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Maryland Journal.

VOL. I. ROCKVILLE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1845. No. 39.

POETRY.

BLIGHTED HOPE.

BY MISS REBECCA J. DE GROVE.

The pure and beauteous one! she wept
In anguish on his breast,
And felt the pain of parting soothed,
On that loved place of rest.

Ay! she could dwell upon his love—
Could still believe the tale;
Nor deem that man's hypocrisy
Lurked 'neath the glorious veil.

Confidingly she turned to him,
When all were wont to spurn,
And from her heart would bar the truth,
'T were wretchedness to learn.

'Tis thus we place our trust upon
Some chosen one of earth;
Go learn—the brightness that we loved
With our own love had birth.

For fancy's beaming, brilliant light,
O'er such is ever thrown;
Nor do we deem those radiant hues
Creations of our own.

Wo, to that loving, guileless one!
Her's were a happier doom—
To hide her heart's fond hope beneath
The darkness of the tomb,

Than live to see it fade away—
A meteor's gleaming light;
Whose joy-inspiring ray but passed,
Leaving a deeper night.

MORNING.

BY MRS. L. J. PIERSON.

'T was morn. The breeze was out upon the hills,
Shaking the sleepy blossoms and ripe buds
Till they awoke, and breathed unto the Lord
Their odorous offering; while the grateful birds,
Like jeweled bells among the waving boughs,
Poured forth their joyous matins, till the light
That melted sweetly down into the vale,
Seemed made of balm and music. It was morn.

ANECDOTE, &c.

Do you Honor your Parents?—I knew a little boy at school whose father was dead. He was one day writing from the copy, "Honor thy father and thy mother." He wrote a few lines and then laid down his pen and began to weep. He began again, wrote a few lines more, but his memory was at work, recalling to his mind the happy days he had passed with his dear father, and he wept anew. He could not get on; but sobbed aloud. "What is the matter, my boy?" said the teacher. "Oh, Mr. ——, I cannot write this copy, my father is dead. Please give me another page, and cut this leaf out. I cannot write it."—*Amer. Mess.*

Jake says he knows a family somewhere, who are in the habit of having nothing for breakfast, and warming it up for dinner. He thinks the boys would make good printers.

Pete says he knows a family that beats Jake's. They have nothing for breakfast, warm it over for dinner, and eat what is left for supper. They have several smart boys, and they think of making them all editors.

Why is a tear shed in secret like a ship? Because its a *private-tear*.

Why is a love-letter like a lady when she blushes? Dy'e give it up? Because it is *read* with excitement.

Why is a printer like a righteous man? Because the *devil* fears him.

"Jim, I was awful frightened the other day. Did I tell you about it?" No, how?" "Why, a cup of coffee was handed me, which was so pale and thin that I thought it the ghost of some I upset once when my mother caught me stealing meat off the gridiron."

Here's a Chance.—The following advertisement, under the head of "wife wanted," is in the Batesville News:

"Any gal what's got a bed, calico dress, coffee pot and a skillet, knows how to make a hunting shirt, and knows how to nuss children, can have my service till death parts both on us."

Three Kinds of Poor.—In this world the poor are of three descriptions, viz: The Lord's poor, and the poor devils. As a general thing, the Lord takes care of his poor, and the devil takes care of *his;* but the *poor devils* have to look out for themselves.

A Substitute for Apple Sauce.—Soak dried pumpkin in vinegar for twenty-four hours at least. Then boil it moderately in a mixture of molasses and water to a proper consistency.

Worth Trying.—A Southern paper says that a composition of one-third of sweet-oil and two-thirds of molasses is a certain cure for the whooping-cough.

A country paper in speaking of a blind wood sawyer, says, "Although he can't see he can saw."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY LUCK.

By Robt. Howe Gould, Esq., of Connecticut.

I know that I am celebrated! I do not blush to confess it. It's not my fault;—I cannot help it! I am perfectly aware that I am chronicled in story, invoked in song, and immortalized in comedy. I know you have heard of me ten thousand times;—but I am not to blame—"It's my luck!"

There never lived a man who naturally and instinctively shrunk from fame with so much sensitiveness as myself—yet thus I have had it thrust upon me. I can only repeat—"It's my infernal luck!"

I cannot endure this state of things any longer. It must "burst out" in regard to my sufferings;—there must be something done, or I shall certainly go mad!

I'll call a public meeting—I'll appeal to the Legislature—I,ll change my name—I'll get a divorce from this cursed fate that follows me. I know I'm excited; I feel it. But, confound it? what else can you expect! Indeed I need your indulgence,—I want your sympathy, *sympathy!* Why, I never met with such a thing in my life, except from one individual, and he died the next day.

But it is not sufficient that I am miserable. I am not allowed to luxuriate quietly in my own wretchedness, and wrap my miseries around me, as they were widow's weeds. My woes are dragged before the public: my own private sorrows are made the theme of general mirth. My agonies are considered to be most laughable comicalities. I have myself seen a thousand people grinning, hyena-like, over the wretchedness of Guy Goodluck, as portrayed by some inhuman wretch of a commedian. That diabolical farce, that identical petite comedy, is the veritable transcript of a few brief pages, extracted at random from the record of *my* life. I was the victim of the machinations of that "d-d, infernal, diabolical John Jones!" I am "that rash and most unfortunate man," therein styled, with facetious bitterness, Guy *Good*luck.

Sir, I have expressed a wish to draw upon your sympathy; and I wish to convince you that I need and deserve it.—If the narrative which I hereunto append does not serve as a letter of credit authorising an unlimited draft;—if your ear, open to others, should be deaf to me, I can only repeat—"It's just my luck."

A few years since, I commenced a tour through the States, and it is to the incidents of that tour that I would ask your attention; firmly convinced that when you have perused the painful history, you will unhesitatingly accord to me that distinctive appellation—"*The* unfortunate man."

I left New York for Charleston South Carolina, in a vessel recommended as a fast-sailer, on a Friday, in preference to waiting until the following Monday for the steam-packet. This ship's voyage for three years previous, had averaged something less than *five days*; but I was on board, my interests were involved, and the vessel was driven off the coast by a tremendous gale; thus five weeks elapsed before we reached Charleston, minus the mizen-mast and fore-top-mast, and in a state of incipient starvation:—

"Just my luck!"

Leaving Charleston in a week, I took the morning railroad train for Augusta, Georgia. Should have been in Augusta between four and five o'clock P. M. Locomotive broke down, obliging us to walk five miles in a drenching rain; and we did not arrive until two the next morning. Hotels all closed—no beds, except "the soft side of a plank" at the depot.

Next day made my way to a hotel. The weather being fine and warm, they gave me a room without any fire-place, and looking due north through three large windows. That afternoon an influx of travellers filled the house, so that they had not a square inch of room to spare—and *then* the weather changed! The next three were the only really cold days that had visited Augusta in five years.

Of course I took a cold that stuck by me for the next six months;—

"Just my luck!"

Left Augusta in the stage-coach for Florida, at seven o'clock, on as fine an evening as ever was seen. Before ten, there came down such a rain as had not been seen since the days of the patriarch Noah; in the midst of which the coach capsized in the woods, and we spent nearly the whole remainder of the night *al fresco*, in getting again under way. Rode in wet garments till breakfast time, and then, it being late, no time was allowed to change them, but we were obliged to ride on undried; in a predicament, and undergoing a process of evaporation, only to be appreciated by a victim of Priesnitz. Pushed on all that day and another night, without any respite; came to a river, (the Ogreeches,) where, for twenty years, there had been a bridge strong enough to withstand all freshets; but I wanted to cross it, it had been washed during the previous night. After some delay, we put ourselves into a crazy concert of a flat boat, and crossed, coach and all. In the course of this operation my hat was knocked overboard and lost, and I was compelled to perform the remainder of my journey in a night-cap. At length we reached the Chatahouchie river, on the confines of Florida; a steam-boat had passed half an hour before our arrival, and no other expected for a week. Before the week expired the river had fallen so low as not to be navigable.

"Just my luck!"

Took land conveyance for Pensacola in Florida; went about forty miles, and was obliged to turn back by a sudden outbreak of the Indians. Circumstances, growing out of this cause, increased the term of additional detention to about three weeks. Reached Mobile *eventually*, though every ten miles of the way had required from me about three hours more for their accomplishment than they would from any one else. Two steamboats left Mobile for New Orleans at the same hour; I embarked on board the *fastest*; sure to arrive two hours sooner than the other. Our engine got out of order, and the *slow* boat beat us by half-a-day. I had a wager pending with a fellow-passenger, that we should beat *her* by an hour!

Went to a hotel in New Orleans.—Crowded—but could give *me* a fine room; the only objection being that the key was lost;—that, however, should be re-placed in the morning. Spent the evening very pleasantly; retired for once in my life, in high spirits. Awoke the next morning, minus a pair of inexpressibles and all my cash!

"Just my luck!"

Having by some unusual conjunction of fortunate circumstances, letters of credit, and not having happened to lose *them* I succeeded in reclothing my nether limbs and relining my pockets;—and in a state bordering on frenzy, I rushed on board a steam boat bound up the Mississippi.

The boat was the ill-fated *Oronoco!*

After enduring all the horrors of the scene of death consequent upon the fearful explosion on board that "ill-starred, perfidious bark." I escaped from her at Vicksburg, landed, and went to the principal hotel. That very night, "the great fire" broke out, consuming the whole square on which the hotel stood. I escaped with the loss of my baggage. Owing to exposure, fright and fatigue, I was attacked the next day with a billious fever, which kept me a prisoner for six weeks!—

"Just my luck!"

The fever finally "evacuated;" and salivated, scorched, and worn to a skeleton—more dead than alive—I started for the Red River, in the vain hope that on the extreme verge of civilization my infernal 'fuck' might desert me. Twas a vain attempt! After that "jumping-off-place of all creation," *Shreveport*, was left behind, (being more than six hundred miles up that wild stream, the Red River,) and just as I began to indulge the fondest anticipations, the boat struck a snag in "the great raft," and sunk in twenty minutes.

There being no other steam boat at that time up the river, we were obliged to take small boats and go down, drifting with the current by day, and sleeping on shore (with the snakes, alligators and musquitoes) by night. Arrived, after a week of this tedious voyaging at Natchitoches, and there got on board a small steam boat and continued our downward course. The river being at flood the boat ran into the wood and knocked down both her chimneys.—They fell overboard and sunk! We lay by for a day, and built *wooden chimneys* out of some planks which were found piled on the shore. Thought them rather combustible; but the captain has used similar ones frequently with perfect success. So we started; ran merrily for about ten miles. Why not twenty or fifty? I was on board. The confounded chimneys took fire and were consumed, the boat herself having a narrow escape!

"Just my luck!"

By some means or other, I hardly know what, I reached Cincinnati Ohio. Met there an old friend; one of my few real friends. "After all my troubles and torments," thought I, "this is one happiness beyond the reach of fate:"—but he was going to New Orleans the same day!—This however, I made the best of. He had taken passage in a beautiful new boat. This was to be her first trip; and willing to give the citizens a treat, her captain invited the friends of the passengers to remain on board, and he would run two or three miles up the river, and land them as he again passed the pier on his way down. We remained on board. I remained.—The boat ran two or three miles up the stream, turned, and when nearly at the wharf again a fearful explosion was heard:—the shattered fragments of the *Moselle* were scattered upon the stream and shores of the Ohio!

My woes were not to end thus. Happening to *wish* to be killed, such an event was an impossibility. I was rescued from the water perfectly uninjured.

"Just my luck!"

Some time elapsed. I went to Canada. I joined the "patriots." Now, thought I linked with men as desperate as myself, I may at least bring my sorrows to a speedy termination. Every thing worked in unison with my hopes. I was taken prisoner in arms! I was tried at London, U. Canada and sentenced to be hanged! The day arrived; I stood upon the scaffold; the fatal noose was placed around my neck, already I seemed to have advanced one step into the other world. Just as I was expecting the irrevocable signal for the executioner to launch me forth, a reprieve arrived from Sir George Arthur! This was followed by a free pardon! My happiness in prospect of the close of my career was considered proof positive of insanity. Some persons curious in monomania had obtained my release!

I was sent out of the province, of course. I took the stage for Detroit, in Michigan. The stage proprietors were in the habit of shortening their route some seventy miles, by traversing the ice on Lake Saint Clair. We took the same course in the present instance.—A strong north-west gale came on, and the ice began to break up. We were obliged to make for the shore with all our speed, and eventually to abandon the horses and coach and clamber over the broken ice to the land. Two fellow passengers were drowned. My perfect indifference preserved me, and I landed in safety.

I arrived at Detroit. Some prospect existing of disturbance on the frontier, I enlisted in the United States' army. I wanted to be *shot*,—instead of which I froze my toes and received a flogging for sleeping while on sentry duty. I never *can* sleep. Not even in a stage-coach or railway-car. Never could—always, under all circumstances, restless and wakeful. It was essential for me to keep awake, and of course, I went to sleep like a *hog!* I got flogged—*I* for *sleeping!*

A fellow-soldier committed a contemptible piece of petty larceny. I was convicted of the deed, flogged again, and drummed out of my regiment!

"Just my luck!"

I came again to New York. Eventually I determined to commit suicide.—I bought a pistol. I loaded it. I went to my room and put it to my head,—*as I thought!* I did nothing of the sort! I missed my mark by six inches, and utterly demolished a very expensive mantle-clock, and an heir-loom in my landlady's family.

"Just my luck!"

It is cold,—you know it is cold,—infernally cold! Many instances have occurred of people being killed by a mere plunge into the river in such weather. I rushed to the wharf—I plunged into the water. "Now," exclaimed I triumphantly, "save me who can!"

A venerable watchman, who ought to have been fast asleep, (and had been so at the same hour from time immemorial,) saw me,—had me picked up!

I was floating on a cake of ice,—had been in the water for half an hour! I ought to have been dead some ten minutes before I was taken out. Any other man would have died twice in the same time. Never better in the whole course of my life than I was the next morning.

"Just my luck!"

I have been writing these painful details from an inkstand as big as a half-bushel, with a base as broad as that of Mount Atlas;—never was known to capsize; a twenty foot lever could not upset it, though the fate of nations depended upon the accomplishment of such a result. I barely caught the tip of my pen in it, and it was hurled bottom upwards, upon my manuscript, burying it beneath an ocean, a cataclysm of ink.

My hands are covered with it! My lap is deluged! My paper, my desk, my handkerchief, my carpet, are all of a hue as dark as my destiny!

"It's just my luck!" Kix.

Return of Dr. Judson.—The Rev. Dr. Judson, Baptist Missionary in Burman, and 3 children, arrived at Boston on Wednesday in the ship Sophia, from Port Louis, Maurisius, via. St. Helena. Mrs. Judson died on board at St. Helena, previous to Sept. 8d.

A Good Story.—*Whaling Cruises.*—A gentleman from New Bedford assured us a few days since that one ship belonging to that place had made four successive and successful cruises after whales within eight years, and had brought home upwards of thirteen thousand barrels of oil. The crew consisted of thirty men, and during that period no spirits of any kind had been allowed on board as a beverage on any occasion, nor had any man died of disease, or been seriously sick, or met with any accident, except in one instance, when one of the men in a boat, after a whale had been struck, was dragged out of the boat by the bight of the line catching around his leg, and hurried *downward* with great velocity. While in this awkward and somewhat novel predicament, he seized his knife and cut the line; but to his disappointment it proved to be that part of the line which was attached to the boat! Finding himself still carried down by a force which he could not resist, he made another attempt, and fortunately succeeded in severing the line which tied him to the whale, when he ascended to the surface, puffing and blowing "very like a whale," and was soon rescued by his companions, without having experienced essential injury!—*Boston Journal.*

"Varmints."—According to the following extract of a letter, published in the New Orleans Picayune, wrote by an officer of the army at Corpus Christi, the post occupied by General Taylor's "Army of Occupation," cannot be particularly desirable:

Seventh Infantry Camp,
Corpus Christi, (Texas) Sept. 3.

Florida may be the "land of promise," but Texas is the land of "varmints." In clearing the ground to pitch my tent, I killed a water moccasin; about three o'clock in the morning I was wakened up by the barking of a dog; he had just run a rattlesnake out of my neighbor's tent, when the rattling and barking roused me—nine rattles—captured. I again laid down, and when day broke a yellow-necked lizard was cocking his eye cunningly at me from the ridgepole of my tent. I sprang up, seized my boot to despatch him, when lo! out of the boot dropped a tarantula! Exhausted from fright and fatigue, I sank back into a chair; but no sooner down than I was compelled rapidly to abandon the position, having been stung in the rear by a scorpion."

Besides the above mishaps, he lost a valuable dog by a shark. The dog had jumped overboard from a boat to follow his master to the shore, when the voracious monster caught him.

Characteristic Letter.—The following laconic letter, written by Benj. Franklin, has been copied from the original in the collection of Mr. Rand, of Philadelphia, and handed to us by a friend for publication. It is characteristic of its immortal author.

Philadelphia, July 5th, 1775.

Mr. Strahan: You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns, and murder our people. Look upon your hands!—they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy—and I am

Yours, B. Franklin.

Trees.—This is the season for thinking about transplanting trees, says the Philadelphia Gazette. People have, for a long time, been talking about that important work. The leaves are falling, and the whole portion of the tree, root and branches, wood and bark, are attaining that quality which is favorable to transplanting, and to new growth. Those who are in haste, and are desirous to sit early under the shade of their own trees, may find it convenient to wait until very cold weather shall freeze the earth around the roots, and then large trees may be removed with safety, if done with skill and care, and in the spring they will go on growing and flourishing just as much as if they were at home; in the emphatic words of one who loves the business, "they will never know they have been removed." The truth is, the tree is asleep, and taken with so much of its native earth, its roots unbroken, and its branches uninjured, it wakes up in the spring, and goes about its business, without having dreamt of the change of position.

Agricultural Works in S. America.—Mr. Picket, our late Charge at Peru, says that agricultural works in South America are as scarce as bibles; and that the only one he ever saw there, was a work by Columella, printed 1800 years ago, which the holder studied assiduously as a standard work. He estimates that there are 50,000 tons of guano in Peru.

A Week Later from Europe.

By the steamship Hibernia, which arrived at Boston on the 20th, we have dates from Liverpool to the 4th inst.

Cotton had declined in price. The quotations on most descriptions, except sea islands, had receded the eighth of a penny per pound, and the market was heavy, with a downward tendency. The Liverpool Times says:

"The absorbing feeling in railway shares may have partially contributed to this, and the rising price of provisions, with the approach of winter, is also to be taken into account. The Committee of Brokers have declared the price for the present week to be—Bowed, 4½d.; Mobile, 4⅜d.; and Orleans, 5d."

The same paper informs us that the corn market continued firm; and that the fine weather which prevailed at the time the *Great Britain* sailed, (a week previous,) had been followed by heavy rains. It adds:

"Large quantities of flour are daily arriving from the United States and Canada, and, from the nature of the advices recently sent across the Atlantic, the supply from those quarters, there is every reason to believe, will increase. From the cause at which we glanced in our last publication, the import rate on wheat has advanced to 18s.—the result of the inferior qualities thrown on the market. The import duty on flour is now 10s. 10d. per barrel. In some instances, recently, Irish flour has receded 1s. per sack, and Canadian 6d. per barrel, influenced by the large arrivals from the West, which amount since Monday to nearly 9,000 barrels.

"The produce markets are not so active as they have been. Rice is in less demand. Sugar has receded a little, with less inquiry.

"The home demand for iron is daily on the increase—the manufacturers are working hard—prices are well supported, and the trade is as brisk as it well can be. The export trade, on the contrary, is dull.

"The wool trade is brisk—a sure proof of the healthy state of the Yorkshire districts. The introduction of the wools of the United States into England is a new feature of this branch of business; and the success which has hitherto attended the speculation must lead to a more extensive import from the other side of the Atlantic.

Prospects of the Harvest.—The reports which have reached us since our last respecting the progress made with the harvest in the north, are not of a character to allay the excitement previously felt on the subject. Sharp frosts were experienced on the nights of the 22d and 23d ultimo. It is feared, and not without reason, that the more backward parts of the kingdom may fare even worse than the south; and as the reports of the yield from the forward districts do not by any means improve as thrashing is proceeded with, the estimate of the results of the harvest become daily more discouraging.

FROM TEXAS.—Galveston papers to the 8th instant contain no news of importance.

Great mistrust is expressed by the Galveston News in the pretended friendship of the Indians on the frontier; and it strongly counsels the United States Government to adopt as early as possible measures for their removal from the territory.

The brig Galveston arrived at Galveston on the 6th instant, in sixteen days from New York, with arms and ammunitions belonging to the United States Government.

The Hon. Wm. C. Preston.—We clip from the Columbia (S. C.) Chronicle the following particulars relative to the convalescence of this distinguished citizen, and sincerely hope that the promise of his entire recovery may be speedily realized:

Hon. Wm. C. Preston.—We are happy to have it in our power to relieve the anxiety of the numerous friends of this gentleman in regard to his health. He returned to his residence in this town on Monday last, much improved, though still weak from his recent severe attack of congestive fever. His vision is also slightly impaired, but his physician is sanguine that this defect will be entirely removed as his general health improves; which he confidently anticipates under the salutary influence of our healthy and pure atmosphere.

The End of the World.—Brother Himes, formerly the editor of "The Midnight Cry," having corrected the chronology, now carries forward the time of the end to 1847.

The corn crop in Virginia this season is much below an average, and is hardly up to half the crop of 1844, which, it will be remembered, was very large.

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