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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., SEPTEMBER 9, 1848. NO. 20.

FASHIONABLE SUMMER HATS!

WHITE Rocky Mountain Beaver, white Russia, black and white Cassimeres, low crown, broad brim drab Russia; superior white, black and blue Slouches—with every kind of Hat, for sale *very cheap* at JAS. ARTHUR'S Hat Store, 1 door above Wiley & Perkins.
June 24, 1848.

SILK HATS.

The latest New York fashion, very fine and superior fish—a beautiful article.
Also a variety of CLOTH and GLAZED CAPS, just received and for sale at the lowest city prices, at JAS. ARTHUR'S Hat Store, 1 door above Wiley & Perkins'
March 18, 1848.

NEW FALL GOODS.
WIMER & NICOLS

HAVE just returned from Baltimore with a lot of cheap goods such as Cloths, Cassimeres, Casinetts. Flannels and Muslins, for which they will sell cheap for the cash or country produce.
Aug. 26, '48.

Fresh Teas.
WILMER & NICOLS

HAVE just received a large supply of their delicious green and black Teas, which they will sell cheap for the cash.
July 22, '48.

Fashionable black Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats and oil cloth CAPS, for sale very cheap by
April 29. Wilmer & Nichols.

WILMER & NICOLS, have just received from Baltimore, a lot of cheap goods, for camp meeting folks.

GLASS and Putty for sale by WILMER & NICOLS.

STONE WARE.

SUCH as jars, pitchers, crocks and jugs for sale cheap by WILMER & NICOLS.

WHIPS.

A good supply of gig whips for sale cheap by WILMER & NICOLS.
August 19, 1848.

Good Tobacco, just received and for sale by WILMER & NICOLS.

Wool Wanted.

WM. N. E. WICKES, agent for May & Savin, has now on hand a fine assortment Kersey to exchange for wool. The highest market prices will also be given for wool in trade for any other goods.
August 19, '48.

OLD and pure BRANDIES, Port and Maderia WINES, suitable for sickness for sale by WICKES & BRO.
may 20.

A good assortment Barages, Plaids, Valencia's, Lawns, Ginghams, Calicoes &c., for sale by WICKES & BRO

A SUP. LOT OF CIGARS AND TOBACCO, just received and for sale by. WICKES & BRO.
July 8, 1848.

SUGAR! SUGAR!! COFFEE!!! COFFEE!!!!

Large lot just received and for sale at very low prices by T. W. ELIASON.
Aug. 26, '48

CUP. Chewing Tobacco 20 cts. pound—Cann the best Cavendish 37½, for sale by T. W. ELIASON.
MAR6, 1848.

NEW YORK PLOUGHS.

T. W. Eliason has on hand a large supply of Minor Horton & Co. *Laborer Saving* two and three furrough Ploughs, for sale at $5½ and $6.
May 6, '48.

WHEAT FANS.

Grant's & Whitman's make of wheat Fans for sale by WILEY & PERKINS.
July 1, '48.

JUST received and for sale the Life of the Rev. Thomas Smith.
WILEY & PERKINS.
Aug. 12, '48.

FRESH VENEILLA BEANS, just received, and for sale by STRANDBERG & CO.

IMPORTED CIGARS.—A superior lot of imported cigars, for sale by STRANDBERG & CO.
July 8, 1848.

WOMAN WANTED.

A colored woman or girl, for which a liberal price will be paid. Any person having one to dispose of can do so on good terms, without incurring any risk of sending her out of the State, or most probably out of the county. Enquire of the Editor.
August 12, '48—tf2

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞All communications must be postpaid.

POETRY.

WE ARE ALL FOR TAYLOR.

TUNE—*Old Granite State.*

We are coming, we are coming!
To the battle just begun,
We've a true and tried commander,
For 'tis Taylor leads us on;
He who fought so bravely for us,
On the eighth and ninth of May,
And amid the fearful carnage,
On the heights of Monterey.
We are all for Taylor,
We are all for Taylor,
We're for Fillmore and for Taylor,
For the honest and the true.

He who never has surrendered,
Though the foes s'ood four to one,
Is the brave and gallant Taylor,
Who will nobly lead us on;
And the ides of next November,
Will record another name,
In the highest niche of glory,
On the brightest scroll of fame.
We are all for Taylor, &c.

Though our foes may count by legions,
We will never shun the fray,
But will bravely march to battle,
And are sure to win the day;
For 'tis Rough and Ready leads us,
Who has never known defeat,
And his word is ever "ONWARD,"
For he knows not a retreat.
We are all for Taylor, &c.

Where the battle rages thickest
Will our gallant chief be found,
And his cheering voice be ringing
To encourage all around;
Every danger nobly scorning,
He will boldly lead the van,
To a Buena Vista greeting,
For the man of Michigan.
We are all for Taylor, &c.

THE LAST TRICK.

A city green-horn, a veritable cockney, whose real name it would be cruel to put in type, and so we will call the donebrown, Smith—was neatly picked of his feathers, by a shaper, who happened to be laying out in Hoboken, a few days ago.

Mr. Smith was strolling slowly along the sea-walk, enjoying the delicious breeze when it occurred to him that by wiping the perspiration from his forehead his comfort would be proportionately increased. To this, however, it was necessary to raise his hat, and the raising of the hat was the cause of his subsequent disaster. A paper fell from Mr. Smith's hat,—fell upon the ground unperceived by Mr. S., who passed on.—But the sharp eyes of a fellow who lay stretched out on a neighboring bench, were upon the paper, and when Mr. S. had passed, the bench lounger got up and secured the little slip. He cast his eyes over the writing and exclaimed with a gesture of vexation and contempt—

"Bah! only an unreceipted tailor bill!" And he was about to cast the worthless scrap into the river, when he stopped suddenly, looked curiously after the receding form of Mr. Smith and scratched his head as if perplexed; then his face brightened up, and slapping his right hand violently on his leg, he said, "Yes, that will do," and quietly followed in the trail of Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith, after refreshing himself with an ice cream and a glass of soda water at the Elesian Fields, resumed his walk towards the dyke, and had just entered the little grove beyond the Pavilion, when he became aware that some one had tapped him gently on the shoulder. He turned round and saw a good locking, middle aged man, in a plain dress, standing by him.

"Mr. Smith,'' said the stranger.

"Yes sir, my name's Smith."

"John, of———street, New York," continued the stranger.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mr. Smith, I have rather an unpleasant duty to perform," the middle aged gentleman said, pulling out at the same time a large pocket-book, and looking over the papers as if in search of a particular one.

"What's that," asked Smith.

The middle aged gentleman did not answer; he could not find the document he was looking for, and Smith was obliged to exercise all his patience. At length the paper was found, a law blank apparently just filled up. Smith was not allowed to examine it. The middle aged gentleman held it between his thumb and finger, looked Smith straight in the face, and repeated,

"John Smith, of ——— street, New York."

"Yes, yes, and what the mischief do you want of me," said Smith, with nervous trepidation.

"All right Mr. Smith," remarked his companion, as he returned the paper to the pocket-book—"all right, sir, I'll trouble you to ride as far as Hackensack, if you please."

"Hackensack! and what must I go to Hackensack for, I should very much like to know?"

"By virtue of a warrant regularly issued, and which commands me, a deputy sheriff of the county of Hudson, State of New Jersey, to take the body of John Smith, of———street, of New York, if he shall be found within the limits of New Jersey, and the said body safely lodged in the jail at Hackensack, to answer the suit of———tailor, New York, in the sum of fifty dollars damages, &c. &c. And may God save the Commonwealth of New Jersey," ejaculated the pretended deputy as he reverently lifted his hat, and recovered his wind.

"Fifty dollars damages," exclaimed the bewildered Smith—"why, that's my tailor, and I only owe him thirty-five."

"The amount expressed in the writ is only a form of law, sir," said the sharper sheriff. "The exact amount of your indebtedness to Mr.———, tailor, is thirty-five dollars and sixty-two and a half cents."

"So it is," returned Smith, "but what put him up to suing me in New Jersey? I have always been a good customer, and—"

"He sent in your bill on the 1st of July, and it would seem that you took no notice of it."

Poor Smith, his nerves were completely unstrung.

"I thought that blamed law was repealed, by which a poor fellow coming from New York to get a mouthful of fresh air in Hoboken, might be carried off to Hackensack."

"The Legislature of the State of New Jersey did repeal that law, in 1842, but New York having refused to give up certain persons charged with grave offences, committed in New Jersey, the Legislature, at its last session, re-enacted the law and by virtue of that re-enactment you are now my prisoner," said the mock official, with solemn dignity.

"Well, all this is strange, and news to me," said Smith—"first, that my tailor should sue me, and second that I could be nabbed in Hoboken."

"We live, Mr. Smith, in an age of strange and startling events," remarked the other, with the quiet emphasis and deliberation of a philosopher—"Europe, last New Year's Day, as little anticipated the shock of revolution, as you anticipated, on the Fourth of July, this arrest. But look—Europe is heaving like an angry sea, and you are moving, or about to move, for Hackensack jail—this way, Mr. Smith, if you please.—We shall find the jail wagon by the road side, yonder."

But Mr. Smith was in no hurry to obey.

"I have only five dollars by me," he said biting his finger nails with vexation.

"Precisely the amount of my fees," said the officer. Now Mr. Smith, you wear a watch, I see—if it is the value of the debt—we can easily arrange the matter without troubling you to go to Hackensack."

"The value of the debt!" said Smith, pulling out a gold leaver—"why it cost a hundred, and any pawnbroker would advance seventy dollars on it."

You speak truly, Mr. Smith," remarked his companion, his eyes glistening as they fell upon the watch. "That is what I propose, Mr. Smith—pay me my fee, five dollars, and give me the watch, which I will send to-morrow morning to the tailor, where you can call and get it after paying the bill."

"It is the best I can do I suppose," grumbled Smith, as he handed over the watch and five dollars—but, Mr. Sheriff, you must loan, or give me sixpence to pay my ferryage over the river and out of this cursed trap—that five dollar bill is all the money that I have with me."

"Take a dollar, Mr. Smith," said the Sheriff, generously presenting a one dollar bank note—"you may need some refreshment."

Smith took the dollar and put for the Barclay Street Ferry. The sharper leaned gracefully against a tree until his victim was out of sight, and then he stepped quickly on board the Pioneer, which landed him at the foot of Nineteenth street.

Poor Smith! He rushed to the lower ferry house—fierce to put himself face to face with the perfidious tailor.

"That bill is a counterfeit," said the ferry master, returning the one dollar note.

Smith begged his way over the river, and rushed down to his tailor with his imprecations and complaint.

"Why, Smith, my dear friend; you've been drinking—you are crazy. I hav'nt sued you—I can't sue you in New Jersey. "Yes the law was re-enacted last winter in retaliation."

"Pooh, pooh—there's no such law there. I sent you your bill a fortnight ago, and have not thought of it since."

"Oh, yes, I got the bill—it's in my hat now, and I intended to pay it in a week at the longest."

Smith took off his hat—the bill was not there. Then a light broke into his brain—he smote his forehead with his clenched fists. "Watch—five dollars—counterfeit one dollar—what a fool I've been."

True enough—if Smith had been a countryman; but he was a New York cockney.—*New York Despatch.*

THE WAGON-MASTER'S STORY.

While the army was at Monterey, a volunteer belonging to the Arkansas cavalry, who had just joined his company, was in possession of a splended bay charger. One morning he had him out exhibiting his paces, bantering the whole of Mexico in general, and the lookers-on in particular, for a swop.

"Come boys, spunk up; some one on ye give us a banter, and let's have a trade."

After trying some time unsuccessful; an old gentleman who had been quietly enjoying the fun stepped up and observed—

"Friend your horse is really a fine one and as I should like to have him, I will give you a trade."

"Them's 'um my fine fellow; trot out your nag, and let's see what he's like."

The old gentlemen's horse was sent for, and Arkansas, after a thorough examination, said—

"Well, daddy, I like your hoss you do mine; give us the difference and it's a trade"

"How much?"

"Forty dollars! Will you give it?"

"No; there is not over twenty dollars between them."

"Look here my old coon; you may be a mighty fine old chap, and I believe you are willing for a swop; but you can't fool this child in a hoos trade—Iv'e swopped by moonlight, afore now. But I'll tell you what it is—give me thirty dollars, and it's a bargain."

"Well, come to my tent and get your money."

"Well, go it is. I say, daddy, what are you driving at out here in Texico—trading round 'mong the boys, and all that sort of thing?"

"No, not exactly, I have been sent out here with the army, to take care of things, and see that all goes right."

"Aye, aye; I understand; a kind of bossing the jobs round and about."

"Well my young friend, what induced you to volunteer!"

"Well, I thought I'd like to look at the country, splurge round a while, kill a Mexican or so, swop a horse now and then, and see old Rough and Ready. Is this your tent?"

"Yes, walk in. Thirty dollars I am to pay you—there is the money."

"O. K. I say, daddy, when we trade down our way, we generally clinch it with a drink. Have you any thing to take?"

"Certainly, what will you have?"

"Red Eye. Here's luck. Now daddy, as you've been about for some time, may be you've seen Old Zack."

"Yes."

"Then I'm bound to see the old hoss; the boys all say he some, and I want a show, and must have it. What kind of a looking coon is he?"

"About such a looking man as I am."

"What mought your name be?"

"Taylor."

"A cousin of the Gineral's?"

"No."

"A brother."

"No."

"Well, who the d——I are you?"

"I am General Taylor."

"Look here, old gentleman, your a mighty clever old fellow, and know a heap about a hoss, but you dont know much about *human nature*, if you think to crowd that down me. I ain't green, and if it's no go. Day, day, daddy, you can't come it."

On returning to his comrades, the first inquiry was—

"Well, how did you get along with the General?"

"Gineral! What Gineral?"

"Why, Gineral Taylor."

"Come, boys, come now, don't be fooling. Was that Old Rough and Ready?"

"Certainly."

"Well, he told me so, but *I did not believe him*, he was so friendly like. I said a heap to him that I would not have done, had I knew who he was. But I'll go and 'poligize, and make it right."

He proceeded to the General's tent, saluted him, and commenced—

"Gineral, I've come to 'pologize to you, being as how I didn't know who you were. If I said anything improper, or two familiar like, and gave offence, I hope you'll forgive me."

"No offence, my friend, I have nothing to forgive. *If you are satisfied I am.* Good morning."

On returning to his companions, he said—

"Well, boys I did it; he said there was no offence, and gave me a shake of his honest old hand. Hurrah for Old Zach.—He's clear grit; knows all about a hoss, and a *heap more about human nature.*"

[*St Louis Republican.*

Still Another Party.

THE WOMEN.

A women's Rights Convention, was held in New York to consider "the present civil, social and religious condition of women." The discussion was animated, and wonderful to relate, orderly! It continued two entire days! Lucretia Mott, was it moving spirit. The following declaration of Rights was put forth and signed by more than one hundred men and women:

DECLARATION.

When in the course of human events it become necessary for one portion of the family of man to assume among the people of the earth, a position different from that which they have hitherto occupied, but, one to which the laws of Nature and Nature's God entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind, requires that they should declare the causes that impel them to such a course. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men and women are created equal that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights, governments are instituted, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.* Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of those who suffer from it, to refuse allegiance to it, and insist upon the institution of a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such forms as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments being established should not be changed for light and transient causes, and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind is more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed.

But when a long train of abuses and usurpation, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism it is their right, *it is their duty* to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of the women under this government, and such is now the necessity wich constrains them to demand the equal station to which they are entitled. The history of mankind, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

He has compelled her to submit to laws in the formation of which she has had no voice.

He has withheld from her rights which have been given to the most ignorant and degraded men, both natives and foreigners.

He, having deprived her of the first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without representation in any house of legislation, has oppressed her on all sides.

He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law civally dead.

He has taken from her all right in property, even to the wages she earns.

He has made her morally, an irresponsible being, as she can commit many crimes with impunity, provided they be done in the presence of her husband. In the covenant of marriage she is compelled to promise obedience to her husband, he becoming to all intents and purposes her master, the law giving him power to deprive her of her liberty, and to administer chastisement.

He has so formed the laws of divorce, as to what should be proper causes of divorce, and in case of a separation, to whom the guardianship of the children should be given, as to be wholly unjust and regardless of the happiness of woman; the law in all cases going upon the false supposition of the supremacy of man, and giving all power into his hands. After depriving her of all rights as a married woman—if single and the owner of property.

He has taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her property can ba made profitable to it.

He has monopolized nearly all the means of profitable employment, and in those which she is permitted to follow she secures but a scanty remuneration.

He closes against her all the avenues to wealth and distinction which he considers most honorable to himself.

As a teacher of theology, medicine, or law, is not known.

He has deprived her of the facilities of a thorough education, all coll ges being closed against her.

He allows her in Church as well as State but a subordinate position, claiming apostolic authority for her exclusion from the ministry, and with some exceptions from any public participation in the affairs of the Church.

He has created a false public sentiment, by giving to the world a different code of morals for man and woman, by which moral delinquencies which exclude woman from society are not only tolerated, but deemed of little account in man.

He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming it as his right to assign for her a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and her God.

He has endeavored in every way he could to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life.

Now in view of this entire enfranchisement of one-half of the people of this country, their social and religious degradation in view of the unjust laws above mentioned, and because woman do feel themselves aggrieved, oppressed and fraudulently deprived of their most sacred rights, therefore they do insist upon an immediate admission into all those rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens of these United States. In entering upon this great work, we anticipate no small amount of misconception, misrepresentation and ridicule, but we shall use every reasonable instrumentality within our power to effect our object. We shall employ against to circulate tracts, petition the State and National Legislatures, and endeavor to enlist the pulpit and press in our behalf.

We hope this Convention will be followed by a series of Conventions, embracing every part of the country. Firmly relying on the final triumph of the right and the true, we do this day affix our signatures.

SENACA FALLS, N. Y., July 19, '48.

COMING THE DELICATE.

We saw a couple of yellow darkies on Sunday, a stout boy and his sweet-heart, and the way they tortured the Queen's English would have given Dr, Johnson the hestericks. They were returning from church, and as we passed them them the "fair nigger," who was resting languishing upon Sambo's arm, exclaimed—

"Dar! look; dat's de bery ossif whar ne gentleman distracted one of my teeth."

"Whoo! you dosn't say so, Miss Rosetta."

"Yes, but I does though."

"Poor ting; didn't de oberation gib you uncommon scruciation?"

"Not berry. *I only fainted three times*, and de doctor gib me camfire and fotch me to. You eber hab any ob yur teef sacrificed, Sambo?"

"Yes dear, seberal."

"And didn't you swoon like me did?"

"Neber de fuss time."

"Dat's bekos you belongs to de hard sec. If you was soft like I is, you'd a fainted shua."

"Oh! Miss Rosetta, I believes you speaks de truf. When I comes to distract your soft tenderness wid my hard disabilities, den I make stravagant spressions. But if you'll allow me de solicious pleasure ob presenting dis bockay to you, we'll block de painful subjic on which we's bin talkin for a more lubly teem."

The dying words of Harrison.

"*I wish you to understand the true principles of the Constitution—I wish them carried out I ask no more.*"

The above were the *dyings words* of General WILLIAM H. HARRISON! When that gallant soldier and true patriot was about to close his pilgrimage on earth, such was the deep solicitude which he felt for his country and its institutions, that with his last breath, he gave utterance to the above words of advice,—and they should sink deep into the hearts of all who feel an interest in the well-being of our beloved Republic. He had lived long enough to know, that there were *designing men* in our land, who regarded not the letter or spirit of the charter of our liberties, but whose sole object was personal aggrandizement, and whose unchastened ambition would lead them even to jeopard every thing that Americans—native as well as adopted—should hold dear—he had lived long enough to know, that the spirit of progression—of innovation—was actively at work, to tear down every safeguard of freedom, and leave us without chart to guide us to that greatness which awaits us in the future, if we should be wise and follow the teachings of our glorious Constitution.

Let us ponder well the import of this *advice*, and apply it to the exigencies of present and approaching events. Let us look the coming *presidential election* boldly in the face, and contemplate the changes which await us.

If the choice of the nation should fall on ZACHARY TAYLOR, the country will be safe. In him we have a *patriot* of unsuspected honor, who has served his country for forty years, without ever once having had his patriotism, his integrity, or his lofty purposes, called in question. In him we have, as it were, a *new man, who has neither partizans to reward, nor enemies to punish, and who, if elected, will act for his country, his whole country, and nothing but his country.*

In ZACHARY TAYLOR we behold the war-worn soldier and accomplished General, who has been victorious in every battle-field in which he has been engaged—who has carried the stars and stripes of his country in triumph when contending against the most fearful odds—even when warred against by his own government, as at Buena Vista, when the powers at Washington destined that he should either make an inglorious retreat, or that he and his gallant little army should fall victims to Santa Anna and his countless cohorts!

In ZACHARY TAYLOR, we have a man, who stands pledged to make the Constitution of the country his guide in the