The Cecil Whig.
BY P. C. RICKETTS.
ELKTON, OCT., 20, 1849.

THE Next House of Representatives.—It is a source of considerable amusement to notice the "cyphering" of the various political journals in regard to the state of politics in the next House of Representatives. The Whigs, generally, make out a majority of one in their favor, but some of the better accountants have it 6 or 8; while with the locofoco papers the calculations bring results precisely the reverse. So, it would seem, there will be a close time of it. We presume the Gidding's clique will hold the balance of power, and will lend their influence to the party which most often favors their particular views. There will be a close vote for Speaker—the whigs of course, will try to elect Mr. Winthrop, and the locofocos, Mr. Cobb, but we should not be surprised if the choice eventually fell upon the Hon. Alexander Evans, who has made himself fully qualified for the station, aad who was very popular in the last House.

☞Letters like the following are always gratifying to an editor. We hope many of our subscribers may "follow suit" in the matter of remittances, even if they should not indulge in compliment.

WHEATLAND, Oct. 15, '49.

Mr. Editor.—Herewith you will receive the amount of one year's subscription to The Cecil Whig, in advance for the coming year. The payment is your due, not only for the paper as a herald of news, but for the lively interest you have taken in the good cause of endeavoring to show the American farmer, that his true interest is to look to a "Home Market"—and a Home market only, for a market for his produce; all Free Trade projects having utterly failed, not only under the present rate of Imposts, but all others since the organization of the Government, as an examination of the tables of Exports and Imports during that time will show.

This seems to be a fitting time for the payment for your paper, and I deem the remittance, the lowest measure of gratitude for your exertions in the cause of American Industry, that can be shown by

Yours, Resp'y,
JOHN JONES.

THE BLIND PREACHER.—We remember reading when quite a small boy, a graphic and thrilling sketch of a blind preacher, written, we believe, by Wirt. It was a remarkable sketch—it riveted our attention then, and always since, we have been interested in blind preachers several of whom we have heard. Generally they are able and argumentative—their ability arising more particularly, we have supposed, from the fact that the gayeties and frivolities of the world, and its allurements generally, are shut out from them, and their minds taking a metaphysical turn, dwell with undisturbed power on such subjects as may claim their attention.

Among those we have heard, we have listened to none with more pleasure than to the Rev. Mr W——, who a few years since, preached at a country church, a few miles north of our village. He was gifted with great fluency of speech, and a powerful memory, and was decidedly an able preacher.

We were the more interested in him because of the peculiarity of the circumstances of his losing his sight. He was struck wth sudden blindness. His night came without a twilight. The awful visitation was his, to be transferred suddenly from noon-day brightness, to the cold darkness of utter midnight. One evening, about his entrance into manhood, he retired as usual in the full enjoyment of his sense of sight as of his other senses. To him day-light never came more. A deep, total eclipse came over his eyes and they never more emerged from the shadow. Unconscious of his blindness, he lay long and calmly in the morning, waiting the approach of day. Supposing at last, that the shutters of his window had become closed, he arose to open them; as he approached the window the warm sunlight fell upon his hands and his face, and the withering truth came suddenly upon him, that he was blind. Blind—who can tell the agony of that moment: the feeling of total desolation the fainting chill which pierced his heart. Blind—the world with all its beauty—its fields and forests—its hills and valleys—its rivulets and rivers—its stars—its moon its birds and flowers, and more than all, the dear faces of beloved friends, instantly hidden and forever. The very thought is terrible—what then the reality. Ah! wild were the tossings of his soul, with the grief of the crushing calamity, and the struggle for resignation. The struggle is over—calmly he bears the deprivation, in the full belief that "He who ordereth all things well' afflicted him wisely and for his advantage.

Conscience is the rewarder of virtue, and avenger of crime.

THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. IX.---No. 13 ELKTON MD., SATURDAY MORNING OCTOBER 20 1849 WHOLE No 429

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visiter" I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;——
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But with mean of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern-decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said "art sure no craven.
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore"

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless" said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never—nevermore."

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
Strait I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door,
Then upon the velvet sinking, and betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eys now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er;
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

'Prophet,' said I, thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'
Quoth the Raven 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,' I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the raven 'Nevermore.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

The Place of Messiah's Baptism.

BY LIEUT. LYNCH, U. S. NAVY.

Tuesday, April 18th 48, 3 o'clock, A M

We were aroused by the intelligence that the pilgrims were coming. Rising in haste, we beheld thousands of torch-lights, with a dark mass beneath, moving rapidly over the hills. Striking our tents with precipitation, we hurriedly removed them and all our effects a short distance to the left. We had scarce finished, when they were upon us:—men, women and children, mounted on camels, horses, mules and donkeys rushed impetuously by towards the bank. They presented the appearance of fugitives from a routed army.

Our Bedawin friends here stood us in good stead:—sticking their tufted spears before our tents they mounted their steeds and formed a military cordon around us. But for them we should have been run down, and most of our effects trampled upon scattered and lost. Strange that we should have been shielded from a Christian throng by wild children of the desert—Muslims in name but pagans in reality. Nothing but the spears and swarthy faces of the Arabs saved us.

I had, in the meantime, sent the boats to the opposite shore, a little below the bathing place as well as to be out of the way as to be in readiness to render assistance, should any of the crowd be swept down by the current, and in danger of drowning.

While the boats were taking their position, one of the earlier bathers cried out that it was a sacred place; but when the purpose was explained to him, he warmly thanked us. Moored to the opposite shore, with their crews in them they presented an unusual spectacle.

The party which had disturbed us were the advanced guard of the great body of the pilgrims. At 5 just at the dawn of day, the last made its appearance coming over the crest of a high ridge, in one tumultuous and eager throng.

In all the wild haste of disorderly route Copts and Russians; Poles, Armenians, Greeks and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Africa and from far distant America, on they came; men, women and children of every age and hue, and in every variety of costume; talking, screaming, shouting, in almost every known language under the sun. Mounted as variously as those who had preceeded them many of the women and children were suspended in baskets or confined in cages; and, with their eyes strained towards the river, heedless of all intervening obstacles, they hurried eagerly forward, and dismounting in haste, and disrobing with precipitation, rushed down the bank and threw themselves into the stream.

They seemed absorbed by one impulsive feeling, and perfectly regardless of the observations of others: Each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, three times below the surface, in honor of the Trinity; and then filled a bottle or some other utensil, from the river. The bathing dress of many of the pilgrims was a white gown with a black cross upon it. Most of them, as soon as they were dressed, cut branches of the agnus castus, or willow; and dipping them in the consecrated stream, bore them away as memorials of their visit.

In an hour, they began to disappear and in less than three hours the trodden surface of the lately crowded bank reflected no human shadow. The pageant disappeared as rapidly as it had approached, and left to us once more the silence and the solitude of the wilderness. It was like a dream. An immense crowd of human beings, said to be 8 000 but I though not so many, had passed and repassed before our tents and left not a vestage behind them.

Every one bathed, a few Franks excepted; the greater number, in a quiet and reverential manner, but some I am sorry to say, displayed an ill-timed levity.

Besides a party of English, a lady among them, and three French naval officers; we were gladdened by meeting two of our countrymen, who were gratified in their turn at seeing the stars and stripes floating above the consecrated river, and the boats which bore them, ready to rescue if necessary, a drowning pilgrim.

We were in the land of Benjamin; opposite was that of Reuben, which was in the country of the Ammonites, and on the plain of Moab.

A short distance from us was Jericho, the walls of which fell at the sound of trumpets; and fourteen miles on the other side was "Heshbon where Sihon the king of the Amorites dwelt."

Upon this bank are a few plane trees and many willow and tamarisk, with some of the agnus castus. Within the bank and about the plain are scattered the acacia, the nubk spina Christi and the mala insana or mad apple. On the opposite side are acacia, tamarisk, willow, and a thicket of canes lower down.

The pilgrims descended to the river where the bank gradually slopes. Above and below it is precipitous. The banks must have been always high in places and the water deep: or the axe-head would not have fallen into the water, and Elisha's miracle been unnecessary to recover it.

Beautiful Extract.

Stand, O man! upon the hill-top—in the stillness of the evening hour—and gaze, not with joyous, but with contented eyes, upon the beautiful world around thee! See where the mists, soft and dim, rise over the green meadows, through which the rivulet steals its way! See where, broadest and stillest, the wave expands to the full smile of the setting sun—and the willow that trembles on the breeze—and the oak that stands firm in the storm, are reflected back, peaceful both, from the clean glass of the tides! See, where begirt by the gold of the harvest, and backed by the pomp of a thousand groves—the roofs of the town, bask, noiseless, in the calm glow of the sky. Not a sound from those abodes float in the discord to thine ear—only from the church tower, soaring high above the rest, perhaps, faintly heard through the stillness, swells the note of the holy bell. Along the mead, low skims the swallow on the wave, the silver circlet, breaking into spray, shows the sport of the fish. See, the earth, how serene, though all eloquent of activity and life! See the heavens, how benign, though dark clouds, by yon mountain, blend the purple with the gold!—not joyous, for evil is the shadow of good! Let thy soul pierce through the veil of the senses, and thy sight plunge deeper than the surface which gives delight to thine eye. Below the glass of that river, the pike darts on his prey; the circle in the wave, the soft splash among the reeds, are but signs of destroyer and of victim. In the ivy round the oak by the margin, the owl hungers for the night, which shall give its beak and its talons food for its young; and the spray of the willow trembles with the wing of the red breast, whose bright eye sees the worm on the sod. Canst thou count too, O man! all the cares—all the sins—that those noiseless roof-tops conceal? With every curl of that smoke to the sky a human thought soars as dark, a human hope melts as briefly. And the bell from the church tower, that to thy ear gives but music, perhaps knells for the dead. The swallow but chases the moth, and the cloud that deepens the glory of the heavens, and the sweet shadows on the earth, nurses but the thunder that shall rend the grove, and the storm that shall devastate the harvests. Not with fear, not with doubt, recognize, oh! mortal, the presence of evil in the world. Hush thy heart in the humbleness of awe, that its mirror may reflect as serenely the shadow as the light. Vainly for its moral, dost thou gaze on the landscape, if thy soul put no check on the dull delight of the senses. Two wings only raise thee to the summit of the truth, where the cherub shall comfort the sorrow, where the seraph shall enlighten the joy. Dark as ebon, spreads the one wing, white as snow gleams the other—mournful as thy reason when it descends into the deep—exulting as thy faith when it springs to the day-star.

Bulwer.

Canadian Annexation.

The Montreal Herald is most energetic in its advocacy of the immediate annexation of Canada to the United States. We extract the following from an article in that paper of Tuesday last:—

If we have reason to wish for an incorporation with the States of the American Union, like reason prompts us to desire that this incorporation should take place as speedily as possible. A state of political transition, is a state of personal and social misery. Here is no tranquility: no improvement. It is of the utmost importance for the inhabitants of Canada, as the world believes they are about to pass through a revolution, that they would do it at once. But it is hardly desirable that there should be no unnecessary delay, if we look to the interests of Great Britain, and to the continuance of that affection for her, which a majority of the colonists still entertain, and still desire to preserve. We would bring about the inevitable separation, by reason, and with good will. Nothing could be more disastrous than the prolongation of a sullen discontent, till, having become utterly unbearable, some pretext should be seized on as an excuse to inflame men's mind to hatred, and to armed opposition. Nothing is more to be avoided than the continuance of depression and misery, till an army of invaders should be received as deliverers.

Good Manners.

We have known a young man, slow, sullen, heavy-browed, and ungracious, who, whenever you speak to him, answers as if it were an effort to be even decently civil; and who moreover, seemed to be quite content, and even proud of his incivility.

And we lean to the charitable side so far as to think this nothing more than a bad habit of his which has insensibly fastened upon him; and that he goes through the world a world of mutual dependence—little aware of the fact, that so small a thing as his manners is constantly producing impressions, and fast forming a reputation such as ten years hence he may regret as the great blunder of his life.

Would it not be well for every young man to learn the truthful anecdote of the rich Quaker banker, who, when asked the secret of his success in life answered, "Civility, friend, civility!" How much does it cost a man, either old or young, to be truly civil in the intercourse of society? Rather, how much does it cost a young man to form this habit, which, if formed, will sit upon him, easily, gracefully, and profitably, as long as he lives? Far more often depends on this little often despised civility to the world, than any other single adventitious circumstance by which men rise and fall.

ANOTHER MORMON WONDER.—*The Crickets.*—In a letter in the St. Louis Rebublican, written by a leading Mormon from Great Salt Lake City, July 16, 1849, after giving an account of the great building of houses, making and irrigating of farms, the good crops, &c., the following occurs:

The crickets have not troubled us any this year. Hundreds and thousands of gulls made their appearance early in the spring, and as soon as the crickets appeared the gulls made war on them, and they swept them clean, so that there is scarce a cricket to be found in the valley.

We look upon this act as one of the manifestations of the favor of the Almighty, for the mountaineers say that they never found gulls here until the Mormons came. It was truly cheering to see the flocks of these saviours, extending several miles in length, coming from the lake early in the morning, and eating crickets all day, then at sundown form in a mass, and wing their way to the lake, for a night's rest.

One cusiosity about them is that they don't eat the crickets merely to live, but after feeding themselves they would vomit them up and go to eating again, and thus continue eating and vomiting throughout the entire day. This is plainly a miracle in behalf of this people, as the sending of the quails in the camp of the Israelites; and what makes it more manifest is the fact that, although there were plenty of crickets in the surrounding valleys, where there are no crops, the gulls came by them to the farms, and stayed there till they had cleared them off, although men were at work around them at the time. There has been no damage done by crickets this season.

DESTRUCTIVE STORM ON THE EASTERN SHORE, AND LOSS OF LIFE.—A hurricane swept over a part of Worcester county, Md., on Saturday last, the most disastrous that has visited that section within the memory of the oldest man. The Snow Hill Shield says:

Houses, barns, fences, granaries, bridges &c., were but the play-things of the elements, and the loss sustained by many of our citizens is serious indeed.

Messrs. John H. Allen and John S. Jones, of Sandy Hill, had their granaries situated at the junction of Crockle creek with the bay, and containing some 3,000 bushels of corn, blown over into the creek, where both will prove a total loss. A man named Joseph Chorrix, in charge of the same, is missing, and is supposed to have been either killed or drowned by the disaster.

The dwelling on one of the farms of Geo. Bishop, Esq., near Sandy Hill, was greatly damaged by a large tree being blown against it, knocking the chimney down, breaking the roof and the house very much. The barn on the farm occupied by Thomas Reed, near Sandy Hill, was also destroyed by the storm. Also a kitchen at Sandy Hill, occupied by the servants of Mrs. Catharine Selby, was blown over. On the farm of Mrs. Jones, near Girdletree Hill, not only the dwelling but all the buildings were blown over.

There are other particulars and other losses we have as yet been unable to collect with certainty. The fences and bridges shared the common fate, and the roads in the lower part of the county are quite impassable. The storm seemed to be most destructive in the neighborhood of Sandy Hill.

Sheltering Sheep.

Permit me to call the attention of farmers in Ohio and other sections of the country to the importance of providing shelter for sheep and other domestic animals. I have had some experience in keeping sheep at stacks; exposed to the drizzling rains and sudden changes of the weather during the winter season. In the winter of 1847—8. I put one hundred to stack and gave them plenty of hay and some grain through the winter. The loss was over twenty per cent. I have no doubt they ate a fourth more than the same number that were protected of which the loss was only two percent. In consequence of this result, I built ample sheds during the past summer, provided with hay lofts; one sixty by twenty, and another fifty five by twenty feet. (I will just observe; for the benefit of those who are building sheds of this kind, that twenty four feet is about the proper width, and the additional expense of four feet is trifling.) These sheds are set to two barns, and enclose the yard on three sides. Here in separate divisions, I have kept my sheep the past winter. They have had good hay and plenty of water, and the yards were strawed three times a week. I feed some grain to my lambs in winter, and give some to ewes in the spring. My loss up to this time April 15: is half of one per cent. Many of my sheep were in low condition in the fall yet I would like to compare them with any flock of the same number that have had no protection. E HALLEY.

CLEAVELAND, OHIO, *April* 1849.
—*Albany Cultivator.*

The number of Dogs in the United States.

If it be within the power of those who are to give directions about the next census, we hope they will take measures to ascertain the number of dogs, male and female, in every county in our Union; and if it could be done, it would be useful also to have a return of the number of sheep killed by hogs. At two cents per day it is probable that the cost of dogs is equal to the value of our exports of grain and provisions to England this year: and it is not improbable that our sheep husbandry would add as much more to the wealth of the country, if it were not for the fear of having the sheep destroyed by dogs.

We are no enemies of dogs, of genuine blood, kept and used for their legitimate and appropriate purposes: all such will ever find in us stanch friends and defenders. But we have a great aversion to idle useless whelps—*nati consumere fruges*—born only to consume the fruits of the land—whether they go on four legs or two.—*Plough, Loom, and Anvil.*

HONEY is, according to Mr Milton, who has lately published a treatise on bees in England, a universal specific; and among its other valuable properties; he declares that it prevents consumption, and states that that destroyer of human life is not known in countries where honey is regularly taken as an article of food. Those who have less faith in the specific may perhaps attribute the cause to difference of climate rather than to honey. The Italian singers, it is also affirmed, are greatly indebted to honey; but their practice is to sharpen it with a few drops of acid, though they sometimes take it in a pure state.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Cheese.

Several reasons being suggested for cheese being sometimes poisonous, another has occurred to the writer, from observing a number of thirsty cows drinking the "green mantle of the standing pool," in a pasture, for want of pure water.

WHAT IS A COQUETTE?—A young lady of more beauty than sense—more accomplishments than learning—more charms of person than grace of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools than wise men for attendants.—Longfellow.

PLEASURES OF RELIGION.—Its object is no less than the great God himself, and that both in his nature and his works. For the eye of reason, like that of the eagle, directs itself chiefly to the sun, to a glory that neither admits of a superior nor an equal. Religion carries the soul to the study of every divine attribute. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

GOLD ON THE POTOMAC.—A small specimen of pure gold has been exhibited to the editors of the National Intelligencer, by a gentleman of Washington city, which is said to have been found on one of the tributaries of the Potomac, distant from the Capitol about fifteen miles