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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. 15. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854. NO. 17.

Notice.

The Steamer "LADY WILMER," Captain W. M. WILLSON, Will, until further notice, run as follows:—

Leave Philadelphia on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4 o'clock P. M., for Wilmer's point and intermediate places on the Sassafras.

Returning, leave Wilmer's Point on Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 o'clock, A. M; George Town and Fredericktown at 12 o'clock M; Cassady's and Turner's Creek at 4 o'clock P. M.

Leave Philadelphia on Saturdays at 4 o'clock P. M, for Port Deposit. On Mondays leave Port Deposit at 12 o'clock M., for Philadelphia, via Cassady's and Turner's Creek, leaving those places at about 4 o'clock P. M. Thus during the fruit season, the communication from the Sassafras to Philadelphia will be tri-weekly, viz—on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; and from Philadelphia direct to Sassafras, twice a week viz—on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Every attention will be paid to the convenience and comfort of passengers; and to accommodate and promote the interest of those having fruit or other marketing, or grain to ship to Philadelphia. The patronage of all is respectfully solicited.

EDWIN WILMER, President

Aug 5, 1851—tf

Window Glass,

OF GOOD QUALITY AND AT REDUCED PRICES.

8 by 10 at 3 cents per pane or $2.25 per Box.

W. ELIASON has made arrangements to secure Window Glass manufactured by one of the best glass establishments in New Jersey, on terms that will enable him to supply his customers with a perfect glass at a low price.

He keeps an assortment of the sizes from 7 x 9 to 17 x 22 in general use on hand, and persons wishing large glass of superior quality will be supplied by the box with any they may require.

July 22, 1854.

SADDLERY.

A. M. RUSSELL,

HAS now on hand a good assortment of Saddles Bridles, Wagon, cart and plough Harness, also Collars, blind Bridles, Hames, Halters, Switch reins, traces, Lead Lines, and all other articles usually kept in his line of business, which he will sell at city prices.

N. B. Particular attention paid to repairing.

August 5, 1854

Glass and Putty.

T. W. ELIASON keeps a good assortment of glass of all the sizes in general use in the neighborhood also Putty of good quality.

July 8, '51.

SUMMER HATS, Canton, Brade Leghorn, Straw, Silk and Fur Hats, for sale low by T. W. ELIASON.

July 8, 1854.

BOOTS and SHOES.

MEN'S fine Boots and Lace Boots.—Boys and childrens Shoes—a good assortment all for sale by T. W. ELIASON.

July 8. '54.

BLACK DRESS SILKS.

T. W. ELIASON has a large assortment of black Silks, to which he invites the attention of Ladies wishing to purchase.

July 8, '54.

LAWNS AND SHALLI.

T W. ELIASON has a good assortment of Lawns, Shalli, Barege Delains and Ginghams, for sale cheap.

July 8, 1854.

SILK Cravats and Hk'fs, shirt Collars Irish Linen, men's half Hose; Marseilles Vestings, summer Hats, &c., for sale low by T W. ELIASON.

July 8, '54.

WHITE GOODS.

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

May 13, 1854.

I have just received and for sale a nice lot of new white wheat flour

W. BACCHUS.

July 22, 1854.

JENNY LIND the Sweet Singer.—You that love sweet things are invited down Town to John Russell's Cheap Store, who has for sale Jenny Lind Candy's, Cakes and Crackers.

Chestertown April 22, '54.

I have on hand and for sale, Clothing Flour, Grocery, Liquors, Fruit, Candies, 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 one dollar; and twenty five cents for every 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.

Selected Poetry.

BILLY DALE.—A Parody.

'Twas a clear cold night
When the stars shone bright,
And the snow covered hill and vale;
When two or three young lads
Who were out on a spree
Went to see old Billy Dale!
Old Billy, queer Billy, droll Billy Dale,
Now the white hairs blossom
On the time honored head
Of the queer old Billy Dale!

They frolicked and danced
As the night advanced,
'Till the morn made the night look pale.
Still right in the middle
Of the room, with the fiddle,
Sat the jolly old Billy Dale.
Old Billy, &c.

Old Billy could sing
Like a bird in the spring,
Or could tell a first rate tale;
And if anything went wrong,
It would not be long,
'Till turned right by old Billy Dale.
Old Billy, &c.

Now the heart of Billy
Has never grown chilly,
Tho' his voice is beginning to fail,
And if you want a song,
You need not wait long,
If you call on old Billy Dale.
Old Billy, &c.

May his snow white head
Ne'er sleep with the dead.
But should this prayer e'er fail,
May the angels above,
In ecstacy of love,
Shout "here comes Billy Dale."
Old Billy, queer Billy, droll Billy Dale,
Now the white hairs blossom
On the time honored head
Of the queer old Billy Dale.

Choice Selections.

Initiating an Outsider.

A KNOW NOTHING YARN.

BY JACK HUMPHRIES

All creation and the balance of mankind were, early one morning aroused from the dullness usually pervading the pious, prim and peaceful town of East Nutmeg, by the cry of

"What's it all about? When did they come? How many are there? What do they look like? Did you see 'em? Are they human critters? What are they going to do?"

"Who? What?"

"The Know-Nothings?"

"Know-Nothings?" says a native.

"Know-Nothings?"

"Well I'd give fo' pence to know," continued the native, "what in the sin it's all about?"

Oh, you haven't seen 'em, eh?" says a jolly, round visaged, bright-eyed individual, who with other strangers, and natives of East Nutmeg were gathered in a knot about the depot, discussing the topic which had, in a single night came, saw and took the town.

"Haven't seen 'em?"

"Seen who?" says the native.

"The Know Nothings."

"Know Nothings! Well, I kinder cal'late I have, a few."

O, you're one of them, eh?"

"Look a here, squire, if you don't wish to be squatting cross-legged in your heap o' sand, I cal'late you'd better not say my education has been neglected in such a way."

"Not at all, my dear friend; I only predicted that you were a—that is, hang it—I mean do you know what's out?"

"Yes, I'll tell you what's out, squire."

"Good, what is it?"

"A writ ag inst Josh Pruden for breakin' the Sabbath all few flinders, playing keards in Deacon Dinkle's barn."

"Pshaw!" said the jolly man, "I don' mean that sort of work. I suppose you're like the rest of these Know Nothings; too sly, eh?—to be caught?"

"Squire, do you chaw?"

"Yes," said the jolly looking man.

"Hand us yeour tobacco, then."

"Yes, I don't chaw."

"Git out! getting kinder shark-set, too, I cal'late. Now look a here squire, I gin to expect yeour from York."

"I expect you are correct in your remarks."

"Well, I knew yeou was; can tell yeou fellers a mile off; yes I can, by kingdom. Now I cal'late there's somet'in' goin on, that's a fact—all firedest taow areound this yer town, this morning, about somethin a feller ever hearn."

"Ah, that's what I was coming at. Now they say that you've got a new invention—a new fangled society, or a new order, party or sect, or something that bound to get Christendom in an uproar; how is it?"

"Eh, yes; when are they going to begin t', squ ne?"

"O you get out, sly dog ain' you one of em?"

"What! them fellers that's going to raise sin and break things?"

"I don't know, I only ask you," continued the squire—"I only ask for information, you see."

"Well naow, look a hear, a fellow never made much by dod rotted ignorance in this land of universal liberty and general education, and a feller know nothing, that's a fact; but, squire, I've got in; but darn my buttons to apple sass if I wuzzn, as poor a fellow as I be, gin gist arit sixpenny and upwards to know what's kinder bursted reound here?"

"Would you?"

"Wouldn't I? By goll, squire, I guess you are the critter kin jest tell us all about it."

"I'm just the man that can."

"I knew yeou be! Great kingdom, let's hear all about it."

"His ssh," said the humorous man "hush! I've been sounding you."

"Yeou don't say so?" echoed the citizen of Nutmeg.

"Yes sir; we have to be cautious."

"Eh, yes," abstractedly responds the Nutmeger.

"Caut speak out to every body."

"So."

"Yes, sir; now I know you are a good egg."

"Aiggs?"

"Good eggs—sound to the core."

"Saound! wouldn't wonder; never ailn but once in my hull life; then I had the darndest scratchin time yeou ever did see, I reckon. Ever had the itch, squire?"

"Never, thank you."

"O, not all squire; you're quite welcome, as Uncle Nat said when he shot the Injin."

"Well, sir, now I'll give you in a whisper, an idea of what's up, and if you love your country—

"Me!"

"The land of the free and the home of the brave!"

"Great Fourth of July! pitch in the big licks squire."

"Our own dear native land!"

"That's the ginder! go it, squire!" said the Nutmeger.

"Well, sir now just follow me over to the hotel so; now take a chair. Here we are; now I'll give you the secret—You see this is a grand secret society."

"Eh, yes."

"And the greatest secresy is to be adhered to. Now, rise, hold up both hands high above your heads, so; now swear—

"Swear!" can't dew it, squire—against my religion."

"Are you an American?"

"Am I? I ain't nothin else, by Bunker Hill!"

Will you stand by your country?"

"Will I? Yes, sir; till Gabriel toots his horn."

"Then swear you will stand by the American Eagle, the stars and stripes, and never reveal the secret."

"Fourth of July and Bunker Hill!" chimes in the excited Yankee.

"That's it, good egg!" said the humorous man. "Now, sir, you are one of us—you are a Know Nothing."

"You dunt say so!"

"Yes, sir; now we have some mysterious signs and countersigns, by which you can tell a brother of the society.—When you see a man looking at you with his right eye shut, his hand in his pocket, and a cigar should he be smoking—in the left side of his mouth—you may know he is a Know Nothing."

"Eh, yes."

"Well, then, you go towards him, and shut your left eye, so; you bite your thumb, of the left hand, if he bites—"

"Bites?"

"Yes, if he bites; if he is really one of 'em he will say something in a grunting tone—something like 'what do you mean?' or 'do you mean for me?'—Then he bites, you see; then you advance close and say, slowly, *'nix a weed in a cully!'*"

"Dutch, ain't it?" says Nutmeg.

"Well, yo not exactly, its our language. Then he will say, 'what do you mean?'—mind he will be very apt to say that once or twice, sure. You reply 'nibs,' don't forget 'nibs—stag his nibs cu ly.'"

"Nibs, eh, yes?"

"Nibs, cully, how's nibs?' You then approach close up, shut the right eye, grasp his hand and put your left forefinger alongside of your nose, so. He'll then up and tell you all about it."

"He will? How many fellers in this town have joined this society?"

"Oh, hundreds; nearly every body you meet are members; it is raising the greatest excitement imaginable."

"Beats Millerites. I was one of them."

"Beats everything out, sir. Now here is the oath; you swear by this emblem—" (elevating a boot-jack)

"What, boot jack?"

"Yes, it looks like a jack, but it aint; it is a blind, a mystery, we swear by this. You put your forefinger on your nose, shut one eye, and swear never to reveal these our secrets, so help you Independence day. Now to-night there will be a crowd at the depot about dark; when the crowd moves, you follow; they will take you to the secret chamber where you will learn more particulars *Now Scoot.*"

"Eh, yes," and Nutmeg left.

He had just got into the street, when a veritable sign met his eyes. A long legged, double-fisted fellow, with but one eye in his head, stood gaping around, with his hands in his breeches; up goes Nutmeg, and shuts his eye and pokes his thumb between his molars.—The man with the closed eye looked daggers with the other, and by the twitching of his lips seemed to be speaking or doing something like it inwardly.

"Nix a week in a cully," said Nutmeg advancing.

"What in the yaller thunder d'ye mean, say?" says the one eyed man.

"Nibs—stag his nibs, cully, how's nibs?" continued Nutmeg, advancing and placing his finger upon his long, sharp nose, and grabbing at the stranger, who, thrusting the move meant no good, draws off and puts in such a south paw that Nutmeg doubled up and went down all to a heap colloff.

"Goll darn you, aint you one of 'em? why didn't you say so!" bawled Nutmeg, travelling into the Hotel to find a Professor of Know Nothingness, and settle his hash! But Professor Peter Morris had suddenly left for parts unknown. Nutmeg has been looking for Peter for some time.

Angling for a Husband.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Mme D——, who resided at Chaton, was a lady of the strictest character, and of a heart proof of all allurement. She prided herself upon her great insensibility, and her profound indifference had repulsed all those gallants who had ventured to offer their addresses. The country was for her a veritable retreat; she shunned reunions, and was only happy in solitude. The charms of a chosen circle, and the pleasures of the world had for her no attraction, and her favorite recreation was that of angling, an amusement worthy of an unfeeling woman.

She was accustomed every pleasant day to station herself at the extremity of the lonely island of Chaton, and there, with a book in one hand and her line in the other, her time was passed in fishing, reading or dreaming.

A lover who had always been intimidated by her coldness, and who had never ventured on a spoken or written declaration, surprised her at her favorite pursuit, one day when he had come to the island for the purpose of enjoying a swimming bath. He observed her for a long time without discovery, and busied herself with thinking how he might turn to his advantage this lonely amusement of angling. His reveries were so deep and so fortunate that he at last hit upon the desired plan, a novel expedient, indeed—yet they are always most successful with such women as pretend to be invulnerable.

The next day our amorous hero returned to the island, studied the ground, made his arrangements, and when Mme. D—— had resumed her accustomed place he slipped away to a remote and retired shelter, and after having divested himself of his clothing he entered the stream. An excellent swimmer and skillful diver, he trusted to his aquatic talents for the success of his enterprise. He swam to the end of the island with the greatest precaution, favored by the chances of the bank and the bushes which hung their dense foliage above the waters. In his lips was a note folded and sealed, and on arriving near the spot where Mme. D. was sitting he made a dive, and lightly seizing the hook he attached to it his letter.

Mme. D——, perceiving the movement of her line, supposed that a fish was biting.

The young man had returned as he came; he had doubled the cape which extended out into the water separating them from each other, and had regained his post without the least noise in his passage under the willows. The deed was done.

Mme. D—— pulled in her line, and what was her surprise to observe dangling upon the barb of her hook, not the expected shiner but an unexpected letter!

This was, however, trifling and her surprise became stupefaction when, on detaching the transfixed billet, she read upon the envelope—her name!

So then, this letter which she had fished up was addressed to her!

This was somewhat miraculous. She was afraid. Her troubled glance scrutinized the surrounding space but there was nothing to be seen, or heard; all was still and lonely both on land and water.

She quitted her seat, but took away the letter. As soon as she was alone and closeted with herself, and as soon as the paper was dry—a paper perfectly waterproof, and written upon with indelible ink—she unsealed the letter and commenced its perusal.

A declaration of love! cried she at the first words. What insolence.

Still, the insolence had come to her in such an extraordinary manner that her curiosity would not suffer her to treat this letter as she had so many others—pitilessly burn it without a reading.

No, she read it quite through. The lover, who dated his note from the bottom of the river, had skillfully adopted the allegory and introduced himself as a grotesque inhabitant of the waters. The fable was gracefully managed, and with a jesting tone which he had adopted was mingled a true, serious, ardent sentiment, expressed with beauty and eloquence.

The next day Mme. D—— returned to the island, and not without emotion and some trace of fear. She threw her line with a trembling hand, shuddered as, a moment after, she perceived the movement of the hook.

Is it a fish? Is it a letter?

It was a letter!

Mme D—— was no believer in magic, still there was something strange and supernatural in all this.

She had an idea of throwing back the letter into the stream but relinquished it.

This secret letter was more tender, more passionate, more charming than the first. Mme D—— re-read it several times, and could not help thinking about the delightful merman who wrote such bewitching letters.

On the subsequent day she attached her line to the bank, and left it swimming in the stream, while she withdrew to a hiding place upon the extremity of the island. She watched for a long time but saw nothing. She returned to the place, withdrew the line—and there was the letter!

This time an answer was requested. It was, perhaps, premature, yet the audacious request obtained a full success. The reply was written after some hesitation, and the hook dropped into the stream charged with a letter which was intended to say nothing, and affected a sort of badinage, which was nevertheless a bulletin of a victory gained over the harsh severity of a woman until unapproachable.

Mme D—— had too much shrewdness not to guess that her mysterious correspondent employed, instead of magic, the art of a skillful diver. Scruples easily understood restrained her from that portion of the bank where she was sure that the diver would emerge from the water.

But this game of letters amused her. First it pleased her intellect, then her heart was interested; finally her feelings, and her authority became so lively that she wrote:

"Let us give up this jesting, which has pleased me for the moment, but which should continue no longer, and come with your apologies to Chaton."

The lover answered:

"Yes, if you will add Hope."

The inexorable lady replied:

"If only a word is necessary to decide you, be it so!"

And the word was written.

The young man appeared and was not a loser. The gift of pleasing belonged to his style, and he had made such rapid progress under water that it was easy to complete his conquest on land.

Thus Mme. D—— caught a husband without wishing it, and in spite of the vow which she had taken never to remarry. Holding the line, she has been caught by the fish.

☞If the WIND is in a certain QUARTER and the MOON in her third QUARTER, what CHANGE can the WEATHER take if the RAIN puts down the DUST?

☞A young girl is a fishing rod—the eyes are the hook, the smile is the bait the lover is the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.

Destruction of Crops by Grasshoppers. Proposed Remedy.

The ravages committed by Grasshoppers this season in Allegany county, Md. will prove a serious loss to the farmers. Col. Thruston, in a communication to the Cumberland Journal, says:

I first observed them this year on the 5th of May, going into my timothy meadow. I was startled by observing clouds of them about one eighth of an inch long. From the experience of the two past seasons, I at once anticipated very serious evil from their appearance at so early a season in such increased numbers. In a very few days I discovered that the timothy crop would be destroyed. Having eaten up all my crop (about 100 acres) they attacked the wheat in June, leaving not one stalk in a 39 acre field that they did not strip of its leaves, cutting off one-third of the heads, besides injuring the gain in most others.

I hastened to cut my wheat, as soon as it would bear it, when I found them in the oats, and before they would bear cutting, two thirds of the crop was destroyed. As soon as the oats were cut, they attacked two of my fields of corn in such numbers that I abandoned them at once. There is not a stalk in either of them that is not eaten by them so as to destroy the product. Everything eatable on the place is destroyed—pastures, potatoes, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, pea vines, fruit trees, are stripped of their leaves. The peach being the one that has escaped.

This grasshopper is not the annual one which is familiar to all. It is not so long, but thicker. It has not the same flight, but skips, its longest jump not exceeding ten feet. At first, early in May, it appears about an eighth of an inch in length; growing rapidly on the tender grass, it increases in its destructive power until about the 1st of July, when it obtains its full growth.—Copulation then takes place, and very soon after, the eggs may be seen arranged on the back of the female, (distinguished from the male by its lighter color and greater size) in rows, being retained there until they are prepared to be deposited. This is done on the roots of grass, of old corn stalks, just under the surface, to be hatched with the return of spring. About the first of August they begin to die, and by the 26th all are gone. They seem to be omnivorous—not only devouring everything of vegetable life, but dead animals, all other insects and each other.

Now the remedy which I propose to myself, and which I communicate for the benefit of others, is burn out my meadows in the spring when I can find material enough to burn, which from past experience I know will destroy the eggs, and then to pitch my crops so as to plough as much land as possible.—That is, to put in wheat, corn, oats, barley and potatoes in contiguous fields—If that fails, then to plough up all the grass on my farm. For the grasshopper can only subsist on tender grass for the first month of its life. It does not appear in any other than grass land.

☞A couple of Bowery b'hoys being caught in a thunder squall on the bay, Tom who was very much frightened, said to his companion:

"I say, Mose, can you pray?"

"Not a bit," was the answer.

"What," says Tom, "can't you say a prayer of no sort!"

"Not a word."

"Then," said Tom, "something must be done, and that d——d quick!"

☞An exchange tells a story of a miserable drunken sot who staggered into a Sunday school, and for a few minutes listened very attentively to the questions propounded to the scholars, but being anxious to show his knowledge of 'scriptur,' he stood up, leaning on the front of the pew, and said:

"Parson B——, ask me some of them hard ques'tuns."

"Uncle Joseph," said the dominie, with a solemn face, in a drawling tone, "don't you know you are in the bonds of sin and depths of of iniquity?"

"Yes'ir and in the gall of bitterness, too. Ask me another ques'shun?"

SIXES.—The Dayton Gazette gives an account of a German woman living in that county, who has had six children at one birth. The children are now six months old, all alive, and were in Dayton with their mother on the 3d inst.—They were in a wagon with her, snugly propped up in a wine basket.—They are all boys, and small of their age.

☞A person having the misfortune to admit as a lodger into his house an individual of bad reputation, named Bell, turned him out the other day with the remark that he would never keep a *bell* in his house that *wanted hanging.*"

☞Why is a widower so much like a house in dilapidation? Because he wants to be re-paired: