EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

VOL. VII.---No. 13. EASTON, MD.---TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 30, 1834. WHOLE No. 362.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY & SATURDAY MORNING
(during the Session of Congress,)
and every TUESDAY MORNING, the residue of the year—BY
RICHARD SPENCER,
PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

THE TERMS

Are THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, payable half yearly in advance.

No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted *three times for one dollar*, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

POETRY.

From the Cincinnati American.

"NOW-A-DAYS."

Alas! how every thing has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw,
That tied beneath the chin,
And shawls laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

But now-a-days the ladies wear
French gloves and Leghorn hats,
That take up half a yard of sky,
In coal-hod shape or flats,
With gowns that do not fall as low
As such things ought to fall,
With waist that you might break in two,
They are so very small.

I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadow, rock and field,
And up and down the hill.
And when our folks were out to work,
As true as I'm a sinner,
I jump'd upon a horse, bare-back,
And carried them their dinner.

Dear me! young ladies now-a-days
Would almost faint away,
To think of riding all alone,
In wagon, chaise or sleigh;
And as for giving "Pa" his meals,
Or helping "Ma" to bake,
Oh! saints, 'twould spoil their lilly hands,
Though sometimes they make cake."

When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter,
Each beau would take his sweetheart out
Sleigh-riding in a cutter.
Or if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together
Would meet and have most glorious fun,
And never mind the weather.

But now, indeed, it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention,
However kind a young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He ne'er can ask a girl to ride,
But such a war is waged!
And if he sees her once a week,
Why surely "they're engaged."

I never thought that I should try
My hand at making rhymes,
But 'tis the way to reprobate
The present evil times;
For should I preach morality,
In common sober prose,
They'd say 'twas older than the hills,
Or else turn up their nose.

THE RAINBOW.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

"I do set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth" *Gen.* ix. 13.

Soft falls the mild reviving shower
From summer's changeful skies,
And rain-drops bend each trembling flower,
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call
A thousand buds to day,
Which, waiting but that balmy fall,
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell
With fragrance fills the shade;
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark! what arch of varied hue
From heaven to earth is bowed:
Haste! ere it vanish, haste to view
The rainbow in the cloud!

How bright its glory! there behold
The emerald's verdant rays;
The topaz blends its hue of gold
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
Was given the vision fair;
Gaze on that arch of colored light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Fast by the Eternal chained,
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,
Awful and unrestrained.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
Fix'd by his sovereign will
Shall, in their course, bid man behold,
Seed time and harvest still.

That still the flowers shall deck the field,
When vernal zephyrs blow;
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth! which yet
Smiles with each charm endowed,
Bless thou His name, whose mercy set
The rainbow in the cloud!

From the Western Recorder.

THE DRUNKARD'S END.

"Oh! view on its surface the ruins of genius,
The wreck of the scholar, the Christian and friend,
The learning, the wit, the grace that charm'd us,
In the life drowning bowl meet a permanent end."

During the cold winter of 1832, business of an important nature called me through the northern section of Vermont. The way was long and dreary, the road frequently blocked with snow; and toward the close of the tempestuous afternoon I gladly found myself approaching the humble inn of a small village. Giving my horse to an attendant, I hastily entered the house; and so much was I benumbed with cold, that I had been some moments before the fire, before I noticed that an assemblage of people present were then preparing for a funeral. As the clergyman addressed the throne of grace, I inferred from his petition for absent relatives, that it was the last offices; and from the earnestness with which he implored the grace of God to keep all present from the vice of intemperance, I was led to think he had fallen its victim. After he had closed, the usual invitation was given for those present to look for the last time upon the face of the dead. With that instinctive curiosity so natural to us all, I went forward to gaze upon the sad relict of mortality. I beheld the countenance of a young man bloated and disfigured and was turning away when an indistinct recollection of having seen the face caused me to look again. I could not mistake. Though sadly marred, it was indeed my earliest and best friend that lay before me. So long and earnest was my gaze, so completely forgotten was every thing but him, that the undertaker was obliged to remind me that it was time for him to proceed in his duties. He had nearly closed the coffin, when I interrupted him, hardly conscious of what I said, "Oh, let me look once more upon the face of my friend." He again made way for me, and after satisfying myself that it was indeed Henry L., I withdrew from the gaze of all, and gave vent to my feelings in the bitterest flood of tears I had shed since my childhood. My kind host soon interrupted me by asking, if I would not follow as a mourner in the procession. I answered him, "Most certainly; my early friend shall not go unattended to his grave." The simple preparations were soon made; and as the hearse moved slowly on, my mind reverted to the time when I had known its occupant full of life and happiness. Oh, what an age of suffering and sin he must have endured, to cause so great a change. I knew him the darling "son of his mother, and she a widow," enjoying of the comforts of life, in a pleasant New-England village, where we were both at school Together we had studied; together we had rambled the fields in search of plants and minerals; had entered neighboring counting houses in the same city; and when I left it for commercial speculations in a distant country, our correspondence had for a time been frequent. But since my return to my native land, although I had repeatedly written, had I not had a word from him. A rumor had told me that his habits were unsettled if not dissipated.

As we deposited him in his lonely bed I felt that I was again and forever seperated from him; and as we turned from the grave yard, I know not that I should have felt more desolate, had I been the only created being in the universe. Night was fast closing in upon us, the wintry wind sighed heavily around, and to my saddened heart the solitary room and cheerful fire of our inn were most welcome.

In the course of the evening, I obtained from my landlord all the information in his possession relative to my friend. It seemed that he had been wandering about in the vicinity for several days; that he would sometimes ask the privilege of a seat by the fire, and a piece of bread to eat; that he was haggard and dejected in the extreme; and on the last day he was seen among them, as he was receiving a morsel from the hand of an old lady, he said to her, "You remind me of my mother." "Your mother," said the good woman, "Oh, how she must suffer for you." This struck a thrilling cord in his soul. He rushed from the house toward a small pond around which he was seen to linger; and apparently embracing his opportunity, when no one observed him, he plunged into the water, and in less than an hour was taken up as you have seen to day. "He has left," added my informant, "a bundle in which were these two letters." One was directed to his mother; the other to me. In mine, he detailed, in simple yet affecting language, his sufferings since we parted, the gradual manner in which he had been led captive by intemperance, and the iron grasp with which it had held him. "Oh," added he, "if you have a son, let him beware of the first drop. Let 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' be inscribed upon every thing that intoxicates; and if a motive is ever wanting to enforce his abstinence, remind him of your poor friend Henry L.

It is unnecessary to add the night was to me a sleepless one. Before commencing my journey in the morning, I visited his grave and engaged my landlord to erect an humble stone upon it, that his friends in journeying that way might find where he was laid. I transmitted to his afflicted mother, from the nearest town, the letter he left for her, together with my own knowledge of his death, and the deep sympathy I felt in her affliction; although at the moment I wrote, I felt how utterly vain and worthless was all human sympthy in such agony of grief as her's must be; how impotent the words of comfort would fall on a mother's ear, mourning over an only son, who had fallen into a drunkard's grave and must inherit the drunkard's portion. Oh! is there not some young man entering life with as fair prospects as his, who can take warning from his melancholy end, and be kept in the straight and narrow path of temperance?

The following article, copied from the New England Farmer, we recommend to the particular attention of the farming community. The long drought of the season having rendered the crops of grass very short, corn fodder must necessarily possess an unusual value; and the best method of securing it must be important to every agriculturist.

CUTTING CORN STALKS.

Mr. FESSENDEN.—I have made a small experiment the past season, to ascertain the damage, if any, that results to the corn crop, from topping the stalks in the usual way. And, influenced by the request of several individuals, and the thought that, perhaps, it might *lead* to a better knowledge of this important branch of agriculture, (the growing of corn,) I am induced to forward the particulars to you for publication. Although I am aware that *guessing* enters largely, and perhaps necessarily, into the calculations and business of the farmer, I am also aware that experiment cannot be conducted with too much precision; indeed, that experiment to be relied on, must be conducted entirely without guessing. Therefore, I have been somewhat particular in conducting this. And lest some of your readers may be a little sceptical in regard to the result, and perhaps unwilling to allow that the course which has been pursued by our ancestors, from time immemorial, is not the best course, I will give the details; and if an apology be deemed necessary, for being so very minute, I can merely say, that as the experiment seems to me so deeply to involve the interests of corn growers, it may be well to give a detailed statement of the case, so that any interested may be able to draw their own inferences.—And if, in your opinion, it is worthy a place in your useful Journal, or likely to promote the interest of the New-England farmer, you are at liberty to publish all, or a part as you think best.

For a few years past, I have not cut my corn stalks until the corn was harvested, *guessing* that it was a course preferable to the one commonly pursued in this part of the country of topping the stalks while in a green state. But for the purpose of settling this point more clearly, and with as little trouble as the case would admit, I selected, about the 5th of September, a row of corn in a field of about five acres, intending to take one that would average in quality equal to the field throughout, that I might at the same time be able to ascertain with tolerable certainty, the product of the whole field. The manure having been spread on the surface of the ground and harrowed in lengthwise of the furrows, and the corn planted across the furrows made it apparently less difficult to select an average row. On this row I cut the stalks from half the hills; begining at one end and cuting the first hill, then leaving the next uncut; and so proceeding alternately, cutting one and leaving the next uncut, through the row. I had intended to confine the experiment to this row, but finally was led to extend it so far as to include four rows, and numbering them agreeably to the order in which they were standing in the field, this row may be called No. 2. There were ninety-two hills in the row, and the stalks were cut from forty-six hills, all of them in the manner that is here termed jointing, (i. e.) cut off between the ear and the first joint above the ear. I thought they were somewhat more ripe, than is usual at the time of cutting; a few of them were nearly dry. The soil was a sandy or gravelly loam, anciently covered with pine oak and chesnut. In hoeing the corn no hills were made, but some care was taken that the surface of the ground should remain as level as possible, through the season.

My estimate of the number of hills on an acre, was made in the following manner, and if I am wrong in my calculations I shall be corrected by some of your readers:

In an area of 200 feet square, (or 40,000 square feet,) there were sixty-two rows, with fifty four hills in a row, making 3,348 hills. This is equal to 3,646 hills per acre, each hill occupying nearly 12 square feet of surface. There were about four stalks of corn to the awful weight of fifty-six pounds to the bushel.

At the time of harvesting, the corn was husked in the field. The forty-six hills from which the stalks had been cut, gave forty-eight and a half pounds of ears; and the forty-six hills on which the stalks had not been cut, gave sixty-two pounds of ears. The number of ears in the two cases was about the same; those from the uncut hills, were evidently the best filled out and the most hale; on a large proportion of them the kernels were so closely wedged in, as to make it difficult to bend the ear at all without breaking it. There was very little mouldy corn in either case, a few ears were gathered, mostly from the cut stalks, but the whole quantity was so small as to make it questionable whether cutting the stalks had much effect in this particular.

Both parcels were carefully laid aside in a dry chamber for about six or eight weeks, at the expiration of which time they are again weighed, and the parcel of ears from the uncut hills had lost in drying about two per cent. more than the other, affording some evidence that the sap continued to circulate for a greater length of time, in the uncut than in the cut stalks. The uncut hills, gave 42 lbs. 8 oz. dry shelled corn, equal to 14 oz. 12¼ grs. per hill, or 60 bushels and 8 pounds per acre. The parcel from the cut hills gave 33 lbs 7 oz. equal to 11 oz. 10 grs. per hill, or 47 bushels and 18 pounds per acre; making a loss of 12 bushels and 46 pounds per acre, by cutting the stalks. Conclusive evidence, that while the sap is in circulation, nature does not assign the stalks an unprofitable office. The product of the whole row, taken together, cut and uncut hills, was equal to 53 bushels and 41 pounds per acre.

The product of row No. 3, taken by itself, containing ninety-two hills, on one half of which the stalks were cut on the same day the others were,) would not show the practice of cutting stalks quite so destructive in its effects, as that exhibited in row No. 2, its whole produce was 77 lbs. 9 oz. dry corn, equal to 55 bushels and 10 pounds per acre, or 1 bushel and 25 pounds per acre more than row No. 2.

Not satisfied with resting the experiment here, I gathered the corn on rows Nos. 1 and 3, (1. e.) the each rows side next adjoining No. 2 and 3, and on which none of the stalks had been cut. These rows taken together, contained 186 hills, and their product of dry shelled corn was 171 lbs. 13 oz. equal to 14 oz. 12¼ grains per hill, or 69 bushels and 8 pounds per acre, precisely the same average yield as that part of row No. 2. on which the stalks had not been cut; this *exact* coincidence, however, I think may be numbered among those cases which rarely happen.

The difference betweeu the two rows on which half the the stalks were cut, and the two rows on which none of the stalks were cut, was 5 bushels 38½ pounds per acre. If this difference arose from cutting half the stalks. (and I know no other reason;) then cutting the whole, would have reduced the crop 11 bushels and 21 pounds per acre, or from 60 bushels and 8 pounds to 48 bushels and 43 pounds per acre.

To recapitulate row No. 2 on which the experiment was commenced, taken by itself, as follows, viz: 46 hills on which the stalks had *not* been cut, gave 42 lbs 8 oz. dry shelled corn, equal to, per acre, 66 bush. 8 lbs.

46 hills from which the stalks had been cut, gave 33 lbs. 7 oz. dry shelled corn, equal to, per acre, 47 " 18 "

Loss by cutting the stalks per acre, 12 bush. 46 lbs.

The four rows taken together, stand as follows:—Nos. 1 and 4, on which no stalks were cut, gave an average of, per acre, 60 bush. 8 lbs.

Nos. 2 and 3, from which half the stocks were cut, gave an average of per acre, 54 " 25½ "

Loss by cutting half the stalks per acre, 5 bush. 38½ lbs. 2

Or cutting all the stalks, would make a loss equal to, per acre, 11 bush. 21 lbs.

The difference in the result of the two cases, is 1 bushel and 25 pounds per acre; or, in the two experiments, (if it may be so termed,) there is an average loss by cutting the stalks, of 25 bushels 5½ pounds per acre; a loss quite equal to all the expenses of hoeing and harvesting, especially when we consider that in hoeing, the labor of making hills was dispensed with.

If I had cut all the stalks, and obtained a crop of forty-eight bushels to the acre, the very fact of having forty-eight bushels, would, I think, be considered by farmers generally, in this section of the country, as proof positive that the stalks were cut without injury to the crop. Or if I had gone one step farther and made large hills, at an additional expense of one dollar per acre, and thereby reduced the crop to forty-five bushels per acre, the forty-five bushels would be considered sufficient proof, that making hills (which, by the way, are usually made equally large and high on wet or dry land, without regard to soil or situation,) was labor well laid out. For although you occasionally give us a *large corn story*, swollen a little, perhaps by *guessing* it off in *baskets*: yet, judging from what we see and know about raising corn, we call forty-five bushels per acre, a good crop.

A measured bushel, from the cut hills, weighed 57 lbs. 9 oz.—one pound less than from the *uncut*; the shrinkage being very near equal to the whole loss in weight.

If this experiment is a fair test, it seems that about twenty per cent., or one-fifth part of the crop is destroyed, by cutting the stalks in the way they are usually cut. If further experiment should establish this fact, I think there are few farmers that will hesitate long in deciding which is the most valuable, one acre of corn or five acres of top stalks. But this twenty per cent. is not saved at the expense of losing the stalks, they are worth as much, and I think more, all things considered, after the corn is harvested, than they are, gathered in the usual way. If after being bunched up in a green state, they heat or become mouldy, (a case of frequent occurrence,) they are utterly worthless, except it be for manure; I know of no animal that will eat them. But after they have once been dried by the frost and wind, a subsequent moderate degree of mouldiness seems to be no injury.

The course which I have pursued with them; and for the present I know of no better, has been as follows: In the first place, they are cut off near the ground, and for the purpose a short scythe is found the most convenient instrument. The expense of cutting in this manner, however, is but a mere trifle, if any, more than cutting with propriety be entered as an item of expense against the next crop, for which it is preparing the ground. After cutting, they are gathered into bunches of suitable size for binding, and three good sheaves of rye straw, if wet, will be sufficient to bind a ton. In gathering them up and laying in bunches, an active boy will do as much as a man. In this way, the whole expense of gathering, binding and loading, will not exceed 75 cents per ton. As they are very bulky, for want of barn-room, I have them stacked near the barn-yard; and I think I may safely say, that my cattle eat more pounds of stalks from an acre gathered in this way, than they would from the same acre, if gathered in the usual way. It may be objected to this, that they are not as good and nourishing as others; as to that matter, I am not able to say; but if the cattle are good judges in the case, or (and I think they ought to be admitted as such,) they are quite as good and quite as nourishing, for they are eaten, apparently, with quite as good a relish. In addition to this, they are obtained without breaking off ears breaking down hills in hauling out, occurrences quite frequent in the other case. They also furnish more than double the quantity of bedding for the yard, an item of no small moment in the list of "creature comforts," during our cold winters. And last, though not least, they make more than double the quantity of manure, the value of which will be duly appreciated by every good farmer, without argument. It may be said that the but stalks can be gathered after harvest, and furnish the same quantity of litter and manure as in this case; that is true; but the expense of gathering both parts in that way, from the butts being so short and inconvenient to bind, would be three times as much as it is to gather them whole.—Thus viewing the subject in various points, I think this method of managing corn stalks much better than the old one; and that a little observation and experience will convince the most sceptical, that this branch of agriculture is not yet brought to a state of perfection; that there is yet room for improvement.

In passing through a field of corn about the first of September, I noticed that my clothes contracted a strong smell of smut, and not being aware that I had come in contact with any smutty ears, I was led to examine a little to ascertain the cause. I found many of the corn leaves nearly covered with rust (something similar to that observed on the stalks of English grain, preceding a blight,) and intermingled with the rust, was an abundance of very minute blisters of smut, or something which had the appearance and smell of smut. As I had never observed any thing of the kind before and smut is said to be injurious to cattle, I have thought that something of this nature might have occasioned the difference of opinion, entertained by some of your correspondents, last fall, in regard to the utility of feeding milch cows with green corn stalks. Feeding cows with smutty stalks, even if "fed to the full;" would probably tend to dry them up; while feeding them plentifully with healthy stalks in a green state, would undoubtedly increase their milk.

In conclusion, I would enquire, if you can (through the columns of the Farmer,) give us the detail or result of any experiment made to ascertain the damage sustained by pasturing or feeding English grain on mowing land. I think this an important subject of inquiry to every New-England farmer, and submit it for the purpose of obtaining information. That good crops are sometimes gathered after feeding, is well known; but facts are wanted, which will fairly exhibit the effect of feeding those lands. Although this practice is handed down to us with the claims of ancient usage for its support, and perhaps might have been expedient in former days, yet, from some years' observation, I have little doubt that accurate experiment, particularly with English grain and young clover, will prove it to be a species of farming similar to that of topping corn stalks and equally disastrous in its effects.

WM. CLARK, Jr.

Northampton, March, 1832,

IS I NOT HAPPY!

An interesting account of a very poor old woman, from a speech of the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M. A. of Manchester, (Eng.)

Among the recent publications of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, we find the following narrative, honorable alike to the heads and hearts of the two amiable dignitaries of the church of England who appear in it, and in the highest degree encouraging to those who love the temperance cause. When all the clergy in Great Britain and America shall be found thus beneficently and actively engaged, we may look for the speedy addition of an immense amount to the sum of human happiness.

There was an aged woman who lived not far from my own residence, and whose daughter, through whom I became acquainted with her, was a teacher in my own Sunday School. She had been led at an early period to fall into habits of drunkenness. These grew up with her, till for thirteen years she had no known what it was to be perfectly sober. She repeatedly passed nights on the pavement; and so abandoned was she, that she once attempted her daughter's life; and on my advice the daughter forsook her home. A little boy who remained with her, was found shivering in a state of nudity in the cellar, stripped even of his shirt, to gratify the craving of the mother for drink. O, mothers! see what this sin can do! It can destroy the overflowings of maternal love.

Our ladies came forward to take care of the child, and showed that they were not afraid to avow themselves members of the temperance society. We do not need to sign the temperance declaration for ourselves, but we need it in order to show an example to others; and it ought to be a source of gratitude and joy that we may have the honor of being members of the temperance society.

This poor woman, who as I said was reduced to the lowest state of degradation that it is possible to conceive a human being to be in, was at this period visited by a lady who never despaired, but followed up the work, and who induced her to come to a meeting of the temperance society. Our society in Salford was then in its infancy. It was the first established in England, and I shall always esteem it an honor to have been the first to introduce the practice in this country. She came to the meeting; my eye was arrested by her appearance, and from the remaks that were made, I saw her tremble on her seat. As she went out she said to her daughter, "Ah! what things he told me; if I live till next Sunday, I will go and hear that man preach." "I wish you would," said the daughter, "it would be a happy day for me."

The season of the year being inclement, the poor woman, when she went away, caught a rheumatic fever. I was sent for to see her, and when I entered the cellar, I was struck with the whole appearance. The only article in the When I entered she raised her emancipated body and in agony cried out, "That's the man! that's the man!" and after a few minutes she said to me "You have cut the flesh off my bones—what a poor old fool have I been. Ah! if God Almighty would let me get off this bed, I would put my hand in the fire and burn it off, before I would taste gin again." I told the poor woman of Peter's presumption, and of Peter's fall but she knew nothing of the Bible. I found she had a chaotic mind, but I remembered the Spirit that bid a world arise out of chaos. She got better, and her first effort was to crawl to the Wednesday evening lecture, and from that time to this she has never missed being at the house of God three times in the course of the week. Mark this, those that say that temperance societies are unfriendly to the cross of Christ. They are the harbingers to lead to the blood that cleanseth from all sin. The poor woman not only attended the church, but God opened her heart to receive the truth, and the change without and the change within is perfectly wonderful. Her daughter, after three month's trial, again went to reside with her mother, and by their united efforts, they soon furnished the cellar. The poor woman, against the consecration of our new church, would have a new dress, it being 14 years since she had one before. She determined on having a black bombazine, which was formerly thought the finest thing people could wear. She was advised not to have black, because she was not in mouraing; but ay, she'd have a black gown, that she would, one of the best she could get. After the consecration by the Bishop of Chester, I reminded him of the seat she occupied in the middle aisle. His lordship had observed her, and remarked that there was not a more decent person in the whole congregation.

After this she began to thirst for the fountain of knowledge—the word of God; and though she was sixty years of age, and her memory had become obtuse, she came to the Sabbath school, and sat down with the alphabet class: (there is humility, there is sitting again at Jesus' feet!) and not only did she do this, but she said, that when she thought what a poor wretched creature she had been, she felt that she was not fit to sit with those dear lambs. Now, let me say, that she had not signed her name more than seven months, when she went to borrow something of her sister. She had scarcely got into the cellar, before she saw a bottle of gin, and two glaasses beside it, and a neighbor came to have a regular drunken bout with the sister.—Her sister started up, locked the door, and said to her, "Now, thee old fool, get thee in and get drunk; what dost thee mean by playing the fool with these temperance folks? She told me that she knew not what to do in order to get away, and, therefore, she lifted up her heart to God for direction. "He told me what to do," she said, " and I begged my sister to let me go and remove a saucepan which I had put on the hob, containing my supper," The sister consented, "and I rushed out," she added, "like a cat on a mouse.—I got into my cellar, fell down on my knees, and thanked God that he put into my heart how to escape.' Go ye and do likewise, and with regard to ardent spirits, touch not, taste not, handle not. Let abstinence be the motto of every reclaimed drunkard.

The poor woman, some time ago, was extremely ill, and the doctor calling, he found her in a state of great excitement, and desired her to take bear, or she would not recover. "*Well then," said she, "if it be the Lord's will, I will die, for I would rather die than run the risk of being what I have been.*" Oh, what a blessed change! After due instruction, I admitted her to the communion table, and there, at each returning period sits that poor woman, out of whom it may be said that Christ hath cast seven devils. Oh, how does satan enter into the poor victim of ardent spirits, and lead him captive at his will! It is nothing but the omnipotent Spirit of Jesus that can cast the evil spirit out! That poor woman is now sitting, clothed in her right mind, at the feet of Jesus. If ever I feel my heart cold, or my energies dormant, when engaged in my pulpit exercises, I have but to look at her earnestly, and so think of her case, and it fills me with new heart, and life, and love, for I see what the Saviour has wrought. I will give you the testimony of own honored father and diocesan with respect to this woman. He doubted whether the fact was not colored and accompanied me to the cellar. Sitting down on a stool, she related the case herself, and ended every sentence by the phrase, "Is I not happy?" "Here is my Bible," she said, "and I hope soon to be able to read it myself—is I not happy?" She insisted upon our going into the back room, and turning down the bed, and showing us her course but clean and comfortable sheets and blankets, she said, "Is I not happy?" I saw my beloved father's heart burst into a gush of tears, for he saw that she was happy indeed, and from that time to this the Temperance Society has had a preeminent place in his heart, and love, and prayers.

The reverend speaker added:—I think the discovery of this mode of reforming the people without legislative interference, without coercion of any kind, by this simple, yet mighty means, is among the best signs of the times. All we want is more life and power, that we may work the machinery more in dependence upon the arm of God. I would call upon *Christian ladies* to come forward with their powerful influence—to unite with us in this work, and thus become the harbingers of the pulpit.—* * * * * When Zaccheus, convinced by the truth and spirit of God, felt the transforming energy of heaven, he stood forth and witnessed of himself "If I have done wrong to any man, I restore him four-fold."—Have we done wrong by having countenanced the fearful delusion that ardent spirits is a fit beverage of life? Who can tell how far the baneful influence of our conduct has extended and shall extend, when we are lying cold in the grave? Let us seek, then, to restore four-fold the debt we owe to our country and to our kind.

A steamboat explosion, attended with the loss of several lives, has taken place at Blakely, Alabama. We find the following particulars in the Mobile Register of the 4th instant. Like almost all other similar accidents which have preceded it, the present one occurred while the boat was at a stopping place, and the precaution was not taken to relieve the boiler of the accumulating steam which, when a boat is in motion, is always worked off. The recurrence of these dreadful accidents will, it is hoped, lead to such enactments on the part of Congress as will subject all steamboats in the country to a periodical examination and test of their machinery, and require them to be placed under the management of properly informed and careful agents. In the present case several lives have, without doubt, been sacrificed from, the carelessness or ignorance of those having the machinery in charge and it is to these severest penalties should be especially applied. After making the captain and engineer of a steamboat liable to the charge of manslaughter, for all lives lost by explosions of its machinery, the enactment of a provision for the levy of heavy damages on the steamboat and its owners for the benefit of the relatives of the deceased, would go far to give full security to the lives and persons of passengers:

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

Painful Occurrence.—We have just learned that the boilers of the steamboat Tom, while stopping at Blakeley on Monday evening last for the exchange of the mail at that place, burst, by which accident three persons lost their lives. Fears are entertained that others who have not been found are also dead, and that one or two who are badly injured, will not recover. The boat we understand was broken about midships, and almost instantly sank in about 35 or 40 feet water. Some of the mails on board it is feared are lost, though it is said one bag was picked up, afloat. The persons dead are, James C. Cook first engineer, a carpenter by the name of Wilson, and a fireman belonging to Mr. William Kitchen. A passenger, an elderly gentlemen, wearing his hair in a queu, name unknown, is also supposed to be among the killed.

Since writing the above we have learned from the captain of the boat, that the elderly person who was supposed to be among the missing, is safe, and that all of the mails have been recovered—all of which we hope may turn out to be true.

Recovery of Runaway Slaves.—The New York Mercantile says we are indebted to a legal friend for the following account of a recent decision of the Supreme Court of this State, which we understand settles the question of the right of a master to recover his runaway slave, or slaves, upon due legal process before a magistrate, whose decision in the matter in favor of the master will hereafter be final.

SLAVES.—The Supreme Court of this State at the July term quashed the writs de homine replegiando, in various cases, as being inconsistent with the Constitution and Laws of the United States—but by a rule of a day subsequent on the suggestion of counsel granted a stay of proceedings in order to enable counsel to make a further motion in the matter. At the August Special Term, a motion was accordingly made for leave to make up a record of the proceedings and judgments of the court in order to bring a writ of Error thereon, returnable in the Court of Errors of this state.—This motion has been within a few days past decided, and of course writs de homine replegiando in slave cases are declared by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional, and that decision appears to be final.

Some of the slaves have been removed on the requisition of the Governor of the several States on the ground of criminal offences—a few others remain. The law will now take its course—the Constitution be vindicated—and our southern friends may be assured that the people of the northern and eastern states will carry into effect with honesty and sincerity, the common contract under which we have so long lived with honor abroad, and prosperity at home.

The St. Augustine Herald remarks that although thirteen years have elapsed since the transfer of Florida to the United States, the difficulties arising from conflicting land claims have not yet been entirely disposed of. At the late session of the territorial court, many cases were finally determined.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc4925_scm13073-1017.jpg