

The Cecil Whig.

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

VOL. 1

ELKTON, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13, 1841.

NO. 15.

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

FOARD & KIRKNEY, PRINTERS. TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS if not paid till the end of the year.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor.

Advertisements of one square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion; longer ones in proportion. Advertising customer will please mark on the manuscript how many insertions are required. If no such direction is given, the advertisement will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications to the Editor should be post paid.

Agents for the Cecil Whig.

Subscriber's Names, Subscription Money, Advertisements, Orders for Printing, &c. &c., with the following gentlemen, will be promptly attended to, viz:—

JOHN B. YARNALL, Port Deposit.
J. W. ABRAHAM, P. M. Do.
ELLIS REYNOLDS, Rising Sun.
JONAS PRESTON, Jr. P. M. Conowingo.
JOHN S. EVERETT, Rowlandsville.
COL. H. S. STILES, P. M. P. M. P. M.
JOSEPH HAINES, Brick Meeting House.
JOSEPH McMULLEN, Jr. Perryville.
THOMAS BERNSEDE & Co., Charlestown.
JOHN McCracken, P. M., North East.
NATHAN WILKINSON, Elk Iron Works.
WILLIAM PIERCE, P. M. Cecilton.
JOHN B. MORTON, P. M. Warwick.
JOHN MEARS, P. M. St. Augustine.
JOHN L. GLAYTON, P. M. Chesapeake City.

POETRY



They tell me She's no longer Fair.

They tell me she's no longer fair,
That time has swept aside
The lustre of her youthful brow,
Her beauty's blooming pride—
But, if her heart is still the same,
Still gentle as of yore,
Then is she beautiful to me—
More lovely than before.

They tell me that her cheek is pale
As is the twilight hour,
And that her eye has lost its fire—
Her glance its former power;
But, if her soul is still as chaste,
Still gentleness is there—
Then is her eye to me still bright,
Her cheek to me still fair.

For, old 'tis in the shrimed soul,
Where beauty purely dwells,
Where virtue lives, and truth exists,
Like pearls in ocean's cells,
Give me a feeling, faithful heart,
Perfection's richest prize,
That's the temple of all love,
Where beauty never dies.

Then say not she's no longer fair—
That time has swept aside
The lustre of her youthful brow,
Her beauty's blooming pride;
For if her heart is still the same,
Still gentle as of yore,
Then is she beautiful to me—
More lovely than before!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DECLARATION.—Here is one of the neatest turned epigrams in the language. Imagine, if you please, a sentimentalist most graciously reclining on a sofa, with the last fashionable novel in her hand, and her heart unfeeling as a pin-cushion, and before her, prostrate on his marrow bones, a perfumed youth of twenty, with eye upturned in agony sublime, sobbing out, in any thing but diapason—
"My charmer! I would die for thee
If thou wouldst only live for me!"
"Ah! do," replies the dark-eyed elf,
"I never want to die myself!"

Curious Grammatical Construction.—In 31 words how many times can "that" be grammatically inserted? Answer, 14. "He said that that that person said, was not that that that man should say; but that that that that person said, was that that that man should not say."

BOLINGBROKE.—When Bolingbroke's works were published by Mallett, Johnson pronounced this memorable sentence upon the noble author and his editor:—"Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward. A scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death."—*Boswell.*

A Spanish poet carries the poetry of Heaven to its highest possible sublimity, when he calls a star "a burning double of the celestial bank."

There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquility of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrow.

For the Cecil Whig. HUMAN CHARACTER NO. IV. SQUEEZER AND SQUID.

BOB SQUEEZER is your man of brief legs and short sentences, though tall talks. Legs, quotha? aye, the left being very convex, and the right very concave, they are proper legs, that is a pair of props, not your knock-knee; but are your regular shin-nies; and being as straight as twin marks of interrogation in Siamese-contact, fit as cosily and yield as cha itably to each other's crooked ways, as any two wayward boys on a cold night, lying in bed in that sort of juxtaposition best expressed by the term spoon-fashion. He is as moon-faced (by which I mean as full in the face) as the man in the full moon,—fat in the back as a Bak-well or South-down, and as short-winded,—is remarkably broad-shouldered & thick in the girth,—is no man of loose habits, but, au contraire, forces himself into the good graces of an exceeding tight coat of incredibly short waist with a most wasteful expenditure in that useful appendix, the tail; and altogether resembling in geographical superficialities, the pattern of a great kite, with its nether addition. Let me add, that the two waist-buttons seem as though they had had words and parted in anger, never again to see each other. I hate such near neighbors falling out and separating in a huff—it looks bad: better by far live even in a feeble imitation of that social amity and contented fellowship which so plainly characterise and contradicting my friend Squeezer's legs from all other legs,—a standing example to all.

Perhaps enough has been said to convey some *slim* idea of "the earthly house" or outward and visible of this fat angel with the legs, Mr. Robert, alias Bob Squeezer. And as we should never press matters too far, as the genteel loafer said when he impressed a pair of new shoes in place of his, into his service as he was leaving a hotel, we will proceed.

But if it be thought that bachelor Scraggs, party of the one part, is going to sort out matters in such a manner as to preserve a perfect connection in time and place, day and date, &c. in what he has now to relate, I trust it's a mistake. Pardon me if I say, he is no day-and-date man just now: although very fond of dates, he is—(when hungry)—no, a fig for all *dates*, says he, when one is in the fancy trade. They are about of as much use here as putting pad-locks on leather saddle-bags—only leading one into temptation.

No, let us be unfettered, free,—aye, free to roam where we list,—know whom we will,—ent all who will not know us in our own way and on our own terms.

"Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we may, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man."

Then come along with me, said Mr. Scraggs to Mr. Jones,—here's for a ramble. What say you to extending it as far as my friend Bob's office?—you know Bob, don't you?

"No."
"No!—Don't know Bob?—You'll die in ignorance."
"Ha, ha, he, he.—Nor Nancy?—Nor any of the Squeezers?"
"No."

Come, that'll do. I took it for granted you knew Bob, at least. Why every body knows Bob; and because every body does of course, I thought you did.—Well this way, I'll introduce you. You see, Bob thinks he has a great deal to do, merely because he has a great deal to say; and therefore he keeps a kind of little office up street; but whether for law or gospel, is not exactly clear. Yes, he is one of your incessant talkers; fancying it impossible to be a man of his word, I suppose, without a good many words,—and occasionally taking down notes, by way of being, I presume, a man of note. You need not be at all surprised to see him stop suddenly in conversation, just to dot down some word or idea, fresh caught from your lips, to be petted and *tamed* at his leisure.

Singular fellow, that. And just let me tell you before hand, that if you think to make yourself agreeable by talking much to him, there you're out. No, you could not more egregiously err; than by not being content with a very precious modicum of the conversation on your part;—Aye, patronise listening liberally; but economise largely, *extravagantly* in speech.—Besides which, I beg you will not be at all 'put out' at finding Bob as familiar in one moment after knowing you, as if you and he had been kettle and pan, skin and bone, eye-ball and eye-lash, from your infancy. It's the man's way; and every man (except married ones) ought to have a way of his own; or else he's nobody.—and it's the way of the whole Squeezer family: so set it down on the debit side of oddity. Here we are. [Bob seated at his office table, apparently much engaged with a paper—enter two.]
Good morning Bob,—how are you?—

I just—
"Ah! my dear Scraggs, bachelor Scraggs hon, are you?—where are you from?—where are you going?—how have you—eh? whom have we here?—why don't you introduce?"

"That's just what I was waiting for an opportunity of do—
"There, don't talk, that's a dear—save trouble—if there is anything I particularly dislike, it is your talking people, who suffer no one else to get a word in edge-ways."

Stepping up to the stranger, he coolly continued,—

"Ah,—pray my dear fellow, excuse me—memory very treacherous, but not of that kind that is good either at betraying secrets, or divining them—a—so, if I have forgotten your name—(no, de'mme, how could I, as I have never seen him before?)—a—if you'd just favor me with the tip ends of your name—just the initials, or one sign for me to dot down in the album of my memory—"

"Jones?"—said the stranger in reply.
"Jones?—ah—man at War Department—long tail J's—in every body's way—brothers in several penitentiaries—other part of name?"

"Richard?"
"Richard—ah—Dick—much better—save time, ink too—nothing like economy—dislike long names—call myself Bob—Robert too long—Squeezer, on Sundays—no time any other day—too much—a—pray, what occupation?"
"Preaching?"—said Mr. Jones. And perceiving him about noting, Mr. J. kindly added,—

"Mr. Squeezer, when you find so much leisure you may write me down, the Rev. Richard Jones."

"Eh?—no, if I do, I hope to be—
—excused—a—Rev. Dick Jones,—eh?
—good! Well Dick, my dear fellow, anything I can do for you?—eh?—always doing—man of few words—but—a—just have the kindness to put a chair betwixt you and the floor—so—"

Here his Reverence, after sitting down as bidden, thought it proper he should at least say a word in acknowledgment of Mr. Squeezer's hospitality, and accordingly began with,—

"I trust we shall be better acquainted—
"O yes,—know exactly what you'd say—can't bear acknowledgments—always save my friends trouble of making them—pay such drafts at sight—best way—way I pay everything—no accounts then—no interest running up on the wrong track, like a locomotive under the reverse motion—sleep sound—eh? Jones, my boy,—want to know more about your family and the Browns, Johnsons and Smiths. Do you know it strikes me you folk haven't had a fair shake in the *qui vive*, (as my friend Squid would say) part of the time, and balance of time, in *back ground*—understand? Now I like ground-floor apartments myself, I do—save time—stairs too much trouble—but not too far back—gentle, don't come it too *strong*—*iron door*, &c.—I say, my dear fellow, maybe you couldn't lay me under obligation for the favor of a ten dollar bill a few hours, say, till the Victoria steamer arrives?—remittance then—little slack just now—flush in the morning—pay it then—going to the National to night—laugh and grow fat—Burton—fun—patronize fun—go? eh?—hush, don't talk—not counterfeits it is—genuine bill?—good—when hard up, call on me in turn—remember, pay in morning."

As was very natural for one of his profession, Mr. Jones looked somewhat embarrassed, I thought, as if rummaging about some mixed up idea of ten dollars vaguely associated with the morning of the resurrection. At this juncture Bob's ancient maiden sister, Miss Nancy Squeezer, walked in, and Mr. Jones and I walked out.

When in the street as we moved leisurely along, Mr. Jones observed,—
"That friend of yours, Mr. Scraggs, is a little odd; yet seems quite gifted with the borrowing faculty. Has he a good memory?"
Sadly deficient there. Perhaps I ought to have cautioned you. However, let that pass. Bought wit is capital, placed at interest.

Mr. Jones, with a slight sigh, observed,—
"It is fit and meet that we occasionally bear each other's burthens."
That reminds me, Mr. Jones, of an observation or two of Bob's, in allusion to some figurative expression about 'standing in another man's shoes,' to signify that you take upon yourself his troubles, to put yourself into his difficulties. But for his part he says, he never puts himself into his boots without putting his foot in it; for living as he does at a boarding house, where boots get so sociable with each other, they will get all mixed up in such a manner, that bless your soul alive, it's the easiest thing in life to be mistaken,—and he never could account for it, but some how or other, his feet (no doubt with the kindest intentions in the world) always would be leading him into trouble unnecessarily, by getting him into the wrong pew; that is, into the wrong boots,—and for the most part, the best ones too; for he says, his feet always had an aver-

sion to your open-mouthed, tittle-tattling, keep-no-secrets kind of boots, that are ever revealing family matters and making disturbances, by pushing things to extremities; that is pushing too far forward the junior and infantile members of the Foot family, the toes, into notice, beyond all decent limits. I hate extremes.

By the bye, Mr. Jones, (talking about boots, how's your father?) it has often struck me how some people are miscalled. For instance, I know one of the Foots who is at least a fathom. I hate misnomers. He should have been called Carcas, or Cable,—or anything but the sign for twelve inches. And there was my friend Lowe who stood as high as most men—and Bill Short down in the Neck, who, when he straightened up and let all the kinks out, was more than two yards long. It is true that when he laid down he did not cover an acre, yet I knew a man named Longacre, not an inch longer than Bill. Now why might not Longacre have been named Short instead of Bill? I hate paradoxes. The fact is, Bill is never short, and would be long, living or dead, and particularly a dying.

Mr. Jones, there is philosophy in what I am telling you, and I desire your forbearance a little further. Bob says he knows a Mr. White who is as green as a miss,—and a Miss Green, as white as the wall,—a Mr. Wall, no more stony-hearted than poor dear old Mrs. Stone; and she although sixty, is as tender as a chicken—Bill Brown, the drover, is a regular sandy, foxy red—and Jim Black, is often *'blue'* than anything else; but when in a state of nature, that is, apart from all disguises, is a sort of motly dapple of cream color and saffron, with a strong development of deep pink streaked down his gristly promontory, styled by a great stretch of courtesy, a nose. What abominable perversions of language! I hate perversions.

"In that," mildly said Mr. Jones, "I agree with you."

"That is encouraging, Mr. Jones. But what I look at, sir, (and here Bob and I agree) is the gross neglect of our legislators in not curing all such eye-sores, by compelling people to be named right, as fast as facts call for it. What good reason is there sir, why Bill Short, who was properly so named when but an infant of two or three spans, should not be Bill Long when he has long since, in point of fact, ceased to be Bill Short and grown to be Bill Long? What right has he, sir, Mister Jones, I would have our rights looked to with lynx-eyes, and guarded with—
—with—fish-hooks and goose quills, I would;—otherwise we are a gone duck. Our immunities, let me tell you sir, are frittered down to a paucity."

"You astonish and alarm me, Mr. Scraggs."

I do, do I? Well now sir, suffer me to tell you, in confidence, that I am personally acquainted with a delicate and interesting little lady, somewhere, about five feet four, whom they actually had the unparalleled temerity to call a Glen, without the slightest regard to the fact that few or none of her name are to be found under a mile or two in length,—some of them a league. Shocking depravity and bad taste. I hate all depravity and want of taste, particularly about dinner time—and I can't bear such gross disproportion, Mr. Jones, as the little fly said to the big spider that paid his devotions to her. I know a lady, sir, so large and deformed in her system, (of economy,) that to save in hemming, she would have seven white handkerchiefs in use at once: she'd buy enough muslin to make a sheet, and when put together, she'd lay it off into seven squares, by lines of durable ink, appropriating one square to each day of the week. Of course there were awful encroachments in times of bad colds in the head of the concern, I hate partnership-work, especially in pocket handkerchiefs, where a *drop* may turn the scale and destroy 'the balance of power' so necessary to the healthful action of all confederacies. The Pennsylvania legislature, in particular, Mr. Jones, at this important crisis, ought to look to this handkerchief-and-drop-business, instead of trifling away time and money so prodigally in such unimportant bubbles as providing a monetary circulating medium and relieving trades-people. What do you say to that, Mr. Jones?"

"I say, there is philosophy in what you say, Mr. Scraggs."

Go on sir?

Mr. Jones, at your bidding, I will, sir. Then I recur to the subject of gross, palpable and unpardonable misnomers. There sir are the wealthy Slaymakers, who keep their coach, and ride in it, too, who never made a sleigh in all their lives, but would *slay* you to talk of it,—and the rich Shoemakers, who'd think nothing of slipping your collar-bone out if you'd say 'slipper' to them. Mr. Rakestraw knows as much about raking straw, as a Kickapoo squaw does about cranberry tarts and other *kickshaws*; or a chief of the Sandwick isles does of 'sandwiches' and 'floating islands.' Alas! without proper checks Mr. Jones, what shall we come to? as my friend Bob says. We shall break all banks—*bounds*, I mean.—

Noted. *Written in March, '41, ere they passed the Relief Bill.

There's Mrs. More, less than Mrs. Little, and Miss Hill who would 'at be a mole-hill on the back of Miss Turtle—Mrs. Le-Grand, seldom *great*, never *stylish*—Mr. Cash, the broken merchant, who never paid ready money, because always ready to go on *tick*, like a man going to bed. I hate *licking*, Mr. Jones, because I can't bear it. It sometimes *winds up* with the *quills*, but often brings a man down to skin and feathers.—Lord Bacon, Bob assures me, was at one time *spoiled*, (for the want of timely *salting*, I suppose) being a little too fond of 'the spoils,' and yet was afterwards *cured* without *salting* or *hauling*; (to smoke;) though he made it his business to smoke others, and salt them too occasionally. I hate *spoiling* anything, Mr. Jones, particularly a lady's collar, in a tussle after a kiss.

"There I agree with you again, Mr. Scraggs, go on sir."

Well sir, I feel a little exhausted, but for your sake, I proceed. There's Miss Gray, who Bob tells me never was *grey*, and yet we're gravely told she has been Gray all her life, even from childhood! shocking taste!—And there was the Rev. Jack Mason, who was not even a *free* mason; (having 'a place under government' at home, a sort of 'home-department,' with which I do not associate *Mistress M.* as *supremacy*;) and who never built up so much as he tore down; and seldom indeed used mortar at all, except to 'daub with untempered mortar,' as you would say, Mr. Jones. I hate all *daubing*—

Mrs. Baker, the widow, they do say, was lately in a monstrous *stew*, and *chafed*, and threatened to *baste* Mr. White's *chaps*, and do him *over*, (which think, was over-doing the matter,) because he '*perumed*' to declare himself to her,—at which, I'm told, Mr. White looked perfectly black; that is, he looked mill-sawed, but used none.—And all this, as Bob says, comes of long names and wrong names. How much, very much trouble, Mr. Jones, would be saved to some people, if the laws of nomenclature were ground over and bolted. Why sir, do you know that Bob's maiden aunt, Miss Squeezer, was actually within a hairs breadth of being cheated out of an estate in England, by es-cheat, merely for the want of an *hair* in the place of a *hare*?—monstrous! Then look, sir, if you ask an Englishman, in these war-like times, where the *Fleet* is, instead of at sea, as you should naturally conjecture, he will tell you it is in London and he at the same time looking toward the *Maine*!—Phaugh!—And at Paris, if you would visit the *Place des Invalides*, instead of entering a sick-room, or a Poor-House, you are conducted into a valid palace almost. Pho!—And here in our own dear country, to the South, instead of preserving our boasted republicanism simply by spelling the name of a certain river there with but a pair of letters (P. D.) we are such p-d-rogues as to write it down P-e-d-ee,—which shews we are not up to snuff at the spelling-book.

"Pish! I hate ignorance and snuff Mr. Jones, they always go together. Pshaw!"

"Note. Their fleet was then off the coast of Maine."

[To be Continued.]

Persons who are innocently cheerful and good humored, are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness; and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

NEW BREED.—The Genessee Farmer tells of an improved breed of musquitos out West, which have to be caged in the spring, to prevent their pulling up corn!

STEAMBOAT ANECDOTE.—At the bursting of a boiler, a stout yankee plunged into the river and saved the life of the captain. As soon as they reached the shore the captain was profuse of thanks to the preserver of his life. "Save your thanks, my hearty," said the other, "for I only saved you from the water in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you hanged for the wilful murder of your passengers."

"What is the chief end of man?" asked a schoolmaster, with catechism in hand. "The end we gets our lickins on," blubbered an urchin.—*Boston Post.*

A clergyman once said to the boys in the gallery, "Don't make so much noise, or you will wake your parents below."

Idlers are always great critics and fault finders. They can always tell how work should be done, and when the heat and burden of the day falls upon them, we see illustrated the wide difference between saying and doing.

"Sins are like circles in the water—when a stone is thrown into it, one produces another.—When anger was Cain's heart, murder was not far off."

P. Henry.

PAINFUL DEATH.—Mrs. Childs, the lady of Mr. Childs, dentist in Philadelphia, lost her life on Saturday last, by an explosion of some powder which had been carelessly left in a drawer.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

As Indian eloquence is a key to their character, so it is a noble monument of their literature. Oratory seldom finds a more auspicious field. A wild people, their region of thought, forbade feebleness: uncultivated, but intelligent and sensitive, a purity of idea, chastely combined with energy of expression, ready fluency, and imagery—now exquisitely delicate,—now soaring to the sublime, all united to rival the efforts of any ancient or modern orator.

What can be imagined more impressive than a warrior rising in the council-room to address those who bore the same sacred marks of their title to fame and to chiefdom? The dignified stature—the easy repose of limbs—the graceful gesture, the dark speaking eye, excite admiration and expectation. We would anticipate eloquence from an Indian. He has animating remembrances—a poetry of language, which exacts rich and opposite metaphorical allusions, even for ordinary conversation—a mind which like his body has never been trammelled and mechanised by the formalities of society, and passions which, from the very outward restraint imposed upon them, burn more fiercely within. There is a mine of truth in the reply of Red Jacket, in the conference to Governor Harrison, in the conference at Vincennes. It contains a high moral rebuke and a sarcasm heightened in effect by an evident consciousness of loftiness, above the reach of insult. At the close of his address he found that no chair had been placed for him, a neglect which Governor Harrison ordered to be remedied as soon as discovered. Suspecting, perhaps, that it was more an affront than a mistake, with an air of dignity elevated almost to haughtiness he declined the seat proffered with the words, "Your father requests you to take a chair," and answered, as he calmly disposed himself on the ground, "My father! The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. I will repose upon her bosom."

Some of the speeches of *Stenandooah*, a celebrated Oneida chief, contain the truest touches of natural eloquence. He lived to a great age, and in his last council, he opened with the following sublime and beautiful sentence, "Brothers—I am an aged headlock. The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches, and I am dead at the top." Every reader, who has seen a tall hemlock, with a dry and leafless top surmounting its dark green foliage, will feel the force of the simile. "I am dead at the top." His memory, and all the vigorous powers of youth, had departed forever.

Not less felicitous was the close of a speech made by *Pushmataha*, a venerable chief of a western tribe, at a council held by him in Washington, many years since. In alluding to his extreme age, and to the probability that he might not even survive the journey back to his tribe, he said: "My children will walk through the forests, and the Great Spirit will whisper in the tree-tops, and the flowers spring up in the trails—but *Pushmataha* will hear not—he will see the flowers no more. He will be gone. His people will know that he is dead. The news will come to their ears, as the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods."

The most powerful tribes have been destroyed; and as *Sadekanatie* expressed it, "Strike at the root, and when the trunk shall be cut down, the branches shall fall of course." The trunk has fallen, the branches are slowly withering, and shortly the question "Who is there to mourn for Logan," may be made of the whole race, and find not a sympathizing reply.

Their actions may outlive, but their oratory we think must survive their fate. It contains many attributes of true eloquence. With a language too barren, and minds too free for the rules of rhetoric, they still attained a power of touching the feelings, and a sublimity of style which rival the highest productions of their more cultivated enemies. Expression apt & pointed, language strong and figurative—comparisons rich and bold—descriptions correct and picturesque—and gesture energetic and graceful, were the most striking peculiarities of their oratory. The better orators, accurate mirrors of their character, their bravery, invincible stoicism, and native grandeur, heightened as they are in impressiveness by the melancholy accompaniment of approaching extermination, will be enduring at the swan-like music of Attic and Roman eloquence which was the funeral song of the literature of those republics.

Knickkerbocker.

"The battle of Lake Erie, was the most perilous fight during the last war," so says Ephraim.