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Maryland Journal.

VOL. II. ROCKVILLE, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1846. No. 21.

Public Entertainments.

FARMERS HOTEL,
(Corner of 8th and D Streets formerly kept by Mr. Owen Connolly.)

THE undersigned having taken the above hotel, most respectfully informs the citizens of Montgomery county and others, that he can accommodate both man and horse in the best possible manner, and earnestly hopes to have a share of the public patronage. He can accommodate one hundred horses. His Ostlers are obliging and attentive. He pledges himself to use every effort to give satisfaction to all who may please to patronize him. His Bar is supplied with choice wines and liquors.
PATRICK MORAN.
Washington City, May 23, 1846—tf

STEVENS' HOTEL,
Georgetown, D. C.

THE subscriber having taken the old establishment formerly conducted by John Hays, on High street, Georgetown, D. C., and having fitted it up in the most comfortable manner, is ready to accommodate all who may patronize him as well and on as reasonable terms as any in the District. Having had some experience in the management of public houses, the subscriber flatters himself that he knows how to make his guests comfortable. He assures the public that his *TABLE* shall be inferior to none, and his *BAR* supplied with the best liquors that can be procured.

Travellers and Wagoners will find it to their advantage to stop at his house, as it is situated in the most business part of the town. He has a large *STABLE*, and keeps constantly on hand a large supply of provender, for the accommodation of Dovers, &c.
jan 28—1y REZIN STEPHENS.

Hepburn's Hotel and Refectory.
Pennsylvania Avenue, South side, opposite Coleman's National Hotel, Washington, D. C.

BOARD by the day, week, month, or year. *MEALS* served at any hour of the day. *OYSTERS* always on hand, and prepared in every variety of style. *BOARD & LODGING* one dollar per day.

A share of the patronage of the public is respectfully invited. P. J. HEPBURN.
march 28—12m

James Davis,
South side 6th St. Penn. Av. Washington, D. C.

INTENDS to keep good *OYSTERS*, and other accommodations, for his old, as well as new, customers; and he most cordially invites a share of the public patronage. His charges will be very moderate. nov 26—6m

Beall Street Hotel.
Georgetown, D. C.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Montgomery county, that he has lately opened this house for the reception of guests, and that he is determined that nothing on his part shall be omitted in endeavoring to make it worthy of the patronage of the travelling community, as well as the public generally. His *TABLE* will at all times be furnished with the best the market can afford, his *BAR* with choice Liquors, and *STABLES* with attentive ostlers and plenty of the best provender.

This house is situated on Beall St., Georgetown, D. C. and will be found a quiet retreat for the visitor and traveller. The proprietor trusts that urbanity and attention to the comfort of his guests, together with his moderate rates of fare, will secure him a liberal share of public patronage.

DROVERS will find it to their advantage to give him a call. HANSON RIDGAWAY.
nov 19—1y

CONGRESS HALL,
Penn. Av. nearly opposite Coleman's.

PERSONS having business at the seat of Government will find it an advantage to stop at this house, as they can have their meals at the *table de hote* or in the eating saloon; where oysters and game, and the earliest productions of the season, will be served in every variety of stye.

Careful and attentive waiters, and every attention paid to the comfort and convenience of guests.

Regular boarders received at moderate prices. Suites of parlors for private parties at any time. P. H. KING.
Washington, D. C., Aug. 20, 1845.

RICHARD PETTIT,
Master Carpenter and Undertaker,

SHOP and Residence, *First St., Georgetown, D. C.*, attends promptly at all hours to every call in his line, especially as Undertaker. He has an excellent *HEARSE*, and a large stock of Mahogany, Walnut, Poplar, &c. His charges are very moderate, suitable to the hard times. [nov 26-y] R. PETTIT.

National Livery Stable.

WALKER & KIMMELL respectfully announce that they have opened the spacious and commodious *BRICK STABLE*, lately erected by them on C street. Their new stable has excellent and superior accommodations for upwards of one hundred horses; and have ample room for forty carriages. The new stable and carriage houses are situated within one hundred yards of Gadsby's, Brown's and Tyler's hotels. The Exchange Hôtel (conducted by THOMPSON TYLER) is immediately opposite the National Livery Stables.

The advertisers intend to keep every kind of vehicle—such as Coaches, Barouches, Buggy Wagons, &c. which may be had at the shortest notice for hire, by the month, week, day or hour. Saddle horses also hired in the same manner. Horses will be taken at Livery on terms as reasonable as at any other establishment. Members of congress and other gentlemen bringing their horses and carriages to the city, can be accommodated with excellent stabling, good coach houses, and attentive ostlers. *HORSE DROVERS* visiting this city will at all times be safely accommodated, and on reasonable terms.
WALKER & KIMMELL.
Washington, Feb. 7, 1846.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.—We have just printed, and are now prepared to furnish the Magistrates of this county with Blanks of every description. may 2

Poetry.

THE LABORER'S HYMN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"Don't you all think that we have a great need to cry to our God to put it in the heart of our gracious queen and her members of parliament to grant us free bread?"—LUCY SIMPKINS, AT BREMHILL.

Oh God, who by thy Prophet's hand,
Didst smite the rocky brake,
Whence water came, at thy command,
Thy people's thirst to slake;
Strike now, upon this granite wall,
Stern, obdurate, and high;
And let some drops of pity fall
For us who starve and die!

The God who took a little child,
And set him in the midst,
And promised him his mercy mild,
As, by Thy Son, Thou didst:
Look down upon our children dear,
So gaunt, so cold, so spare
And let their images appear,
Where Lords and Gentry are!

Oh God, teach them to feel how we,
When our poor infants droon,
Are weakened in our trust in Thee,
And how our spirits stoop.
For, in thy rest, so bright and fair,
All tears and sorrows sleep;
And their young looks so full of care,
Would make Thine Angels weep.

The God, who with his finger drew
The judgment coming on,
Write, for these men, what must ensue
Ere many years be gone!
Oh God, whose bow is in the sky,
Let them not brave and dare,
Until they look (too late) on high,
And see an Arrow there!

Oh God remind them! In the bread
They break upon the knee,
These sacred words may yet be read,
"In memory of me!"
Oh God remind them! of his sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how he gave them bread to eat,
And went from door to door.

Miscellaneous.

A TRUE PICTURE.

The following from Douglass Jerrold's (English) Magazine is decidedly the richest and most graphic description of a siege that has yet been published. It must be read by every body.

A LETTER TO EBENEZER PRUNE;
Grocer and General Dealer of the town of Numskull.

DEAR EBENEZER:—Your letter came to hand There was no fear of that.—No letter that showed a man to be a fool, ever yet miscarried. And a pretty noodle your foolscap paints you. What! you're glad that we're going to have out the militia? You're delighted to find we've so much blood in us? Blood, indeed! What business has any decent Christian man with blood, except in the way of black puddings?

Well, at your time of life, I didn't think you could have the pipe-clay fever so strong upon you! And yet it only makes out a notion of mine. You may begin with boys and lads, and teach them what's right and straight—but it's plaguy hard to take the twist and crank out of your respectable middle-aged Solomons that *will* be fools, and still think you're so very wise, only because you're fools with a grave face. You say the whole town of Numskull is ripe for war. Is it? Twould serve it just right to have one morning's relish of it. The mayor, you say, is very hot for glory, and the mayoress and her daughters dying to see the whole town in regimentals. If the thing could be done, I should like to have Numskull besieged, and the Mayor's house, particularly, well peppered. 'Twould be a nice holiday, a capital sight for the rest of all England. I think I could arrange a very pretty day's amusement.

Let me see: we will begin about seven o'clock in the morning. The Mayor is yet in his bed, laying on his back, twiddling his thumbs, and counting over his virtues. Whiz—bang—crash! A shell—fired by the Yankee Wholehog Artillery—(they landed last night from the *Cashdown*, Pennsylvanian frigate)—falls through the roof—through floor and floor—carries away, never minding the mayoress' screams, half the State tester, leaving the mayor and his wife unhurt,—but still falling through dining room and parlor,—and intent upon doing its worst, descending into the cellar, and finally dropping into a pipe of the very best beeswing Port, just going to be bottled. Now, this bomb we'll suppose to be the first sugar plum of war!

The Mayor jumps out of bed, thinking of his money box, his plate, his pipe of Port, and his wife and daughters. The lady mayoress screams like—no I can't think of nothing stronger—like a woman! And then her five daughters, all in their bedgowns and curl-papers, rushing in, scream too, to show the tenderness and the weakness of their womanhood. Now, Ebenezer, arn't all these creatures pretty hypocrites? I mean what I say—and I'll prove it.

Bless their little satisfied souls! how they do love the military, to be sure!—What a beautiful thing a review is to 'em—isn't it?—And how they'll smile upon cannon-balls as if they were things to eat—and how they'll wink their precious eyes in the breast-plates of the dear officers, more than if they stared in in their own looking glasses! And then, in their puffed-up hearts, they think no more of a man than of a barn-door fowl, if he is'nt a soldier. But only put a feather in his cap—red cloth and gold lace on his body—roll him tight round with a sash (the babe of glory!—and let a long sword dangle by his side—and to woman's heart, what a dear peacock the sweet fellow is! She could follow him all over the world; his feathers are so fine, and he does strut so beautifully!—And in this way, Ebenezer, do women again and again, make themselves parties to war and wickedness. In their hearts, to be sure, they don't mean it. They'll faint, some of 'em, to see a cut finger; but then a review only shows the trippery of war—without the blood. The music's beautiful, and there's no call then for flint. * * *

But let me come back—for I've wandered a long way—to the siege of Numskull, just to let you see the beauties of war. Well, the Mayor, and his wife and daughters are all embracing one another in the bedroom, when bang comes another shell, and blows away Maria and Louisa (young, pretty things, that never did harm to anybody,) into the next world. Bang—bang—fall the shells!—Crash goes the house, and the Mayor and his wife, and three daughters, scramble down stairs, and hide in the cellar!

Now, Mr. Mayor was a great man for war, and all its glory. Yes! when full of his best port, he would give his favorite toast—"a speedy war and soon!"—And wherefore? The purple faced old ass he knew nothing of war but its outside finery. The regimental band, the fifes and drums, made him feel as strong as Samson—but then he'd never had bomb-shells drop through his house, and his helpless children slaughtered under his eyes. How very differently does he now—squatted low, like a toadstool, in his cellar—think of war: How does he groan, and shake, and in his misery tear his gray hair,—as he hears the hell of war roaring about him—and listens to the yells and shouts of men, like devils escaped from the burning pit, to work destruction! And now—bang—bang—his house is burst open—half the regiment of the Pennsylvanian rifles flock in. Pillage, Pillage is the cry—they tear from room to room—they descend into the cellar—they stave in pipes and hogsheads—they seize the Mayor's three daughters—and (could he ever have thought it?) *now* is he grateful that Maria and Louisa, in sudden death, met a better fate. Well, the poor Mayor makes a rush at one of the heroes, when his brains are knocked out by the butt-end of a musket, and the "glory" continues.

But I know your answer to this. You say, "we never suffer all this. The rascally enemy can't come to Numskull to do this wickedness—*we* are safe!"—Why, you stony-hearted ruffian—forgive me, for a minute, Ebenezer—is the atrocity any the less because *you* don't suffer it? is it a bit better because you send out men to do all this and endure none of the honor yourself? But, so it is, Ebenezer; you and such noodles as you, roar about the glory of war, because you've only seen a review—have only looked upon the fine glossy skin of the tiger, and have never felt its teeth and claws. True it is, you've paid taxes: and certainly it is thought bad enough to bleed at the pocket; but, after all, 'tis not *quite* so bad as to bleed yourself, or see your wife or children bleeding on the bayonet. Purse-strings *are* delicate; but, somehow or the other, heart-strings carry it.

And therefore, Ebenezer, let me hear no more of your cock-a-doodle-doo-ing about the splendor of war, and the grandeur of the militia. If you want to punish your fellow-creatures, arn't you a grocer and general dealer, and can't you be satisfied?

There's short-weight, adulteration, passing-off bad money,—fifty ways for you to delight the Devil with; but don't treat him to the morsel of all that he best loves—war—wicked, stupid war!

And with this, I am your best friend,
JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.
Cabman.

A clergyman, after having endeavored to explain a difficult text, remarked—"I know *commentators* do not agree with me." In a few days, a farmer in his village brought him a basket of potatoes, saying, that as *common tators* did not agree with him, he had brought him a basket of his best kidneys, which he hoped would be more wholesome.

DISTINGUISHED VOLUNTEERS.—C. W. Bertrand, son of the French General Bertrand, with five other Frenchmen, have volunteered their services to the United States Government in the war against Mexico, and have been accepted.

From Alexander's Messenger.

'Fortin Tellin dun hear.'

Surely the "Schoolmaster is abroad," thought we, as in a perambulatory stroll in the suburbs of our "Quaker city," the other day, we saw a sign bearing the above information. *Fortune telling?* tho't we; we'll enter and see if the fortune teller's tact is equal to the orthography of the sign. It was in a cellar, and down we went. On entering, the only person in sight was a huge, greasy looking specimen of the genus Ethiop, sex *fem.*, in other words, a tremendously large she nigger.

"Is the fortune teller at home?" asked we.

"Yes, sah! I hab dat honor!" said the negress.

"Can you tell what is to happen to me in future, or what has occurred during years gone by?"

"Yes, sah, if you put silver in my hand, I can tell all dat is been, and all dat is to be!"

We placed a specimen of our Yankee spread eagle done in silver, in her huge fist, and she proceeded:

"Now, sah, let me inwestigate de pam ob your hand. You see heah, sah, dis ere crack dat runs from your wrist to de ball ob your fust fore finger; dat is de line ob life. I commence at de fust end, and tell you now wat is been. Dah, sah, is a great combobulation ob troubles on de fust start off; you had a heap ob crosses when you was a baby; dis you can see by all dese little cross lines dat intersect de fust part ob all de big line ob life. Now we look a little furder, sah! Ah, sah, you see dat little crooked streak dah? You was in lub when you was about fifteen year old, sah, and de reason dat de line is crooked, sah, can be found in dat part ob de scriptur whar it say,

"De course ob true lub neber did run smooth."

But neber mind dat, sah, me look furder Why, sah, you hab had a heap ob crosses an' dangers to go through, you is got clear ob de wust, do, and now you is in about de middle ob your life; you is now twenty-five year old, an' maybe you lib to fifty. Ah! wat dis I see heah? Dah is anudder line ob life comes joinin' to yours about ten year from now, and after dat your line ob life runs on smooth clar to de end. And dah is a whole heap ob little lines keeps a comin out along to de end ob your line; so you see, sah, you is a goin to be married some time and hab a whole lot ob babies. Dat's all sah; tank you for your paternage, sah."

We left, perfectly satisfied that the days of *ass*-trology were not yet passed away, and also quite satisfied with our peep into far futurity; regretting, however, that we did not think of getting the *war news in advance!*

Philada. June 5. NED.

HAY MAKING.—We think it best to cut grass for hay, as near as possible to the time when it is in fullest bloom. Of course, if it is cut when most of it is in this state, some may be a little past, and some may not have quite reached full bloom. We know there has heretofore been some difference of opinion as to the stage grass should be in when it is cut, but—we believe the experience of the best farmers is in agreement with the position above assumed. Those who are in the habit of curing herbs, cut them when in this stage, because it is known that they contain at that time the most of that peculiar principle from which they derive their efficacy and value. The saccharine or sugar principle, which constitutes one of the chief sources of nutriment in herbage, is found in the greatest quantity at the period of bloom. It may sometimes be expedient to cut grass before it has reached this state, particularly where it falls down, and is in danger of souring or rotting. When this happens, it should be cut, whatever state it may be in, because if it remains on the ground it will spoil, and the fermentation which takes place, will destroy the roots. Another great advantage in cutting grass before the seed forms, is that the roots are not so much exhausted, and the after growth is much more vigorous.

In some parts of the country, it is the practice to mow the grass and let it lie untouched on the ground, "through sunshine and through shower," for several days before it is stacked or put in the barn. It is quite common to begin Monday and continue to mow till Saturday, when with hand-rakes and horse-rakes, all turn in, take it up and stack it; and this is done too without much regard to the state of the weather at the time it is raked or to what it may have been after it was cut. The appearance of the animals which are fed on hay thus managed, is evidence enough of its worthlessness. After grass is cut and partly dried, it ought never to be exposed to dew or wet. The best way is to spread out the mown grass evenly, as soon as the wet has dried off from the spaces between the swathes, and before the dew falls in the evening, rake it, and put it in cock. Where the crop is heavy, considerable time will be gained in making by this plan. If it is only wilted when it is put in cock, it will in a short time undergo a *sweat*, which will much facilitate its making when it is again opened to the sun. Many good farmers believe that it will make more in two days, if it is kept in cock twelve hours, than it will make in three days without being put in cock. In making clover hay, we are decidedly in favor of not exposing it much to the sun after it is first wilted. We speak from experience, having practiced various modes, and we are certain that it may be made with less labor, and that it is of far superior quality, when cured in cock, than in any other way. When the swaths are a little wilted, pitch them into cocks—laying it up in such a manner that it will stand the weather, which is easily done by the exercise of a little care.—Examine the hay from day to day to see how the process of curing advances, and when it seems to be so well made that with what it will dry in the handling, it will do to put in the barn or stack, turn over the cocks, loosen up the bottoms a little with a fork, and proceed to load it. Clover hay thus cured, is not likely to heat in the mow or stack, and from having every leaf and head saved, it will be found to be very nutricious and much relished by all animals. In fact, we believe that clover hay, properly cured will make more flesh, milk, or butter, than any other hay, pound for pound. The prejudice against clover, has arisen from the bad manner of curing it.—Knocked about as it is, wet and dried by turns, it loses its leaves and heads, and becomes little else than a mass of tasteless stems, which no animal will eat.—*Albany Cultivator.*

USURY LAW,

Passed at the last Legislature of Md.

A SUPPLEMENT TO AN ACT AGAINST EXCESSIVE USURY.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That in any suit, or action hereafter to be brought in any court of law or equity in this State, upon any bond, mortgage, bill obligatory, bill of exchange, promissory note, or upon any contract, agreement or assurance, whether the same relate to the loan of any monies or tobacco, wares, merchandize, or other commodities, in which any person or persons shall seek to avail him, her or themselves, of the act of Assembly, passed at September session, seventeen hundred and four, entitled an act against excessive usury, it shall be incumbent on such person or persons specially to plead the same, and in such plea to state and set out the sums, both principal and interest, actually and fairly due upon such bond, mortgage, bill obligatory, bill of exchange, promissory note, or other evidence of debt, contract, or agreement or assurance, estimating the principal debt actually loaned or contracted for, with interest thereupon, at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That upon the trial of any issue or issues upon such plea in any court of law in this State, it shall be the duty of the jury to ascertain the amount of such principal, and interest due upon said bond, mortgage, bill obligatory, bill of exchange, promissory note, or other evidence of debt contract, agreement or assurance, as aforesaid, and to render their verdict for the same, upon which said verdict it shall be the duty of the said court to render judgment in favor of the plaintiffs in said action.

Sec 3. *And be it enacted*, That upon the trial of any such issue in the court of chancery, or in the county courts, sitting as courts of equity, in this State, it shall be the duty of the Chancellor, and of the judge or judges of said courts, respectively, to ascertain the amount of principal and interest due as aforesaid, and to decree accordingly.

Sec. 4. *And be it enacted*, That if at the time of pleading as aforesasd, or upon the trial of the issue thereupon, the defendants shall tender to the plaintiff or plaintiffs in said suit or action, the sum alleged to be due as aforesaid, and the costs which may have accrued in said suit or action up to the time of such plea or trial, and upon such finding by the jurors, or ascertainment by the chancellor, or judge or judges, it shall appear that the sum actually due upon such bond, bill obligatory, bill of exchange, promissory note, or other evidence of debt, contract or assurance, did not exceed in principal, interest and costs, at the time of such plea or trial, the sum tendered as aforesaid, then and in every such case, the plaintiffs shall be adjudged to pay the costs accruing after such tender.

Sec. 5. *And be it enacted*, That the third section of the act of assembly of September session, one thousand seven hundred and four, chapter sixty-nine, be and the same is hereby repealed; *provided however*, that such repeal shall not be had to affect any legal proceedings already instituted under the provision of the said section, but that the same may be prosecuted to final judgment in the same manner as if the said section had not been repealed.

Sec. 6. *And be it enacted*, That all acts and parts of acts assembly which may be inconsistent with the provisions of this act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Terrible Fire at Quebec.

BURNING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL. IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE—FIFTY BODIES RECOVERED FROM THE RUINS, &c.

From the Quebec Mercury, of June 13.

It has again pleased the Almighty to afflict our already chastened city. Last night at 1 o'clock a fire broke out in the Theatre Royal, Lewis street, formerly the riding school, at the close of Mr. Marris' exhibition of his chemical Dioramas. From the information we have been able to learn, the camphine lamp was overset from some cause or other, and the stage at once became enveloped in flames. The house had been densely crowded, but some had fortunately left before the accident.

A rush was at once made to the staircase leading from the boxes by those who, in the excitement of the moment, forgot the other passages of egress. In an incredibly short space of time the whole of the interior of the building was enveloped in one sheet of flame. The newly erected platform covering the pit, and communicating at each end with the stage and boxes, favored the progress of the flames. The staircase communicating with the boxes was a steep one, and it had fallen from the weight of those who crowded upon it. One foot was interposed between the hapless crowd and eternity, and on that space we, with five or six others, stood, the fierce flames around us, and the dense smoke repelling all efforts to extricate us. As far back as we could see there was a sea of heads, of writhing bodies, and outstretched arms; noise there was none. But few means of escape presented themselves to the doomed at the extreme end in view. The funeral vale of smoke which gradually enshrouded them appeared calmly to drop into eternal sleep.

By our side was one brother striving to extricate another, but abandonment was unavoidable. One poor creature at our feet offered his entire worldly wealth for his rescue.

The agonizing expression of the faces before us can never be effaced from our memory. The flames at the time were above and around us, but human aid was of no avail. In five minutes from the time of which we make mention the mass of human beings who had but a short interval previously been in the enjoyment of a full and active life, were exposed to our view a mass of calcined bones.

Up to this hour, forty six bodies have been recovered from the ruins. Most of them have been recognized. A greater loss of life than in the two dreadful conflagrations of last summer. Sad wailing pervades the city. Scarcely a street can be traversed in which the closed shutters or the hanging crape do not betoken a sudden bereavement.

Fathers, sisters, children of both sexes, indulge in the deepest lamentation, over the calamity which has fallen upon many, for those who were thus suddenly and awfully summoned into the presence of their Creator.

SUNDAY SIDEWALKS.—An aged, good humored "sucker," who had fell among jovial friends on Friday night, or met with great luck on Saturday morning, "took a spread" on a slippery pavement yesterday, at a very early hour, and the "corn juice" he had imbibed was so powerful, or the pavement so *ilely*, that every attempt he made to attain a perpendicular, only weakened his powers and excited his wrath.

"Consarn the pavin stuns" muttered he, "thar aint no gittin" along on "em!" and away he'd go sprawling!

"Try it again, old fellow," advised a looker on.

"Taint no use," answered he, "I fell over the cussed things last night, cause I couldn't see "em."

"Take a fresh start," said his friend, "and you'll walk over the whole town easy."

After getting once more upright, he pulled his hat from over his eyes, looked his sympathiser in the face, and coolly remarked:

"It's my opinion, stranger, that when city people get to POLISHEN' thar paven stuns for Sunday, they're growin' a LEETLE too proud!"—*St Louis Reveille.*

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