years infused the doctrines of the Koran into her youdg mind, and frequently in her childhood might she be seen kneeling on the banks of that beautiful river, beneath the shade of the clustering vines, with her face turned towards Mecca, breathing for her petitions to the great prophet of her deluded people. About five years subsequent to the death of the loved wife of Bojazet, there was brought to the market of Constantinople, a number of Christian captive, who were exposed to sale as slaves; among those unhappy creatures was a young English girl of no ordinary character. She had for the last six months been residing in the south of Italy with her father, who had been advised to spend the fall and winter in that country for the benefit of his health, which was very delicate. They had embarked, with a number of other passengers, on board a merchant ship bound for their native country, and had not proceeded far on their journey when they were overtaken and attacked on the Mediteranean sea by a Turkish corsair; a deadly conflict ensued between the unfortunate Englishmen and their inhuman invaders, in which this defenceless girl saw her father, who was bravely defending her, hewn down by the broad cymator of an infuriated Turk, and, after the conflict was over, herself, and such as survived the fray, were closely crowded in the hole of the corsair, and conveyed to Constantinople, where they were offered for sale in the public market, as before related. Bojazet purchased this young English girl, and gave her to his daughter for her constant attendant slave. Mary, the English girl, though very young, was well educated; she had made religion her principal study, and was a meek and lowly follower of the blessed Jesus. She bore up with great fortitude, and endeavored to be cheerful under her heavy misfortunes; and tried by every care and attention in her power, to gain the esteem and confidence of the young, playful and pretty Bojazaria, and succeeded so well that in a short time the lively little Turkisk maiden would suffer no other to attend or to be with her. As Mary had no employment but to wait upon her little lady, and having much spare time upon her hands, she used this in diligently studying to acquire a knowledge of the language of the country in which she had been so unexpectedly thrown; she soon accomplished her task sufficiently to be able to converse with tolerable ease with her young mistress. Bojazaria was a wild and romping girl, who had nothing to do but to play and ramble among the [illegible] orange groves among delicious fruit and fragrant flowers, or in the heat of the day, to bathe in the waters of that limpid stream, which meandered through the delightful valley contiguous to the dwelling of her father. Mary often became weary with following her, and at times would induce her to take a seat on the green velvet like turf beneath the pleasant shade formed by the vines and fruit trees were interwoven with the most sweet and brilliant flowers, and, while thus reclining, she would converse with the little maiden and give her lessons in the English language; this she continued to do until Bojazaria could both read and write this language with ease and fluency Mary thought she would now try to enlighten the mind of the young girl with the holy truths contained in the glorious gospel—those blessed truths from which she had herself derived such a source of consolation and comfort in her severe trials. For this purpose she ventured to read to her some passages from the Bible, and endeavoured to explain to her the message of Christ to man, and the benefit to be derived from the atonement he has made for our sins At such times she would draw comparison between the doctrines taught by the Saviour of the world and those promulgated by Mahomet, whom she would speak of as an impostor. At first Bojazaria was offended at hearing her prophet denounced as an impostor, and threatened to inform her father of the principles of Mary, but then affection for her favorite would overcome her resentment, and she would say: "I can never acknowledge but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet, but I love you, Mary, and will not inform against you."

"Ah! my dear Bojazaria," replied Mary "I love you and for this reason; I wish you to be happy, not only here but hereafter too; and can you think that the false system of religion as taught by your prophet, as you call Mahomot, is capable of imparting happiness? Look at your people; are they happy? are they not oppressed? are they not cruel, blood thirsty, and vindictive above measure? does not the religion as taught by Mahomet, tolerate all manner of sin, naikedness and profligacy? It was at the point of the sword, through blood and rapine, that he established his abominable false system of religion; and it is by cruelty, injustice and despotism that it has ever since been upheld. The religion of the blessed Jesus inspires love and good will to all mankind,—it renews the carnal heart, hard and cruel by nature, and softens it to tenderness and mercy—it exalts females among men and lifts them from that state of degradation and slavery in which Mahometanism and fagonism keeps them subjected. You believe in one true God; but does the followers of Mahomet obey the commandments of that God? He has said, 'Thou shalt not kill, neither commit adultry;" and does not the tenets of Mahomet sanction those crimes, and allow men to indulge in all the cruel desires of the flesh? Had he been the true prophet of God, would he think you have gone about setting aside the laws and commandments of God that are holy, wise and good, and have established new ones of his own, entirely different and altogether at varience with those of the Almighty?

(*To be Continued.*)

INDEPENDANT VOTING.—"Make way for a nindependant voter!" said a man at a recent election in New Orleans

"Why, my good man," said the clerk, "it's not an hour since you deposited your vote at this very poll."

"I knows it—I knows it," said the voter, "that was the Democratic ticket; this 'ere is the Whig."

"But if you strive to vote wice, I shall have you arrested."

"You will, will you?" shouted the son of the sovereign people "Then I say if I am denied the right of voting for the Whigs after going the whole ticket for the Democrats, there ain't no universal suffrage that's all It's a darned onesided business, take it all around.

TOO MUCH EDUCATION.—"For my part I can't deceive what on airth addication is a commin to. When I was, young, if a gal only understood the rules of distraction, proving multiplying, replenishing, and the common denominator, and knew all about the rivers and their obituaries the convents and dormitories, the provinces and the empires, the had addication enough. But they have to study bottomy, algier-day, and have to demonstrate suppositions about sycophants of circusses, tangent and diagonies of parallegrams, to say nothing about the oxhides, cowstics, and abstruse triangles" And the old lady was so confused with the technical names that she was forced to stop.

A MISTAKE.—A countryman meeting the Vicar of his parish one day, the following dialogue took place:

"Did you say my wife and I were one?"

"I don't recollect ever saying so," replied the Vicar.

"But I'm sure you said something like it when you married us."

"I read that," rejoined the Vicar.

"Then you read wrong; for if you'd but heard my wife scolding this morning, you'd have sworn there'd been twenty."

"Dang me, if I dont believe the worl's a wheelbarrow," said a jolly inebriate, as he rolled along the pavement, "and I'm the wheel revolving on a hexis. Now I'm in the mud," said he, as he fell into the gutter, "and now I'm [illegible] as he reached up on the curbstone. His concluding remark, as his boots followed his head down an open cellar-way, was, "now the wheel is broken, and the wehicle is out of repair"

A newspaper wag, who is unknown to us, tells a story of an old gentleman, whose eight or ten clerks borded him continually with conundrums Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a closed store by a country man, who asked:

"Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?"

"Go to blazes!" cried he, "with your conundrums, I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks."

A DIFFERENCE.—A fellow walking thro' the Old Baily at the time of execution, when an Irishman was on the point of being turned off, inhumanly bawled out—"Are you there? I always said that you would come to be hanged!"—"You're a liar," replied Pat, "if it was the last word I had to say, I did not *come*, I was *brought*."

"Ma, I want liquid generocity on my bread and butter."

"Some what my child?

"Some liquid generocity."

"What in the world does the boy mean 'liquid generocity?' What is it like my son?"

"Gosh, mam! don't you know?—Why its *molasses*, to be sure!"

"Here Biget, spank this boy and put him to bed!"

If there is one thing that a woman more prides herself than another, it's her excessive economy in smal things. On Tuesday, Mrs. Sourby trotted all over town to by her "sweatmeat sugar" three cents less on the seven pounds In less than a week, this same Mrs. Sourby will be buying a forty dollar shawl, that she no more needs than an old maid needs a double bedstead. For saving cents and spending pounds, we will put the feminine gender against any other portion of the human family.

THE GLOBE WE LIVE IN.—It is known to be a fact in geology, that below the depth of 30 feet the earth becomes regularly warmer as we descend On an average the increase is at the rate of one degree of Fahrenheit for every fiftieth foot. At the bottom of the mines of Cornwell, a depth of one thousand two hundred feet, the thermometer stands at eighty eight, equal to high summer heat. At this rate, rocks and metals would be melted at twenty miles below the surface, and down in the bowels of the earth several hundred miles, the heat would be ten times hotter than melted iron Who is there that can wonder at earthquakes all things rest on a molten sea of fire.