D. H. Candler

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Maryland Journal.

VOL. I. ROCKVILLE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1846. No. 51.

STATE OF MARYLAND, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, *to wit*:—On application to the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphans' Court of said county, in the State of Maryland, by petition in writing of LEVIN HOUSE of the county and State aforesaid, stating that he is in actual confinement for debt and for no other cause, and praying for the benefit of the act of Assembly, entitled "an Act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors," passed at November session, 1805, and the several supplements thereto, on the terms therein mentioned, a schedule of his property and a list of his creditors so far as he can ascertain, them, being annexed to his petition and the said Levin House having satisfied me by competent testimony, that he has resided two years within the State of Maryland, immediately preceding the time of his application, and having also satisfied me by the certificate of P. J. Connell Deputy for D. H. Candler Sheriff of said county, that he is in canfinement for debt and for no other cause, and the said Levin House having taken the oath by the said act prescribed for the delivering up of his property, and given sufficient security for his personal appearance before the Judges of the next County Court of said county, to be held at the Court-house in Rockville, in and for said county, on the first Monday of March next, to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be made against him, and having appointed William O. Chappell his trustee, who has given bond as such, and received from the said Levin House a conveyance and possession of all his property, real, personal and mixed, (the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and family excepted,) and the said trustee having certified the delivery into his possession, of all the property of the said petitioner mentioned in his schedule—I do hereby order and adjudge, that the said Levin House be discharged from imprisonment, and that he give notice to his creditors, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said county, once a week for the space of three months before the first Monday of March next, to shew cause, if any they have, why the said Levin House should not have the benefit of the said act and supplements, as prayed. Given under my hand and seal, this 25th day of October, 1845. NATHAN HOLLAND.

Copy test, S. T. STONESTREET, Clerk.
dec 3—3m

STATE OF MARYLAND, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, *to wit*:—Upon application, by petition in writing, of JOHN LOW, to me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphans' Court of Montgomery county, for the benefit of the act of Assembly, entitled "An act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors," passed at November session, 1805, and the several supplements thereto, a schedule of his property and a list of his creditors and debtors, as far as he can ascertain them on oath, being annexed to his said petition; and being satisfied that the said petitioner hath resided in the State of Maryland for two years next preceding the date of his petition, and still resides therein; and being also satisfied that he is now under arrest and in custody for debt and no other cause; and the said petitioner having entered into bond with security for his appearance in Montgomery county court, to be held in the Court-house in Rockville, on the first Monday in March, 1846, to answer such interrogatories as his creditors may propose to him; and having also executed a deed of trust to Samuel Crown, of all his property, real, personal and mixed, the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and family excepted, for the benefit of his creditors, and delivered the same to said trustee, and that said trustee having also executed a bond for the faithful discharge of his trust, and certified the delivery into his hands of all the property mentioned in his schedule—I do therefore order and adjudge that the said John Low be discharged from the custody of the sheriff of said county, and that the said petitioner cause a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said county, once a week for three successive months previous to the said first Monday of March, 1846, giving notice to his creditors to be and appear at the day and place aforesaid, to shew cause if any they have why the said John Low should not have the benefit of the act of Assembly and the supplements aforesaid as prayed. Given under my hand and seal this 3d day of October, 1845.

NATHAN HOLLAND.

Copy Test, S. T. STONESTREET, Clerk.
oct 8—3m

PRINTING, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

POETRY.

THE INFANT AND THE ROSE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

I saw a blushing vernal rose,
In all its new-blown charms arrayed,
And, in the arms of soft repose
Beneath that flower an infant laid;
I gazed on each in wild delight:
For both were lovely to the sight.

I look'd again, and autumn's blast
Had stript that rose of all its charms;
And death with withering power had pass'd,
And clasp'd the babe in icy arms—
Now where the leafless rosebush sighs,
Low in its grave that infant lies.

Now Nature's cruel law, I cried,
Cuts short the hour of beauty's reign;
But Nature's cheering voice replied,
They both shall live and bloom again—
The one in spring shall grace the grove,
And one shall smile in courts above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Sunday Mercury.

Charge, Charley, Charge! On, Hog, On!

BY ABEL REDTOP.

As a general thing, the brave citizen militia of our glorious country are rather hard to beat, troublesome to encounter, death on a charge, and first rate on a ruse—take them as you will, the're always just about as you find them; but, in a sham fight! ah, there's where they shine. What courage they display: how they rush into the smoke, even at the cannon's mouth: how they snuff up the smell of burnt powder from *close by*: the roar of cannon, the rattling of small arms, the charge of mounted warriors, the shouts of delighted boys and the screams of frightened girls—all this they withstand without flinching, they face it all like veterans, and when they retreat they do it as nat'ral as reality itself; to be sure, it's all fun, but if they do fun up so warlike-ly, what may not be expected when scrowrageous war himself "sounds the loud clarion!" and kicks up a bobbery! Oh, look out! take warning, and stand back, you that don't want to kick the bucket in a hurry; but you that long to be peppered for the glory of the thing, advance! click, bang! take that! from grown-up millions of war-worn militia-men fresh from the bloodless muster fields of sanguinary sham fights, and die like stuck pigs with your faces in the dirt. That's glory enough for anybody. But who ever heard of, or knew, the glorious *meleshy* to retreat, break their lines, and scamper hither and there, unless danger threatened?—unless in actual scarifying war? Nobody. Well, sometime since such a circumstance did actually take place, and this was the way it happened.

Previous to the settlement of the eastern boundary question, the town of Farmington in Maine, could boast of a company of militia, officers and soldiers, the pride, the bone and the sinew of the town—a promising band of would be warriors—perchance the long-mooted boundary question had done much to instil the prospect of reaching a rich harvest of glory into their minds, and discipline into their ranks; be that as it may, they were a hardy, brave-looking, well-disciplined set of fellows as ever enrolled themselves among the defenders of the country in time of peace—bold-looking, as if they would rather fight than run, yet for all that, a boy and a hog broke their ranks and scattered them in all directions.

It was training day. Farmington had on her best bib and tucker, the soldiers had on their well polished regimentals, the officers strutted big with pride, the musicians elevated their instruments unusually high and blew uncommonly loud, the soldiers obeyed the word of command with more than ordinary precision, little boys with wooden swords and feather cockades aped the soldiers to the very great delight of themselves and anxious parents, little girls in white pantalettes and pink frocks, followed on in family *squads*, young ladies decorated to death looked smilingly on from parlor windows, the old folks grew overproud of their heroic sons, and the captain's wife stood in the front door teaching three or four of the captain's young scions how to shoot potato popguns—it was a great day for Farmington.

While all this was going on just over there, a little event was progressing, that was destined to create a greater excitement than had been visited upon the town within the memory of that "oldest inhabitant," (that individual then resided in Farmington,); it was no more nor less than little Charley Stewart, feeding an old hog on a small pile of potatoes, in front of his father's house. It was a long bristled, long legged, long snouted old porker, not over handsome to look at, but a good one to go. Charley stood by his side, affectionately scratching his back. What was passing in Charley's mind, while thus occupied, he did not disclose, but it is reasonable to suppose that the sounds of martial music, the marching to and fro, and the indications of general joy that pervaded the town, had their effect upon his feelings—perhaps, more than likely perhaps, that he fancied himself an embryo Bonaparte, or some other renowned warrior, and the old hog by his side his charger, for as the soldiers neared the spot where he stood, he sprang quickly astride the old grunter, just as the last potato disappeared in his capacious jaws. Not being accustomed to a rider, away dashed the hog, full tilt, at the head of the column—so quick was the movement that they had no time to prepare for the charge—hog and Charley rushed into their midst, spilling the musicians about in all direction, breaking through the ranks, upsetting those who were so unlucky as not to escape a collision, in the hurry to accomplish a safe get-out-of-the-way—a most extraordinary feat for a boy and a hog! fifty armed men and a band of musicians routed, "horse, foot and dragoon" put to flight—they went through the whole column as a locomotive could have done it.—Charley kept his hold, stuck to the bristles, and away went hog and rider, and after them went the captain as hard as he could run, his drawn sword cleaving the air with terrible slashing to the right and to the left, and all about, while Farmington roared right out—young and old, spectators and soldiers, all joined—the chase assumed a new aspect—the captain overtook the fast flying old grunter, and most lustily did he lay his blade about the hog's flank—the shouts of the population increased—Charley ribbed the porker with his heels, the porker squealed a squeal and put on extra speed—the captain made a false step, his scabbard entangled his legs, and down he went. Farmington gave one more tremendous expression to their overcharged risibilities and——training was over for that day.

No event ever transpired in the place that afforded so much amusement as Charley Stewart's exploit with the hog, and on each returning training day for several years after, the recollection of that *hog* astrophe served to upset the gravity of the "rank and file" to such a degree that discipline advanced backward. The idea of acquiring any extra knowledge of military tactics, with the apparition of Charley and the hog before them, was universally scouted at, and the Farmington portion of the national fist experienced a long service of raw militia duty before they recovered from the effects of the charge, and closed the breach in their ranks.

Charley has got his growth, and if he ever dreamed of military advancement, he has not realized much of his dreams, for he contents himself selling dry goods, in Nashua, up in the "granite state," but if our shores are ever invaded, he will mount his hog at a moment's notice and make one more charge in the glorious cause of his country—so look out! all you pesky invaders from without; and all you who expect to become our foes, take care of your legs! for, though we are good at brag, it's no sign we can't fight—brag in peaceable times answers every purpose, but when it comes to hard blows, cutting and carving, then, O, ramping war horse, you'll find each one of us a Charley Stewart astride of a hog!

FORTUNES.—Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the fortunes which have been amassed within the space of a very few years, in regular business pursuits, may be ascribed to the power of the press. It is the means of disseminating information throughout the country, and attracting customers from all quarters.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven, in graceful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

REFINED.—"Mrs. H. do you take cream in your tea?"

"No, I thank you, the superfluity of milk, added to the flavority of the heat, renders the conglomeration insupportably obnoxious to my diabolical appetite.

An elderly gentleman being dangerously ill, his friends advised him to send for a physician. "No," replied the sick man, "having lived a virtuous life, I wish to die a natural death!"

At a party recently given at Washington one of the belles dropped an *ornament*. There was a tremendous *bustle* in the room, immediately, after the catastrophe.

A young woman, brought before the Boston police, alleged in defence of her respectability, that she was acquainted with all the lawyers in New York."—She was instantly committed for six months.

LEGAL ANECDOTE.—A NOVEL WAY OF DECIDING A PERPLEXING CASE. We are quite sure the case we are about to report never found its way into any of "the books." It occurred in this city about three years ago.

A gentleman, fond of sporting, having broken a part of the lock of his fowling piece, sent it to a gunsmith to undergo the requisite repairs. The gunsmith mended it as ordered and sent it back to the owner, with the message that his charge was one dollar. Shortly afterwards the sporting gentleman went a hunting, and upon the first discharge the gun broke in the identicol place where it had been mended.

It may be imagined that he returned to town not in the most amiable humor; and upon repairing to the gunsmith's an altercation ensued between them, the result of which was, that the gentleman refused to pay the bill, and the gunsmith swore he would sue, which he accordingly did forthwith. The suit happened to be brought before Mr. N———, who was then a Justice of the Peace, and who is now living in retirement at the Bay Biloxi. The sporting gentleman upon receiving the citation, hastened in great wrath to lawyer H———, (who is still practising in our city, and familiar with the affairs of the Atchafalaya R. R. & B. Co) and stated his case.

"Pooh, Pooh!" sayed lawer H., "don't pester me with your one dollar case, go and pay the claim." The sporting gentleman reiterated his determination not to pay the claim unless "in due course of law;" and declared that he would defend the suit, cost what it would. "Well," said lawyer H., "if you insist upon my appearing for you, I shall charge you twenty dollars for my services." The sportsman intimated his willingness to pay the fee. "But," said lawyer H., "I must have my fee in advance, for when the suit is finished I am afraid you will *demur* to pay me twenty dollars in a one dollar suit."

The twenty dollar bill instantly passed from the sportman's pocket into the lawyer's hand, and the necessary answer was soon filed. The case came on for trial, the plaintiff and defendant were present with their counsels, and as usually happens, the parties worried their lawyers, lawyers the witnesses and the court. For four mortal hours the wordy altercation was kept up, until the patience of the worthy Justice being completely exhausted, and his mind soely perplexed by the conflicting arguments of the advocates, he abruptly put an end to the case in the following novel manner.

With despair and vexation pictured on his countenance, he exclaimed with terrific vehemence: "*Mr. Gunsmith! here is your dollar!*" at the same time throwing him the coin; and turning to the lawyers, "*Gentlemen,*" said he, "*there are No costs in this case.*"—Thereupon the Court adjourned.

Both parties afterwards expressed themselves satisfied with the decision, the gunsmith because *he* had received his claim, and the sportsman because *he* had not paid the debt.—*N. O. Delta.*

The best and purest feelings of our natures are excited by WOMAN; and to maintain the supremacy of her influence in contrast with, and in opposition to, the more grovelling passions of man, the subject has employed the pens of the brightest geniuses of every age, and in every climate—a fruitful and most eloquent theme, and one full of every variety calculated to inspire us with esteem and respect.

"*Not* SHE with treach'rous kiss her SAVIOUR stung;
Not SHE denied HIM with unholy tongue:
SHE, while APOSTLES *shrank*, could danger brave—
Last at his cross, and *earliest* at his grave."

Barrett, in his "*Triumphs of Woman,*" beautifully adds:

"Ask the gray pilgrim, by the surges cast,
On hostile shores, and 'numb'd beneath the blast—
Ask *who* relieved him? Who the heart began
To kindle? *Who*, with spilling goblet, ran.
Oh! he will dart one spark of youthful flame,
And clasp his withered hands, and WOMAN name."

A droll fellow being in a tavern, was asked by an old woman to read the newspaper, and taking it up, he began as follows:—"Last night yesterday morning at bout 3 o'clock in the afternoon just before breakfast, a hungry boy bought a penny custard, and threw it through a stone brick wall made of iron and jumping over it, fell into a dry mill pond and was drowned. About forty years afterward, the same day, a high wind blew down the Dutch church, and killed an old sow and two dead pigs at Boston, & a monstrous boar cat kittened a large turkey, and a dead horse kicked a blind man's eye out."

A man in West Roxbury divides fools into two classes—*natural fools* and *d—d fools*.

EXTENT OF THE OREGON TERRITORY. On the east, says the London Globe, it skirts 800 miles along the Rocky Mountains, on the south, 300 miles along the Snowy Mountains, on the west 700 miles along the Pacific Ocean, on the north 250 miles along the North American possessions of Russia and England. This valley contains 860,000 square miles—capable undoubtedly of forming seven States as large as New York, or forty States of the dimensions of Massachusetts. Some of the islands on the coast are very large—sufficient to form a State by themselves. These are situated north of parallel of 48. Vancouver's Island, 260 miles in length and 50 in breadth, contains 12,000 square miles, an area larger than Massachusetts and Connecticut. Queen Charlotte's or rather Washington's Island, too, 150 miles in length, and 30 in breadth, contains 4,000 square miles. On both of these islands, though they lie between the parallels of 48 and 54 degrees, the soil is said to be well adapted to agriculture. The straits and circumjacent waters abound in fish of the finest quality.—Coal, of good quality, and other veins of minerals, have been found.

ANCESTORS OF WASHINGTON.—Washington's coat of Arms had six quarterings, the first being that of his family; the other five being derived from the marriage of his ancestor, George Washington, with Eleanor, the heiress of John Hastings. The second is Hastings; the third is Mortimer, Earl of March; the fourth De la Pole, Marquis of Salisbury; the fifth Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of King Edward the third; and the sixth is the ancient arms of Scotland. According to this heraldry, Washington was thus descended through Hastings, from King Edward the third, of England; David, the Lion King of Scotland, and Hugh Capet, King of France. His motto was: "Virtus sola nobilitas."

ARMING CANADA.—One word in reference to public sentiment here on the war question—and I may begin by saying that the many stories afloat in reference to new fortifications and large increase of the army in Canada, are pure fabrications. There is some intention of adding new fortifications at Kingston, and perhaps elsewhere, but as yet, neither there nor at any place in Canada, have any warlike preparations been made. So, also, in reference to the army: there has been no reinforcement of troops for many months past, and except at the time of the rebellion, there has not been over two thousand soldiers in the Provinces—which is about the whole number now scattered in Upper and Lower Canada.—*Montreal Letter, Jan. 5.*

VALUE OF DOGS.—At a recent town-meeting in Newburyport, Mass., a funny old citizen arose, and made the following remarks touching the dog law:

Mr. Speaker—I am opposed to all such oppressive edicts. One Shylock has said,
"You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live."

I have but little, 'tis true, but I want that little guarded, which my dog does faithfully. When business is dull—money scarce, and wood high—I have to keep my children abed to prevent their freezing; the dog lays at the foot, and keeps their little feet warm as a pug!—And one day last week, Bose came home with a good tin kitchen tied to his tail, which we were thankful for, as ours was almost worn out, and who knows but the next time, he will bring the spit and skewers—perhaps a loin of veal?"

A GENTLEMAN wishing to get rid of a visitor, and not liking to tell him "to put on his hat and make himself scarce," modified it thus:—"Elevate your golgotha to the summit of your pericranium, and allow me to present to your ocular that scientific piece of mechanism which forms the egress portion of this apartment."

A soldier of the 4th Infantry, just arrived South from Texas, was asked how he liked the country: he replied in his broken and peculiar accent—which gives point to the story—"I ave serve en Russia, en Prusse and vith the grand Napoleen—and I ave serve en la Mexique—but d—n a Tex."

The Sunday Mercury says.—"We like to see a young lady walk as though a flea was biting her on each hip; it is so fascinating. She is just the match for the dandy, who steps like an open winged turkey, travelling over a bed of hot ashes.

GENTLEMAN.—A man with a long nine in one hand, and a sword cane in the other, with two cents in his pocket, and no sense in his head.

Why does a "long nose never spoil a handsome face?" Answer: Because a handsome face never has a long nose.

WAR.

Many persons speak of a war with England as if it were to be nothing more than mere pastime—a harmless frolic—whilst others have so high an opinion of American skill and bravery, that they seem impressed with the belief, that the British navy will be swept from the ocean without difficulty. This is the brag game. It was played prior to the last war with that country, when many of those braggarts who pledged "their fortunes and their sacred honor" to fight for their country in case of war, were among the missing when the strife came. Whatever may be the skill and bravery of the American people, (and we are not disposed to depreciate either) a boasting tone is ill-judged and disreputable. It may irritate, but cannot intimidate, our opponent. Should we unhappily become engaged in war with Great Britain, we shall have occasion to exert all our skill and all our energies. It will be no amusing recontre, however lightly the idea may be treated at present.—Those who experienced the last war, have no desire for a repetition of its scenes.

We fear that those who are instigating war, are governed more by hostility to England than by patriotic devotion to their own country. It has been too common for years past, to look upon Great Britain as our natural enemy, and to look for the overthrow of her government as an achievement greatly to be desired by the people of the United States. But why such a feeling should exist we are at a loss to discover—for to the trade with her we owe much of our present prosperity; and it is clearly our interest to cultivate peace and friendship with her. Prior to the last war, the impressment of our seamen—the injury which she did to our commerce; and the insults which she offered to us in various ways—naturally produced an exasperation of feeling which resulted in our declaring war against her.

We had just cause for the proceeding—and yet who can forget the exultation and rejoicing which took place amongst us when the tidings of peace arrived?—Our cities exhibited a blaze of illumination at the event, although we had failed in the main objects of the war, the obtaining the guaranty for 'free trade and sailors' rights.' And now we are to go to war on less defensible grounds—for a strip of territory which can be of little service to us for a quarter of a century, if so soon, and which we can acquire much more easily by the natural course of events, and without, perhaps, striking a blow. But before we engage in this hazardous experiment, we should calmly examine into the probability of its success, and the cost at which it must be made. Have we the power to seize upon and retain the Oregon territory? we unhesitatingly reply in the negative.—We may boast, and brag, and bully, as much as we please, but this will not bring us nearer to the object in view. By war we shall lose instead of gaining Oregon, for England has the power to maintain her possessions there, against all the force which we can bring to oppose her. The fact cannot be disguised. In case of war all our strength will be required for the protection of our seaboard and other exposed situations; and the burthen of the war will fall principally upon those who have little interest in grasping the whole of the Oregon territory. Were the war in which it is proposed to be engaged necessary for the preservation of national honor, or the defence of well ascertained and indisputable rights, citizens of all sections might willingly encounter its attendant sacrifices and horrors—but as such necessity does not exist, it would be cruel to precipitate nations of the same lineage, religion and language, into a conflict which would retard civilization, improvement and human happiness.—*Balt. Clipper.*

OUR MECHANICS.—They are the palace builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone is sharpened, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its fitness and beauty to the mechanic's skill; the towering spires that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art and strength, for their symmetry, beauty and proportions; there is no article of comfort or pleasure, but what bears the impress of their handiwork. How exalted is their calling—how sublime is their vocation! Who dares to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men—who dares to cast odium upon such a patriotic race? Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest posts of honor and renown.

"The handkerchief!—the handkerchief!" cried Othello. "Blast the handkerchief," said a sailor in the pit, "blow your nose with your fingers, and go on with the play."

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