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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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

VOL. 15. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1854. NO. 1.

$300,000 Gifts for the People

PROFESSOR HART'S GREAT GIFT ENTERPRISE OF THE WHOLE WORLD.

Professor J. Woodman Hart would respectfully inform the citizens of New York and the world at large; that for the purpose of enabling all to see his beautiful illustrations of the entire World (the first and only thing of the kind ever produced,) now on exhibition at the World's Hall, Nos. 377 and 379 Broadway, and for the purpose of popularizing American Art; and also giving a world-wide circulation to his renowned "Book of Travels. Adventures and Anecdotes," which should be read by the million, he will distribute among the purchasers of his tickets of admission the following magnificent and valuable Gifts, amounting to the total of $300,000.

LIST OF GIFTS.

Hart's Whole World, worth an immense fortune to any one, valued $50,000 00

Hart's elegant country seat, with 100 acres of land in high state of cultivation; the buildings on which cost $15,000, situated on Staten Island Sound, and commanding a magnificent view for 30 miles in every direction—valued at 25,000 00

Illustrated model of the City of San Francisco, valued at 8,000 00

Hart's far-famed Panorama of the Holy Land, 10,000 00

Magnificent city residence in New York, 17,000 00

Volumes of Professor Hart's extensive Travels in the Old and New World, interspersed with remarkable adventures, amusing anecdotes and thrilling incidents, elegantly bound, with engravings, including a portrait of the author, 75,000 00

Building lots, each containing 10,000 square feet, in a beautiful village in the suburbs of N. York city, each valued at $500 12,500 00

Splendid Rosewood Pianos, at $300 9,000 00

do. at 500 2,500 00

Melodeons, at 100 2,000 00

Gold watches, at 100 5,000 00

do. at 75 7,500 00

do. at 50 5,000 00

do. at 25 5,000 00

Gold bracelets at 15 1,500 00

Gold rings, at 2 2000 00

do. at 1 2,000 00

Ladles' silver tea spoons, 9 1,800 00

do. desert spoons, 12 600 00

do. table spoons, 18 450 00

Mrs. Partington's Bag of Fun, at 50 10,000 00

Pieces of the most fashionable music, 25 cts. 7,500 00

Splendid steel engravings, 25 cts. 8,750 00

Finely engraved pocket maps of the city of New York 14,127 75

Portemonnais, at 25 cts. 7,772 25

A lottery for 100 years, without interest, or security of cash 10,000 00

It is confidently believed that the tickets will all be sold, and the property will be distributed by the first of June.

The property will be placed in the hands of a Committee appointed by the ticket holders, to be distributed in a perfectly fair and satisfactory manner to all concerned.

The price of tickets is $1 each, entitling the holder to four admissions to the Exhibition, and one of the 300,000 gifts.

All orders for tickets must be addressed, post-paid, with the money enclosed to Prof. J. Woodman Hart, Nos. 377 and 379 Broadway, World's Hall, New York, and the tickets will be promptly forwarded to any part of the world.

Any information relative to the property may be obtained at the office of the World's Hall, or of F. J. Visscher & Co. No. 80 Nassau st. New York.

April 8, 1854.

Carriage Making &c.

THE undersigned have taken the shop recently occupied by Mr John Greenwood, where they intend carrying on the above business

Carriages, Harness &c., made to order—all kinds of Repairing will be done in the best manner and with despatch.

ASBURY HOWARD
BENJ FIDDIS

April 1st 1854.

WHITE GOODS.

A good assortment of Swiss, Plaid and Cambric Muslins, just open and for sale low, by F. W. ELIASON.

Mch 11, 1854.

have on hand and for sale, Clothing, Flour, Grocery, Liquors, Fruit, Canned, Lines, traces, Bacon, &c.

W. BACCHUS.

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.

Select Poetry.

[Written for the News.]

LINES.

We met as strangers in the mere formalities of the world,
Yet an instinctive feeling bade me not stop there;
We met again, and yet again the feeling rose more strong,
I strove against it, I banished here my thoughts;
Yet in the bustle of the day, in the still calm hour of night,
That form, that face, plunged me into deep reverie.
I saw her once again, and strove by frequency of meeting
To blunt the keen edge of fantasy; and yet
That feeling baffled effort and ripened to maturity.
I now threw off restraint, and plunged headlong
Into the whirlpool of passion.—I talked of love,
Of the inward fire which was consuming me.
My brightest dreams, my every hope was realized.
For she despised me not. And yet, Oh! laugh not man,
You who have not known this yearnings after one;
A thousand doubts do harrow up my mind,
And turn the brightest dreams to melancholy,
And now the day approaches, and we must part:
The thought is maddening, yet such is lot.
I could drown the past in lethe from the cups,
I could give up this gay and heartless world,
I could see her die, Yet Oh! to be forgot.

N. S. S.

The Good We Might Do.

We all might do good,
When we often do ill;
There is always the way,
If we have but the will.
Though it be but a word
Kindly breathed or suppressed,
It may guard off some pain,
Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good
In a thousand small ways,
In forbearing to flatter,
Yet yielding due praise,
In spurning ill humor,
Reproving wrong done,
And treating but kindly,
Each heart we have won.

We all might do good,
Whether lowly or great;
For the deed is not gauged
By the purse or estate;
If it be but a cup
Of cold water that's given,
Like the "widow's two mites,"
It is something for Heaven.

Choice Tales.

From the True Flag.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE;
—OR—
THE SARACEN MAID.

BY COURTENAY BONNELL.

"I'll tell of a Moslem lady brave,
Who fell in love with a Christian Slave."

Far away, where the waters of the Levant lave the borders of Asia, where its sparkling billows glisten and sparkle in the sunshine, as they roll onward toward the green and gently declining shore, lies Smyrna. For centuries she has lifted her glorious head above the paradise of land and sea which encircle her, and still she reigns great in beauty and splendor, and noble in her past history.

In the fourteenth century her power and fame was at the summit. Her streets were thronged with merchants and sailors, while ships from many distant lands found refuge in her capacious harbor. Great soldiers, great statesmen, and men of almost fabulous wealth dwelt in and around the city, ornamenting it with their magnificent palaces, and rendering the outer country fertile and beautiful as these vales and heavenly plains where the faithful hope to dwell hereafter.

It was midday, and the beams of the Eastern sun shone down upon Smyrna, brightly, dazzlingly—gilding with almost inconceivable lustre the polished domes and pinnacles of many a temple, and casting upon the wates a long path of golden light. There lay the city, all silent, for at this sultry hour the inhabitants rested and whiled away the time in peaceful occupations. No boats glided along the harbor, no sounds arose from the fleet of ships which lay anchored there. Flags hung from the topmasts loosely, clinging to the spars and unmoved by any passing breeze. The domes and pinnacles of a thousand temples, the lofty arches and walls of palaces, and the tapering points of minarets, told where lay the city. It was a spendid sight, but that of the surrounding country exceeded it, as nature can exceed art, as the works of God can surpass those of man. For there all around rose lofty wooded hills, and gentle descents; and mild declivities opened a way to valleys where murmured a thousand streams and brooklets, as they ran dancing onward to the sea; and groves of palm, and long avenues of olive trees, orchards and plantations of orange and citron, and a countless array of tropical fruits appeared to the delightful spectator, enchanting him with irresistible charms.

Upon a hill which overlooked the water, was a tent like those to which the Moslems love to retire during this sultry season. Beyond it, appeared the stately form of a palace, rich in all the ornament of Arabian art, and around it were shady groves and odorous flower-gardens, which give shelter and delight to the luxurious owner.

Kamenah, the only daughter of Bersar, sat within the tent reclining upon a couch of down, and surrounded by attendants who constantly waited upon her. One fanned her, another amused her by playing and singing, and the rest were engaged in occupations of a like nature. She was a beautiful being.—Her features were delicate, her eyes large and lustrous, their melting and dark beauty being increased by the tinge of henna. Her complexion was a rich olive, and down her head flowed long, dark tresses of richest hair. She lay motionless, like a statute wrought by some skillful hand; yet one who saw her could detect a thoughtful expression upon her face, as though she pondered over some subject. At length she turned to one of her attendants, and languishly raising her eyes, she spoke:

"Mantar, did you not speak of a Christian slave?"

"Yes, my mistress," replied she, with a bow. "He was taken but three days since not far from Stamboul, and your father brought him in the city."

"Why does he keep him confined?"

"Because he will not work. He says he is a noble. Indeed, he looks like one."

"A noble?—he does truly," sighed Kamenah.

"Have you seen him?"

"I had a passing glance at him."

"He is a very brave youth. He fought desperately before they could take him."

"What can my father do with him?"

"I know not"

There was a pause the attendant continued to fan her. After a time she gave a start, as though some idea had suddenly struck her.

"Mantar," she said at length, "I will see this slave."

"My mistress!" replied the other, somewhat surprised.

"I say I wish to see him—let him be brought here."

"What! here?"

"Yes—do you not understand me? Go and let him come.

Mentar departed to give the orders, and then returned to her mistress. A half hour elapse, and then a noise was heard in the distance.

"He comes," said Mantar.

Kamenah arose, and partially arranged herself.

"Will you let him be brought before you?" said Mantar.

"Certainly—he is only a slave."

And in a few moments the expected slave was brought in. He was clad in Christien garments, and though his hands and feet were fettered, yet in his carriage and looks he seemed a prince.

He started upon entering, as the lovely vision burst upon his view, and then quickly recovering, he made a low bow to the earth.

"Which is the interpreter?" said Kemenah.

"Pardon, beautiful lady," said the Christian in Arabic, "if you wish to speak with me, there is no need of an interpreter."

Kemenah was astonished; for he spoke with surprising fluency.

"Who are you, slave?" she at length asked.

"A Christian."

"And what is your name—and where do you come from?" she continued, and attempted to gaze sternly at him; but the tender glace of her eye was too evident.

"My name," continued the Christian, "is Montalva. I am a noble—my country is Venice, of which you have doubtless heard."

"Venice?—the floating city?—yes, I have heard its name. But how came you here?"

"I was at Stamboul, and sailed to Greece. On my way, a ship overtook us—a war ship. We fought, but as we were but few, they overpowered us"

"What! you let them conquer you—and did you not die? You are not a brave noble."

"God forgive you for the insult!" said Montalva, as the hot blood mounted to his face. "There were three hundred in the ship, and we were but fifty.—What could we do? We were at once surrounded."

"Slave—what will you do here?"

"Nothing—I will not be a servant to any man;" and Montalva drew his finger proudly up.

"You will be kept in prison and beaten then," said she.

"Let them do so."

"Would you wish to escape all this?" said Kamenah kindly.

"To escape it? Would I not?"

"Then I will tell you how. Forsake your false religion, and be a true believer. Be no longer a Chistian, but a Moslem."

"Never," he cried, passionately; "not to save myself from years of torture.—What! would you ask me to be a renegade?"

"Christian, you are not formed to be a slave."

"No, lady, and still less could I be an apostate."

Kamenah was silent, but her eyes for a moment toward his with tender commiseration, and then fell downcast to the floor. Montalva gazed upon the lovely being in silent admiration. At length she spoke.

"Christian, you are very brave; be courageous and you will prosper;" and then added, in Italian, of which she knew a few words:—

"You have a friend, Montalva."

The young noble answered not, but his face expressed all that he felt, and Kamenah's kind glance rested gently upon him, as she motioned him to withdraw.

Sadly he turned to leave her, sorrowly he exchanged this scene of beauty, for the darkness and misery of his dungeon. It was beneath the ground, and a narrow grating let in the light from without. Through this he could gaze far away upon the blue sky, which was all that met his view.

"Ah! miserable wretch," he muttered, sadly, as he sat upon a rude bench in his cell. "Miserable Montalva! Never again will I see my own proud city, never again will my father's aged eyes behold me. Alas! why did I venture from Samboul?" Soon his mournful thoughts yielded to the gentle influence of more tender feelings. Kamenah's form appeared as he saw her last, and he remembered her kindness to him—a slave. Her last words, spoken in his own melodious Italian, sounded sweetly in his ears, and he felt that a new feeling was rising in his bosom

He paced the cell in silence, involved in thoughts of the interview. "Can it be," thought he, "that she interests herself in me? would she give me a thought? Alas, I fear not! and if she did, what could she do for me? Yet, why do I think so much of her?"

With such half-spoken thoughts, he walked restlessly about the narrow room, and occasionally paused to gaze up at the sky. Only a few bars intervened between him and freedom, yet those bars—how could he ever overcome their strength?

Suddenly he heard behind him a slight noise, and turning, he saw the keeper enter. He placed some food for Montalva upon the floor, and departed.

"I cannot eat—I do the this food—I—but if I leave it, my proud master will think that my spirit is begining to yield. I will therefore destroy this food or else hide it"

He picked the morsels from the plate, one by one, and was breaking a few of the remaining places, when his eye caught sight of a small piece of leaf on which was written—he saw his own name.—His heart beat fast, and his breath came heavily as he took it up to read:—

"Montalva, be brave—you shall be delivered!"

"Delivered? Who can it be?" Kamenah came across his mind at once.—"Can it be possible? Oh, that it might be! but stop"—and he took up another leaf which appeared wrapped around something. He hastily unwound it, and a lock of raven hair, glossy and fine like that of Kamenah, met his astonished gaze. "Blessings on thy head!" cried he, "lovely maiden. Oh, she is not a mortal, she is an angel sent by Heaven to deliver me!"

New strength seemed suddenly to come to him and new feelings entered his mind. He sat calmly down and thought of all which had occured, and speculated upon the future.

The afternoon passed slowly away and evening came on. The stillness and silence of sultry midday had departed, and all awoke to new life and energy. From afar the deep hum of the busy multitudes of Smyrna sounded in the ears of Montalva; and the peal of bells and sounds of music that were borne upon the air, were mingled with the noise of menzzins calling the people to prayer. Through the long hours of evening he listened to the varied clamor and inhaled the fresh air which came from the sea. Nothing met his view as he gazed outside, save the deep blue sky above and a few blades of grass close by, yet upon that sky and grass he gazed with all the yearning and ineffable desire of an imprisoned captive, wishing and hoping with all the ardor of his soul.

As the night approached and gloom began to hide from view all surrounding scenes, Montalva turned to sit upon his rude couch, when he was attracted by a noise which proceeded from the window. He turned towards it, and looking up, saw a small white hand in which was a slip of parchment.

"Montalva!" murmured a well remembered voice.

"Kamenah!" he whispered, and kissed the lovely hand which held the letter.

"Read that, and destroy it," she said and was gone in a moment

The young noble sat down. It was impossible for him to read. It was too dark. He determined to wait till morning, and then with a light heart he retired to his bed to dream of Kamenah

Morning returned, and at its earliest dawn, Montalva arose, impatient to read his letter. Upon the slip of parchment he saw written in delicate characters:

"MONTALVA:—Be ready to-morrow night. Follow your jailor as he leaves the cell. Say nothing—he will lead you to a ship where you will find one of my servants. Farewell. Be happy in your own country, brave youth, and forget—

"KAMENAH."

"Forget Kamenah!" he cried, as he finished—"never! A vision has dawned upon me, a vision of celestial loveliness. I cannot forget it. And can I leave this place where she lives? But yet what can I do—I cannot see her; a poor captive could never gain her. No, I must fly, but forevermore I will remember her; and my last breath will speak her name"

He waited impatiently for the time to come when he might depart. The day had never before seemed half so long. The hours passed slowly and heavily away, as he awaited the approach of evening. Morning came and passed, midday came, and then, passing, gave place to evening. Then as before the beautiful sky appeared and soft sounds came murmuring along the air, and odors from the distant groves were borne into his cell, but sky, and sounds, and odors were all uncared for

But the time came at last. Montalva, who for some time had been buried in meditation, suddenly started as the sound of rattling keys met his ears, and rising from his seat he stood in expectation.—The door opened, and the jailor entered. He muffled up and slowly proceeded to place his provision upon the floor. After this, he turned to leave. Montalva followed him out without a word, and along the narrow passage. His guide led on, with a lamp to light him on his way. On they passed, through halls and narrow winding of passages, down stairs and up again, until at length they came to a small door. This was opened and they emerged

Still his leader went on, and now extinguishing the light, took a circuitous direction through the shadowy groves, towards a place where lay an inlet of the of the sea. Down the hill they went, through a gloomy path in which the eye distinguished nothing, and around over hanging rocks which threw a deeper shadow on the gloomy scene. In the distance the low ripple of waves upon the shore was heard, and Montalva thought he could see the water, as occasionally they passed an opening in the trees.

"Oh, praise be to the Holy Virgin, who has heard my prayer!" murmured Montalva, lowly, and his spirit sent up thanks to heaven for his deliverance.

And now they emerged entirely from the wood, and came to a small inlet where lay a vessel in which were a few men. As soon as Montalva came on board, they pushed off, and with muffled oars towed away until they arrived at a distance from the shore. Then spreading sail, the boat flew over the water.

Suddenly the men commenced talking, and to Montalva's great surprise they spoke in Italian.

"Who are you!" he cried.

"We are Christians, noble count—liberated by that lady who freed you."

"Kamenah? She again!" and his thoughts which thus far had dwelt only upon his escape now turned sidly and longingly to her.

"Where will you take me to?" said he to a form whom he saw sitting in the shade, wrapped up closely. "Where are we bound?"

"To the Christian, land, noble Montalva."

"What! will you go there?"

"Kamenah told me to go with you.—Wherever you go, there will I also."

What was it that thrilled so strangely through the soul of Montalva as he listened to that voice? Some strange feelings passed through him, for which he could not account.

"You will soon see your native land."

"Yes," he replied sighing.

"What? sighing? Should the freed bird pine for his cage? should the captive sigh for his prison?"

"Oh!" he murmured half to himself, "that prison was near Kamenah!"

"Kamenah? Did you love to be near Kamenah?"

"I loved her, boy, as I love my own soul!"

"Thought you that she loved you?"

"I know not—but I hoped."

"Then be certain Montalva!" and Kamenah unroiled her robe, and showed her own angelic face.

"Kamenah!"

And in another moment Montalva had clasped her to his bosom.

They sailed toward Constantinople, and soon fell in with a Venitian ship, which carried Montalva and Kamenah to the city of the sea.

Joy and rejoicing was in the palace of Montalva upon the return of the wanderer, but it did not equal that which abounded when he brought to a Christian altar his lovely Eastern bride.

FAITH.—A female teacher of a school that stood on the banks of a quiet English stream, once wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith.—While she was trying to explain the meaning of the word, a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she exclaimed:

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me; would you not, even without seeing it yourselves?"

"Yes ma'am," replied the scholars.

"Well that is faith," said the school mistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson she inquired:—

"What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat!" was the answer shouted from all parts of the school room.

☞ The following anecdote which a friend related to us as an actual occurrence, smacks somewhat of of the stories of children related by the Knickerbocker:

A stripling some eight years of age, was engaged in the manufacture of a stool, which, on account of a disparity in the length of the legs, refused to stand up. After fruitless efforts to make it do so, he enquired—

"Mother does the Lord see everything?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, then I guess he'll laugh when he sees this stool."

LORENZO DOW.—The best anecdote of Lorenzo Dow that we have seen is, that being one evening at a hotel kept by one Bush, in Delhi, N. Y, the residence of the late Gen. Root, he was importuned by the latter gentleman, in the presence of the landlord, to describe heaven. "You say a good deal about heaven, sir," said the General, "pray tell us how it looks." Lorenzo turned his grave face and long waving beard towards the General and Mr. Bush, and replied with imperturble gravity. "Heaven, my friends, is a vast extent of smooth rich territory. There is not a *root* nor *bush* in it, and there never will be."

TO CATCH RATS.—Take your bed and place it on the floor where the rats are the most troublesome; then place bits of cheese, sweetmeats, &c., on the pillows and clothes; get in bed and blow out the light and lie still; the rats will soon make their appearance, and when they get fairly at work on the cheese &c., make a GRAB!

☞ A man very much intoxicated was sent to durance vile. "Why didn't you bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend.

"*Bail* him out," exclaimed the other, "you couldn't *pump* him out!"

"Paws for a reply," as the cat observed when she scratched the dog for barking at her.

☞ If you would be healthy, wealthy and wise, take *The News* and advertise.

☞ An idle head, is the devil's workshop.