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Maryland Journal.

VOL. II. ROCKVILLE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1846. No. 3.

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 appearanse 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*:—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 WILLIAM DOYLE 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 eighteen hundred and five, 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 William Doyle 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 the Sheriff of said county, that he is in confinement for debt and for no other cause, and the said William Doyle having taken the oath by the said act prescribed for the delivering up of his property, and given sufficient security for his personal eppearance 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 Nelson Burns his trustee, who has given bond as such, and received from the said William Doyle 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 William Doyle 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 William Doyle should not have the benefit of the said act and supplements, as prayed. Given under my hand and seal, this 11th day of November 1845.

NATHAN HOLLAND.

Copy test, S. T. STONESTREET,

POETRY.

A SHIPWRECK.

BY F. S. OSGOOD.

I launched a bark on Fate's deep tide—
A frail and fluttering toy;
But freighted with a thousand dreams
Of beauty and of joy.

Ah me! it found no friend in them—
The wave—the sky—the gale—
Though Love enraptured took the helm,
And hope unfurled the sail!

And you, who should its pilot be—
To whom in fear it flies—
Forsake it, on a treacherous sea,
To seek a prouder prize.

Alas, for Love! bewildered child!
He weeps the helm beside,
And hope has furled her fairy sail,
Nor longer tempts the tide.

Despair and Pride in silence fling
Its rich freight to the wave,
And now an aimless wreck it floats,
That none would stop to save.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

"Thank Heaven! another of these tiresome visits is over," said Julia H——, tossing her bonnet away, and throwing herself upon the sofa.

"Have you not been kindly entertained this afternoon?" said her mother.

"Why, yes," said Julia, in the tone of one compelled to acknowledge an unwelcome truth; "yes, Mrs. S. received me very kindly, and her daughters were uncommonly polite and attentive; but——"

"What, Julia? Could you desire more from them? Is it not a little unamiable to be displeased when your friends exert themselves so much to make you happy? And Mrs. S. and her daughters, especially, have such an exalted opinion of you—a little politeness from you would do them so much good!"

A pause ensued, Julia felt a sense of wrong, for she could not deny the facts stated by her mother. All the kind and almost reverential attentions of the good Mrs. S. and her, family rushed upon her mind. How happy and proud they seemed when she entered their litte cottage; how the freshest flowers were placed near her, and the rarest plants rifled of their buds and blossoms to make her a boquet; the eagerness with which every word of hers was received; and how disappointed and pained they were, when after an half hour languid conversation and half suppressed discontent, she rose and announced her intention of going. All this came into her mind, and left a sense of unhappiness.

"But mother," said she, after a long and awkward pause, "it was so dull! I know Mrs. S. has a kind heart, but how tiresome to sit a whole afternoon and hear her long stories of cousins, and aunts, and grand-children! Of what interest is it to me that little Tommy, her grandson, has got a new jacket with bright buttons; or that Susan fell into a tub of water last washing day, and scalded her dirty face! O, that I could live where people talk of something besides cows, sheep, and new dresses, and little grand-children! If I introduce a subject of literature, or speak of a book, every tongue is hushed, and all sit up as prim and silent as if listening to a sermon! O, it is insufferable;"—and Julia looked so really miserable, that her kind mother half repented the words she had spoken to her. She thought it best to leave her to her own reflections, knowing that all her suggestions would fail to satisfy that restless craving for sympathy which she had of late discovered in her child.

Julia H——, was an only daughter. Her parents were amiable people, in good circumstances, and loved their children with an affection bordering upon reverence. This was not strange, for Julia was gifted only as the few are. A poetic imagination, and a restless desire for intellectual progress, joined with a heart naturally overflowing with kindness, insured her the love and respect of all around her. While in early youth, she was as happy as ardent childhood can be, the caresses of her admiring friends, and the esteem and notice of those much her superiors, flattered and encouraged her; but this was not to last. Praise, however sincere, cannot always delight; and with every successive year, Julia felt a growing want which could not be satisfied. The time had come when sympathy and appreciation were more earnestly desired than applause.

The society in the little village of M——, was ill-suited to meet this craving desire that now pervaded Julia's whole being. She found herself, although an admired, yet a solitary being. The books she read must be read alone: the pursuits she loved where of all others the least interesting to those with whom she daily associated. Not that her tastes were ridiculed; on the contrary, they insured her additional respect; for all men acknowledge the value of high mental acquisition, however destitute themselves; but that sympathy which can only arise from common pursuits, she knew not.

This want produced its usual effect upon the mind of Julia; it absorbed all else. Every appearance of indifference to the pursuit she loved so well, excited in her a corresponding feeling of disgust. Common life and common duties, always contrasted in her thoughts with her own ennobling occupations, shrunk into insignificance. Stupidity and insensibility seemed characteristic of those about her. In fine, she was fast learning the mournful lesson to hate and despise.

Such was the state of her mind at the period of which we are now writing.—She had not yet learned enough. She loved mental culture, but knew not that even this is to be valued only as a pathway to the great vineyard of truth and Christian philanthropy.

"Do you know, Julia, that the new minister of L——preaches to-day?" said Mrs. S. as they together entered the village church on the next Sabbath morning.

Julia received the intelligence with an exclamation of delight. The reputation of this clergyman for eloquence had reached her.

The appearance of the "new preacher" confirmed her pleasant anticipations. The slight form, the face of an intellectual paleness, seeming but a thin veil drawn over the spirit that struggled through it, the earnest touching eyes, the humble, child-like prayer, and the fervor of his voice, as he read the hymn, all prepared her for what might follow.

His subject was the ministry of Christ. He first dwelt with eloquent fervency upon the perfection of that character—its heavenly purity—its high aspirations—and then followed the contrast between the teacher and the world he came to instruct. How must his gentle heart have bled at the want of sympathy and high spiritual communion—even his chosen ones knowing him not! His motives suspected, his character traduced, his miracles imputed to unholy agencies, even his simplest instructions misunderstood! How could man have labored for those who so little understood or loved him? But his was a heart full of its great mission. He complained not of the want of sympathy, but kindly and unceasingly performed his work. He separated not himself from man, but bound him to himself with cords of love!

Every word of this fell like a voice from heaven upon the heart of Julia.—It seemed to her that life's great purpose was just unfolding. She felt oppressed and bewildered by the presence of gorgeous thoughts not yet fully seen. An earnest exhortation to the duty of human exertion in imitation of this divine exemplar, closed the discourse, and thrilled her heart with emotions never before known.

It was Sabbath evening, and Julia sat alone in her chamber. All was so lonely and silent, it seemed to invite to holy thought and spiritual communion. The words of the preacher, the speaking face, the earnest, thrilling look, were all before her. "He complained not of the want of sympathy!" "He cursed not ignorance, but enlightened it!" said she to herself; "and alas! what am I, that I should waste life in seeking for perfect communion? Even if found, what then? I should be happy; but is this all for which I was born and educated with finer feelings than others? Is it enough that I am satisfied in the interchange of sympathy?" And then, in the spirit of one seeking truth alone, went she down into the recesses of her spirit. One by one did she bring to light those selfish motives that had well nigh made ruin of her noble purposes. Her heart chilled as she thought how all duty and kindness had withered up in that restless desire for sympathy; and in that hour there came to her the great purpose of life.—The mild starlight shone in upon her enraptured face; and an angel might have wept for joy as the fervent prayer went up from an humble soul, just admitted to a vision of its duty and destiny!

"How social Julia H——has become of late," said Emily S——to her mother, a few weeks from the time of which we have spoken.

"Yes," said her mother, "and I have observed it. She is interested in every thing we do. How kind in her to forget her studies, and sit with us long afternoons as she does." "And how sweetly she talks," said the daughter. "You can learn something every time she comes; and she is so modest one would never think she was instructing. But look! here she comes," and the happy girl, snatching up a beautiful boquet, sprang to the door.

"Oh, Julia, we are glad you are come! Here are some flowers for you. Come in and talk to me as you did yesterday. You will make us all as good and wise as yourself," said she with a playful caress.

The tear that stole down the soft cheek of Julia, told how blest she was in the honest love of this young girl. Was she not repaid?

Fair reader! do not complain of my little "dramatic sermon." I positively shall not tell you whether Julia was married to the "young minister" or not. Of what consequence is it whether she loved one above all others? The purest of all love was borne in her soul! She was consecrated to the blessed work of doing good, and never can such a heart want for sympathy. Are not some of us wasting life in yearnings for one whom we may love and cling to in the spirit of perfect trust and appreciation? A natural longing, and one most blessed in its fruition; but too unworthy a life's labor. A sad waste of life indeed, to go through it only seeking a friend! May our self-examination be followed by as earnest striving as hers of whom we have written.

"Serene will be our days, and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security."

CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Some years ago, a dispute between two merchants was submitted to arbitration, and eminent lawyers were employed on both sides. When the case came to be submitted, it was quite plain that the right was altogether on one side.—The eminent character of the lawyer on the opposite side, made the referees curious to hear what he would say. When the reference broke up, one of the referees walked along Broadway with the counsellor, and after talking over some small matters, said to him, "Mr. E——, I was very much entertained and interested with your speech this afternoon, and now I wish you would tell me how you think it had anything to do with the case." "Poh!" said the lawyer, giving the referee a rough push.—"When a client comes with a large fee and no case, what can a lawyer do?"

BEAUTY.—There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see the leaf wither, or a flower fall, without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection, for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and, leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.

INFERIORS.—As there are none so weak that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there are none so low that we may not at some time be able to repay an obligation. Therefore what benevolence would dictate, prudence should confirm. For he that is cautious of insulting the weatkest, and not above obliging the lowest will have attained such habits of forbearance and of complacency as will secure him the good will of all that are beneath him to avoid the enmity of all that are above him.—For he that would not bruise even a worm, will be still more cautious how he treads upon a serpent.

WAR IN THE WEST.—The Mayor of Chicago having called a meeting for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of defending that city in case of war, the Chicago Journal publishes the following:

"*Wanted*—A secretary for the war meeting on Friday evening. None need apply unless he writes a good *ruunning* hand."

"Now's the day and now's the minit,
Soon we shall be thickly in it,
Then let those who expect to win it,
Never stay away."

In view of the war call of our "worthy Mayor" "for the defence of this city," we think it would be appropriate for all who attend the meeting to appear in the Mormon uniform—*a quill behind the ear and a brick bat in each hand.*

TOBACCO PLANTS.

Mr. W. W. GILMER, of Albemarle, says the Southern Planter, is so notorious for his uniform success in raising tobacco plants, that we were requested to obtain and publish his method of managing his beds; to application to that effect, we have obtained the following answer:

"*My Dear Sir*: My plan for raising tobacco plants is the result of careful observation and inquiry for twenty years. All planters of common intelligence are able to pick the best location on their estates for plants; most of them aware that some moist and some dry land should be prepared. I burn half in situations where water may be carried round in ditches, the balance on high ground. Early and hard burning all know to be the best; yet many persons put off the evil day and *scorch*. The land should be made red hot if possible, for at least two inches. We frequently chop with a grubbing hoe before burning, regulating the depth according to the soil; prepare the beds as soon as burned; sow half the seed the middle of February, balance middle of March, on each bed; never put more than two-thirds of a spoonful of seed to the one hundred square yards; many beds have more good-for-nothing plants left, after the owner has failed to pitch, than would have planted double his crop. By sowing at the periods mentioned, we avoid usually the danger of having the young plants thrown out by frosts, and get as good roots as when sown in December or January.

"After the March sowing, cover the beds from one-eighth to one-fourth inch thick with chaff which has been used for bedding in stalls for several months; put in at first six or eight inches, and keep the horses well littered with it; about February take it out, and put it in a pen well sheltered; first of March take it to some clean floor and beat it fine with a flail, then sow fifteenth of March from hampers. The stalls should be plastered once a week freely, (farm pens also.) Cover the beds with brush as usual.

"I had last year a fine bed in an old field, which had grown up, and never had more or better plants.

"The horses littered with chaff, should be fed on corn and fodder, or some food clear of grass seed. The chaff manure is Dr. Gant's idea, and I think it a long way ahead of guano and every thing else.

"We never move the wood—burn out the bed at a single fire, put down large pieces to keep the wood from the ground.

How to Catch Sheep-killing Dogs.

Mr. James Young, of Bagdad, Tenn., in a communication to the editors of the Tennessee State Agriculturalist, says:

"Some years ago, I learned from your paper how to make a dog-pen, to catch sheep-killing dogs; which was to make it with rails, similar to a partridge trap, drawing in every round until it gets about six feet high, leaving a hole at the top about two feet square. I had occasion to try that plan; some few dogs would climb to the top and go in. I saved a few dogs that way. But necessity is said to be the mother of invention, and the dogs made such havoc among the sheep in my neighborhood, that I invented a trap door, which is really a nice and complete way to coop them.

"I sawed out a door at the bottom about eight or ten inches square, (more would not hurt,) I then drove a stake down in the ground inside of the pen on the opposite side from the door; at the upper end of the stake I made a notch and fixed triggers, like those of a bird trap, and tied a piece of sheep meat to one of the triggers, (when the sheep meat is gone any other meat will do,) I then got a small puncheon, about two feet long, and tied a rope to the upper end of it, suspending it immediately over the door, and tied the other end of the rope to the top or middle trigger, passing over the top of the pen; when the dogs get hold of the meat, it pulls the trigger, and down they come, letting the puncheon door shutter fall at the same instant, then he is fast. When a dog catches a sheep and leaves it, he is sure to come back the next night, and if you have a trap around the sheep, you are sure to have him; next morning right soon, go and shoot him and drag him off. You may get one nearly every morning, until you get all the runabout or sheep killing dogs. I have tried it, and tried it successfully; and some of my neighbors have taken pattern by my pen, and have saved their sheep."

An Arkansas paper wishes to know what the poor Indian will do when the buffaloes disappear? We suppose they will have to *bear* it.

"Ah, ha!" said the farmer to the corn. "Oh, hoe!" said the corn to the farmer.

Anti-Conventional Reform Report.

The following is a synopsis of the report of the committee on the Constitution, of the House of Delegates, adverse to a conventional reform of the Constitution, as furnished by our legislative correspondent:—

Mr. Johnson submitted a report from a portion of the committee on the Constitution, to whom had been referred the memorial from the committee of the Baltimore convention, and other matters, having in view the calling of a convention for the reform of the constitution.

The report is very lengthy, and enters fully into an examination of the power of the Legislature in relation to the matter, and the expediency of the measure prayed for.

The committee state they are not prepared to say that the constitution is so perfect, that some change might not be made for the better; but, they think in the language of the Declaration of Independence, "that systems of government should not be altered for light or transient causes." The causes for the proposed changes the committee deem light, and from the short time that they have as yet been agitated, may perhaps be found transient. The constitution as it is, was the fair and equitable result of conflicting views, and was acquiesced in without complaint from the time of its adoption in 1836, to the latter end of the last Gubernatorial term.

The committee think that any needed alteration of the constitution can be better obtained through the Legislature under the instrument as it now exists.—The Legislature have not, in their opinion, the power to call a convention, and if they had, they deem it inexpedient.

They discuss the constitution as a compact between the Eastern and Western Shores of the State, which would not have been adopted, but for the security therein given to the Eastern, against the undue influence of the Western Shore. To protect them, the mode in which an alteration of the instrument should be attained, was distinctly prescribed, and the Legislature have no authority to alter it in any other mode. Not having the authority themselves they cannot confer it upon any other body.

If it should be proposed to call a convention only to *recommend* alterations, the committee suggest the expense necessary therefor, and deem it would be entirely thrown away.

They also fear the agitation of the question at the present time, lest it may interfere with the efforts making to retrieve the faith of the State, and think that the attention of the people should not be distracted from that great and important object.

The probable proposition to change the basis of representation, and the danger of leaving to the ordeal of a convention, the clause of the constitution securing the rights of masters to their slaves, are also elaborately discussed.

Such are the main points of the report as I could catch them from their reading to the House. The House ordered 500 copies to be printed.

The report is signed by ten members of the committee, viz:—Messrs. Hook, Johnson, Harrington, Holland, Boone, Rasin, Jones, Cook, Carpinter and Selby.

The Worcester Shield, published at Snow Hill, Maryland, gives the following account of an extraordinary man, now living in Somerset county:

"There is at this time, in a neighborhood in Somerset county, Maryland, a gentleman named Nelson, in his 91st year, who has 145 children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren now living within the sound of his voice. In his own language, he "can stand at his own door, on a calm morning and make every one hear him with the exception of three." He further says, reasoning from what has occurred, "if his life is spared five years longer, he will have 200 instead of 145 collaterals immediately around him." He yet retains the vigor and activity of youth—is fond of sporting, and often amuses himself by hauling the seine, and sometimes stands for hours waist deep in the water without experiencing any bad effects from it. He lost his wife about three winters ago, with whom he had lived in happy wedlock 59 years. It has been 20 years since he has had any sickness and 40 years since he has required a physician for himself. He is quite a monument of antiquity, being perfectly familiar with the scenes of the Revolution, during which time he was engaged in the then profitable business of oystering; and supplied General Washington's table with oysters at Mount Vernon until his death. He has frequently been in his house and received the money for the cargo from the great man's own hand. He says it was his custom never to buy less than fifty bushels, part of which his neighbors would get from him."

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