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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JULY 29, 1848. NO. 14.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

KEEP COOL! KEEP COOL!!!

BROWNING'S Improved Pattent and Ventilated Refrigerators, at greatly *Reduced Prices*, warranted superior to any now in use for preserving, perfectly cool, fresh and clean, Butter, Meat, Eggs, Fruit, Liquor, &c., during the summer season, and also from Freezing during the winter, any article deposited in it. They also contain a Water Jar and Lead Pipe in the ice chamber, by the arrangement of which perfectly cold water can always be had without additional ice, (of which less is required than *any* other.) Also, Upright Refrigerators.

BUTTER BOXES, in which Butter may be transported with perfect safety by land or water, and my celebrated Non-conductors of heat for cold water, requiring but 4 lbs of ice for 24 hours; as thousands will testify. Thankful for past favors, we hope to merit a continuance. Sold by

R. BROWNING, 13 Commerce st,
April 29—3m. near Pratt st., Balt.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Leach No 54 N. Charles Street, opposite St. Paul's Church, Baltimore.

INSERTS the best Porcelain Teeth in every variety of style and in the most natural, agreeable, and substantial manner for from $1,50 to $3, in each using *only* the very best materials.

Teeth extracted without pain whilst the patient is under the influence of the Letheon, price 50 cents.

Every operation warranted to suit the Patient or no pay required.
October 30, 1847. 1y

BALTIMORE
Piano Forte Manufactory.

VERY IMPORTANT INVENTION.

IT has long been a question among teachers and amateurs of music, as to the most suitable touch for a Piano Forte. Some at this time contend for a light touch, while others, with equal ability advocate the heavy. This question is now permanently settled. WISE & BROTHER have invented a contrivance by which the same instrument may be instantly set to any required touch, by the turning, of a single screw, varying, if necessary, three hundred and sixty-five differences. The advantages of this are evident, both to teachers and amateurs, as lessons may be practiced on the heavy, and exhibited on the lighter touch, to suit exactly any physical capacity which is agreeable to fact and progressive lessons. The contrivance is simple, and may be applied to any common Piano. A patent is about to be taken for the improvement.

J. J. WISE & BROTHER,
March 25. No. 31 Hanover st.

JOHN M. OREM & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

And Wholesale Dealers in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Tailor's Trimmings.

No. 230 Market street, N. W. Corner of Charles, Baltimore.

A large assortment of Ready Made Clothing, of superior quality.

☞ *ONE PRICE ONLY.* ☜
April 1—1y.

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from Baltimore and Philadelphia with a general assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots and Shoes, Hats, &c., all of which have been selected with great care and will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

☞ All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

WM. VANNORT,
Turner's Creek, Kent co., Md.

N. B.—The undersigned has a good assortment of seasoned Plank and Shingles which will be sold on moderate terms.
April 29—6w. W. V.

FOR SALE.—A number of light Carriages, of different kinds, for sale low.
W. V.

WHEAT FANS.

Grant's & Whitman's make of wheat Fans for sale by

WILEY & PERKINS.
July 1, '48.

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

SUP. Chewing Tobacco 20 cts. pound—ann the best Cavendish 37½, for sale by T. W. ELIASON.
Man6, 1848.

GLASS and Putty for sale by
WILMER & NICOLS.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

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

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.

ROUGH & READY SONG.

AIR—"*Alabama Joe.*"

We'll sing a song to suit the times,
With voices bold and steady;
Add cheerily we'll tell in rhymes,
Of good old Rough and Ready.
His foes may slander as they can,
And bluster at his manners—
Who care's a fig! he's just the man
To lead the Yankee banners!
Then Rough and Ready let it ring,
And set the bells a chiming;
Where'er we go we're bound to sing
His praises in our rhyming.

In Florida he gained a name
That won our admiration,
And loudly has his gallant fame
Been echoed through our nation;
There's not a heart in all the land,
That beats not true and steady,
For the Hero of the Rio Grande,
Old gallant Rough and Ready.
Then Rough and Ready, &c.

At Monterey he show'd the world,
That Yankees ne'er are daunted;
The flag of freemen he unfurled,
And on the towers planted;
And there it wave's in triumph high,
'Mid freemen bold and steady,
A monument to every eye,
Of old gallant Rough and Ready,
Then Rough and Ready, &c.

Old Zack's the boy for Santa Anna,
Ampudia or Arista,
And long 'twill be ere they forget
The field of Buena Vista;
Though legions of the foeman swarm,
Against our brave defenders,
Old Rough and Ready, they will find,
The man who ne'er surrenders.
Then Rough and Ready, &c.

POPULAR TALES

DEATH-IN-LIFE.

THE principal incident in the anecdote I am about to relate is so startling and singular, that must, at the outset, assure the reader of its absolute truth. As the persons concerned are still living, I have, for obvious reasons, adopted a form in which the real circumstances are disguised, and only the important experience is preserved. The story was told me at dinner by one of the medical men engaged in the affair.

"We live surrounded with mystery and horror," said Captain Hurst, "and, by George! the more we strive to explain the mystery, the more does its dim ghastliness reveal itself."

"What reference has that magnificent aphorism, so magnificently expressed, to mesmerism?" I asked.

"Little enough. Mesmerism brings one of the mysteries of our being into evidence, viz: the power of inducing a complete insulation of one part of our organization from the other; so that the mesmerized patient shall be absolutely insensible to pain, and yet not insensible to other sensations."

"And the mystery?"

"The mystery is how, in an organisation so marvellously complex as ours, wherein the parts are so inter-dependent, there should be a violent interruption of one portion of the organic action, without a corresponding interruption of the other. Men have stupidly talked of the vital mechanism, as if the frame of man were like the works of a watch. But you cannot so interrupt the action of a watch."

"Well, Captain, I grant that you have made out a mystery; but what of it? Is not every thing about us a mystery? And wherein lies the peculiar horror of which you spoke?"

"Did I never tell you my famous story of Death-in-Life?" he inquired.

"No. But let us have it now."

"Ay, let's have it!" exclaimed the other guests.

And we drew closer round the fire as Captain Hurst, filling his glass and placing it on the mantle-piece, passed the claret round.

"Our conversation about mesmerism," he began, "recalled to me one of my early experiences, and it was so horrible that I seldom think of it without some prosy reflection, such as I favored you with just now. In the mesmeric state—as in that induced by the inhalation of ether—the sensations of pain are wholly deadened.—I have experienced the reverse. I once had paralysis of the nerves of motion *only*. Every nerve of sensation was uninfluenced; but every nerve of muscular action was completely deadened.

"I was with my regiment at the time.—The attack was so sudden, that, seated on the sofa, I fell back as one asleep. I tried to call for assistance; but it was in vain.—I could not stir; I could not move my arm; I could not even open my eyes. I heard the sounds of merriment above me; I heard every footstep on the stairs, but I was as if perfectly lifeless, except as to my sense of hearing. It was most horrible!—I might perish there, if no one came unasked, without a chance of getting assistance.—The sense of imprisonment was absolutely overwhelming!

"How long I lay thus, I know not.—Time was "leaden-footed" indeed to me. Every footstep I heard was interpreted into a lucky omen of speedy assistance. But not a soul came into my room. The footsteps of all passed my door with cruel indifference. After many a "hope deferred," I heard at last, to my infinite satisfaction, the noisy ascent of my cousin Charles, and a brother-officer, named Thresher.—They, at least, were coming to me! Yes—the lock was turned—and the two came boisterously into the room.

"Now then; Harry!" exclaimed my cousin, "up with you! Ullo! pretending to be asleep—won't do!"

"Trim his mustache!" exclaimed Thresher.

"They shook me. Of course I gave no signs of waking. They pulled my hair: I was immovable. They ran pins into me; I should have winced if I could, but I was fixed in immovability. They began at length to suspect that something was wrong with me. But I was warm. Could I be shamming? After many ineffectual attempts to rouse me, they sent for the army surgeon. He came, examined me, and, to my horror, I heard him say.—

"It's very extraordinary. I'm afraid he's no more."

"Then I should be buried alive! Conceive my feelings at such a thought; conceive my struggles to tell them I was not dead—that I heard all they were saying—these struggles being totally ineffectual, because I could not move a muscle!

"All sorts of remedies were applied, but I remained as insensible as before. A second surgeon was called in, who thought that I had, possibly, only an attack of paralysis. I had hopes again!

"Vainly should I endeavour to convey to you any idea of the mental and physical torture to which I was subjected. The surgeons thought it necessary to stimulate my nerves, and restore them to sensibility; *but their sensibility was frightfully acute!* and the pain I suffered in the attempts to restore my sensation of pain was indescribable. And then to hear them consulting! One proposing a mustard bath; and her saying "Oh, that will not be half strong enough!"—and I unable even by wincing to express that their remedies were not only already too violent, but absolutely applied to an imaginary evil. It was the nerves of muscular action which needed stimulating. But they could not know it.

"For two whole days—they seemed—did I remain in this insinsibla-sensible state. I despaired of being rescued. I know not how my medical men were to discover their mistake and my malady; and the fear of being given over and buried alive still haunted me.

"A still more ghastly thought pursued me. I began to ask myself, "Is this death? Am I really alive? Do the dead here and feel?"

"I then thought of the imperishable nature of my soul. It, of course, prevades itself through all bodily decay. Is it imprisoned in the body as long as the body holds together? and shall it be liberated only on the falling away of these fleshy walls that encompass me? Am I to be buried, sensible of all that is going on around me? And this soul which survives, how long is it to remain on earth? Is the grave its purgatory?

"Such was the nature of the thoughts which harrassed me. Neither sleep nor cessation of my fears had I. The weary hours slowly rolled on; but to me they brought no repose; one incessant rush of horrible ideas tormented me, at those times when I was not suffering agonies from the attempts to restore my sensibility.

"Suddenly I opened my eyes.

"My rapture was so great, that, fearing it might be some illusion, and anxious not to dispel it, I continued for some moments to look steadily, and with intense pleasure, at the furniture of the bed, and the bottles on the mantelpiece. I then moved my hand. It obeyed me, although feebly. I moved my head. I opened my lips. I spoke!

"The astonishment of the nurse, the astonishment of every one, except the surgeon, who with professional coolness took my recovery quite as an unexpected occurrence, was unbounded. And the surgeon also deigned to be surprised when I repeated to him certain things I had heard him say to his colleague concerning my state!

"I recovered. My illness interested the faculty very much; because it was to them a novel case. But, as usual, they pretended to see no mystery in it. They *explained* it, by saying that the nerves of motion had been paralysed, and the nerves of sensation had been untouched. Yet that is surely no *explanation*. It is simply a technical expression of the fact. But men always fancy when they have *named* anything they have explained it. Like a friend of mine, who, on his child asking him how it was that crystal, which was heavier than wood, could be seen through? exclaimed, somewhat patronizingly, "Why, my dear boy, you can see through crystal because it is a *transparent substance*." Of this sort seems the explanation of my case."

Captain Hurst finished his story with an anecdote, like an accomplished narrator who is unwilling to leave a painful effect on the minds of his audience.

We laughed at his anecdote, and the laugh certainly took away some of the unpleasant effect of his story. But we all remained silent and thoughtful for some minutes.

I broke silence at last by saying—"Doubtless the many instances of persons being buried alive, which we read of, especially in Italian anecdotes, are to be mostly explained as the fate of persons affected as you were, Captain. The horror of the unfortunates aware of what was coming must have been terrific. Conceive also the feelings of a man in that state overhearing the undisguised sentiments of those who, while he was alive, treated him with such hypocritical tenderness! How he would curse his inability to awake and confound them!"

"I don't put much faith in those cases," observed my right-hand neighbor. "People *have* been on the point of being buried alive, we know; but authenticated cases are few."

"But remember," said I, "that of all those who had been buried alive, none have come back to tell the tale!"

"Yes in some cases they have escaped. In the *Observatore Fiorentino*, there is a story told of a lady who was buried, and who awoke in the vault and escaped.—Leigh Hunt dramatised the story in his *Legend of Florance*."

"There's a good anecdote," said the Captain, "in Tallemant des Reaux, of a man whose wife was supposed to be dead, but who was brought to life again by the shock of the biet against a house, the bearers having stumbled in turning a corner. Some time afterwards, she died in earnest. As the funeral procession was about to set forth, the disconsolate husband approach the priest, and between his sobs said, "*Be careful in turning the corners, will you!*""

"To return to your own case, Captain. It suggests unpleasant reflections. It absolutely throws a doubt upon that which hitherto has been acknowledged as indisputable, viz. that the dead feel pain. But do they not. I am not at all sure of it.—How are we to prove they do not? The mere absence of any of the signs which, in a normal condition of the body, indicate pain, is no proof; because death is abnormal. In your case, there was a concomitance of keen sensibility, with a complete absence of all outward indications thereof. How am I to know that the dead man whom I am dissecting does not feel every incision of the knife, though he be utterly unable to give any indication thereof?—And what a fearful thought is even the suspicion of such a thing!"

"We must alter our definition of death," said my neighbor. "We must call death that state of the body wherein it is no longer able to obey the volitions."

"Then paralysis is death?"

"A paralysed limb is a dead limb, so long as it remains paralysed. When the whole frame is paralysed, the man is dead."

"Let us," interposed the Captain, "compare the two opposite conditions of a mesmerised patient, and a patient affected as I was affected. In the one case paralysis of the nerves of sensation——".

"Nay, Captain, not exactly—only of those nerves which minister to the sensation of pain: the senses are not affected; the patient hears, sees, and smells."

"Well, then I will be more precise, and say that, in the mesmeric state, the nerves which minister to the sensation of pain are paralysed, while the nerves which minister to muscular action are in full play. In the other case, the nerves of motion are paralysed, and the nerves of sensation are in full play. In which case would you call the man a dead man?"

"In either case," exclaimed one of the guests.

"Why not in the latter?"

"Because only the motory nerves are dead; all that is essentially human lives."

"How is that to be ascertained?"

"Why you just now assumed it."

"I did but in as much as each patient can only know his own case, and cannot make it know to others, my assumption falls to the ground."

"I don't understand you."

"If your motory nerves are paralysed, how am I to know that your sensory nerves are not likewise paralysed? You give me no clue. To a spectator there is absolutely no indication of the sensory nerves being in a normal condition. How, then, is it to be known?"

I here interposed, and called attention to the singular effects of galvanism upon the dead body.

"If," said I, "we accept the hypothesis of some modern physiologists, and the brain as a voltaic battery, and all muscular movement as the effect of an electrical current along the nerves, views of Life and Death will be wondrously altered."

"How so?"

"Why, you must all admit that sensation and thought are not electrical phenomena; you cannot suppose them other than vital phenomena; that is to say, a peculiar class of phenomena quite apart from all others?"

"Well; conclude."

"But it is by no means necessary to suppose that muscular motion is anything more than galvanism, or something analogous. Indeed we, know that the effects of contractility can be produced in a most arbitrary manner, and even upon things not endowed with the muscular fibre.—Therefore I say, if we accept life, *i. e.* sensation and though, as immaterial, as sui generis, and all muscular action, which is the most obvious indication of life, as material—as belonging to a class of phenomena similar to those of galvanism, then we are led, by the Captain's strange revelation, to new views of death. Life is indestructible; death is the cessation of muscula actions. And then comes the ghastly reflection before alluded to, that life may be imprisoned in a corps, and a painful consciousness may attend that total paralysis of muscular action we call death."

"But this is all mere supposition."

"Pardon me. The Captain's experience is a warrant for regarding it as something more. Let me also call to your recollection the experiments made upon the corps of Clydesdale the murderer, some years ago. He was executed, and remained hanging for nearly an hour. He was then brought to the anatomical theatre, where the present Dr. Ure experimented on him.

"A large incision was first made in the nape of his neck, below the occiput. The vertebræ were laid open, and the spinal marrow brought into view. At the same time, another large incision was made in the left hip, to lay bare the sciatic nerve.—The pointed rod connected with one end of the battery was now placed in contact with the spinal marrow, while the other rod was applied to the sciatic nerve. Every muscle of the body was instantly agitated with horrible convulsions. Among the experiments, there was one to make the diaphragm move, which succeeded admirably: laborious breathing was thus induced! A breathing corpse—fancy that!

"But more horrible still, the supra orbital nerve was laid bare, and the most extraordinary grimaces were produced; every muscle of his countenance was simultaneously thrown into fearful action; rage horror, despair, anguish, and ghastly smiles alternated on the murderer's face. The spectators were terribly agitated—some were ill—others left the room."

"Suppose—and the supposition is not altogether gratuitous—the murderer really felt every incision of the knife, every shock of the battery, and that those fearful expressions were only the too feeble indications of his sufferings—indications permitted, owing to the momentary power over muscular motion which galvanism gave him! I know of nothing more horrible."

There was a long pause.

My neighbor broke it by saying,—"Have you been inventing these horrors by way of disturbing our digestion?"

"Not I," replied the Captain; "I have given you my simple and veritable experience."

"And Dr. Ure's *Dictionary of Chemistry*." I rejoined, "is the authority for what I have mentioned."

"I prefer not believing it."

"Believing what?"

"That the dead feel."

"Can you prove the contrary?"

"No. But I ask you to define what death really is."

"I cannot."

"Then you confess we know nothing about it?"

"I confess it. *Death is a name we give to the Unknown. We name it, and fancy we have explained it.*"

A LARGE ONION.—"Do you call them large turnips?"

"Why, yes, they are considerably large?"

"They may be so for turnips, but they are nothing to an onion I saw the other day."

"And how large was the onion?"

"Oh! a monster; it weighed forty pounds."

"Forty pounds!"

"Yes, and we took off the layers, and the sixteenth layer went completely round a demi-john that held four gallons!"

"What a whopper!"

"You don't mean to say that I lie?"

"Oh! no; what a whopper of an onion, I mean."

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—A stump orator out West, in speaking of the intention of the framers of the Constitution, said;—"Can it be supposed that it was the intention that the sweat of the toiling millions should be gathered into one vast reservoir, in order that the brokers should enjoy the exquisite pleasure of bathing in it!"

GEN. TAYLOR.

AN INTERESTING SCENE.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 2nd instant; relates the following interesting incident:

At an early hour yesterday morning, long before our city folks had got through their morning nap, Gen. Taylor might have been seen, by those astir so soon, wending his way quietly from the Levee to the St. Charles Hotel. By times he visited the counting-house of his merchants. Messrs. Maunsel White & Co., read the morning papers, digested his breakfast and prepared himself for a general survey of the city.—His visit was altogether unexpected, but his presence, wherever, he went, was greeted by the warm congratulations of his friends—and who is not a friend to Old Zack.—Just before dinner a very interesting group was collected on the portico of the hotel. Maj. Gens. Gaines, Butler, Twigs, Patterson and Taylor were all together. They had met for the first time since the close of the war, and right hearty were the greetings of these men of deeds. A numerous company of gentlemen were around them, and amongst others were a number of the volunteers just returned from the wars.—Many of these had not seen Gen. Taylor since the battle of Buena Vista. A hearty grasp of the hand attested the sympathy between the soldiers and their old commander. Meetings like these are more prolific of memories than words; but one old battle bronzed soldier took Gen. Taylor by both his hands, and the words seemed to ooze out of his heart as he said:—General, I stood by you in the fight at Buena Vista, and by—I will stand by you in the one that's coming on."

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

We find the following anecdote in one of our exchanges, it is too good to be lost:

In a small town down east there lived a butcher, a Jack-at-all-trades, and more particularly noted for his experiments in animal magnetism. A half witted fellow, who lived entirely upon the charity of the town, imagining one day that he was quite ill, made application to the butcher for a remedy to relieve him from the pains in his stomach. The thought flashed upon the mind of the butcher that he was a fit subject for an experiment, and accordingly he mesmerised him into a profound sleep.

He then made an incision into his stomach, and took out the inwards to wash them; after which, he laid them down, and went into the house to get a needle and thread to sew up the incision. But on returning, to his astonishment, he beheld an old sow just leaving the place, having eaten them. In this dilemma he seized a sheep, and removed its entrails to the body of the man; then, closing up the orifice, he awakened the slumbering subject, who was forthwith "discharged cured." Meeting the individual some days after, the butcher, having some curiosity as to the success of the operation, asked the chap how he got along. "Oh, first rate," said he, "only I have got such an infernal hankering for grass!"

A BOSTON BULL.—The Boston Times says:—"On Wednesday we shall issue a second edition, but no first edition."

This reminds us of an honest Hibernian who called at our office with an advertisement, the price of which, he was told, would be fifty cents for the first time, and twenty-five for the second. "Faith, then," said he, "an' I'll have it in the second time."—*Sun.*

AN EXQUISITE BULL.—A Mr. Pollard, one of the Baltimore Reformed Drunkards, recently, in a speech before a temperance assemblage, made the following uniquie bull; "Fathers," exclaimed he, with the most ardent enthusiasm, "you have children; *or if you have not, your daughters may have.*"

AN AGED spinster was wont to console herself for past disappointments in the matrimonial line by the following reflections:—If she had been married and had a baby, and the poor thing had crawled into the oven and burnt itself to death, what a horrible thing that would have been!

FREAKS OF GENIUS.—"Bill where has Joe gone to?"

"I don't know; I gues he's in the kitchen, putting the cat in the tea kettle. He has just cut her ears off."

FIGHT BETWEEN AN ELEPHANT AND A RHINOCEROS.

A slip from the office of the Johnstown N. Y. Republican states that on Saturday night, while Waring & Raymond's Managerie was at Galway, the elephant Columbus broke off some of the fastenings to the cage of the rhinocerous, thus letting him loose.

A fight immediately took place between the two animals, in which the rhinoceros was thrown to the ground. Upon rising, the rhinoceros gave the elephant several upward thrusts with his prodigious horn wounding him so severely that he is not expected to recover. The rhinoceros than escaped to the woods, where he was pursued by about fifty persons, but up to last evening he had not been captured. A large reward is offered for him, if captured alive.