

The Cecil Whig.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, THE USEFUL ARTS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

ELKTON, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1846.

NO. 1.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
BY P. C. RICKETS,
In the LOG CABIN, next door to the
POST OFFICE.

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Two Dollars per annum, payable half-year
in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents
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POETRY.

[From the Knickerbocker for July.]

"LIFE'S A MOMENT."

The dew-drop on the blossoming flower
Reflecting rainbow tints at morn,
My sparkle brightly for an hour,
The golden orb in the blue sky,
Till vanish in the sun-ray's gleam
Like the dim phantom of a dream!

The mid that gathers on the hill,
As light and transient as the air,
Its silver lines the distance fill,
And seem to hold a dwelling there;
But like a thought, a glance, 'tis past,
Its essence in oblivion cast.

The waves that seek some distant shore,
Along the sounding sea,
And joyful in their stormy roar,
To far-off lands in mountaining surge,
But ere they reach the sought-for bottom
They sink, and others rise in turn.

And like the dew-drop's fleeting hour,
Or like the vapor's transient stay,
Or like the wave's ephemeral power,
Man's life and death are but a day;
At noon, the revel and the crowd,
At eve, the death-bed and the shroud!

The Novel Reader.

She slumbered in the rocking chair
She'd occupied all day;
And in her lap, half-opened there,
The last new novel lay.
Upon the hearth the dying embers,
Their latest radiance shed;
A blazing candle near her stands,
With a crown about its head.

Her hair, which long unmoored had been,
Was hanging loosely round;
A single curl, by a crooked pin,
By the side of her head was bound.
Her gown had once been white I ween,
But white it was not there;
Her ruffles too had once been clean,
And might be so again.

One slip had first the fender prest,
The other sought the floor;
And bided o'er her leaving breast,
A dull, red shadow there.
The flickering light is fading fast,
Yet cares not she for mortal things—
For in her busy brain
The novelist's imaginings
Are acted o'er again.

Her willing sense is bound,
The book, escaping from her lap,
Falls lumbering to the ground.
She wakes; but 'tis, alas, to see
The candles quivering beam;
Nor in the blackened coals can she
Reveal one friendly gleam.
Then groping through the passage far,
She starts with noiseless tread—
And leaving every door ajar,
Creeps shivering to bed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The fattest man.—Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, is the largest man in Congress. He weighs 460 pounds. He did not take his seat in the House until the 21st—his enormous weight having delayed his arrival. The correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says, that on some of the rough roads in Alabama, where the teams are light, the coaches had to go twice for him. He is the greatest man in the House.—*Village Record.*

GENTILITY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Didn't I see you walking up the street with a young lady yesterday, William?" said Anna Enfield to her brother, who had but a few days before returned from New York, after an absence of some months.

"Perhaps you did; I was in company with a young lady in the afternoon," replied the brother.

"Well, who was she?" I did not see you until after you had passed the store I was in, and then I could not see her face."

"I was Caroline Murry; you know her, I suppose?"

"Caroline Murry! Why brother! what were you doing in her company?" and Anna's face expressed unfeigned astonishment.

"Why, really, you surprise me, sister; I hope there is no blemish on her character. But what is the matter? I feel concerned to know."

"There's nothing much the matter, brother; but then, Caroline Murry is not genteel. We don't think of keeping her company."

"Indeed! and you don't associate with her because she is not genteel. Well, Anna, if I am any judge of gentility, Caroline Murry is about as genteel and lady-like as any girl I know—always excepting, of course, my own dear sister."

"Why, brother, how you talk! You don't certainly pretend to compare her with Ernestine Eberly and Zepherine Fitzwilliams, whom you have seen here several times?"

"No, I do not," replied the brother emphatically.

"Well, they're what I call genteel; and Caroline Murry wouldn't be tolerated in the society where they visit."

"And why not, sister?"

"Because she's not considered genteel; that is the reason."

"But I don't understand what you consider genteel, Anna. If I know that gentility means, as far as that is concerned, Caroline is in every way superior to Ernestine Eberly or Zepherine Fitzwilliams."

"Now, William, that is too bad! If any other man had said that to me, I would never have spoken to him again as long as I lived."

"But seriously, Anna, what do you mean by gentility?" asked the brother.

"That's a question more easily asked than answered, but you know as well as I do, what is meant by gentility. Every body knows."

"I know what I mean by it, Anna. But it seems that we don't agree on the subject; for I call Caroline Murry genteel; and you don't; so you see that different things may be called by the same name."

"Now, what I wish to know is, what precise meaning you attach to the word? or, why you do not think Caroline genteel?"

"Why, in the first place, she don't go into genteel company. People of the first rank won't associate with her."

Here ensued a pause, and the brother said—

"Well, why won't they associate with her, Anna? I hope she has not been guilty of improper or immoral conduct."

"Oh, no! nothing of that. I never heard the slightest reflection on her character," replied the sister. "But, then, genteel young ladies don't work in the kitchen, like hired servants; and she does. And, beside this, call on her when you may, and she is always doing something. Why I am told that she has even been seen at the chamber window fronting on the public streets, with her head tied up, sweeping and making beds! And Clarissa Sprigler says that she saw her once, with the parlor windows open, sweeping and dusting like a servant! Nobody is going to associate, or be seen in the street with any one who has not the spirit to be above the condition of a hireling. And, beside this, when she was invited to balls, or parties, she never would stay later than ten or eleven o'clock, which every body knows to be vulgar. Somebody had to go home with her, of course; and the choicest beau in the company was almost sure to have his good nature and his politeness taxed for this purpose. Once I heard her say, that she considered the theatre an unfit place for any young lady; she offended the whole company, and has never been invited to a party among genteel people since."

"And that all?" said William Enfield, taking a long breath.

"Yes, and I should think that was enough, in all conscience," replied the sister.

"So should I, Anna—to make me respect her."

"Why, William?"

"Why, Anna?"

"But seriously, William, you cannot be in earnest?"

"And seriously, Anna, are you in earnest?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, sister, I am afraid my old-fashioned notions, for such I suppose you will call them, and your new-fangled notions, for such I must call them, will not chime well together. All that I have heard you allege against Caroline Murry raises, instead of lowering her in my estimation,

So far as a gentle, and truly lady-like deportment is concerned, I think her greatly superior to the two friends you have named as pinks of gentility."

Anna looked into the face of her brother for some moments; her countenance exhibiting a mingled expression of surprise and disappointment.

"But you are not going to walk with her in the street any more, I hope?" she said at length.

"And why not, Anna?"

"Because, as I have said before, she is not—"

"Genteel, you were going to say. But that allegation, you perceive, Anna, has no weight with me; I do not consider it a true one."

"Well, we won't talk any more about it just now for it would be of no use," said the sister, changing her voice and manner; "and so I will change the subject. I want you to make a call or two with me this morning."

"On whom?"

"On Miss Eberly and Miss Fitzwilliams."

"It wouldn't be right for me to do so, would it? You know I don't consider them genteel," said the brother, with affected gravity.

"Oh, nonsense, brother! why will you trifle so?"

"But, seriously, Anna, I do not consider that those young ladies have any very strong claims to gentility; and, like you, I have no wish to associate with those who are not genteel."

"If you talk in that way, William, I shall get angry with you. I cannot hear my most intimate friends spoken of so lightly; and at the same time accused of a want of gentility. You must remember that you are reflecting upon your sister's associates."

"You must not, and I know you will not, get angry with me, sister, for speaking plainly; and you must do me the justice to believe that in speaking as I do I am in earnest. And you must also remember, that, in saying what you did of Caroline Murry, you spoke of one with whom your brother has associated and with whom he is still willing to associate."

Anna looked very serious at this, nor could she frame in her own mind a reply that was satisfactory to her. At last she said—

"But seriously, Brother William, won't you call on those young ladies with me?"

"Yes, on one condition."

"Well, what is that?"

"Why, on condition that you will afterward call with me, and see Caroline Murry."

"I cannot do that, William," she replied, in a positive tone.

"And why not, Anna?"

"I have already told you."

"I cannot perceive the force of that reason, Anna. But if you will not go with me, I must decline going with you. The society of Miss Murry cannot be more repulsive to you, than that of Misses Eberly and Fitzwilliams to me."

"You don't know what you are talking about, William."

"That is my impression about you.—But, come now, sister, let us both be rational to each other. I am willing to go with you if you will go with me."

"Yes, but William, you don't reflect that, in doing as you desire me, I will be in danger of losing my present position in society. Caroline Murry is not esteemed genteel in the circle in which I move, and if it should be known that I visit her, I will be considered on a level with her. I would do anything to oblige you, but, indeed, I would be risking too much here."

"You would only be breaking loose," replied the brother; "from the slavery you are now in to false notions of what is truly genteel. If any one esteems you less for being kind, attentive, and courteous to one against whom suspicion has never dared to breathe a word, and whose whole life is a bright example of the pure and high-toned principles that govern her, that one is unworthy of your regard.—True gentility does not exist, my sister, merely in a studied and artificial elegance of behavior, but in inward purity and taste, and a true sense of what is right, all exhibiting themselves in their natural external expression. The real lady judges of others from what they are, and neglects none but the wilfully depraved.—True, there are distinctions in society, and there are lines of social demarcation, and all this is right. But we should be careful in what social sphere we are drawn, and how we suffer ourselves to be influenced by the false notions of real worth which prevail in some circles that profess a high degree of gentility. I hold that every one, no matter what may be his or her condition in life, fails to act a true part if not engaged in doing something that is useful. Let me put it to your natural good sense, which do you think most deserving of praise, Caroline Murry, who spends her time in doing some thing useful to her whole family; or your friends the Misses Eberly and Fitzwilliams, and those constituting their particular circle, who expect services from others, but never think of rendering any, and who carry their prejudices so far as to despise those who work?"

Anna did not reply, and her brother said—

"I am in earnest, sister, when I say, that you cannot confer a greater favor upon your brother, than to go with him to see Caroline Murry. Cannot I induce you to comply with my wishes?"

"I will go," she replied to this appeal, and then hurried away, evidently no little disturbed in her feelings.

In half an hour she was ready, and, taking her brother's arm, was soon on the way to Miss Ernestine Eberly's residence. The young lady received them with all the graces and fashionable airs she could assume, and entertained them with the idle gossip of the day, interspersed with an occasional spice of envious and ill-natured remark. Knowing that her brother was a close discriminator, and that he was by no means possessed in her friend's favor, Anna herself observed her more narrowly, and, as it were, with his eyes. It seemed to her that Miss Eberly never was so uninteresting, or so mal-apropos in what she said. The call on Zepherine Fitzwilliams came next in turn. Scanning her also with other eyes than her own, Anna was disappointed in her very dear friend. She looked through her and was pained to see that there was a hollowiness and want of any thing like a true strength or excellence of character about her. Particularly, she was displeased at a gratuitous sneer thrown out at the expense of Caroline Murry.

And now, with a reluctance that she could not overcome, Anna turned with her brother towards the residence of the young lady who had lost caste, because she had good sense and was industrious.

"I know my sister's lady-like character will prompt her to right action in our next call," said the brother, looking into Anna's face with an encouraging smile.

She did not reply, yet she felt somehow or other pleased with the remark. A few minutes' walk brought them to the door, and they were presently ushered into a neat parlor in which was the young lady they were seeking. She sat near a window, and was sewing. She was plainly dressed in comparison with the young ladies just called upon; but in all that constitutes the lady in air and appearance, in every way their superior.

"I believe you know my sister," said Enfield, on presenting Anna.

"We have met a few times," she replied with a pleasant unembarrassed smile, at the same time extending her hand.

Miss Enfield took the proffered hand, with less reluctance than she had imagined she could but a few hours before.—Somehow or other, Caroline seemed to her to be very much changed for the better in manner and appearance. And she could not help, during all the visit, drawing contrasts between her and the two very dear friends she had just called upon; and the contrast was in no way favorable to the latter. The conversation was on topics of ordinary interest, but did not once degenerate into triviality or censoriousness. Good sense manifested itself in almost every sentence that Caroline uttered, and this was so apparent to Anna, that she could not help frequently noticing and involuntarily approving it. "What a pity," Anna once or twice remarked to herself, that she will be so singular."

The call was but a brief one. Anna parted with Caroline under a different impression of her character than she had ever before entertained. After her return with her brother, he asked her this abrupt question.

"Which of the young ladies, Anna, of the three we called upon this morning, would you prefer to call your sister?"

Anna looked up bewildered and surprised into the face of her brother, for a few moments, and then said:

"I don't understand you, brother William."

"Why, I thought I asked a very plain question. But I will make it plainer.—Which one of the three young ladies we called upon this morning, would you advise me to marry?"

"Neither," replied Anna, promptly.

"That is only jumping the question," he said, smiling. "But to come to you so that there can be no escape, I will confess that I have made up my mind to marry one of the three. Now tell me which you would rather it would be."

"Caroline Murry," said Anna emphatically, while her cheeks burned and her eyes became slightly suffused.

William Enfield did not reply to the hoped for, though rather unexpected admission, but stooping down, he kissed her glowing cheek, and whispered in her ear—

"Then she shall be your sister, and I know you will love one another."

He said truly. In a few months he claimed Caroline Murry as his bride, and her good sense and winning gentleness of character, influenced Anna, and effectually counteracted the false notions which were beginning to corrupt a good heart, and to overshadow a sound judgment. It was not long before she was fully sensible of the real difference which there was between the characters of the two friends, and that of her brother's wife; and also between true and false gentility. Although Caroline Murry had been proscribed by a certain circle in which false pride, instead of principle, was the governing motive, she had still been esteemed among

those who knew how to look beyond the surface. As the wife of Enfield, she at once took a position in circles where those who had passed her by as unworthy, would have sought in vain for an admission, and in those circles she shone as a bright particular star.—*United States.*

The following incident may afford a timely rebuke to those lads who think themselves degraded by dirty work, and those young ladies who affect to be in horrors if their mammas set them about "house-work." Here they will see that even General Washington was not ashamed to work hard when it was necessary.—*Messenger.*

THE CORPORAL.—During the American revolution it is said that an officer, not habituated in his military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work, making some repairs on a small redoubt. The commander of the little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavouring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was the oftener heard in his regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes!—Heave ho!"

The officer before spoken of stopped his horse when he came to the place, and seeing the timber sometimes scarcely move, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, and turning to the officer with the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are not, though, are you?" said the officer, "I was not aware of that." And taking off his hat, and bowing, "Ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Upon this he dismounted his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops upon his forehead.

When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority, "Mr. Corporal Commander," said he, "when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send to your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunderstruck! It was Washington!

THE WAR ENDED.
Pompey.—Well Dick I suppose you know wegwyng to hab war wid de English.

Dick.—I dont know dat; war I to spress my pinion on dis subjick I should say, no war!

Pompey.—Berry strange dat you should spress sich pinions when you see de great preparashuns dat are gwyng on mong de sojurs for de war.

Dick.—Halt! dat de werry thing prevent him. Spose you heard some time ago de de English war wessels at de peapatch—dem English are wide awake I inform you. So dey come up to de peapatch to look out if we war ready for a war, and some ob dem went off to Philadelphia and some to New-Yawk pretendin to be on objects ob scientific, but it was all a trick to slip ober to Elkton to see if our famous military were asleep, but dar dey missed a figur, dey found our Blues and Grays and Light fittid Hoss all makin ready for de action so dey scamper'd back to de peapatch like de debil was arter em, and dey up wid anchor and wanced back to England to tell Victory and Lord Milburn dat no use to make war wid us cept dey want all dier sojurs killed for dey'd say Jack Robinson—So I tell you Pompey, de war's o'er.

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him free use of money. 3. Suffer him to go where he pleases on the Sabbath. 4. Give him full access to wicked companions. 5. Call him to no account for his evenings. 6. Furnish him with no stated employment. 7. Pursue either of these ways, and you will experience a most marvelous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child! Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to the grave.

Life is full of trouble; men a promiscuous crowd, and thier cities like hives of bees, where each has a sting to wound his neighbour.

Absence cools moderate passions and inflames violent ones, just as the wind blows out a candle, but kindles the fire.

Take it for a general rule that the more ugly the women are, and the duller the men, the easier they are to be flattered into a belief of their beauty and wit.

GRADATION.—Shakespeare has well described the gradation of drunkenness, and the changes which it produces in the mental energies of an individual, by saying,—"Now a sensible man by and by, a fool; and presently, a beast."

REFINEMENT.—To stand in some conspicuous place, and make remarks on every lady that passes by.

"Truth," said Napoleon, "pierce through the clouds, it shines like the sun, and, like it, is imperishable."

The Mechanic.—If there is any man in it society upon whom we look with esteem and admiration; it is the honest and industrious mechanic, who by his own unaided exertion has established for himself a respectable station in society; who commencing in poverty, by his skill and assiduity, surmounts every obstacle, overcomes every prejudice, and succeeds in establishing for himself a reputation whose value is enhanced for those who come after him. Such a man we prize as the noblest work of which human nature is capable, the highest production she can boast. And let it ever be borne in mind by the young mechanic, just entering on the stage of public life—let it ever lie at the foundation, and be the moving spring to all his efforts, that this situation he must strive to attain. It can be attained by all. Untiring industry and a virtuous ambition never fail of their reward. They never yet were exerted in vain, and never will be, while honesty and justice are left in the human heart. It was well remarked by an eloquent writer, that the mechanic, who had no inheritance but health, no riches but virtue, is the sole king among men, and the only man among kings.

From the New York Times and Star.
Comparison of New York with the principal cities of Europe.—The population of the city of New York, by the census of 1840, is 312,932. Only six of the European cities now surpass it, as follows:

1. London and suburbs,	1,650,000
2. Paris,	900,000
3. Constantinople,	600,000
4. St. Petersburg,	450,000
5. Naples,	361,000
6. Vienna,	333,000

The cities next in population are—

Lisbon,	260,000
Moscow,	250,000
Berlin,	240,000
Dublin,	201,000
Glasgow,	202,000
Amsterdam,	201,000
Madrid,	201,900
Manchester,	187,000
Liverpool,	185,000
Palermo,	173,000
Lyons,	165,000
Edinburgh,	162,000
Rome,	151,000

*By the census of 1831 this was about the population of these cities. The census of Great Britain for 1841, now being taken, will show a great increase.

From the World in a Pocket Book.
REPUBLICS OF EUROPE.—Besides Switzerland, the chief of these was formed by the Hanse Townes, a powerful commercial and political association in Germany, commenced in 1211, and very flourishing to the 17th century. Since 1630 the Hanseatic League has been limited to Hamburg and Lubeck. These having a vote in the German Diet, on questions affecting their interest.

SAN MARINO.—A small republic of 29 square miles in Italy, with 7000 people, a revenue of \$11,500, and army of less than 70 men. The capital has a population of 500. It has existed for 1100 years with a mixture of aristocracy, and democracy, under the protection of the Pope. Religion, Catholic.

ANDORA.—A republic in the Pyrene, containing 200 square miles and 15,000 people; Andora, the capital, has 2000 inhabitants. Governed by a chief magistrate, who is elected, and two officers, one appointed by the bishop of Urgel, and the other by the king of France.

CRACOW.—A small Polish republic, formed and protected by the allied kings in 1815, 500 square miles, and has 121,000 inhabitants; Cracow, the capital, has 27,000 inhabitants. A mound at Cracow, erected to the memory of Kosciusko, is 310 feet high. Religion Catholic.

NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD.
Spain, 12; Portugal, 17; Switzerland, 30; Belgium, 62; Denmark, 80; Austria, 82; Russia and Poland, 84; Holland, 150; Prussia, 288; Great Britain and Ireland, 480; other Germanic States, 208; Australia, 9; Africa, 12; Asia, 27; United States, newspapers 1555, periodicals 305. World in a Pocket Book.

We reckon as how the Cecil Whig adds one to the number, provided none have "kicked the bucket" since this list was made out.

The estimated cost of the Croton Water Works is 16 millions of dollars.

During the last ten years; goods to the amount of \$150,000,000 have been imported from France.

CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The Madisonian publishes the official census, according to which the total population of the United States is 17,968,112.

Charles F. Mitchel, the forger, has been admitted to bail in New York, in the sum of \$5,500.

She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose whole occupation is the murder of a kind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.—*Goldsmith.*