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Maryland Journal.

VOL. II. ROCKVILLE, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1846. No. 22.

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 Hotel (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.

Where is Henry Clay?

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

LINES

On reading an article from the Richmond Whig, being a reply to the question, tauntingly put—"Where is HENRY CLAY?"

Where is he? Ask the mighty host
Of Freemen in our glorious land,
A million voices will respond,
And each one proudly press his hand
To his warm heart, and with a tear
For him they honor, answer—"*here!*"

Where is he? In the frozen North,
In the vast villas of the West,
In the sweet lowlands of the South,
That rallying name is known and blest!
The soldier loves it as the watchword of the free,
The sailor shouts it from the masthead on the sea!

Where is he? In the evening of his life,
The snow-flakes of old age upon his brow;
But still with clarion voice and Eagle eye,
As prompt, as eloquent, as fearless now
To save his country in the threat'ning hour,
From civil discord or Imperial power!

Where is he? Far beyond the reach
Of his untiring, unforgiving foes;
In vain did persecution smite
His broad breast with Herculean blows;
The poisoned arrows, winged with envious aim
Broke on the bright shield of his spotless fame!

Where is he? History will tell
And on her patriot list enroll
His name amongst the great and good,
Highest upon the deathless scroll,
And future ages hail it with huzzas,
Wherever floats the flags of stripes and stars!

Where *then* will be the *accidental* great,
The Lilliputian heroes of to-day,
Who strove with sacrilegious hand to snatch
His country's laurels from the brow of Clay?
Posterity looks on with vacant stare,
And echo, sneering, answers, "*Where?*"

Cincinnati, April 7th.

Miscellaneous.

Dow, Jr., on the Mexican War.

Dow, Jr., in one of his sermons in the Sunday Mercury, holds forth as follows. It is a pretty good burlesque on the editorials of certain papers, and not much exaggerated, either:

"My friends and fellow-countrymen—awake, arise! for the Philistines are upon you. Strike the tunjo! blow the hugag! whistle the fife, and chastise the drum! Your lives, your loaves, your liberties are in danger. Now, while your glorious lamp of liberty is sputtering with the impotent spit of the foe, is the time for you to girdle on your armor—march to the battle-field; then vindicate the national honor, suck the sweets of revenge, and settle all difficulties, and return home so covered with glory that common eyes wont be able to behold you without the assistance of smoked glass. You are spiralized into a war, and you must go through it like a dose of castor oil—the quicker the better.

"Up, then, at them; strike, not only for your own homes, wives and babies, but for the halls of the Montezumas!—In those halls, my friends, are splendors unimagined and unimaginable; and in the multitude of mines that surround them are riches untold and untellable. Push on the war. now you are into it. These Mexican savages must be whipt into civilization; and if I were not necessarily exempt by law, I would be one to assist in the pleasurable task.—They have no business to be brutes—no right to the blessings of barbarism whatever. They are reptiles in the path of progressive Democracy—who, with his big boots, is bound to travel from Portland to Patagonia—and they must either crawl or be crushed."

WE ARE BLIND TO OUR OWN FAULTS. Of the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons whom we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man among us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number? or where is there a man so bad who would not think it the hardest and most unfair imputation to have any of those particular vices laid to his charge? If he has the symptoms ever so strong upon him which he would pronounce infallible in another, they are indications of no such malady in himself; he sees what no one else sees, some secret and flattering circumstances in his favor, which, no doubt, make a wide difference betwixt his case and the parties whom he condemns.—What other man speaks so often and vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other characters in life, and being a consequence of the nature of such vices, and almost inseparable from them, the effects of it are generally so gross and absurd that where pity does not forbid, it is pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the several turnings and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on.

BOYS OF SIXTEEN.

We like to see active and industrious boys of fifteen and sixteen years of age; we know they will make smart men.—There are many such in this country, who are learning the mysteries of trades, or working behind the counter. They are cheerful and happy; have a pleasant look and a kind word for all.

But there are other boys who are dull and lazy. At sixteen years of age you will find them lounging about the corners, or wasting their time in idle society. They will not work to support themselves and are obliged to call on their parents for their clothing and support. Such boys will turn out miserable tools.

Few men care to take boys who have arrived to sixteen or seventeen years of age—who have contracted idle habits and partially formed their characters.—Those who love to dress well and make a good appearance, and parade about the streets to show themselves, are good for nothing to a mechanic or merchant; and never can be, unless they cast off their lazy habits and engage in some business.

In many cases parents are remiss in duty. They will neither let their sons go to this place nor the other, for fear they will soil their hands or dirty their clothes, and so they keep them dangling about the house till they become altogether too old to find places. The sea generally brings them up at last, unless they rust out and die of what is politely called consumption.

A UNIVERSAL YANKEE GENIUS.—Stubbs was born in Goos county, in a village which placed high up on a cool shelf of the mountain, and overreached the whole country for miles around.—Yankee Doodleism blazed out of him like a scrofulous tumor in the neck. As a young quail uses its wings with the shell yet adhering to them, so he walked right out of his cradel and "swapped."

He imposed upon a baby, who had the better of him in crawling by three months; at the age of ten, he jockied a a boy in his teens. At the age of fifteen, he invented an "Androscoggin," so called from a river of that name. Pindarics could not describe his high and wild fancies in the flush of youth. His contrivances were of complex ingenuity.—Rabbitts were tripped up by the heels in an instant, and hung up on saplings no larger than a horsewhip, wagging their short tails in the breeze. Possums were cheated on their own gum trees, frogs harpooned on the hop, and foxes robbed of their corn-cobs in mid-stream, while they took that method to get off fleas.—He shot cats; he gave weasels anodynes, and caught them asleep; he took black snakes by the tails and snapped their heads off. He broke colts with small trouble; jumped on their bare backs, wound their manes around his arms, and kicked them in the ribs until they were nearly blind. He knocked an old bear's eyes out with his fists, and put the cubs in his pockets. He did not stand on etiquette with wild cats, and like old Peter Daverill in the wilderness of Vim, as we read in the fairy tale of Pasquerilla, he could equally well have smoothed down a porcupine's back with his hand.

PRECOCIOUS GENIUS.—"Dad, I knows most of them are Kingsses and Queenses of England, but that are *Richard Cure de Lion I can't* git along with. Was there a sick Lion? and did old Dick cure him? What was the matter with the critter, did he have the measles, or the Asiamatic cholera?"

"Peggy, put that boy to bed; he's altogether too forrard."

Urchin is stowed away in bed, but presently pops up his head again:

"Dad, did they have nigger kings in England?"

"No! No! Go to sleep."

"Wall, I tho't they *did*."

"What made you think so, you little numbskull?"

"Caze I read in my Illiments of English History, a long string about *The Black Prince*."

"Thunder! I'll burn that book in the morning."

"Hope you will, dad, for I don't believe half it says—What do you suppose them are old Inglishers used to heat their spurs fur, when they went out a hoss back?"

"Who told you that silly story, boy?"

"Why dont my Illiments speak about the *Hot-spurs*?"

"Hang your Illiments? Go to sleep."

Urchin snored vociferously in five minutes.

AN IRISHMAN'S BELIEF.—A gentleman employing an Irishman, wished to know of what religion he was, and one day asked him: "Well, Paddy, my boy, what is your belief?" "Is it my belief your honor?" "Well, I owe Mistress Cromichan five dollars for rent, and it's her belief I'll never pay her, and *faith that's my belief too.*"

A Crestfallen Locofoco Patriot.

There is a fellow named Eccles, who is editor of a Locofoco paper, the Indiana Patriot, published at Greencastle, Indiana, who perhaps can get as red hot with patriotism in a remarkably short time as any other locofoco in the land, and who certainly can cool off faster than other hot substance known to chemists. Eccles is full of carnage, blood and thunder while seated on his tripod. His paper breathes nothing but slaughter, fire famine, and other destructives against Great Britian, on the Oregon question, he planted the hollow of his foot across fifty-four forty, and swore that the last drop of his valuable blood should be shed before he would recede one inch southward. As is the case, however, with windy patriots generally, his words are more valiant than his heart, and his rearward locomotion is much more remarkable than his alacrity in stepping forward. He is a great mimic, and when he undertakes to imitate the crawfish, he does it in a beautiful style, as we shall see.

When the news of the Mexican war reached Greencastle, Eccles' paper became terrifically patriotic. He was in favor of planting the star-spangled banner over the halls of the Montezumas, and all that sort of thing, and it was apparently with much difficulty that he was prevented from rushing to Mexico to fight the enemy single handed. He issued a proclamation to the people of the county, calling on them to go with him to Mexico to secure everlasting fame, or meet glorious death on the battle field. A company of volunteers was formed, and a day appointed for the selection of officers. Eccles called on all the people to attend and witness the election, fancying that himself was about to be chosen to lead his gallant comrades on to Mexico. The day arrived, and a large concourse of people assembled.—Eccles appeared among them mounted on a magnificent steed, that seemed to be conscious that he was bestrode by a Cæsar. The hero had a tin cockade on his hat, and his hat was cocked in true military style on one side of his head, in order that his bumps of combativeness and destructiveness might be seen to the best advantage. Around his waist was a very sanguineous sash, and on his heels were a pair of bloodthirsty spurs, with which he occasionally pricked the sides of his horse to have a chance of making a winning exhibition of his superb horsemanship. Thus accoutred, he appeared on the ground, and the election for captain of the company was entered into. A thorough-going, hard-working, young blacksmith, of great popularity in that section, named Applegate, was elected captain, and Eccles, the noble, gallant, warlike Eccles, tore the sash from his waist, and the cockade from his hat, and fled from the scene as rapidly as if a Mexican army had suddenly made its appearance. His lofty patriotism disdained a meaner post than that of captain, and as he had accused the whigs of treason to the country so fiercely, he would have nothing to do with a company that had chosen a whig traitor in preference to an immediate locofoco patriot.

The scene that followed was indiscribably ludicrous, and poor Eccles, chopfallen and humiliated, has not since been able to show his radiant face to man, woman, or child, without causing an irrepressible burst of laughter.—*Louisville Journal.*

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL TAYLOR.—A correspondent of the Pennsylvania Inquirer relates the following anecdote of the commander of the Army of Invasion.

"This morning I heard a little incident respecting Gen. Taylor, which, at the present time, will be interesting. During the Florida campaign, a certain young officer, after receiving his commission, was ordered to join the army in that quarter. His first duty was of course to report himself to Gen. Taylor. After a very tedious journey, however, through the woods, our officer arrived at a small shanty called a tavern, about 50 miles from head quarters, where he thought proper to stay three days. There were only two visiters there, besides himself. One of them, an oldish, shabby looking man, with a black hat, minus a part of the crown, and a piece of twine for a ribband, was very inquisitive, and among other things, asked our officer, what excuse he intended to make for his delay in reporting himself to the General.

"O," said the officer, "they say Taylor is a very easy old soul, and I can easily make up an excuse."

On going to bed that night, the officer asked the landlord who that impudent, inquisitive old fellow was? "Why," said the host, "don't you know General Taylor?" About an hour afterwards, at midnight, the tramp of a horse's feet was heard, making large tracks towards head quarters."

DECLARATION
OF
INDEPENDENCE,

In Congress, July 4th, 1776.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's GOD entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their CREATOR, with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience has shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws, for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies, at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses, repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise; the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws, for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependant on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in time of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction, foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation

For quartering lar[illegible]ies of armed troops among us:

For protecting th[illegible] mock trial. from punish[illegible]rders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistingnished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence.—They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the SUPREME JUDGE of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies; solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states—That they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of DIVINE PROVIDENCE we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

The different shades of character are so fine that it is almost impossible to detect a rogue from a gentleman. One talks politics, the other descants on poetry or religion—one bows gracefully, the other says "how d'ye do?" politely—one smokes a cigar, the other takes a pinch of snuff—they both dress well, and the only difference is—one's a rogue and the other's a gentleman.

COURAGE.—"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious General to a brave son of Erin, after a bloody battle, "and what did *you* do to help us to gain this victory?" "Do!" replied Pat, "may it plaze yer honor, I walked up boldly to wun of the innimy, and cut off his fut." "Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his *head!*" asked the General. "An, an' faith, that was off already!" said Pat.

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