now before you, cast a thought on the labor, mental and bodily, expended on the same ere it is sent out for your approval or disproval! It comes to your table weekly, stored with a variety of matter, interesting or not, as it may be, and you read it; but we fear you do not appreciate the pains bestowed upon it to make it worthy of your acceptance. We have a notion of drawing upon your sympathies in this respect, by admitting you into the secrets of the printing office. In the first place, there is the racking of the brains to make up a weekly dish suited to the thousand strangely varying tastes of those who partake of it,—the doubts respecting this article and the fears respecting that. How will our venerable friend look upon this communication? To his matured judgment it must appear "stale, flat, and unprofitable"—but, then, it will suit our young friend—to a T. Then, again, here is an article which the latter will yawn and 'pish!' over, and abuse for its dryness and stupidity—but the former on the other hand, will, perhaps, read it with an approving smile—'Well, that is sensible.' This is a part of an editors trial before handing the copy to the printer.—The PRINTER! Did you ever think of his weary task? standing all the day, hardly without a change of position, picking up little bits of lead, and arranging them with the greatest care immaginable, until his feet, and hands, and eyes ache with constant application, and this day after day, sometimes night after night, with scarcely an intermission.

"Then the editor comes again—copy runs short, and he must supply it at a moment's notice. A small piece to fill up a chink here—a half column there—a line here, and a paragraph there. When this is done, then comes 'proof reading'—that is, looking over and correcting the errors—and sometimes they are grievous, often ludicrous—made in setting up the type.—Here is a word spelled wrong—or a wrong word, which changes the whole meaning of the sentence; here a letter upside down—and here a comma, a semi-colon, colon, or period in the wrong place. All these little matters must be attended to, and you must strain your eyes to discover every little mistake, however minute or trifling.

"Now comes the bone and muscle part. The ponderous press is put in motion, and the 'pressman' labors manfully upon the massive machine, hour after hour, with might and main. Nor is this all. The wet sheet, 'hot from the press' must be neatly folded, and, for out of town subscribers, done up in wrappers, and sent to the mail while, through heat and cold, rain and snow, the patient carrier must trudge his constant rounds, to drop at your door, town reader, the result of all his work—the sheet you are now perusing. And this same process is going on week after week, furnishing you with reading matter to beguile your leisure moments, and giving you a neat volume at the close of the year—and all for what? * * * *
if we are not almost ashamed to name the small pittance $2!"

IMPROVEMENT. Who, in view of all this, will withhold his subscription a moment after it is due—for surely, if any one the PRINTER is worthy his hire!

From the Baltimore Sun.

CITY COURT, JUNE TERM, Wednesday, July 11.

Present, Judges Brice, Nesbit and Worthington.

This being the last day of the term, the Court was occupied principally in the disposition of cases not yet ready for trial, or in which a postponment would be more conducive to public justice. The principal one of the cases of the latter description, was that of *William Stewart*, the suspected parricide, and as there was considerable interest in the remarks of the counsel upon the subject of a postponment, we will endeavor to lay before our readers as correct a sketch as can be afforded by notes taken in a crowded room with the thermometer at 90 degrees.

Mr. PRESTON, counsel for the prisoner, rose and begged leave to call the attention of the Court to the case of William Stewart. Mr. P. went on to remark that when he was first consulted in this case, he was under the impression, owing to the great public excitement growing out of the dreadful act which had been perpetrated, it would perhaps be better to postpone the case, and under that impression he had waited on the Attorney General, and requested him to fix a day six weeks hence. The prisoner, however, insisted upon an immediate trial, and his friends expressed the same desire. Mr. P. said the Attorney General had informed him, two days ago, that it was not possible to fix a day, if the case was postponed it must be postponed until next term. Mr. P. was reluctant to agree to this, as whatever might be his private opinion, it was the request of the accused and his friends that the Court would grant a trial in a few days, as he is now ready for trial. Mr. P. concluded by announcing that the accused was ready for trial.

Mr. RICHARDSON, for the State, remarked that at the time Mr. Preston requested a postponment, he told Mr. P. that from the dreadful character of the offence, and the high excitement, he did not wish to go to trial immediately, but would do what he could to have a fair trial. Mr. R did not understand until yesterday, that Mr. Bailey was associated in the case, and from the conversation he had with him since then he was under the impression that Mr. B. desired that the case should be continued until the next term. He now for the first time learned that the prisoner was ready. The state was not ready to proceed immediately: some witnesses were absent on board the steamboat Maryland, and others were at Easton, and he had not yet used any exertions to procure those witnesses. As to the proposition of a trial in six weeks from this, he suggested to the court that as it was now the 11th of July, it would at the expiration of those six weeks, want only ten weeks of the October term, when the prisoner would have a better trial. Independent of the difficulty of getting a jury together in the middle of the recess, it would take three or four days to get the witnesses, and two or three more to empannel a jury, so that at least five days would elapse before they could be ready to proceed with the trial. If the trial be postponed until October, the court might do the other business in the mean time. If the case went over at all, it should on this account go over to October, in his view. Another reason for a postponment, and which was of interest to the accused, was, that from the character of the evidence, it would require twenty four hours of laborious exertion in the court, counsel, and jury from the time the jury was sworn until it was delivered to them, during which time the jury must be kept together and locked up under charge of a baliff during the night; the jury could not separate either until their verdict was agreed upon. He did not know the situation of the health of other gentlemen, but from his feeling, such exertions in weather like the present might kill six men in attempting to find out the murderer of one. He would however, waive all personal considerations, and if the Court and jury were agreed, he would go on with the case next Monday; but it is a case which should be continued over to cooler weather.

The COURT observed, in substance, that to allow time for allaying public excitement, it would be better and fairer for the prisoner if the case were continued or carried to another county. The prisoner's rights were, however, a primary, and the convenience of the Court and jury a secondary, consideration. The court was disposed to grant the prisoner all indulgence, to elicit the truth. It was not right to take into consideration the inconvenience to the jury; but it must be evident that, if locked up in a room in such weather, they must be anxious to get out, and would not be able to give the case that full and earnest attention which they could do, if not so much oppressed.

Mr. JOSIAH BAILEY, jr., for the prisoner, then rose. He said that in justice to himself he would state that he had been so recently engaged as counsel, that he had but little opportunity to go into the investigations necessary. The first he knew of his engagement was on Saturday last, and he supposed the the trial was fixed for Monday. There being no steam boat conveyance, he used every exertion to get a passage, and at length succeeded in getting one in a boat, but was detained on the way by the boat running ashore, in consequence of which he had been exposed to a burning sun for two days, and lost his rest. His fatigue had made him unwell, but if his life was the forfeit, he would go on with the trial, if he thought the interest of his client demanded it. He had seen the prisoner, who had expressed a wish to be tried immediately; the confinement in the jail in this weather was so oppressive that he could not bear it. He told him he must bear it; he was not competent to judge on the subject. Mr. B. said he had made an effort to ascertain the state of feeling in Baltimore at this time, if a fair, full and just trial of this man could be obtained. If his client had been a stranger he would have done so but with his young man he was acquainted; he lived in the same town with him, and he felt a friendship for him. He had been upon the wharves, in the neighborhood of the jail, in the apothecaries shops, hotels and various place of the city, and he had heard but one voice, and that of condemning the young man without trial. When the mind is bound by prejudice reason is blinded, and it is impossible to have a fair trial. It is impossible at this time, in this place, to have a fair trial He knew the Baltimore jury were honest, intelligent and humane, but at this time they could not view the matter impartially. He had done for this young man what he would do for his own dear brother; would do if his life were the sacrifice. He wished to try this case in the Baltimore City Court; he did not wish to remove it, but to postpone it until the excitement was allayed, and a fair trial could be had. If he believed this young man guilty, he would not crave to screen him, for he knew of no offence so horrible as that with which he was charged, unless it were the murder of the mother who bore him. If he was guilty he would not defend him, but would wish him sent to the gallows or to Tartarus—but he believed he was innocent. There was nothing but circumstantial evidence against him, and that could not be perverted into the belief of the most impossible events, in a paroxysm of popular delirium. Another reason for postponment to the next term, was to give an opportunity of finding out the real murderer before they convicted and punished an innocent man. Mr. Bailey also stated that the young man was anxious for immediate trial, but that he (Mr. B.) had urged him by every means in his power to put the trial off; he told him the confinement of the grave was worse than that of the jail—while there was life, there was hope. Mr. B. made this remark for the community; if any one supposes that this young man wishes to postpone his trial through fear, he is mistaken. I am the sole cause; I take the responsibility, and I wish it to be understood by the community.

The case was then continued over until October term, and the witnesses required to be punctual in their attendance on the second Monday in that month.

TO THE CITIZENS OF BALTIMORE.

In Behalf of an unfortunate young man now confined in the jail of this city, charged with an offence, the highest known to the laws of God and man, I make this solemn appeal to an enlightened, just and humane community.

It is well known that the trial of William Stewart, indicted for the murder of Benjamin Stewart, has been postponed until the next term of Baltimore city court. I trust it is so well known that the accused was anxious for an immediate trial, and was averse to its postponment. I, *myself*, insisted that he should not be tried at this time. I considered that justice required that the excessive public indignation should subside which most unhappily had been enkindled against him; and I also considered that time might afford an opportunity for the discovery of the true author of this most dreadful and horrid murder.

I am convinced, beyond a doubt, that the blood stained murderer of Benjamin Stewart is yet unsuspected by this community. I am convinced that the fiendish wolf is yet couched in his den undiscovered, covered with the blood of the unfortunate dead. I pray that God, in his infinite justice, may yet bring to light the infernal murderer, now cloaked in darknes, unknown, unsuspected and concealed.

Citizens of Baltimore! will you condemn this young man, before you know that he is guilty? Citizens of the monumental city! far famed for your intelligence and justice, give him, I beseech you a fair and impartial trial. In the sacred name of Justice, I entreat you make every effort to discover the guilty murderer, and punish not I pray you the innocent. Truth is the first law of Heaven, let it not, O let it not be trampled in the dust. JOSIAH BAYLEY, Jr.,
For WM. STEWART.

CHRONICLE.

CAMBRIDGE, MD.

SATURDAY MORNING, July 21, 1838.

The Orphans' court of this county, will sit on Monday the 23rd of July

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES
HENRY CLAY,
OF KENTUCKY.
Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

WHIG NOMINATION
FOR GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND
Hon. John N. Steele
OF DORCHESTER COUNTY.
Election to take place first Wednesday in October.

WANTED at this Office, as an apprentice to the Printing business, a moral and industrious lad—14 or 15 years old.

☞At the suggestion of some of our Whig friends, the day holding the election for delegates to meet the Bucktown convention, has been postponed until the 25th of August, and the convention itself, until the 5th day of September, as will be seen by reference to notice in todays paper. As we are particularly anxious for harmony and concert of action this fall, and wish every thing in connection with the convention, to be perfectly fair and satisfactory to the applicants and the people, it is desirable that every gentleman who intends to allow his name to be placed before the convention, should signify by letter or friend, to that body, his readiness to serve if nominated and his willingness to acquiesce, should the convention believe that Whig principles would be better promoted by the selection of another.

The Van Buren presses seem anxious to let the people understand that Mr. Grason advocated the course of the nineteen rescusant electors.. *We* never have heard that Glory denied Mr. Grason. But whether the fact will operate as these presses think, so as to increase his popularity with the people of Maryland, is very questionable. We think that even if the party in power had not made themselves so odious to the people by their reckless experiments upon the currency of the country, and their tyrannical attacks upon the best interests of the people, as well as their encroachments upon the free institutions of the country—that this act alone sanctioned by a great majority of the party in this state, would be sufficient to place Mr. Grason in an awful minority at the approaching election. Shall we place in the executive chair of the state, a man, who for the purpose of affecting a particular measure was willing to trample the constitution of the state under foot and leave us in a complete state of anarchy and confusion? No. The people of Maryland will never sanction this act.—They are a people of law as well as a people of Liberty. They will stick to the Constitution as the ark of their safety, & will frown with contempt, upon those who endeavor to overwhelm it by the waves of discord or the storms of revolution. It is rather unfortunate for Mr. Grason that he should be identified with these "unconstitutionists."

☞The Whigs of this county are respectfully requested to meet on Saturday the 25th of August, at the usual places of holding elections in their respective districts, for the purpose of selecting five suitable persons from each district, to meet in general convention at Bucktown on Wednesday the 5th of September, to nominate a candidate to represent this county in the next Senate of Maryland and four candidates to represent the same in the next House of Delegates.

Communications.

For the Chronicle.

Messrs Editors.—With some surprise, I noticed in the "Aurora" of the 9th inst., a few strictures upon the political views of our distinguished and enlightened candidate for Governor, JOHN N. STEELE, Esq. Well knowing the bright and lively imagination of the editor of that print, I should in regard to myself, have remained silent; presuming them to be but "fancy's wanderings," and the offspring of his prolific genius. But justice to Mr. Steele, requires that a distinct and unequivocal denial should be given to such erroneous statements.

I am well aware that when there is a scarcity of matter and circumstances for an editor to speculate upon, it is but natural that his lucubrations should be in some wise tinctured with "fancy's sketches."—But these articles, unless noticed and contradicted have their effect, and consequently it becomes every lover of truth to be on the alert, and suffer nothing, unless it is fully substantiated, to go forth to the people unnoticed.

The article above referred to is an incongruous mass of wild vagaries, and palpable errors; if I may be allowed to judge from the following sentence. "It is well known here, and cannot be denied, that Mr. Steele in the various speeches he has from time to time made in this county, when a candidate as Elector of Senate, and also for the House of Delegates, has most bitterly opposed the changes which have been effected in our Rotten Borough Constitution."—Cannot be denied indeed! I beg the pardon of this worthy Editor. I give it a flat and terse denial; and am ready to prove that Mr Steele has always been in favor of a Constitutional and gradual reform. All his speeches upon that subject prove this most conclusively, and more especially upon the feature of Representation. He has ever been in favor of increasing the representation of Baltimore city, and the larger counties. But he has always been opposed to the treacherous and high handed manner, in which the "inglorious nineteen" attempted to obtain the desired reformation. In a preceding sentence, the Editor also asserts that "if any evidence were wanting to convince us, that the Whigs generally have not been, and are not the cordial friends of reform, the fact of Mr. Steele being nominated by that party as their candidate for Governor, would be sufficient." Now I ask of the Editor of the Aurora, by whom was the reform bill passed? Was it by Van Burenites or Whigs? Does he not know that at the last session, as well as the one before, the Whigs had a tremendous majority in the House of Delegates, and that not a single Loco Foco's voice was heard in the Senate? And yet this bill passed at the last session of the Legislature, and recieved the cordial support of a majority of the Whig members, and the unyielding opposition of some of the immaculate Sub-Servients.—What rank nonsense to be preaching such doctrine to the freemen of Dorchester.

Whigs of Dorchester, slumber not at your posts. The enemy are on the alert and suffer no opportunity to escape. Believe not whatever the Loco Foco presses choose to assert as truth, until you reflect well, and inform yourself. They are generally accustomed to "wires and leading strings;" but some of them are a little obstreperous and require tolerably hard training to keep them in the ranks. Believe not that William Grason is as devoid of sectional feelings, contracted policy, and party subserviency, as the worthy editor of the "Aurora" fain would make you believe. If you do, I solemnly assure you, that you will be deceived.

At some future period I will endeavour to expose the true character of this "talented Farmer of Queen Anne's. Again I say to you be watchful, and persevere in your efforts to achieve a glorious triumph for the VETERAN STEELE. Let old Dorchester be found in the foremost ranks.—"*'Tis Rome demands your help.*"

A WHIG.

For the Chronicle.

To the Whigs of Dorchester:

In looking over the Chronicle of the 7th instant, I observed a notice for the Whigs of Dorchester, to meet at the usual place of holding their elections in their respective districts, on Saturday the 4th day of August next, to select five delegates to meet in general convention at Bucktown, on the 10th of the same month; for the purpose of nominating candidates to represent this county in the next Senate and Legislature of Maryland.

At no other period in the history of our state, has there required more firm and unwavering judgment, more stern and inflexible regard for duty, for the triumph of the Whig cause; than will be required of the Whigs at the ensuing fall elections. By a recent law of our state, the election of the Governor and Senate is made directly by the people; and under this law the Eastern shore is entitled to the first governor. *John N. Steele*, Esq. a gentleman eminently qualified for the station, possessing uncommon abilities—a thorough knowledge of the affairs of state government—and principles known to be identified with those of the Whigs, has been selected as the Whig candidate for that high and responsible office. The greatest union and harmony exist throughout the state in relation to the nomination. The Whig presses with one accord have raised the flag of STEELE, and seem determined to bend every nerve in his support.

Two gentlemen of distinguished talents, have been recommended to the Whigs of Dorchester, as candidates for the next Senate. From a personal acquaintance with these gentlemen, I cannot believe, but that they will cheerfully submit their respective claims to the judgment and decision of a convention. From this quarter therefore I predict the utmost harmony. But in the selection of candidates for the Legislature I am fearful that some conflicting causes will intervene; that some disaffection and discord will be created by their choice.

Therefore those gentlemen who intend presenting their claims to the consideration of the convention, I would respectfully conjure, to suppress all sectional and personal feelings, and act alone with an eye single to the welfare of our cause. Look abroad upon our land! See the ruinous consequences of the reckless course pursued by Martin Van Buren and his "illustrious predecessor"!—Where smiling plenty once crowned the land; heart rending poverty and desolation—Wide spread ruin and bankruptcy now mark their course. The buds of hope have withered—the storm has swept over our land like the breach of the desert, to sear and blight the prospects of our country. Experiments pernicious and ruinous in their consequences have been forced upon the people! The artful and wily magistrate, surrounded by his vassal throng, riots and revels in the idea of the blighted hopes and prospects of our once prosperous land. He has been called on for relief—and his answer is, "that too much is expected of the government by the people." And freemen! will you suffer this? No, never! I beseech you by the manes of your departed countrymen—the heroes of the revolution—those who purchased your freedom with their blood—by our once revered constitution, now trampled upon and prostituted to the basest purposes, to awaken from your slumbers.—Let the inspiring slogen of "STEELE and the Constitution," peal from rank to rank; shake tyranny to its base—assert the violated rights of freemen—and in the full might of your majesty, tear the collar of subserviency from your neck; its yoke is galling and oppressive and grinds you to the dust. From affluence, our government has been reduce to bankruptcy by our present rulers. She once occupied a proud & aspiring station in the history of nations; was pointed to as the refuge and asylum of the oppressed and persecuted patriot. But alas! how changed is the scene. The iron heel of despotism has been fixed upon her, she is bowed down like the bulrush, and tottering into insignificance and degradation. The iron has entered her vitals; the dark and lowering clouds of annihilation obscure her horizon; she hangs upon the very verge of the vortex of destruction, that is gaping to receive its prey. And will you not make a superhuman essay, to snatch her from this dangerous condition? I do believe you will. Already the indications of returning life, display themselves to the view.

Happily for the country and the people the incubus of night which has so long reigned, is subsiding and light has begun to dawn. Its rosy hues have topped the high hills of the interior, and penetrated into the deep vallies of the east. Its opening rays are betokened whereever the patriot turns. The public mind is awakening from sleep to dispel the demons which the gloom had convoked and protected. The thunder-toned rebuke of an indignant and outraged people, is borne to Washington on every breeze from the North and East; is echoed by the mountains of the South, and comes resounding from the prairies of the West. The recent repeal of the Treasury Circular, by the unbought and overwhelming vote of Congress, is but another evidence that the mists of night are passed, and that radiance of a new morn has succeeded. We want, we demand of the Whigs of Dorchester, who scorn the shackles of Federal power, but a large and triumphant vote for the unyielding and uncompromising patriot STEELE, to induce the full blaze and genial effulgence of a bright and glorious day.' This can only be done by preserving union and harmony in our ranks, and to that end it is your duty to sacrifice all prejudices and personal feelings upon the altar of duty. Do this, move on in the fraternal phalanx, and victory will perch upon your standard; notwithstanding the secret machinations and gigantic exertions of a party that is already suffering the mortification of defeat and discomfiture. ARISTIDES.

A WESTERN METHODIST PARSON.

The following capital description of a Western Methodist Parson, is from "Ollapodiana," in the last number of the New York Knickerbocker:—

"When the hymn was finished it was followed by an 'exhortation' from some western brother, who had strayed into the conference on a mission for supplies. His address was the strangest compound of bathos and pathos that I ever heard.—Wilford, when he spoke, sat on a seat behind him, and it was with great difficulty he could keep his countenance. The preacher discussed the text of the good Samaritan, illustrating therefrom the benefit of kindness and charity. But his discourse had nothing more to do with the text than it had with the science of algebra. He talked of every thing—and oh, Santa Maria, what grammar he did use, to be sure! 'Them kind of characters,' said he, speaking of the selfish and avaricious—'is not fit for to live nor to die—they has'nt no bowels, no more than a statue. Poor deluded souls!—they go through the world doingo no good to nobody; and when they die they go to their own place. Hence we view that when the final judgement comes, they will meet with dreadful punishment.—How awful will be that there scene!—Then all at wonst they will observe the heavens a-darkening, the sea a-roaring, the tombs a-bustin', mountains a-melting, and cattle and sheep a-straddling about to keep their places.

"He went on in this way until his voice became husky, and he complained that his 'lungs was a givin' in.' Here his voice sunk to a low plaintive pitch; & he closed his sentences that fell like music upon my ear, and brought a flood of tears to my eyes. He spoke of the dangers that had beset him in the far west; and of the benignty of that Providence which had sustained him through every trial. 'Often,' said he, 'how often I have swum across midnight rivers, carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the settlements in the wilderness, when the fearful cry of the wolves rung in my ear, and the watch fires of the hostile Indians blazed beneath the giant pines! How often have I wandered through the tall grass of prairies, day after day, with my overcoat for my evening pillow, and the star-gemed vault of heaven for the curtains of my rest! I was sad, but I was comforted; I was thirsty, but my spirit was refreshed; I was weary but the arm of Omnipotence sustained my fainting footsteps, and laid my head on the bosom of peace. I was far from man!—in silence!—alone!—yet not alone' for God was with me!'

"Words cannot describe the thrilling effect of this sublime conclusion. It banished completely from my mind the preceding absurdities of imaginary in which the preacher had so largely indulged, and left me filled with emotion."

We intimated in our last, that we should in this number thrust upon the public, sundry lucubrations, the result of one week's profound silence—but for some four or five days, we have been solely devoted to eloquence, or to what Demosthenes, calls eloquence—*action*. We have held in custody, sundry fugitives and criminals; had our right arm maimed—slept on benches—relieved guards—and drank *Juleps*, until finding