a small portion of ardent spirit, instead of being beneficial, is positively injurious. The consequence of this allowance was, the creation of an intemperate desire for spirituous liquors, on the part of many, which was soon disseminated among the people, and, in a few years, spread throughout the whole country.

I now come to the utterance of statements that are really startling. The use of ardent spirits having thus become popular, the demand for them continually increased until hundreds of thousands of gallons—nay, millions—and tens of millions—aye, scores upon scores of millions were consumed annually,—so that, prior to the year 1829, the consumption amounted, according to the calculation of Judge Cranch, to 72,000,000 of gallons a year, averaging nearly 6½ gallons to every individual in the United States!

True; all this ardent spirit was not consumed by drunkards; but a large proportion of it was, and nearly all the rest by those who were in danger of becoming drunkards.

And now, sir, having arrived at this point, it may be well for us to notice, in a general way, how much the use of distilled liquors *costs* our country. From the same reputable authority which I have already quoted (Judge Cranch,) we learn that ardent spirits, when added to the loss of labour, and the expense of crime and pauperism, and other particulars necessarily involved,—cost the U. States, $94,425,000 per annum. And he has also ascertained that this yearly sum, if permitted to accumulate for 20 years, would then, with its interest, be more than sufficient to "buy up all the houses and lands and slaves in the Union." But there are higher estimates than this, and very plausible ones, too. I believe that the expense is generally thought to exceed $100,000,000; and some, by the addition of circumstances omitted in other calculations, have carried it up to $120,000,000—a sum which, in the language of a certain writer, "is five times as large as the revenue of our government—would build twelve such canals as the Grand Erie and Hudson Canal every year—would support a navy four times as large as that of Great Britain—is sixty times as much as the aggregate income of all the principal religious charitable societies in Europe and America—would supply every family on the earth with a Bible in eight months, or would support a missionary or teacher among every two thousand souls on the globe!" Is it not shameful—in view of the evil that such an immense sum might remove, and the good it might purchase—that it should be lost—utterly lost in the gratification of a low and depraved appetite?

Having thus noticed the cost of ardent spirits to the country, let us now consider their *effects upon the persons of the intemperate*

And first—the *body*. You all know that the idea has been current among the people that ardent spirits frequently prevent disease, and generally promote the health and increase the vigour of the system. But this idea is now either scouted from intelligent society, or rendered perfectly innocent, by the strongest qualifications. The experience of thousands, and the abundant and unvarying testimony of physicians, individually and associately, have established the truth beyond all doubt that spirituous liquors are poisonous—decidedly and destructively poisonous. A long list of diseases are attributable to habits of intemperance. Dr. Trotter enumerates more than thirty, of which I will name—*Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Diseased Liver, Carbuncles, Schirrus of the Bowels, Dyspepsia, Locked Jaw, Palsy, Ulcers,* and *Premature Old Age*. These are dreadful, but the whole list is more so. Indeed, the very countenance of a drunkard indicates his peculiar exposure, his strong predisposition to disease; and all his complainings give evidence of general and constant internal disorder. The stomach, the liver, the brain, the heart, the lungs, in short, the whole organization of the man is impaired; all the functions are deranged; and the tone of his voice, the smell of his breath, and sometimes even the colour of his perspiration, combining with his bloated and corrupt appearance, tell how easily the angel of death may secure his victim. Here, some details may be useful. It has been stated by a physician that *half* of all *sudden deaths* are occasioned by ardent spirits. Another has said that "the use of them in large cities"—and it is proportionately so elsewhere—"produces *more* diseases than the *combined influence of all other evils.*" Dr. Kirk has declared that "15 out of 20 cases of *liver disease* are occasioned by their use;" and Dr. Cheyne, that "19 out of 20 cases of *apoplexy* might be cured but for these liquors." "Of 77 persons *found dead*, in different places, the deaths of 67, according to the Coroners' inquest, were occasioned by strong drink. Of all who have died in past Summers after drinking cold water, it is estimated that *nine tenths* were habitual drinkers of ardent spirits. In contrast to this, I may quote the following instance:—A company of men, employed at a furnace, in the warmest weather, have been to go all glowing with heat and wet with perspiration, to a neighboring spring, and drink freely, again and again, without the slightest injury. But they drank nothing else. Of all the accounts, however, which I have read, there are none so awful as those which exhibit the destruction of the intemperate by the *Cholera*. It would seem that this avenging angel had received a special commission from the Almighty to slay the drunkard. Never was intemperance so fearfully rebuked. In Tiflis, a Russian town, containing 20,000 inhabitants, *every drunkard died!* In Poland, *nine tenths* of the victims were given to hard drink The 30,000 in Paris are said to have been nearly all of the same class. In Montreal, out of 1200 who were attacked, *not one drunkard recovered.* Of 1000 who died in that city, it is reported there were only two members of Temperance Societies Of 5000 members in Albany only two were lost. It is said that the societies in Ireland, Scotland and England, lost not a single member. In remembrance of the past and in fear of the future, let this truth be continually displayed to the eyes of the nation:—THE CHOLERA THIRSTS FOR THE BLOOD OF THE DRUNKARD. Besides all that has been thus far stated, I may mention a fact frequently repeated and which consummates the list of horrors, viz: that the long continued and excessive use of ardent spirits sometimes results in the *spontaneous combustion* of the human body. Several cases have occurred, in Europe and America, of both men and women. One case is recorded in which the miserable woman was so thoroughly consumed that her remains "*resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes!*" But no stronger illustration of this part of the subject can be furnished than this concluding statement: that, in our own country alone, *nearly* 40,000 *drunkards go down to the grave, every year!*

Let us now notice the influence of intemperance on the *soul*. And first, on the *intellectual powers*. Here, how sad its consequences! All the faculties are impaired and perverted; weakness, their condition, and confusion the result of all their operations. Perception—the porter that keeps the door of the mind—loses all discretion; repels truth and welcomes error. The cabinet of Memory is soon thrown open and her well-arranged treasures are all cast into an undistinguished heap. Reflection endeavours in vain to separate and readjust the elements of the mass in their former classification; her enfeebled energies are unequal to the task. Judgment looks on the scene bewildered; she would fain select the precious from the vile; but her skill is lost—she can scarcely determine the character or value of any thing before her. Reason gazes on the disorder in stupid wonder; and Imagination trembles at the vision of a thousand phantoms, whose shadowy mockeries hover in the air and laugh at the ruin they seem to have caused. Do these personifications answer the purpose, sir? If not, let me state, in better prose, the simple truth. Intemperance debilitates all the mental forces—reduces the mind, in thousands of cases, to an abject imbecility nearly allied to idiocy, and results, in other thousands, in the most distressing and terrible mania. It is said that in England the proportion of insane persons to the whole population is 1 to 1000; in Wales, 1 to 800; and in Scotland, 1 to 574. Of the proportion in the United States I am ignorant; but, it is probable that it corresponds with the reference just made. And the reports of Medical gentlemen, connected with Hospitals and Lunatic Asylums and other institutions of a similar character show, that "more than one half and probably three fourths" of all cases of insanity are consequent upon excessive indulgence in distilled spirits.

Look, also, at the effect on the *social affections*. The poor wretch who yields to the infatuating vice, sacrifices all desire for the good opinions of virtuous society. He loses self respect; his cheek forgets to blush and his heart to feel shame. He cares not that his aged parents weep over him and almost shrink from the thought that he is their son;—he cares not that his wife, with downcast eyes and heart swelled almost to bursting, laments that he has lost all love—but her own;—he cares not that his children regard him with dread rather than fondness; he cares not that his acquaintances pity him at a distance and turn their backs as he approaches,—he cares not that the community at large despise him and that he is the proverb and laughing stock of hard hearted men and thoughtless boys.—Careless of all these things, he seeks the tavern; drinks, and drinks, and drinks again; reels along the street; stares, with dull eye, on all he meets; mutters foolish salutations to all his bleared vision can recognize; passes his grey-haired parents—whose frames quiver with the shock of agony at the sight—passes them with the grin of a fool on his face; and then enters his home, to fall on the floor, in the midst of his children and at the feet of his wife,—a filthy, brutal pest—a shameless, squalid curse. And not only does he thus lose all respect for himself, but he grows reckless of the good of all around him and at last maliciously desirous of inflicting evil. He looks upon respectable society with perfect hatred. Hence the numerous diabolical crimes that are yearly committed under the influence of passions inflamed by drunkenness. It is reported that more than 50,000 crimes are prosecuted, annually, in the United States; and, in the opinion of men well qualified to judge, *four fifths* of these—some say *nine-tenths* are caused by intemperance. The yearly average of murders in our country is about 200; and at least *four fifths* are owing to the same cause. Of 44, the history of which was ascertained, 43 were connected with this habit. And Mr. Maxwell, of New-York, has declared, that, of 22 which he examined, *all* were committed in consequence of intemperance.—

Consider, also, the *religious feelings*. The conscience of the drunkard is so vilely abused that at length her warning voice is hushed; the Spirit of God is so often repelled that at last it takes its reluctant flight; and then the sensibilities petrify. The Bible is neglected,—the Sabbath is profaned,—prayer and praise are forgotten,—*all* the commandments, one after another, are heedlessly or madly outraged,—every thing sacred is foully desecrated—and the soul of the sot is *almost*—I would not, I could not say *quite*—but it is almost as surely sold to the devil and doomed to hell as if there existed between the parties express stipulations and a sealed compact

So much, sir, for the *personal* effects of intemperance. Les us now take a view of its influence on families. And here I request you to accompany me at once to the house of a drunkard. I can promise you no pleasure. You will witness much distress. But I hope and pray that the visit may prompt us to useful exertion. Do you see that sulky at the door? A benevolent physician is there. He has no thought of charging for his services. He knows there is no money to pay him. He looks to God for remuneration. Observe the house. Do you see the holes in the roof? A few shingles have long been needed to keep out the rain. Do you see the weather-boards hanging by one end? A little trouble would put them all in place. Do you see the old rags stuffed in the broken windows? A few panes of glass would not cost much. Do you see this gate, hanging on one hinge? Every thing is out of order. But let us enter. Look at those ragged little children, clustered, shivering, round the scanty fire on the hearth. Ah!—here is the doctor, at the bedside. He is feeling the sick woman's pulse. How pale she looks—how sad! Poor woman!——Did you ever in your life, sir, behold a countenance so expressive of a broken heart! Well may she be called *poor*. Mark the indications about her. That old bed and bedstead on which she lies—this old table and chest—and these few old chairs comprise all her furniture She knows not where her next meal is to come from, and her children are already hungry. But poverty is not her greatest grief. She is too near death to feel a strong desire for the good things of this life,- except for her children. Alas! it is for them she mourns. The two eldest are fine sprightly children; the first born, particularly, is a very stout, handsome boy; the two next are more delicate and not so well favoured; and as for the youngest of all, she is a puny, sickly little thing, and is very weak-minded, they say. No wonder that their mother weeps at the thought of parting with them—seeing no provision for their welfare. Although she is assured by the blessed Comforter that death will be a happy release to her own soul, she would fain tarry longer to try to do something for her dear little ones. But what could she do? What, sir, could a feeble, broken-hearted woman do to support five children? But hark!—who is that cursing and swearing so bitterly at the door? Ah! the wretched wife knows that cruel voice too well. She turns her face aside at the sound and you can see her chest heaving with sorrow. Here he comes; her mean, worthless, inhuman, drunken husband, or rather tormentor. But he has gone again. Thus, whenever his wife has a visiter, he staggers away. Doubtless he will return as soon as we shall have gone; perhaps to abuse the patient sufferer, even in her last hour and beat her children before her closing eyes. Oh! strange—strange that God should spare him and take his wife! But then she will find a sweet rest in heaven. Thank God!—yea, blessed forever be his name, that "there remaineth a rest" for such weary spirits!—— Come, sir, I can stay no longer

And now do you wish to learn more of their history? That woman, sir, when an infant, was nursed on the bosom of one of the best of mothers. She was tenderly and happily raised. She was beautiful and gay in her youth—a delight to all who knew her. And her husband, that fiend incarnate, as he now appears to be—was fondled on the knee of a father, who piously knelt down and praised God for his child; who watched over him for years with pleasure and hope; and gave him a good education; and set him a good example; and rejoiced to see him on his twenty first birthday, as noble-looking, active, polite & agreeable as any young man the country could boast. she then established him in business; and when the old man died his son was pursuing a successful and honourable career After the death of his father, when the inheritance came into his own hands, he wooed and won his lovely pride. When his wife's parents died, their last hours were cheered by the thought that their daughter was well settled. But soon the frail husband was tempted to drink,—he yielded, grew worse and worse,—and is now what you have seen him. His character, his property, his credit, all are lost: and he now totters along a forlorn outcast. Still his wife, while she sees him as he is, remembers him as he was; and she will die with the prayer on her lips that God may bless him.

Think not, sir, that this is an overwrought picture. It is, in truth, a moderate description. In these United States, there are said to be nearly 400,000 drunkards. A great number of them have families, and probably there are as many of these families whose condition beggars this representation as there are in a better. O that they may experience the compassion of the Father of Mercies! Yes, sir, the narrative is sustained by facts It is a fact that nearly all the *pauperism* in the Union is caused by intemperance. In illustration of this, I will quote one instance In our own state, in Baltimore county, it appeared that of 1134 paupers, 1059 were made such by this vice It is also a fact that there is frequently a striking deterioration among the children of the intemperate from the first born to the last. Instances are recorded in which the eldest children were healthy in body and strong in mind, while the others declined, physically and intellectually, according to their ages, down to the youngest, which were dwarfs and idiots It is also a fact that countless children have been precluded from the advantages of education and afflicted with the want of food and clothes in consequences of the drunkenness of their fathers; and that many an amiable, affectionate and lovely wife has suffered constant degradation; and has been doomed to weep, and mourn, and pine, year after year, enduring shame, and mortification, and neglect, and abuse, and a thousand other ills; until she has gained a refuge in the grave—where the wicked hell deserving husband ceases to trouble and the wearied frame of his victim at last finds a rest.

And here, sir, permit me to relate an incident which I have recently learned from an intimate friend In the month of December, on a cold and disagreeable evening, a trembling, limping boy was seen to enter the kitchen. My friend, in company with two young men, went out to inquire into the object of his visit. But the suffering wanderer had not proceeded far in his story, before one of the young men was overcome by his sympathy, burst into tears and retired from the place The conversation, in substance, was as follows:

"Well, my boy, where are you from?"

"From Poplar neck, Talbot county, sir,"

"And where are you going?"

"I am on my way to Denton, sir."

My friend discovered from his manner of speech and the shaking of his frame that he was afflicted with *palsy;* and became solicitous to ascertain the character of his parents.

"Was your father a religious man?"

"No, sir, he was a wicked man, he was a drunkard. They told me he was almost always drunk. My mother died, when I was very young, of the consumption. My father died soon after, and left me very poor, and I was taken to the Poor House." And then he told the time when he was struck with palsy; and the reason why he had left the Poor-house, which was that he might obtain work, and that he had lived in several families during the working season, and finally, that, having been dismissed from his last place, he was returning to his old lodgings.

"And where did you sleep last night?" asked my friend.

"I slept under a fodder stack, sir, and when it rained I got very wet and felt very cold." Recollect the season—December! It was further ascertained that he had had nothing to eat since the morning. He was soon supplied, however, not only with food but also with a comfortable overcoat. The next day my friend took him within a mile of Hillsborough in his carriage, and arrangements were made for conveying him thence to Denton.

The history of this case, sir, most deeply affected my heart. To think of an orphan having been thus doomed to the *poor house* by the *intemperance* of his *father*—to think of his having been afflicted, *so early*, with such a dreadful disease as the *palsy*, and this also, in all probability, owing to the same cause; to think of his having had to go out in *such a condition*, to *seek* a living, by *hard work;* to think of his having been turned from place to place during the summer and autumn, and then *left homeless in winter*, at a *long distance* even from the shelter of the *poor house*, to wander on foot, day after day, limping at every step, and quivering with his infirmity, to lie down at night on the frozen ground, in thin linen clothes, with nothing to screen him but a stack of fodder, to wake up wet and chilled with the beating rain, to wander again, all day, with nothing to eat between morning and evening; ah, sir, such thoughts are distressing beyond utterance! In the bitterness of sorrow I am lost: words cannot express the horror I feel of the crime that leads to such mournful results. And then, how ignorant was that poor boy Religion, so happily calculated, had it been well understood, to have enabled him to bear his misfortunes with resignation and hope: religion to him was an unfolded mystery. Oh, can you not pardon me for the assertion that I hate intemperance as I hate—the—devil? Yes, in the language of a venerated friend, who always employs the most nervous terms in expression of his sentiments, "*I love to hate it.*"

Having thus presented some brief and hasty sketches of the history of intemperance in ancient and modern times, I now invite your attention, by way of conclusion on this part of the subject to some general remarks.

Is there not something wonderful, sir, in the degree and extent of evil that may be caused by the improper indulgence of a single appetite? Behold the effects of pampering thirst! In the morning of time, when the earth retained much of its original glory—when the unimpaired fertility of its soil, and purity of its waters, and vitality of its atmosphere were evident in the unfailing freshness and glowing beauty of all vegetable existence; and in the protracted lives, and untiring vigour, and delighted sensibilities of all animate nature;—this unvitiated desire sought nothing better for its gratification than the bubbling coolness of the crystal spring. In after ages, the trickling juice of the bursting grape was regarded as a precious luxury. Time lapsed away and the sense that this at first regaled began to cloy, and the ingenuity of the intellect, excited by a new and craving want, obtained, by the process of fermentation, in all its sparkling strength, the rich, inspiring wine. Ere long, however, even this choice drink,—the praise of a thousand songs in every century—became insipid to multitudes. Then the palm tree was laid under tribute for its dates, and a more stimulating drink, lent its aid in the enkindling of the loved excitement. But this also soon became too weak, and then the pure wine was inflamed by the addition of spices and drugs, and millions of mankind employed the fiery mixture as a certain restorative of their wasting energies and the grateful means of enlivening their drooping spirits. Ages rolled on, and the unhappy discovery of alcohol opened the way for the unbounded gratification of the depraved and burning passion. We have seen, sir, some of the sad, the dreadful, the unspeakable evils that have followed. The rich have been made poor, and the poor have sunk lower and lower, until they have been almost pressed out of life. Countless diseases, of the most loathsome, the most agonizing, and the most fatal character, have ravaged the globe. Thousands of intellects, endowed with power to have won the gratitude and admiration of mankind, have been enfeebled and ruined. Thousands of hearts, that might have overflowed with the enjoyment of love *to* all, and love *from* all, have been visited by the scorn of the world, and have boiled against the world with implacable wrath. Thousands of tongues that might have spoken words of wisdom in tones of music to be celebrated forever, have been devoted to railing and slander and profanity, and every sin of speech. And thousands of the noblest human forms that ever stood up in the eye of day, have gone staggering in corruption and filth, to the darkness and rottenness of the grave. Besides these, millions less distinguished have withered and perished in the same way. Millions upon millions of broken hearted widows; with weeping and wailing, have mourned over the tombs of their husbands prematurely destroyed, and multiplied millions of helpless orphans have felt their little bosoms throbbing at the thought that they were all alone—alone in a wide and friendless world. A vast proportion of all the graves of the earth are occupied by the corses of the intemperate; and the thunders of the ocean, as if the tolling of the bell of vengeance, peal among the billows the funeral dirge of a numberless host lost in the depths below. And more—yea, more—ah! infinitely more than this!—it *is* to be feared—nay, it is almost certain—alas! is it not quite certain that thousands upon thousands, beyond all enumeration, "lift up their eyes in hell, being in torment!"

(To be concluded.)

EASTON, MD.

TUESDAY MORNING, March 26, 1833.

Temperance. We commence in this morning's Whig the publication of the Address of the Rev. Mr. *Stockton*, delivered on the 26th ult. in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in this town, before the Temperance Society of Talbot county. On Saturday we propose concluding it.

Having it in contemplation to publish this address in pamphlet form, as soon as possible, it is desirable that the Temperance Societies of the Eastern Shore should send in their orders without delay, that we may determine the number we shall publish. The price cannot yet be determined; but they will be put to societies, and philanthropic individuals, who may want them for distribution, at the lowest possible rate, to cover expenses.

The bill as reported by the Committee, dividing the State into Congressional Districts, we learn from the Maryland Republican, passed both branches of the Legislature, on Friday last, without material alteration. This (the 2nd) District is composed of the five counties, Cecil, Kent, Q. Anns, Caroline and Talbot.

The question of reform was not considered. The Legislature rose on Saturday.

We are pained to learn from a letter we yesterday heard read, from a highly respectable source, that there a great number of mad dogs at this time in Queen Anns and Kent counties. One was killed in Judge Hopper's kitchen a few evenings since, having gone in and attacked one of the servants, fortunately, however, without doing any damage, although there were several in the kitchen at the time.

"*A Plain Man*" shall be attended to in our next.

An arrival at New York from Malaga, reports that the cholera had broken out at Oporto. The circumstances had caused great alarm at Gibraltar. This is the first account of the appearance of cholera, either in Portugal or Spain.—*Bal. Amer.*

The *South Carolina Convention* has passed the new Ordinance *repealing* the Ordinance of Nullification and all acts and laws passed by the legislature to sustain it, excepting the militia law, with but *four* dissenting voices. Nullification therefore is extinct for the present.

Balt. Amer.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,

Adjutant General's Office,
Washington March 11th, 1833.

I. Colonel Henry Dodge of the United States Dragoons, will continue in command of the Battalion of Mounted Rangers, and will now repair to the frontiers; thence as soon as circumstances will permit, he will proceed to inspect the several companies of the Battalion, and see that they be prepared and equipped agreeably to law; and that they be held in readiness for any active service which may be required of them, until relieved by companies of the regular cavalry.

II. Lieutenant Colonel Stephen W. Kearny, will superintend the recruiting for the Regiment; and the several company officers, whose appointments have been announced in general order No. 14, will report to him for orders and recruiting instructions. Lt. Col. Kearny, until further orders, will be stationed at Jefferson Barracks, he will establish as many recruiting stations as he may judge necessary, and at such places, within the interior, as may be deemed most likely to recruit healthy, active respectable men of the country, being native citizens of the United States, not under twenty, nor over thirty five years of age; and whose size, figure, and early pursuits in life, best qualify them for the duties and active service of mounted soldiers.

III The Lieutenant Colonel, as superintendent, and all officers employed in recruiting for the Regiment of Dragoons, will strictly observe, and be governed by the established recruiting regulations; and the monthly returns, muster and descriptive rolls, reports, &c. will be regularly made, and be transmitted to the Adjutant General of the army.

IV. Jefferson Barracks is the station designated for the concentration of recruits enlisted for the Dragoons; at which post the Regiment will be organized by the field officers, under such instructions as they may receive from the General-in Chief.

V. The General in Chief, hopes that it is unnecessary to remind the officers appointed to the Regiment now ordered to be raised, of the necessity of devoting their undivided attention to the important service in which they are about to enter—but he would remark, that the President expects every officer will repair to his post without delay, and that all immediately assume their respective duties, and proceed with alacrity in the discharge of them; and that the Regiment will be recruited, organized, instructed and equipped for service in the field, by the earliest day practicable.

VI. The Head Quarters of the *United States Regiment of Dragoons*, are established at Jefferson Barracks.

Major Richard B. Mason will report for orders and instructions to Lieut. Col. Kearny.

By order of Major General Macomb.

R. JONES, Adj. General.

BALTIMORE PRICES.

March 22, 1833.

GRAIN—	
Wheat, white, per bushel	$1 15
Do. best red	1 10 a 1 13
Do. ord. to good (Md.)	1 00 a 1 08
Corn, white, new,	60
Do. yellow, do.	61
Rye	65
Oats	38 a 40
Clover Seed, (store)	$7 a 8
Timothy do.	3 a

Died in this town on Tuesday the 19th, inst. Mrs. MARGARET E. WHITE, wife of Dr. A. M. White, after a very short and violent illness.

What is the life of man, but a scene of illusion or anguish? His joys, all imaginary, his pains, all real. Votary of this world, in what does your enjoyment consist? Have you wealth: what pain, what anxiety, what solicitude, to retain it? the summer cloud is not more evanescent. Have you honor, or distinction; what labor, what toil, what privation have you endured in its pursuit? Have you near and dear friends on whom your fond affections delight to dwell: by what tenure do you hold them? The fell destroyer cometh as a thief in the night, or as the rutiless assassin in noon day, and tears from you all that renders life tolerable.

Such is the unsearchable wisdom of Him, who hath ordered all things. Oh! could we all, like the happy being, whose sudden departure hath called forth these lines, place their true value on the enjoyments of life. She early declared by her life and conversation, that this world was not her abiding home; that her heart and affections were fixed on Him in whom is no variableness; and when about to leave this scene of probation and trial, said to her weeping friends around, "My dear friends, how much I love you all! I should be pleased to remain yet a little longer with you, but in Heaven is my dearest friend, it is far better that I go, and be with Him—farewell."

At E. New Market, Dorchester county, on Wednesday morning last, Mr. Peter H. Lowber.

A TEACHER WANTED.

A Gentleman who can come recommended as a competent instructor in all the branches of an English education, will hear of an eligible situation by applying to

SAMUEL T. KEMP,
at the Trappe.

March 26 3w

WANTED, A TEACHER, to take charge of the School in the 33d district, Kent county, State of Delaware. To one who sustains a good character for probity, and a good English education, liberal compensation will be given. JNO. LEE, Jr. Clk.

March 26 3w

Branch Bank at Easton,

March 22d, 1833.

THE President and Directors of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, have declared a dividend of 3 per cent. on the stock of the Company for the last six months, which will be payable to the stockholders or their legal representatives, on or after the first Monday in April next.

By order,
JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH, Cash'r.

march 26, 1833 3t

T. B. DAWSON & SON

ARE now opening an additional assortment of very superior

MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, PAINTS, OIL, GLASS, &c.

which have been carefully selected by the junior partner and can be sold on reasonable terms.

march 26 3t

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber on Blacksmith and Store accounts, are requested to come forward and make payment by the 10th day of April, otherwise their accounts will be placed in the hands of a Constable, without respect to persons.

WM. VANDERFORD.

March 26 3w

PETER W. WILLIS, CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER,

AND GOLD AND SILVER SMITH,
DENTON, Maryland:—

Will repair at the shortest notice, *Chronometers, Levers, Lepines, Horizontal, Duplex, Repeating* and Vertical Watches.—Weekly and Daily Brass and Wood Clocks.

N B. In consequence of an arrangement with one of the principal houses in Baltimore, P. W. W. can furnish to order any kind of *time piece* on the most accommodating terms, and at the shortest notice.

march 23 tf

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estates of Thomas Perrin Smith, Henry Goldsborough, and William Clark, deceased, as well as all others in any way due, are once more earnestly requested to make immediate payment. Those who neglect this notice, may expect to be proceeded against according to law in a very short time, as further indulgence cannot be given. Persons having business with me will please to call at my office in the front part of my dwelling

JNO. STEVENS.

March 19 3w

ERIE CANAL MUSEUM

ON Board the Erie Canal Boat Superior, of Albany. The boat is built much in the style of the Canal Packet Boats, and in point of elegance, is inferior to none of them. The Museum is 56 feet in length, and contains many rare and natural CURIOSITIES, contained in thirteen glass cases.

The above establishment will be at the Dock, Easton Point, Tuesday the 26th and Wednesday the 27th March, two days only.

The Proprietor hopes to meet with that encouragement the novelty of the enterprize merits. The Museum is open for visiters from 8 o'clock, A. M. until 10 P. M. Good music during the hours of exhibition. Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.

E. WILCOX, Proprietor.

march 26

MARYLAND ECLIPSE.

The thorough bred horse Maryland Eclipse, will be let to mares this spring, at the stands of Centreville and Easton, at the sum of twenty dollars the season, fifteen dollars the single leap, twenty five dollars to insure with foal, and fifty cents to the groom. The single leap, payable before the mare goes to the horse, the season at its close, and the insurance as soon as it is ascertained the mare is in foal. If the mare be sold, the person putting her to the horse will be held liable for the amount of insurance. The season will commence on the first day of April next at Centreville, where the horse will remain during that week, and on Monday follwing at Easton, and remain there also a week, and then alternately at Centreville and Easton, a week at each place during the season, which will close on the first of July.

ECLIPSE is a dark chesnut sorrel, near 16 hands high, nine years old this Spring, and possesses great strength and beauty; his colts are remarkably large and fine, and those upon the turf give evidence of great speed, as yet however, few have been trained, the oldest of his colts, being only three years old last season. One of his colts bred by the proprietor and sold to a gentleman in N. York, was trained and tried last season, and proved to be a successful racer, running her mile in one minute and fifty one seconds, both heats, and beating four others, with great ease. Eclipse was trained for the first time, and ran in the Spring of 1830, (being the two preceeding years on the stand as a Stallion) in the State of New Jersey, a mile and repeat, and won with great ease, beating three other horses; he was afterwards carried to Poughkeepsie, and entered against the celebrated race horse Sir Lovel, and although beaten, yet it is said, this race was run in as short, if not a shorter time, with the same weight, than was ever run in the United States, the first heat was run in 3 minutes 57 seconds, and the second heat in 3 minutes 46 seconds, two miles and repeat.—Sir Lovel after this race, was taken to New York, and matched against Mr. Johnson's celebrated race mare Arietta, (which had a short time before beaten Ariel two miles, in a match for $5000) Sir Lovel distanced Arietta the second heat in 3 minutes 48 seconds, thereby proving that Eclipse was a better racer than Arietta. After the race at Poughkeepsie, Eclipse was turned out and trained in the fall following, and gave greater promise of speed, than on his first trial, but in his exercises received an injury in one of his sinews, and was withdrawn from the turf without further trial. Subjoined is the Certificate of the gentleman who trained him, and voluntarily tendered:

Colt's Neck, New Jersey, Nov. 30, 1830.

I certify that for the last thirty years and upwards, I have been in the yearly practice of training race horses, and have had in my possession, some of the reputed best horses in the country; for the last year I have had Maryland Eclipse, with others under training exercise, and give it as my opinion that for any distance I have tried him, which was never more than two miles, he is the *fastest* horse I have ever trained.

(Signed) JOSEPH K. VAN MATER.

The original Certificates of his performance at Poughkeepsie (where he ran) from the Secretary of the Club. and of Mr. Van Mater, are in the possession of the propietor, and can be seen upon application.

PEDIGREE.

MARYLAND ECLIPSE was got by the justly celebrated race horse "American Eclipse," formerly the property of Mr. Vanrants of New York; dam of Maryland Eclipse, the "*Lady of the Lake*," she by Mr. Badger's Hickory out of the "*Maid of the Oaks;*" Hickory was got by the imported Horse *Whip*," the dam of Hickory, "*Dido*," by the imported "*Dare Devil*," his grand dam by "*Wildair*" who was got by the old imported horse "*Fearnought*" out of the imported mare "*Kitty Fisher*," Fearnought by the Godolphin Arabian, his great grand dam by the imported horse Clockfast, his great great grand dam, was the dam of the celebrated horse Bucephalus and Lady Teazel. Whip was got by Saltram, his dam by Herod, his grand dam by Matchem, out of Gimcrack's dam &c. The Maid of the Oaks, was sired by "Spread Eagle," her dam by the old imported horse *Shark*, her grand dam by Gen. Nelson's *Rockingham*, her great grand dam by *True Whig*, her great great grand dam by Col. Butler's horse *Galant*, her great great great grand dam by the imported horse *Regulus*, her great great great great grand dam by the imported horse *Diamond*. American Eclipse was sired by *Duroc*; dam, Miller's Damsel, she by Messenger; Duroc was sired by old Diomed, his dam Amanda, by Grey Diomed, &c. Messenger was got by the English horse Mambrino, &c. The dam of the Millers Damsel was the English Mare Pot-8-O's sired by Pot 8 O s, and Pot-8-O's by the celebrated horse "*Eclipse*." For further particulars of American Eclipse's Pedigree

See Turf Register	vol. 1 page 269
For same of Hickory's	vol. 2 page 361
For same of Maid of Oaks	vol. 2 page 265
For same of Messenger	vol. 3 page 49
For same of Duroc	vol. 1 page 57
For same of Spread Eagle	vol. 2 page 116

JAMES SEWALL, Proprietor.

march 26th, 1833.

N. B. Those who desire to put mares to this horse, are requested to call upon William K. Lamdin, Esq at Easton.

WAS COMMITTED to the Jail of Baltimore city and county, on the 5th day of March, 1833, by J. A. Lineberger, Esq. a justice of the peace, in and for the city of Baltimore, as a runaway, a colored man who calls himself SAMUEL HALL, says he belongs to James Moore, of Washington city, D. C. Said colored man is about 50 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high, dark mullatto, has several scars on his legs. Had on when committed, a grey cassinet coat and pantaloons, pair of coarse lace boots and white fur hat. The owner of the above described colored man is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be discharged according to law.

D. W. HUDSON, Warden,
Baltimore city and co. Jail.

march 26

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