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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 18. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MAY 30, 1857. No. 3.

THE KENT NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, General News

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. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged or at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

URIEVILLE.

THE undersigned respectfully begs leave to thank his many customers for their past patronage of his GRIST MILL, of which he has in good repair at present, and has employed Mr Samuel Gleaves, who is said to be the best miller in the county—we *will* just say to the public if you want good Flour and Meal give us a *call* and we *will* warrant satisfaction.

A NEW SAW MILL,

in fine order, we will just say to Carriage makers, Cartwrights and Machinist generally, that we are sawing and delivering Lumber, such as hickory, white-oak, red-oak and ash plank, of various sizes, to suit purchasers, and at very reasonable rates. Also sprung fellows, from 1 to 1½ inches thick, and carriage shafts, of the latest styles; bows for carriage tops of three sizes; cart fellows, sawed out ready for use—and various kind of other sawing.

Farmers, your attention if you please—If you have any work in our line bring it along, as you come to Mill. We have just fitted up for your accommodation a

Blacksmiths and Wheelwright Shop,

and are ready to do any kind of work in our line. Carriages repaired to order.

In connection with the above I am authorised to inform farmers that A. J. Browne, House Carpenter and architect late of Philadelphia, and D. P. Smith Brick-layer and Plasterer, from same place, are prepared to contract furnish and build any

Dwelling House, Barns, Granaries &c.

on very liberal terms. Any person having any business in our line, please call or address.

EDMUND TOWNSEND.

Urieville, Kent co. Md, April 4, '57—3m

MIDDLETOWN ACADEMY,

MIDDLETOWN,

New Castle County, Delaware.

JAMES B. MCDOWELL, PRINCIPAL

Assisted by Thoroughly Qualified Teachers.

THE Winter Session of 21 weeks will commence on Monday, November 3d.

The course of Instruction is very extensive and thorough, including all the usual branches of a English Education, Ancient and Modern Languages, Music, Drawing, &c.

Expenses for Winter Session, $85 or $90, according to branches studied with moderate charges for Modern Languages, Music and Drawing. Students from a distance Board with the Principal. In point of locality healthfulness and morals, it is believed that but few Institutions offer equal advantages. It has been under the charge of the present Principal since the Spring of 1836, and is now receiving an extensive patronage. The inquiries of Parents and Guardians are solicited. For references or particulars address the Principal as above.

april 11, 1857—2m

Ratcliffe Mills.

THE subscriber informs the public that the MILL is now in very superior order and in operation.

The cause of complaint that has heretofore existed I have every reason to hope will be at an end. I am determined to have the work done in the best possible manner, and if at any time, the customers have cause to complain, I would like to be apprised of it.

The Plaster Mill and Cob-Crusher

will soon be in readiness. I will also grind Guano, at a moderate charge per ton.

JOHN W. WHALAND.

Ratcliffe Mills, April 11, '57

BRICKLAYING! BRICKLAYING!

To the Citizens of Kent County:

B. H. GARDNER having located in Chester Town, he is prepared to do all kinds of

BRICK-WORK,

at the shortest notice. All I wish is a share of public patronage. For reference I refer to my work. All orders left at this office will be attended to promptly. april 11, '57.

New Spring Millinery.

JUST RECEIVED.

MRS. H. A. FOWLER, having taken the stand formerly occupied by Mrs. Perkins, would most respectfully call the attention of all parties to on examination of her stock of new

SPRING MILLINERY.

Having secured the services of an efficient and accomplished Milliner from the city, she flatters herself, that she will be able to please all who may be disposed to give her their patronage.—BLEACHING done with neatness and despatch.

Chester Town, apr. 11, 1857.

MAYNARD & NOYE'S INK.—just received for sale by (m28) *Price & Fowler.*

POETRY.

The Child and the Angels.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

"The Sabbath sun was setting slow
Amidst the clouds of even;
'Our Father'—breathed a voice below—
'Father who art in Heaven!'

"Beyond the earth—beyond the cloud—
Those infant words were given;
'Our Father!'—angels sang aloud—
'Father who art in Heaven!'

"'Thy kingdom come!'—still from the ground
That child-like voice did pray;
'Thy kingdom come!'—God's hosts resound,
Far up the starry way!

"'Thy will be done!'—with little tongue
That lisping love implores;
'Thy will be done!'—the angelic throng
Sing from seraphic shores!

"'Forever!'—still those lips repeat,—
Their closing evening prayer;
'Forever!'—floats in music sweet
High 'midst the angels there!"

MISCELLANY.

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

BY REV. JOHN S. WILLIS.

[*Published by Request of the Ministers Association, Easton District M. E. Church.*]

To be human, *merely*, is not to be immortal—but to possess a human soul is to live forever. The annals of time are everywhere stamped with reminiscences of a ceaseless and inveterate conflict between the "powers of darkness" and the "powers of light"—the basis of this strife has ever been, and it ever must be, the soul's immortality and immortal interests.

The light of the earliest times taught man that this part of his nature was vastly valuable, and pointed him to the dim future for the consummation of its interests—and ages yet to come cannot fail to develop that "death is" not "an eternal sleep."

How deep, how salutary a lesson we learn of the past upon this vital question—how true, how unerring the instruction that it brings. "*The immortality of the Soul*"—a truth majestic, high, immeasurable—not like the impulse or fashion of a season, that time should be able to wear it out—nor as the dogma of an uncalculating brain, that philosophy should be able to overthrow it—but a picture, true as life, painted by the Divine Hand upon the understanding,—not to be obliterated,—a commentary, (exist as revelation, written upon the heart, not to be erased—the portayal of an element that is indestructible—the development of a principle that the lengthening future alone can measure.

Quite a number of the ancient heathen, although they denied the individuality of the soul, still held the doctrine of absorption, which was an emphatic recognition of its immortality—and thus, this vital truth, even amid the woful mutilations and perversions of early tradition retained at least a *semblance* of its native purity. If clouds could have effectually obscured it, it must long since have been hid from our eyes, but it has ever burst the thraldom of gloom, and shone forth through thickening skies with increasing splendor. If moral tempests could have sunk it, it must long since have been embosomed in the ocean of forgetfulness—but it has ever outridden the storm and triumphed over the billows, and now its strong and steady light gleams on the cold waters of death, and lights up the chambers of the tomb,—In vain have science and logic attacked it,—In vain has skepticism laid the axe at its root.—In vain have evil associations and vicious habits grappled with it, for having its origin in its own unbidden truth, it has quit the strife in victory, and now glowing in the radiance of heaven, it appeals to human consciousness with far greater potency than when Seneca dreamed, and Plato speculated.

However much the "value of the soul" may depend upon the issues of eternity. However far its relations to God and His government may tend to fix its estimate,—However high its terrible powers, its ceaseless longings, its profound sensibilities, and its wonderful mechanism may be inclined to elevate it in the spiritual scale, yet all these have their foundation in its immortality. There is not a vision of future hope—there is not a token of future dread, in fact there is nothing, not "of the earth earthy" which has any vital relation to man, that does not find its origin in the ceaseless duration of his immaterial nature. Hence, if the "immortality of the soul" is, to such an extent, the key to its "value" as it is recognized by the Almighty in the order of creation—let there be a few thoughts suggested in proof of the point.

1 The soul is immortal because it is spiritual—for spirit is indestructible, not *abstractly* so, however, for it is a dependent existence, subject to the Omnipotent Power that created it, but *relatively* indestructible, subject to no decay by natural laws, and preserved from dissolution by the eternal purpose of the almighty. It may not be argued that the curse of spiritual and eternal death pronounced upon Adam amounted to annihilation, for (according to Watson) annihilation seems not to be the antipode of spiritual life—as not one particle of matter that helps to make up the human body can be destroyed, although cohesion be totally overcome—so destruction shall not reach the human soul although its connexion with the body be dissolved—as the atom of the one shall be reunited according to the laws of incorruption,—so shall the other find its original tenement draped in the "immortal wares" of heaven, or shrouded in the mourning of hell. Spiritual life in Adam was but the moral image of God—hence when on account of transgression that image was withdrawn, he was in a state of spiritual death, the full accursedness of which, however, could not be realized by him, until after the death of the body, but then in the "long land of deep despair" he was to feel its sting in *uninterrupted* and *endless* tortures. This moral image of God which Adam had by *creation*, through the breath and spirit of Jehovah—and which he lost by transgression, Christ came to restore by *grace*—if therefore "the things which are seen are" material and "temporal," and "the things which are not seen are eternal" or spiritual—the soul is spiritual and therefore immortal.

2. Intelligence is an evidence of spirituality—for it is a property of spirit, and not of matter. Mr Watson tells us that "intelligence is not an essential property of unorganized matter," for, if so, every atom in the material universe would be endowed with this exalted gift, and if it be admitted that nervous sensation is an inseparable ally of intelligence what wonders, what woful conflicts, what agonizing thrills would mark the expanse of nature—what deep convulsion what destructive sympathy would scourge the earth—what burning tortures, what cringes of pain would mar the elements—in such a state of things man nor angels would not left alone in the field of sense, to pleasure or to woe—but inanimate nature herself should feel—and while the "morning stars" *might* sing with joy above, the earth sounding "hollow from beneath" would heave a deeper groan that her bowels were stirred with fiery strife—but such absurdities sound reason cannot countenance—and we must conclude that "intelligence is not an essential property of unorganized matter"—but according to the author above quoted, neither is intelligence a property of organized matter, for if so, vegetables would be intelligent—which we know is contrary to experience—hence we conclude that intelligence in man belongs to his spiritual and not to his material, or animal nature—in summing up the foregoing arguments we may remark—*That whatever is immortal, is valuable—That whatever is spiritual is immortal—That whatever is intelligent is spiritual—That the soul is intelligent—Therefore the soul is valuable.*

The "value of the soul" is indicated by the whole tenor of scriptural teachings—it is the grand mark at which Revelation aims, and the broad ground plot upon which the Almighty has erected his temple of grace. It has hitherto been the ambition of wise men to inquire, and of inspired men to define "what" "a man" would "give in exchange for his soul," and after diligent and solemn investigation—after accurate admeasurement, and fair contrast it has been divinely asked:—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" How poorly do earth's treasures compare with the value of the immortal soul and how proud and precious a lesson did the Savior teach in his stern rebuke of Satan, who proposed to basely bargain with him, by offering him all the kingdoms around in exchange for the souls of men. He not only refused the foul proffer, but even then looked with perspective sympathy to the fatal tree on which His own blood should shortly be offerred as the only redeeming price of our immortal nature. Hear him for a moment as on the cloud-capt heights He addresses the Prince of darkness—"What say'st thou vile tempter? that these vast "regions round about" shall all be mine, if my sacred mission cease? And knowst thou not that "the cattle on a thousand hills are mine—the streams are mine—the fertile plains are mine—the hills and mountains vast, the boundless sea and desert waste—the beast and birds, and fishes, all are mine—I made them, and from this hand the whirling systems sprang to order—and thou, dread spirit, thou too *wast* mine, but now I own thee not; and wilt thou thus tempt me? But suppose that all these wonders wide, and wild, were thine alone, and I was poor in heaven, as on earth—could'st thou indulge a hope to lure me from my deed of mercy, would'st thou expect to freely feast unchecked upon the souls of men? See'st thou yonder burning sun, the joy of earth—one soul outstrips it far—see'st thou the moon and stars and realms ethereal far outstretched? they cannot weigh the soul—see'st thou the earth with her ten thousand glories—her science and her love?—the soul exceeds them as the ocean does a drop—they are perishable—the soul is everlasting—they must pass away in nature's final catastrophe—but the soul—the precious soul—the undying incomprehensible soul shall surmount the fiery conflict and live to life or death—and 'tis mine to die for this immortal part of man—to shed my blood, and press my aching heart, and close my dim eyes amid the throes of nature and the shouts of cruel enemies to redeem the soul—but bitter though be the cup and keen the pangs, yet in my Father's name it shall be done—then get thee behind me Satan."

Thus is the soul greater than the world and as great as the merits of redemption. The soul is valuable to God—because in it his glory is manifested whether for weal or woe—the glory of his mercy is evinced in the salvation of the redeemed—and the glory of his justice is set forth in the punishment of the lost. The soul is valuable to *us*, because it is the essence of our individuality, it is the soul that must stand in the judgement—the body is but its instrument and this position refutes the theory of some who would explain away a future judgement on account of the constant and numerous mutations in the body. But the soul is also valuable to us because of its relations to the Divine Law, and the claims of that Law. It is not on account of any innocence of the soul, that it is thus prized by God, and thus dear to man—but rather because it is susceptible of eternal pleasure or eternal woe—the word of God has declared that the "soul that sinneth shall die" and the spirit of the righteous shall reign on high. We need not trace the good man through the labrynths of his toilful experience, and the desert wilds of his sorrows, and the green pastures of his joys, and the sunlit scenes of his hopes, to find his destiny. It is enough that "holy writ" declares "there remaineth a rest to the people of God" "a city that hath foundations" sparkling in heaven's immortal atmosphere and vocal with the praises of "His saints." There the soul treasured up for purposes of profound bliss, shall only be estimated by the raptures of heaven and the length of eternity—but on the other had the picture is darker—the unrighteous shall not reign there—his shall be a more dreary lot—but we will not follow him to his dismal home—we will not trace him thither amid the ruins of his wrecked hopes, and the dread desolation of his guilt, we will not elaborately scan God's word, and the barren waste of his own experience, to find him the victim of an incalculable loss—for everywhere on the face of revelation—is portrayed this startling sentiment—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God."

A Peep for the Populace.—The Scientific American gives a very simple mode of examining the satellites of the planet Jupiter, the means used being so common as to be within the reach of all. It says;

Every person can view them, by reflection, using a common looking glass for the purpose. On a clear night take a looking-glass, and, either at the window or out of doors, so place it as to receive the impression of the planet. By a close examination of the planet as reflected in the glass all its satellites will be observed, provided none of them are eclipsed. It is rather remarkable however that although these satellites can thus be seen, while they cannot be seen by the naked eye, that neither Venus nor the moon can be seen so distinctly by reflection as they can be by observing them with the naked eye.

☞ A Methodist minister at the West who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly instalments. He at last told the paying trustee that he must have the money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life. "Money;" replied the Steward, "*you preach for money!* I thought you preached for the good of souls!" 'Souls,' replied the minister; "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal!"

An Item for Owners of Horses.—A gentleman writing to the American Agriculturist states that he thoroughly cured a fine young mare, afflicted with the heaves, by feeding her on cornstalks, and that the disease never returned. The writer quotes Judge Buel's opinion as to cornstalks being a remedy, that distinguished agriculturist having had a horse afflicted with that disease which disappeared after being so fed.

A New Dodge.—The 'pepper dodge' is the latest method of robbery in New York. The process is this: A scamp brushes past the pedestrain in the dark, and flings a quantity of Cayanne in his eyes and then takes to heels. A confederate comes up to the assaulted to sympathize with him, and to see what is the matter, the fellow meanwhile relieving the unfortunate of his valuables, and applying an extra allowance of pepper.—The thing is done in the twinkling of an eye; and the police say that it is by far the most attrocious invention which metropolitan villainy has yet lit upon.—What are we coming to?

☞ The two neighbors, who fell out have got in again. Neither of them were injured.

YANKEE FIGHTING.

The Memoir of Sir Charles Napier, just published in England, contains many passages interesting to Americans. We select a couple of paragraphs:

When at Bermuda, in 1813, with his regiments, Col. Napier, writing to his mother, says: "Two packets are due, and we fear they have been taken, for the Yankees swarm here; and when a frigate goes out to drive them off, by Jove they take her! Yankees fight well, and are gentlemen in their mode of warfare. Decatur refused Cardon's sword, saying, "Sir, you have used it so well, I should be ashamed to take it from you." These Yankees, though so much abused, are really fine fellows. One, an acquaintance of mine, has just got the Macedonian, he was here a prisoner, and dined with me; he had taken one of our ships, but was himself captured by the Poictiers, seventy-four, being now in an English frigate; if he meets us we must take him, or we are no longer sovereigns on the ocean."

From Bermuda Charles Napier sailed for America, and became engaged in some of the daring and disastrous operations carried on against the Americans by the Government over which King George III. exercised a despotic power. The bush method of warfare struck him as cowardly, and as for the system of loading cannon to the mouth with odds and ends of old iron it was his abhorrence: "Seven thousand men are at Baltimore, and we have no such force; still my opinion is, that if we tuck up our sleeves, and lay our ears back we may thrash them; that is, if we caught them out of their trees, so as to slap at them with the bayonet. They will not stand that. But they fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron and every sort of devilment, nails, pokers, old locks of guns, gun barrels, every thing that will do mischief. On board a twenty-gun ship that we took, I found this sort of ammunition regularly prepared. This is wrong. Man delights to be killed according to the law of nations; and nothing so pleasant or correct but to be *doused* against all rule is quite offensive. We don't then kick like gentlemen. A 24lb. shot in the stomach is fine; we die heroically; but a brass candle-stick for stuffing, with a garnish of rusty two-penny nails makes us die ungenteelly, and with the cholic."

State Fairs for 1857.—The following State agricultural societies have designated the time for holding their exhibitions:

Pennsylvania, Sept. 29, 30, and Oct. 1, 2.

New York, at Buffalo, Oct 6, 7, 8, 9.

Ohio, at Cincinnati, Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18.

East Tannessee, at Knoxville Oct. 20, 21, 22, and 23.

Illinois, at Peoria, Sept. 21, 22, 23, and 24.

Iowa, at Musoatine, Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.

Kentucky, at Henderson, Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.

Maryland, at Baltimore, Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.

Massachusetts, at Boston, Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24.

U. S. Agricultural Society, at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Vermont, at Montpelier, Sept. 30, and Oct. 1, 2.

Virginia, Oct. 28, 29, 30, 31.

West Tennessee, at Jackson, Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30.

Threat from Brigham Young.—At a time when Brigham Young anticipated his removal from office, he addressed the people of the Territory as follows:

"I am and will be Governor of this Territory, and no power can hinder it, until the Lord Almighty says, "Brigham, you need not be Governor any longer," and then I am willing to yield to another**** Every man that comes to impose upon the people, no matter by whom he is sent, or who they are that are sent, they lay the axe at the root of the tree to kill themselves; they had better be careful how they come here, lest I should bend my little finger."

Prolific.—There is a man in White county, Illinois, who has a wife that has borne him sixteen children; the first six came by twos, the succeeding nine by threes—while the last one, poor, helpless lonely things! came into this world without company. Sixteen children at seven births!

☞ *Porter's Spirit* says:—"The fastest time ever made by a running horse, was by Henry Perit, in 1.42½; and the fastest mile made by a pacer was by *Pocahontas* in 2.11½; and the fastest mile ever made in trotting, was by *Flora Temple*, in harness, in 2.24½.

☞ A great race is to come off in England between English and American racers, which excites much interest in both countries. Mr. Ten Broeck has entered for the Goodwood cup.

☞ Scarlet Fever seems at length to have disappeared in a great measure from the cities of New York and Philadelphia, where all winter it has been raging with unusual fatality.

"In Favor of the Hog."—John Smith was tried in Alabama for stealing a hog worth one dollar and a half. The theft was proved beyond a shadow of a doubt. The jury retired to make up their verdict to an adjacent grove of trees, and were not out long before they returned with a verdict of "guilty of hog stealin' in fust degree." The Judge told them that the verdict was proper, except that they had omitted to assess the value of the property stolen and that there was no degree to hog stealin, and to retire again and bring in their verdict in "proper form." Again they retired with pen, ink and paper, but rather nonplussed with regard to the "form." They pondered long and deeply over what he meant by *form*. At last old Jim Turner, who had been a justice of the peace in Georgia, with a bright countenance and a sly wink, as much as to say "Look at me, boys—I understand a thing or two," wrote the verdict and returned to the court house. One after another they filed in, old Jim handed the verdict to the clerk, with anxious pomposity, and sat down. Judge of the laughter when the clerk read the following: "*We, the Jeurey, pusillanimously find the defendent gilty in sum of 1 dollar and a ½ in favor of the hog.*"

Hen-Persuaders.—The Springfield Republican, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following:

"Bloobs met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. Bloobs had a lovely young Shanghai pullet of boundless ambition. Bloobs bought a persuader, and his lovely Shanghai used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. Bloobs saw her go, and his heart bounded within him!—Alas! he never saw her come off again. At night he visited the persuader. In the upper compartment was a handful of feathers, a few toe nails, and a bill. In the lower compartments were three dozen and eleven eggs! Bloobs saw it all. Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort, and fired by young ambition, she had aid herself away."

Model Certificate.—The following certificate outdoes the "Panacea, "Syrups," and "Magnetic" nostrums, which usually work such astonishing miracles in their cures upon conceited and credulous people:

Dear Doctor:—I will be 175 years old next October. For 94 years I have been an invalid, unable to stir, except when moved by a lever; but a year ago last Thursday I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork; and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen double somersets without stopping. P. S.—A little of your Alicumstotum Salve applied to a wooden leg; reduced a compound fracture in nineteen minutes, and is covering the limb with a fresh cuticle of white gum pine bark.

☞ The wife of John D. Hutton, of Philadelphia, has left his bed and board, where upon John waxes poetical, and advertises her and his business as the same time, in the following doggerel:

MY WIFE HAS LEFT my bed and Board!
For a few days, for a few days;
She left it of her own accord,
When I was out from home.

I caution all to this amount;
Now a days, how a days,
Don't trust her on my account;
For she is never coming home.

But I continue to mend UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS.

Hoops Ordered Out of a Market.—The Norfolk (Va.) Argus states that on Saturday a mulatto girl went to the market of that city with hoops so extensive that the clerk ordered her away from the place as an obstruction. In the mean time a noisy crowd had collected, and the girl becoming frightened, attempted to tear her hoops off, in which she was successfully aided by two or three colored women present.

☞ Boy running into the drug store with a dipper in his hand:—Doctor, mother sent me to the shoticary pop quicker'n blazes, coz bub's sick as the dickens, picken shex, and she wants a thimble full of polly gollic in this tin dipper; cos we haven't got a bottle, and the pint cups got bine witters in 't it. Got any?

☞ Mrs. Jameson says: "The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sugar of life, poetry; the water of life, faith."

Give us the bread and sugar; never mind the salt.

☞ In Winchester Center, Conn., there has not been a death in one and a half years, and but two or three in three years. The village is surrounded by 150 smoking coal pits and besides *there is no physician in the place.*

"Grandma," said a little urchin, "your specs are upside down. Do you wear them thus to *see* to *sew?*"

"No, my dear, I wear them *to* to see."