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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

VOL. 13 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1852 NO. 32.

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 *CAMBRIDE and OXFORD*, returning same day via *ANNAPOLIS*.

The JENKINS will leaves 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 Kirwan*, 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. For (opposite the wharf) will receive and receipt for FREIGHTS for both boats.

WILLIAM CALLON, Agent,
Office Light street wharf.

April, 17, 1852

THE STEAMBOAT

LADY WILMER,

CAPT. JOSHUA PENNINGTON,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Leaving Philadelphia on Saturdays, at 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 to their interest to patronize this line.

Passage to or from Philadelphia, $1.

WILMER & DAVIS,
Port Deposit

GILPIN & STEPHENS,
No. 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, TURNER'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.

For 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.

J. REEDS BARROLL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Will attend professional services to the public in High street.

C. Town, 1852.

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.

LeFEVRE, 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 interests of those who consign to us, we are able to procure the best prices and give good satisfaction

G. H. LeFEVRE.
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 & SLAGLE,

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 our regular stock, which enables us 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 lace 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.

Coming on of Winter.

BY C. L. WHEELER.

The Indian Summer's gone—the far off wood
Have lost their dark green look;
Their falling leaves bestew the forest walks,
Or whirl away on the eddying brook.

And Summer's birds less oft are heard to sing—
The sweeter ones are gone away;—
I oft'nest hear the lone Woodpecker's taps,
Or shrilly the pipe of the Jay.

The hoar frosts glitters o'er the gathered fields
When Morning comes with lazy beams;
And sprangled filigranes of crystal spars
Meet midway on the pebbly streams.

But blither still they sing for all the cold,
As did the little barefoot boy,
That yestermorn ran quickly pass my door,
Carroling with a feigned joy.

The clouds' deep shadows lie upon the fields,
The sunlight falling faintly between,
But O, how darker the shadowy memories rise,
As I survey the changing scene!

A melancholly joy is gently born
Within my quick entracing mind,
As far I wander in the forest paths
And list to Autumn's fitful wind.

I've wander all day long though yonder woods,
Nor nothing profited nor done;—
As on the brook the leaves went whirling by,
My thought to naught but revery run.

Betimes the cunning Squirrel starred at me,
Or dropped his nuts upon my head;—
If others were like me, 'twere naught of men
These forest tenants e'er could dread!

The night comes—there's snow in yonder clouds;
Good night to Autumn's fields, good-night;
To-morrow's dawn may see the Earth arrayed
In purest robes of spangled light!

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Kent News.

BOJAZARIA, THE TURKISH MAIDEN.

BY MINNA.

CHAPTER II.

In the manner as related in the preceeding chapter, Mary would converse with the beautiful Turkish maiden; sometimes arguing with, at others reading to her from the Bible and explaining to her as well as she was able, the relation which the Old Testament bears to the New; endeavoring, in particular, to elucidate those passages of prophecy which foretells of the birth, suffering and death of the Saviour of mankind.—Bojazaria, at length, became interested in these subjects, and that which she formerly frowned at became a source of pleasure and delight and often, as she grew older, would she take the Bible of Mary and retire alone to read and meditate therein; while the purity and loveliness of the Christian religion was so conspicuous in the character and deportment of Mary that she began to suppose it must be much superior to her own, else it could never inspire one thus violently torn from her friends and liberty and plunged in the depths of misfortune and slavery, with such a heavenly calmness of mind and meek resignation under such severe bereavement, and fill her heart with such unwavering confidence in the mercy and providence of God. With thoughts such as those occupying the mind of Bojazaria she became restless and uneasy—the deep reflecting powers of her soul were aroused, and she would say to herself:

"If the God of heaven and earth is a being of truth, mercy, and tender compassion, can he sanction the cruel and oppressive rites of Mahometanism? How can his holy eyes look down with approval on the dark catalogue of crime and wickedness practised by the disciples of Mahomet; and all the cruel injustice, murders, rapine and licentiousness so artfully interwoven in the complicated and erroneous system of that arch impostor?"

Here she started at thus pronouncing the name she had been taught to venerate as holy, pure and undefiled; but, again relaxing in her train of meditation, she continued her soliloquy thus:

"What a vast difference do I perceive in the doctrines and life of Jesus Christ, as recorded in this great book, to those taught and exemplified by Mahomet—the doctrines and religion of the Messiah promulgate universal love, charity, and good will to all mankind. He come not with the sword of war and destruction, but he come proclaiming the gospel of peace, not carrying on a sanguinary warfare with the inhabitants of the earth, but healing the diseases of the human family, giving life to the dead, sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and the soothing balms of mercy and consolation to the poor and afflicted—thus was his holy, self sacrificing life spent in doing good and benefiting mankind, while he himself remained in poverty, and was despised and persecuted by the by proud and worldly minded.—He established not his religion upon the blood of human beings, nor enforced its precepts with carnage and cruelty; no! it is founded upon holiness and truth—repentence towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ are the prime essentials of its doctrines, and its precepts are to do justice, love mercy, and walk honorably before God; while eternal happiness and felicity are its rich rewards. Ah me! I wish I was a Christian but, if I was, my people would despise and persecute me, and my father himself dearly as he loves me would be tempted to kill me. Oh, no! it is would be sacrificing too much—I must not think of such a thing—it cannot be. But, alas! the time is fast approaching when I must be seperated from my kind, affectionate father and placed in the power of one whom I have never seen, there to pass my sad life in confinement, no more to enjoy my wanted freedom. This is a cruel fate. Oh that I was in a Christian land where I could be at liberty to make my own choice and free to act according to the dictates of my own conscience."

Thus soliloquying, the heartful and youthful Bojazaria as she sat beneath a lovely bowery, formed of roses, orange blossoms and the fragrant vines, with its blushing clusters peeping from amongst the verdant boughs, when upon raising her eyes, which were moistered with tears, she saw her father approaching the she occupied; she hastily concealed her book in the thick foliage which surrounded her, and rose up to meet him with an expression of truth upon her fair face, which she, in vain, endeavored to hide. This expression was instantly noticed by her father, who said:

"Is my daughter so afraid of her tender father as to meet him at his approach with so much fear depicted upon her beautiful countenance?"

"Oh no, my father," said she, throwing her soft round arm about his neck and fondly kissing him; "but I was in a train of reflections and your sudden and unexpected appearance alarmed me."

"Allah, my daughter, what could have been your reflections that my approach could thus startle you?"

"I was thinking, dear father, how fast the time is coming when I shall have to be seperated from you, and the thought made me sad and sorrowful."

"Ah! my girl often does that thought press heavily on my heart—I dread to see the day which must bear you from me and leave me childless and alone, and wish my Bojazaria could always remain a careless, joyous child. But are you alone, and where is your maid?"

"I ordered her not to interrupt me as I desired to be alone for awhile, for I felt thoughtful and wished to indulge my feelings."

As they were thus conversing together they were much surprised and alarmed at the approach of the Sultan. He had became weary with his palace in the city and rode out with a select few of his attendants, and alighting from his horse and leaving his guard to keep watch he had walked alone to enjoy the balmy breezes and the grateful shade of the orange groves and luxuriant trees and vines which grew on the banks of a delightful and purling stream; and to bathe in its pure pellucid waters—While reposing beneath the shade of a pomgranite tree the sound of noises arrested his ear, and as one was that of a female, and of unusual sweetness, he resolved to proceed to the bower from whence the sounds appeared to issue, in order to discover from whom they proceded: at his approach Bojazet arose in surprise and confusion and the timid Bojazaria, hearing the name of the intruder, trembling and terrified, threw herself prostrate on the ground; from this position the sulton ordered Bojazet to lift her up that he might gaze upon her beauty; and directed her veil to be removed, and then demanded to know who the maiden was? Bojazet humbly replied, that she was his only daughter, and was betrothed to the son of the Grand Vizier."

"I annul that contract," replied the haughty despot, "and shall from henceforth look upon her as my own, and I now resign her to your care, but with this injunction, that you use the utmost care to prepare and qualify her for the honor I intend her until I think her of age sufficient to appreciate my favor and my harem," for the selfish monarch was captivated by the innocent and blushing beauty of the youthful Bojazaria who was at this time but fourteen years of age.

Bojaze expressed many thanks and extravagant demonstrations of joy for the honor intended his daughter though in his heart he was severely pained at this sudden and unexpected change which was to take place in her destiny. The Sultan departed attended by Bojazet; while the affrighted maiden set off to return to the house of her father, she met Mary in the grove who had come in search of her, and seeing her mistress agitated and in tears she tenderly inquired into the cause of her emotion, Bojazaria remained silent until they reached the house, when she requested the attendance of Mary in her own private apartment, and then, with freedom and in full confidence, she related the adventure of the afternoon; expressed her sincere regret that the sultan had discovered her and deeply lamented the determinated of the emperor to place her among the ladies of his harem. "Oh! Mary!" she exclaimed "how shall I escape this dreadful sentence? for escape I am determined I will if possible." "I see no way of escape," replied Mary, "nor any means in my power by which I can assist you, but I am willing to serve you if I can, for it grieves my heart that you should be compelled to pass your life in such a state of imprisonment and profligacy; I cannot endure the thought that such innocence and purity should be sacrificed to the lubidinous passions of this unfeeling despot; but what scheme can you devise? or where would you fly to escape from his tyranny? Were we to attempt to fly and be discovered in the attempt, my life, I know, would be offered up to glut the vengeance of the tyrant, none you would be spared, because he is pleased with your beauty and grace, and your fate I should consider far worse than my own. Besides this, the lips of your father would in all probability be devoted to gratify the implacible rage of this cruel man, and his large property be confiscated to the use of his murderer. Oh! Bojazaria, do you not see the unmitigated cruelty and despotism of this code of laws both civil and religious that places wholly in the power of one man the lives and property of a whole nation of people, or rather serfs, who hold the thread of their existence by the most abject slavery and submission to the imperious will of a haughty and blood thirsty despot?"

CHAPTER III.

"Ah, my dear Mary," replied the maiden to the queries of her confident, "I know what you say is too true; I am aware that should we escape my father's life would be implicated. I am indeed in a great strait. Oh! what shall I do, or where shall I go for protection? I cannot, I never will—become a prisoner in that palace of splendid misery, there to drag out a wretched existence of infamy, degradation and crime! My God protect me, for vain is my trust in man?"

"That is right, my dear young lady," said Mary, "trust in the almighty power of God; and O! that he may rescue you from this pit of destruction; let us pray, Bojazari—let us call upon the name of the Lord in our troubles, and he will hear our cry: but let not the hateful name of Mahomet be invoked in the place of that of Jesus the sinners friend."

"I abjure, I forever renounce the errors of Ismalism," cried Bojazaria, "and embrace the doctrines of christianity through faith in Jesus Christ and pray that the high and holy one will give me grace to holdout faithful and make me strong to suffer. His mercy and protection, I now throw myself upon him, for I know feel that he is mighty to save, Christ I now claim as my blessed Redeemer, and I pray that God for his sake, will hear our petitions and dissipate the dark clouds that are hovering over my devoted head. I am resolved to flee from this country if possible, and seek an asylum in some Christian land."

Mary was surprised at this sudden burst of feeling, but supposing it might only have proceeded from the excitement of the moment, said:

"I am afraid, my dear Bojazaria, that you give yourself credit for more courage than you possess; but if your hopes are truly in Christ Jesus, they are placed on a sure and steadfast rock that cannot be moved:—remember, Bojazaria, I saw my father hewn to pieces by the broad cymator of a cruel Turk as he was fighting in order to rescue himself, his only child, and his companies, from the miseries of slavery; and when those unfeeling wretches conquered, I was taken, with the rest of those unfortunate creatures that had escaped a bloody death, and crowed without distinction of age or sex into the dark noisome hold of a corsair for more than a week, and fed on a scanty allowance of bread and water; but amidst all these calamities my heart failed not—my hope was strong in the promises of God, who has said, 'as thy day is so shall thy strenght be.' I ceased not to call upon him in my deep distress, and he heard my cries and answered my prayers, for he delivered me from the power and violence of these cruel men and gave me favor in the sight of your father, and blessed me with the love and confidence of the beautiful Bojazaria—and if I have been in any way instrumental in enlightening your mind and bringing you to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus, I rejoice that I was counted worthy to suffer for the sake of one whom the Almighty has endowed with an understanding far superior to the generality of her deluded people. I am now at your service and ready to enter into any plan for your rescue that does not conflict with the commands of my maker, and the dictates of my conscience."

But, in the midst of forming their plans and devising means of escape, Bojazaria received a message from her father requesting her attendance in his apartment. She immediately obeyed the summons; when upon entering his room she found him in a burning fever, sitting on a cushion supported by a slave.—Upon her entrance he raised himself and ordered all his attendants to leave him, and when alone with his daughter who sat down and supported the burning head of her father upon her bosom, he said:

"My dear child, I have, for several days, felt the approach of this disease, but did not mention it to you for fear of distressing you, but the time has arrived when I can conceal it no longer, and it is now my firm conviction that I shall never recover. I know that after my decease my property will pass into the hands of the Sultan, and you, too, my beautiful daughter will after a short time be conveyed to the seraglio, and then the freedom which you have so sweetly enjoyed with your father will be at an end; but be a good girl, my child, and conform yourself to the will of the Emperor; and I have no doubt, he will be a good, kind husband to you. Bojazaria do not look foward with pleasure and delight to the time when you will be installed in the splendid palace and be numbered among the wives of this great monarch and ruler of the sublime Porte?"

"O! no! my father," replied the daughter in a transport of grief, "I had rather die than go to the seraglio, or become the wife of the Sultan, and this I am resolved never to be, if I can, by any means, avoid it."

"My child," sternly answered Bojazet, "you know not what you say—you belong to the Emperor—he has a right to command your obedience, and it is your duty in all things to submit,—I had rather you should have been married to the son of the Grand Vizier, but my royal master has willed otherwise, and I have nothing to do but yield implicity to that will;—but bring me that casket, daughter," he continued, pointing to an ivory box in a remote corner of the room—she obeyed, and upon placing it beside him, he opened the casket and took from thence a large sum of money, and placing it in the hands of his daughter, and said;

"Take this, my child, which is all I have to give you, dear—perhaps you may find a use for it, but be secret, and let no one know that you have the money, but your faithful Mary, whom the sultan has consented to allow you to keep for your principal attendant."

He was now nearly exhausted with disease and the effort he had made, and stretched himself at length upon the sofa, while the maiden concealed the treasure about her person, replaced the box, and then summoned the attendants of her father to his assistance. That night Bojazet died; and after a few days the property of the defunct passed into the possession of the Grand Seignor; but Bojazaria was allowed a longer time to mourn for her father, and then she too, with her slave Mary was to be removed to the palace. But in the interim, Mary was busily employed in endeavoring to find some way to fly, with the unhappy Bojazaria, from this grevious thraldom to where they might enjoy liberty, and the delightful privilege of Christian worship. On the day previous to that on which Bojazaria was to be introduced within the walls of the harem Mary was walking the streets of the city in hopes of discovering some conveyance in which they might escape from this land of tyranny and oppression, to one of freedom and religious enjoyment when she overjoyed at the sight of a Christian merchant ship riding proudly into the harbor of Constantinople; her heart beat high with hope and she determined to await the opportunity of seeing some of the passengers or crew to whom she might communicate her sad story, and solicit assistance and protection;—she had not to wait long before a man, whom she took to be the captain, attend-