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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 30, 1848. NO. 23.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NIAGARA SHOWER-BATH
AN ENTIRELY NEW ARTICLE FOR SHOWER BATHING,
With Cold or Warm Water.

A great and important improvement is made in this Shower Bath over all others, by throwing the water immediately on the body without wetting the head unless at the will of pleasure of the bather; but greater point is gained by being enabled to bathe with warm water, which no other Shower Bath is adapted to—and most important of all, the Bathean be medicated without injury to the hair.

Many persons cannot take a cold bath—their case is met in this, as they can regulate the temperature of the water to suit their wish and commence bathing at any season of the year without any unpleasant result. Ladies can have the advantage of bathing without wetting the head or covering the same.

The arrangements are simple and complete, and not liable to get out of order.—The Bath can be adjusted to suit any heighth, from a small child to the tallest person. When the door is closed, the fixtures are hid and the outside appearance is that of a neat piece of furniture.

They have received the approbation of several midical gentlemen—others are requested to call and examine them.

Manufactured by the Pantetee.
EPHRAIM LARRABEE
24 South Calvert street, Baltimore.

BATHING Read What Armstrong says:
Donot omit ye who would health secure,
That daily fresh ablution, that shall clear
The sluices of the skinn, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, even if it did not conduce
(As much as it does) to health, very greatly worth,
You daily pairs: 'tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worst foe
With this external virtue, age maintains.
A decent grace; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome." Aug. 26

REMOVAL.

LABORATORY OF THOMSONIAN BOTANIC MEDICINES.

EPH'M. LARRABEE. No. 20 South Calvert street, Baltimore, has removed his Laboratory to his new building No. 24 and has always on hand the largest and most complete assortment of pure Botanic remedies in the United States, prepared under his special care at his Laboratory—being the first erected in the United States for the special purpose of preparing THOMSONIAN BOTANIC MEDICINES. All of the pulverized and compounded articles are put up in quarter and half pound packages, and neatly labelled, with directions suitable for retailing, and upon better terms than the same article can be had for in the U. S. Every article in his line is warranted genuine—the public can rely upon this.

☞A liberal discount made to country merchants, who are particularly requested to call and examine quality, &c. before purchasing.

☞The various Treatises, embracing the most reputed authors, upon the Thomsonian or Botanic System of Medicine, may also be had at his establishment, by the quantity or single copy. Aug 26.

NOTICE.

IN obedience to the Constitution and Laws of the State of Maryland, I hereby give notice that an Election will be held in Kent county, on the first *WEDNESDAY, BEING THE FOURTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT*, to elect a Sheriff for said county and one member of the Levy Court. The election will be held

In the First Election District at the Brick House, belonging to the heirs of Duncan Stone.

In the Second Election District at the Court House, in Chester Town.

In the Third Election District at the Hotel of Reese Merritt in George Town X Roads.

The Polls will be opened at 9 o'clock in the morning and closed at 6 in the evening.

GEORGE W. SPENCER,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Sep. 12, '48.

SADDLES
Bridles and Harness.

THE subscriber has taken the house in the rear of Mr. Lusby's hotel in Chester Town, where he is prepared to manufacture *SADDLES, BRIDLES and HARNESS*, of every description at city prices. He has constantly on hand an assortment of Collars, Whips, Spurs, Bridle-bits, and a variety of other articles in his line. Repairing done with neatness and despatch. Old Saddles and Harness taken in exchange for new ones.

ALFRED M. RUSSELL.
Aug 26—3w.

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

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.

Written for the Baltimore Patriot.

FREEDOM'S SONG.

TUNE—*Boatman Dance.*

From Madawaska's gloomy shades,
To Allegany's fairest glades,
And from Nebraska's rivers wide,
Unto the ocean's roaring tide.
March, freeman! march! march, freeman! march!
We'll march up bold, with the young and old,
To the polls of next November!
Hie, ho! for Zack we stand, the Hero of the Rio Grand!

Come all ye people good and strong,
And let us have a social song:
We'll wake the Locos from their trance,
And sing to the tune of the boatman dance."
March, freeman! &c.

O'er Northern hill and Western plain,
The beacon lights shall blaze again;
And freedom's foes shall startle back,
When they see him coming—old conquering Zack.
March, freeman! &c.

Then rise up, whigs so good and true,
Who fought of old for Tippecanoe
And bravely stood by Henry Clay,
When fraud and slander ruled the day.
March, freeman, &c.

Up Yankee boys, and, Southrons come,
From gilded hall and humble home,
And gather more while on your way,
Who praise Old Zack of Monterey.
March, freemen, &c.

The ladies fair, with graceful art,
Will lead their beaux to take a part,
They'll pledge them, first in whisper's tender,
"Vote for Zack—and I'll surrender!"
March, freemen, &c.

Then ladies, Whigs, and all advance,
With steps as light as the greenwood dance,
And let's resolve while on the track,
Like good old friends we'll vote for Zack,
March freeeman, &c.
W. G. A.

MARRIED MEN.

AN EXAMPLE TO THOSE WHO STAY OUT LATE.

Mr. Nicodemus Nobbs married well—he was a fine man and popular. Mr. Nobbs was great on societies of all kinds, and a regular attendant at his club. These societies were a good excuse for him to be out late at night, and many a good frolic he had while his battery half was wrapped in the arms of morpoeus, believing fondly that her dear Nobbs was speechifying on some important question before some important society. However, his late habits and occasional smell of brandy, at length opened her eyes to the true state of the case, in a great measure.

One night Mr. Nobbs had been indulging in his favorite whisky toddy rather more than usual, and when he walked the streets, his walking cane would obstinately slip between his legs, and away would go the walking cane in the gutter, while Mr. Nobbs would come flat on the pavement. However, it is a long road that has no turning, and Mr. Nobbs at length reached the row of houses in which his domicil was situated. It was a long row of houses exactly alike, with their staring red fronts and green blinds and white steps, as much alike as twin sisters.

"Ah, thank the Lord, I have at last got home. Let me see what is my number? Twenty, twenty-two, twenty-three! Ah, darn it, how dark it is, I can't see the number; never mind—hic—I—hic will find it—hic. Ah, here—hic—it is, with this tree—his—before it—hic"

Mr. Nobbs crawls into the entry, and with his knight key in his hand, he feels for the hole. "Confound the hole—I can't find it. Ah, here it is," and the door opens. "Now," soliloquised he, "I must go slowly and must not light a candle yet, for if I wake my wife, there will be the devil to pay."

Up stairs groped Nobbs; slowly, and steadying himself by the banisters, he ascended to his room.

At last he gained it, and commenced undressing. He was ultimately unrobed, and feeling for the bed, rolls in. Ha, how comfortable, now thought Mr. Nobbs, as he feels his wife, to see if she was asleep. The devil! Nobbs suddenly draws his hand back—there are two persons in the bed besides himself! Now I am in a sweet fix, thinks Nobbs; my wife has gone and got some friend to sleep with her, and I have played the very devil. What shall I do? At length he thought he would feel, and see if he could tell if it were not one of his sisters. He places his hand on the individual, and gently brought it to the face. Mr N. started? for—oh Lord!—his hand had come in contact with a pair of large whiskers!

Proof of his wife's infidelity was now before him, and Nobbs was crazy! Nobbs was a brave men; so up up he leaps, as a stag from his mountain lair, when started by the hunters. His first impulse was to bury his clasp-knife in the outrager of his honor, but drunk as he was, he desisted, and moving about he grasped the poker rushing to the bedside again, he struck the sleeper, screaming violently. "You infernal villian! who are you, who thus creeps into my house when I am gone steals away my honor?"

The sleeper awakened so unceremoniously, leaps up and grapples with Nobbs. "Thieves! Robbers! Fire!" They fell, and rolled over on the floor. The wife, in the meantime, awakened by the scuffle and the blows given each other, commenced screaming violently. This aroused the servants, who came flocking up with lights, around with pokers, shovels, axes on. In they came, and what a scene presented itself to their actonished gaze. On the floor, struggling with one another, lay the two men, while over the men, was the lady, with her hair disheveled, and her cloths in disorder. The two combatants were then torn asunder.

"Who are you, villain, whom I have caught in bed with my wife?"

"*Your* wife!"

'Yes, my wife!"

Nobbs looked at the lady, and then around the room. His countenance showed amazement.

"I wonder if this is not a dream," he soliloquized.

"I know this man, sir," said one of the servants.

"Who is it sir?"

"Why, it is Mr. Nobbs, of the next door."

Poor Nobs of "next door" was "did" for. He saw through it in a moment.

"Can you explain all this, Mr. Nobbs," asked he of the whiskers.

"Well said Nobbs, completely crestfellen, "I'm in a pretty fix! Here I go—get drunk, come in at a late hour, and then get into a gentleman's house, thinking it my own; when I get in, I attack a gentleman in the bed, and raise a d—l of a fuss generally. Now what's to be done?"

"All will be right," answered the other, "It was all a mistake."

"Yes, and the infernal night latch did it all."

He proceeded to dress himself slowly, bid them all good night, and went into his own house, next door; and was from that time, never a street walker. He dissolved all connection with clubs, and is now as steady a fellow as walks.

THE PRINTER.

A printer is the most curious being living. He may have a BANK and COINS, and not be worth a PENNY—have SMALL CAPS, and have neither wife nor children.—Others may run fast, but he gets along swiftest by SETTING fast. He may be making IMPRESSIONS without eloquence, may use the LYE without offending, and be telling the truth; while others cannot stand when they sit, he can set standing, and even do both at the same time—use FURNITURE, and yet have no dwelling—may make and put away PIE, and never see a pie, much less eat it during his life—be a human being, and a rat at the same time may PRESS a great deal and not ask a favour—may handle a SHOOTING IRON, and know nothing about a cannon, gun, or pistol; he may move the LEVER that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog with his nose under a mole-hill—spread SHEETS without being a housewife lay his FORM upon a BED, and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the † without shedding any blood, and from the earth he may handle the ***; he may be of a ROLLING disposition, and yet never desire to travel; he may have a SHEEP'S FOOT, and not be deformed, never be without a case, and know nothing of law or physic; be always CORRECTING his ERRORS, and growing worse every day; have em~~s without even having the arms off a lass around him; have his FORM locked up, and at the same time be free from jail, watchhouse, or any other confinement.

A little girl, Miss Ollive Miner, about 12 years old, a compositor in the Lodi Democrat office, will set 6000 "m's" per day, distribute her own matter, and keep her case in perfect order. Miss Olive has been at the business about three months.

GEN'L TAYLOR'S LETTER TO THE INDEPENDENT PARTY.

The following correspondence requires no comment. The only necessity for the publication of Gen. Taylor's letter arises from the fact, that the enemies of the old Hero, taking advantage of his request to the gentleman to whom it was addressed, not to make it public, endeavored to impress upon the public mind that there was something it that would not bear the light. How wofully they will be disappointed, will be evident from the perusal of the letter, which is now made public; and which with every impartial mind, will, so far from detracting from Gen. Taylor's high standing, raise him still higher in the estimation of his countrymen.

BALTIMORE, 20 Sept., 1848.

DEAR SIR—A letter from Gen. Taylor, of the 8th ult., authorizes me, in my discretion, to call, for publication, for a copy of his letter of the 29th June, to Messrs. Pitts and others, a committee of the late Independent party of our State. This I now do, and you will oblige me by furnishing it. The failure heretofore to give the letter to the public, because of a request to that effect from the General himself, unexplained by his motive for making it, has, with some, given rise to suspicions that it contained matter derogatory to his frankness and integrity.

These I deem it due to him to have dispelled, and I know no mode so certain to accomplish it, as giving the letter itself.

Your absence from the city, when I received the General's letter, and my own subsequent absence, has prevented my communicating with you before.

With regard, your friend,
REVERDY JOHNSON.
WM. H. COLLINS, Esq., Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, September 20th, 1848.

DEAR SIR: In compliance with the request contained in your letter to me of this date, (in which you say, "a letter from Gen. Taylor, of the 8th ultimo, authorizes me, in my discretion, to call, for publication, for a copy of his letter, of the 29th June, to Messrs. Pitts and others, a committee of the late Independent party of our State. This I now do, and you will oblige me by furnishing it,") I have the honor to enclose you a copy of the letter, which was committed to my custody by a resolution of the Independent Taylor Convention of Maryland, in July last, with instructions to furnish a copy for publication, "whenever Gen. Taylor, or any of his authorized friends, shall ask for the same for that purpose."

With regard, your friend,
WILLIAM H. COLLINS.
To the Hon. REVERDY JOHNSON.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S LETTER.

[COPY.]

BATON ROUGE, La., June 29th, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite communication of the 12th instant, calling my attention to certain statements, relative to my position before the country as a candidate for the Presidency, which are represented to have been made in the Whig National Convention, recently held in Philadelphia, pending the action of that body, by Judge Saunders, Louisiana, in the name of the delegation from that State; and requesting to be informed, whether such statements were made by my authority. I have to inform you, in reply, that, on their way to that Convention, Judges Winchester and Saunders, of the Louisianna Delegation—who have been, for many years, my personal friends and neighbors—wrote to me, requesting my views, before the meeting of the Convention, as to the course I desired my friends to pursue in that body. In two communications, addressed to them in reply, I inform them, in substance, that as my distance from the scene, it would be quite impossible for me to give any specific instructions upon the subject, that many questions or contingencies might arise, during the action of the Convention, the character of which I could not foretell; and that they must, therefore, assume, the responsibility of acting for me; that I felt my honor and interest safe in their hands, and that whatever they should see fit to do, I would most cordially approve.

I substantially inform them, further, that, unless they should discover an evident disposition to treat me unfairly,—which I had no reason for supposing would be the case,—I thought that my friends should go into the Convention, as they had been selected by their fellow-citizens for this purpose, but that, having once entered it, they were, of course, bound, if I were not nominated, to sustain and support the nominee, whoever he might be, and that I hoped they would do so heart and soul. That I was a candidate for the Presidency, only so far as my friends had chosen to make me one; but that having been placed in my present attitude towards that subject, without any agency or act of my own, directly or indirectly, I did not feel myself at liberty, by any such act, to withdraw myself; that my friends, in whose hands I had ever been, could do so whenever they should see fit, and finally, that if they could succeed in electing to that office any one better qualified for its duties than I was, and who was at the same time honest, truthful and patriotic, it was their duty to go for him; and that, so far from being disappointed or mortified, I should hail the result with joy.

Such, I think, has been the language which I uniformly held on this subject since my name was first mentioned in connection with it. I regret that I have not a copy of communications to Judges Saunders and Winchester, but the above I believe to be their substance. Under the general authority then thus given these gentlemen, I shall deem whatever statements they may have made to be right and proper; and, confident in their integrity and in the sincerity of their friendship for me, I shall sustain them without qualification.—I therefore, now take upon my own shoulders the responsibility of the acts of the Louisiana Delegation, in that Convention, and am prepared to stand by the consequences, in their length and breadth.

I regret exceedingly that my friends in Baltimore, whom you represent, should have thus misunderstood the course pursued by the Louisiana Delegation in the Convention, and should have imagined that I had abandoned the position which I have uniformly held in my published letters on this subject.

I feel bound, however, to respect the opinions of those who honestly differ with me; and, therefore, while I feel conscious of no change of feeling or inconsistency on my part, I cannot expect or desire that any of my friends, whom you represent, should do violence to their own sense of right and wrong, by supporting my election, while they believe I have changed my political views. I ask no man, be he Whig Democrat, or Native, for his vote. I take every American citizen's interest in the welfare of his country, to be as pure and as deep as my own; and I have, therefore, no right, certainly no desire, to influence, his action in the exercise of the important duty of voting for the officers of his Government.

Though I have no objection to your circulating this communication among such of your friends as may be interested in it, yet I request that it may not be published.—My aversion to the appearance of my name in the public prints, in connection with such subjects, is my apology for the request.

With great respect, gentlemen,
I am your ob't serv't.,
Z. TAYLOR.

Messrs. CHAS. H. PITTS, JOHN W. WALKER, TH. S. ALEXANDER, and others, Baltimore, Md.

THE MAIDEN VOTE OF A GRANDFATHER

At the late Whig Barbacue in Alexandria County, Mr. Curtis, of Arlington addressed the meeting in a speech of about half an hour. During his address, the veteran orator said, that he presented a rare and strange spectacle to his countrymen, that of a free citizen in a free country, one who held extensive possessions, had paid taxes, borne arms, and performed all the duties of a citizen to a Republic, was a grandfather, and yet had never voted in his life.

More than forty years ago he had tendered his vote in the County of Fairfax, in which, and in seven other counties of the State of Virginia, he held freehold property. The vote was refused, the high Sheriff declaring that he was forbidden to receive the vote of a resident in the County of Alexandria, then a portion of the District of Columbia. Mr. Custis contended that agreeably to the English Laws, on which the Laws of Virginia were founded, property, not person, was represented. The High Sheriff sheltered himself under the act of assembly. Mr. C. brought a suit in the Court in Richmond, and after an interesting trial by able counsel on both sides, the suit was decided in favour of the High Sheriff, and the Act of Assemply.

The orator continned by observing that since the County of Alexandria had been retroceded to the State of Virginia, constitutional scruples had prevented his voting in the County in which he resided, but these did not hold good in Fairfax, in which County, where the earliest and happiest days of his life had been passed, he should after the lapse of nearly half a century, cast his maiden vote at the Presidential election in November next.

And now, continued Mr. Custis, if you ask to whom will this old man, restored in his latter days to the right so precious to freeman, give the maiden vote of a grandfather, a vote venerable in its recollections as being the *only vote* among thi twenty millions of people, that can *hail from the Domestic Family, and fireside of the Father of his Country.* (Cheers) I answer, To the most worthy.' To the illustrious American, who, blameless in all the relations of private life, has by his great achievements, shed a lustre upon the arms of his country, and wreathed his brow with a laurel, that time or circumstance can never fade. To ZACHARY TAYLOR. (Loud cheering.)

And when, concluded the Orator, prompted by the influence, derived from the teaching of me early life, I shall cast a vote, inspired by the hallowed reecollections of Mount Vernon, I shall feel as though a voice would arise from the Spirit of the Tomb, to approve of my act and proclaim to my countrymen—'*He hath chosen the most Worthy.*' (Loud cheering.)

The veteran orator concluded his address amid the most distinguished applause.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Kent News.

Our Local Elections—The importance of a Full Vote.

No well informed Whig in this county pretends to doubt that our candidate for the Sheriffalty, Mr. Edes, will be easily elected by a very large majority; but notwithstanding this, the importance of a full vote at our local elections, even when success is absolutely certain, cannot be over estimated.—The greater the majorities our local officers receive, the more advantageous is it to the party in subsequent contests; which must be at once apparent to every reflecting mind;—and if it has not previously been deemed of so great importance by any of the Whig voters in our county. We hope, that in view of the Presidential election, now so close at hand, the necessity and advantages of a full vote on Wednesday next will not be lost sight of by a single individual who can either *vote* or *work*! If there are any Whigs among us who are not entitled to vote let them work. Let them place themselves in possession of such facts as may be of most importance with reference to their party and its principles and use such arguments, based thereon, as may be necessary to convince the wavering, confound the gainsayers, and convert every honest inquirer after political truth, to our men and our principles. Let it be shown in a clear and ample manner that Gen. Taylor is in favor of the largest liberty to the people, and that it is on this account we give him our hearty and zealous support; and I am convinced that no voter who esteems his individual sovereignty as worth a consideration, (and he who does not, is not worthy the privileges) will vote for any man, even for the smallest office in the gift of the People, that would, to any extent, favor the Locofoco candidate for the Presidency, Gen. Cass; who pledges himself in advance, if elected, to oppose whatever the people may wish that does not exactly suit his own individual notion. Every man who votes for a Cassite, votes directly in opposition to his own interest and liberty.—Let it be made known that all who support Gen. Cass for the Presidency, supports one of the rankest old Federalists that has ever been a candidate for that office. And there exists not the slightest proof to the contrary of this assertion; nor can we believe that any Whig, Democrat, Republican, or by whatever other names some may denominate themselves, (that are not Federalist) could conscientiously vote for Gen. Cass, or for any one who would support him.

In opposition to this haughty, arbitrary and kingly-hearted old Federalist, *General Cass*, and to his party, stand the Democratic and truly Republican-hearted Whigs, opposing, as their name implies, *all* arbitrary power. With their noble old Chief, Gen'l. Taylor, to lead them; who never lost a battle, and who "never surrenders," though "thousand to his tens appear," they challenge the world to exhibit so sublime a spectacle as they present to the mind, by their principles, or to the sight by their actions.—Let him who has the least spark of patriotism or pure Republicanism, just now desire a king to rule over him, on court a pestilence, as to vote for any man who does not rally under our glorious Whig banner.—It is high time the downward tendency of our country was checked.

But I must hasten to conclude: *Voting* is not only a freeman's *privilege*, but it is his solemn *duty*. But it is unfortunately too frequently the case that, as privilege extends, *action* subsides, and duty falters. As the principle of individual sovereignty places the poorest and most illiterate man upon a level with the wealthiest and most intelligent of the land, they should use their privilege, not only as a duty, but as a pleasure; and those who are most zealous in maintaining the sovereignty of the people's will, as well as the untrammelled freedom of their action, are alone worthy of their suffrages, as is the case with the Whigs. It is the imperative duty, therefore, of every *true* man to go to the polls and vote for men upon political, rather than upon personal grounds of prejudice or favor.

We hope every Whig voter will but do his duty on Wednesday next, and we shall exhibit an overwhelming majority for our ticket, and leave no hope or rejoicing to our opponents here or elsewhere. He who has not patriotism or public spirit sufficient to induce him to cast his vote on *every* occasion that it is called for; or common sense enough to perceive the importance of it, is not worthy to live under, or enjoy the blessings that flow from, our glorious and benighted institutions. I should mark that man as worse than a patroon who would lightly esteem his privileges in the use of the elective franchise. Let no one disregard his position as an elector so much as to fail to deposite his ballot; and thus save himself from being pointed at with the finger of scorn for being less then a man. To the polls then, Whigs, every one of you, on Wednesday next.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE