

The Maryland Gazette.

ANAPOLIS, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1859. NO. 20.

Printed and Published by JONAS GREEN, At the Brick Building on the Public Circle.

Price—Three Dollars per annum.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

Nervous diseases, liver complaint, dyspepsia, biliousness, piles, consumption, coughs, colds, female weakness, menstrual disorders, and all cases of hypochondria, morbid spirits, palpitation of the heart, nervous irritability, nervous weakness, floor albes, nervous debility, loss of appetite, heartburn, general weakness, indigestion, chlorosis or green sickness, neuralgia, hysterical faintings, hysterics, head-ache, neuralgia, sea sickness, night mare, rheumatism, sciatica, tic douloureux, cramp, spasms, the affections of the skin, and all other diseases that most excruciatingly torment those who are afflicted with them.

Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine. Aches, nausea, vomiting, pains in the side, limbs, head, stomach or back, dimness or confusion of sight, cold, sneezing or chill, dimness of vision, and all other diseases of the inside, alternating with heat and chills, cold, tremors, watchings, agitation, anxiety, bad dreams, and spasms.

Principal Office, 100 Chatham st. New York.

THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING & ASTONISHING FACTS, are amongst the numerous CURES performed by the use of Dr. Wm. Evans' Medicine.

Wm. Evans' Medicine. PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 100 Chatham Street, New York. The Doctor may be consulted personally, or by letter, (post paid) from any part of the United States, &c. Persons requiring medicine and advice must enclose a Bank Note, or Order.

CERTIFICATES.

17 MORE CONCLUSIVE PROOFS of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Wm. Evans' celebrated CANONIC and APERTANT PILLIUS, in alleviating afflicted mankind.—Mr. Robert Cameron, 101 Bowery. Disease, Chronic Dysentery, or Bloody Flux. Symptoms, unusual flatulency, in the breast, distension, nausea, vomiting, loss of appetite, and a frequent discharge of a peculiarly fetid matter, mixed with blood, great debility, sense of burning heat, with an intolerable bearing of the parts. Mr. Cameron thanks for the extraordinary benefit he had received.

ASTHMA, THREE YEARS' STANDING.

Mr. Robert Monroe, Schuylkill, afflicted with the above distressing ailment. Symptoms, Great languor, flatulency, disturbed rest, a sense of oppression of breathing, tightness and stricture across the breast, distension, nervous irritability and restlessness, could not lie in a horizontal position without the sensation of impending suffocation, palpitation of the heart, distressing cough, nervousness, pain of the stomach, drowsiness, great debility and deficiency of the nervous energy. Mr. R. Monroe gave up every thought of recovery, and dire despair sat on the countenance of every person interested in his existence or happiness, till by accident he noticed in a public paper some cure effected by Dr. Wm. Evans' Medicine in his complaint, which induced him to purchase a package of the Pills, which resulted in completely removing every symptom of his disease. He wishes to say his wife for this declaration is, that those afflicted with the same or any symptoms similar to those from which he is happily freed, may likewise receive the same inestimable benefit.

LIVER COMPLAINT, TEN YEARS' STANDING.

Mrs. Hannah Browne, wife of Joseph Browne, North Sixth st. near Second street, Williamsburg, afflicted for the last ten years with Liver Complaint, restored to health through the use of Dr. Wm. Evans' Medicine. Symptoms, Habitual constipation of the bowels, total loss of appetite, excruciating pain of the epigastric region, great depression of spirits, languor and other symptoms of extreme debility, disturbed sleep, inordinate flow of the menses, pain in the right side, could not lie on her left side without an agonizing pain in the stomach, and unable to leave her room. She could find no relief from the advice of several physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, until after she had commenced using Dr. Evans' medicine, of 100 Chatham street, and from that time she began to mend, and feels satisfied if she continues the medicine a few days longer, will be perfectly cured. Reference can be had as to the truth of the above, by calling at Mrs. Johnson's daughter's Store, 359 Grand st. N. Y.

CASE OF TIC DOLOREUX.

Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph Johnson, of Lynn, Mass. was severely afflicted for ten years with Tic DoLOREUX, violent pain in her head, and vomiting with a burning heat in the stomach, and unable to leave her room. She could find no relief from the advice of several physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, until after she had commenced using Dr. Evans' medicine, of 100 Chatham street, and from that time she began to mend, and feels satisfied if she continues the medicine a few days longer, will be perfectly cured. Reference can be had as to the truth of the above, by calling at Mrs. Johnson's daughter's Store, 359 Grand st. N. Y.

PARALYTIC RHEUMATISM.

A perfect cure effected by the treatment of Dr. W. E. Evans. Mr. John Gibson, of North Fourth street, Williamsburg, afflicted with the above complaint for three years and nine months, during which time he had to use crutches. His chief symptoms were excruciating pain in all his joints, but especially in the hip, shoulder, knee and ankle; an aggravation of the pain to the extent that, for the most part, all times from the external heat, an obvious thinning of the fascia and ligaments, with a complete loss of muscular power. For the benefit of those afflicted in a similar manner, Mr. Gibson conceives it meet to say that the pains have entirely ceased, and that his joints have completely recovered their natural tone, and he feels able to recount his ordinary business.

Mrs. Anne F. Kenny, No. 115 Lewis street, between Stanton and Houston sts., afflicted for ten years with the following distressing symptoms: Acid eructations, daily spasmodic pains in the head, loss of appetite, palpitation of her heart, giddiness and dimness of

sight, could not lie on her right side, disturbed rest, inability of engaging in any thing that demanded vigour or courage, sometimes visionary ideas of an approaching end, a whimsical aversion to particular persons and places, groundless apprehensions of personal danger and poverty, an irascibility and weakness of life, discontinued, discontinued on every slight occasion, she conceived she could neither die, nor live, she was, lamented, despondent, and thought she led most miserable life, never was any one so bad, with frequent mental hallucinations.

Mr. Kenny had the advice of several eminent physicians, and had recourse to numerous medicines, but could not obtain even temporary alleviation of her distressing state, till her husband persuaded her to make trial of my mode of treatment. She is now quite relieved, and finds herself not only capable of attending to her domestic affairs, but avows that she enjoys as good health as present as she did at any period of her existence. J. Kenny, husband of the aforesaid Anne Kenny. Sworn before me, this 14th day of December, 1858. Peter Pinkney, Com. of Deeds.

An Extraordinary Cure performed by Dr. Wm. Evans, of 100 Chatham st., N. Y.

W. W. of 100 Eldridge street, was labouring under a disease, which was by many physicians considered incurable, and could find no relief from any course whatever, until he made application to Dr. Evans, and placed himself under his successful course of treatment, from which he began to find immediate relief, and in a few weeks was perfectly cured.

Dr. Wm. Evans, proprietor of the celebrated Canonie Pills.

Dear Sir—Had the immortal Cowper known the medical qualities of the Canonie Pills, he as well as thousands since (besides myself) would have experienced its wonderful effects on the nervous system. The public utility of Cowper was blighted in the bud, thro' the natural effect of his nervous debility upon the mental powers, which made it necessary for him to seek relief beneath the rural shade, but the calm retreat gave his physical nature no repose. If some one then had known the secret of concentrating the medical virtues of Canonie, the discoverer would have been immortalized with poetic zeal as the benefactor of suffering man.

The above lines were prompted from the effect I have experienced from Dr. Wm. Evans' Canonie Pills. Yours, with esteem, Sheldon P. Gilbert. Durham, Green Co., N. Y.

Another recent test of the unrivalled virtue of Dr. Wm. Evans' Medicine—DYSPEPSIA, TEN YEARS' STANDING.

Mr. J. McKee, 176 Stanton street, was afflicted with the above complaint for 10 years, which incapacitated him at intervals, for the period of six years, he attending to his business, returned to perfect health under the salutary treatment of Dr. Wm. Evans.

The symptoms were—A sense of distension and oppression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, impaired appetite, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, great debility and emaciation, depression of spirits, disturbed rest, sometimes a bilious vomiting, and pain in the right side, an extreme degree of languor and faintness; any endeavour to pursue his business causing immediate exhaustion and weariness.

Mr. McKee is daily attending his business, and none of the above symptoms have recurred since he used the medicine. He is now a strong and healthy man. He resorted to myriads of remedies, but they were all ineffectual. He is willing to give any information to the afflicted respecting the inestimable benefit rendered to him by the use of Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine.

An Extraordinary and Remarkable Cure.—Mrs. Mary Dillon, Williamsburg, corner of Fourth and North streets, completely restored to health by the treatment of Dr. Wm. Evans, 100 Chatham st., N. Y.

The symptoms of this distressing case were as follows: Total loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, twitching of the tendons, with a general spasmodic affection of the muscles, difficulty of breathing, giddiness, languor, lassitude, great depression of spirits, with a fear of some impending evil, a sensation of burning heat at the pit of the stomach, irregular transient pains in different parts, great emaciation, with other symptoms of extreme debility.

The above case was pronounced hopeless by three of the most eminent physicians, and the dissolution of the patient daily awaited by her friends, which may be authenticated by the physicians who were in attendance. She has given her cheerful permission to publish the above facts, and will also gladly give any information respecting the benefit she has received, to any inquiring mind. MARY DILLON.

DYSPEPSIA AND HYPOCHONDRICISM.—Interesting Case.—Mr. William Salmon, Green street, above Third, Philadelphia, afflicted for several years with the following distressing symptoms.

Sickness at the stomach, headache, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, impaired appetite, sometimes acid and putrescent eructations, coldness and weakness of the extremities, emaciation and general debility, disturbed rest, a sense of pressure and weight at the stomach after eating, nightmare, great mental depression, severe flying pains in the chest, back and sides, constant sighing and weeping, languor and lassitude upon the least exertion.

Mr. Salmon had applied to the most eminent physicians, who considered it beyond the power of medicine to restore him to health; however, as his affliction had reduced him to a very deplorable condition, and having been recommended by a relative of his to make trial of Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine, he with difficulty repaired to the office and procured a package, to which, he says, he is indebted for his restoration to life, health and friends. He is now enjoying all the blessings of health. Persons desirous of further information, will be satisfied by referring to the particulars of this astonishing cure, at Dr. Wm. Evans' Medical Office, 100 Chatham st. N. Y.

A severe case of Piles cured at 100 Chatham street.

Mr. Daniel Spinning, of Shrewsbury, Eden Town, New Jersey, was severely afflicted with Piles for more than 20 years. Had he recourse to medicines of almost every description, also the advice of several eminent physicians, but without success, until he called on Dr. Evans, of 100 Chatham street, N. Y., and procured some medicine from him, from which he found immediate relief, and subsequently a perfect cure.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ACUTE RHEUMATISM.

With an affection of the Lungs—cured under the treatment of Dr. Wm. Evans, 100 Chatham street, New York. Mr. Benjamin S. Jarvis, 12 Centre street, Newark, N. J., afflicted for four years with severe pains in all his joints, which were always increased on the slightest motion; the tongue preserved a steady whiteness; loss of appetite, dizziness in his head, the bowels commonly very constipated, a rine high colored, and other profuse sweating manifested by relief. The above symptoms were also attended with considerable difficulty of breathing, with a sense of tightness across the chest, likewise a great want of energy in the nervous system.

The above symptoms were entirely removed, and a perfect cure effected by Dr. Wm. Evans. BENJ. S. JARVIS. City of New York, do. Benjamin S. Jarvis being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that the facts stated in the above certificate, subscribed by him, are in all respects true. BENJ. S. JARVIS. Sworn before me, this 25th of November, 1858. WM. SAUL, Notary Public, 36 Nassau st. The above medicine for sale by J. HUGHES, Druggist, Annapolis.

POETRY.

The beautiful song from the 'Knickerbocker,' which follows is from the pen of WILLIS G. CLARK, Esq. of the Philadelphia Gazette. The allusion to the death of his young and lovely wife, is touching in the extreme.

A SONG OF MAY.

The Spring's sunny looks all around me are smiling— The verdure is fresh upon every tree; Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token Of love, oh that Spirit of Beauty! be taken. The sun looked forth from the halls of the morning, And flushed the clouds that begirt his career; He welcomes the gladness, and glory returning To rest on the plains, and the hope of the year. He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers: He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave; He wakes into music the green forest bowers, And glids the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion— He timidly sails in the infinite sky; A greeting to May, and a salute to her domain. I greet thee, O May, and thy wind's fragrant sigh: Around, above, there are peace and pleasure— The woodlands are singing—the heaven is bright; The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure, And man's genial spirit is soaring in light. Alas for my weary and care-haunted bosom! Alas for my weary and care-haunted bosom! The song in the willow-wood—the sheen in the bloom— The fresh swelling fountain—thy magic is o'er! When I list to the streams—when I look on the flowers, They tell of the Past, with its so mournful tone; That I call up the throng of my long-banished hours, And sigh that their transports are over and gone. From the wide-spreading earth—from the limitless heaven, There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam; To my veiled mind no more is the influence given, Which colored life with the hues of a dream: The bloom-purpured landscape its loveliness keepeth— I deem that a light as of old glids the wave; But the eye of my spirit in heaviness doleth, Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended— 'Tis not that its snow wreaths encircle my brow; But the newness and sweetness of Being are ended— I feel not the thrill of its love-kindling power, And the shadow of death o'er my path have been sweeping— There are those who have loved me, departed from the day; The green turf is bright, where in peace they are sleeping. And on wings of remembrance, my soul is away. It is shut to the glow of this present existence— It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain; And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance, Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered again; Where no mildew the soft, damask-rose cheek shall mar, nor grief bears no longer the poisonous sting; Where pitiless Death no dark specter can flourish, Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring. It is this, that the hopes, which to others are given, Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May; I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven— The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping— And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping, Delights not my bosom, all do not condemn— O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping, For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them. W. G. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BEE HUNT.

The beautiful forest in which we were encamped, abounded in bee trees, that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far west, within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that, in proportion as the bee advances the Indian and buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the beehive with the farm house and the flower garden; and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with busy haunts of man, and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly receding as it advanced from the Atlantic borders; and some ancient settlers of the west pretend to give the very year when the honey bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians, with surprise, found the moulting trees of the forest suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets, and nothing I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unthought luxury of the wilderness.

At present the honey bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if those beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, 'a land flowing with milk and honey;' for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise to the nocturnal seeing bee.

We had not been long in camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree, and being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter—a tall, lank fellow, in homespun garb, that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a bee-hive, a comrade equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, and a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded a half dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles—for no one stir far from the camp without his fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indians.

After proceeding some distance, we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quickly to a low bush on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it and diving about its cell. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise into the air and dart off in a straight line almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course which they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees with their eyes turned to the sky. In this way they traced the honey laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted tree, where after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about six feet from the ground.

Two of the bee hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full laden into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack which announced the disruption of the trunk failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length down came the tree with a tremendous crash bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge; they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe and unsuspecting of its cause remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation. All of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting knife, to scoop out the flakes of the honey comb, with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date and a deep brown color, others were beautifully white and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such combs as were entire were placed in camp kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured on the spot. Every bee hunter was to be seen with a morsel in his hand dripping about his fingers and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy.

Nur was it the bee hunters only that profited by the downfall of this industrious community; as if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives arriving on the eager wing to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbours. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indian that had been ashore, plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoils and then winging their way, full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do any thing, not even to taste the nectar that flowed round; but crawling backward and forward in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow, with his hands in his breeches pockets, whistling vacantly and despondently about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive, who had been absent at the catastrophe, and had arrived from time to time with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighbouring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene on which the melancholy Jaques might have moralized by the hour.

We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. 'It will be cleared off by the varmint,' said one of the rangers. 'What varmint?' said I. 'Oh, bears, and skunks and raccoons and possums. The bear is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they will haul out honey, bees and all.'

[Washington Irving.]

THE MILFORD HARB.

The Delaware Corvett copies the lines of our postical correspondent 'Benedict' upon the incarceration of the Milford Bard, and indulges in the following pretentious remarks:—

We regret to learn from the following lines of the Baltimore Transcript, that our old and highly esteemed friend, the 'Milford Bard,' has again fallen into bad habits, and become a voluntary inmate of the Baltimore jail, in order to cure himself of his intemperate habits, contracted, as he says, by a complaint of the heart in other days. No poet of this, or any other age has depicted in stronger or more glowing colours the thousand evils that are to be found in the wine cup; no one, perhaps, has more frequently and sensibly felt the poisonous fangs of the 'worm of the still,' than the Milford Bard. The most powerful appeals to shun the dangers that lie hidden in the bowl that we have ever read, were from his pen; and yet, he that has sung so sweetly and written so powerfully against this most dangerous enemy to mankind, and has drawn its letters to the very dregs, is still the slave to the demon of dissipation. We pity him. He is a man of the finest talents, and but for this single fault, might adorn and become one of the most useful members of society; yet the monster has long since so fastened his fangs upon him, that he is a burthen to himself, and a source of grief and pain to his friends.

Well do we remember having a few years since visited the bard, in his garret at Milford. In one corner of the room was his couch, on which he was lying with a scorching fever upon him—brought on by a too free indulgence in spirituous liquors. Shelves were erected around the walls, which from the ceiling to the floor were covered with books that had been presented to him by his numerous friends, and newspapers, most of which were our own, containing articles from his pen.

A number of beautiful oil paintings from his own pencil, were hanging around, and on a chair, beside his bed, were several musical instruments, on which he occasionally amused himself, when not engaged in his studies. Among other things we noticed a bust of himself prepared by his own hands, and an astronomical instrument of his own construction, composed of a great number of brass and wooden cog wheels and other machinery made with a simple penknife, and on which he spent many a toilsome hour in endeavouring to explain the regular motions of the planets around the earth. All of these, however, were partially finished, and whether or not they were ever completed, we have never learned. A number of his postical effusions were likewise scattered about in different parts of the room. And here, in this lonely retreat, for it was but seldom he admitted any one into his study, he appeared cheerful and happy; at least as happy as could be expected of one in his situation.

He is now in a land of strangers; and although he has voluntarily become the inmate of a loathsome prison, he cannot find that repose which he experienced in his lonely garret at Milford; and we trust that measures may be speedily taken to procure his return to his friends and home, where he will be more likely to find a balm to his broken spirits, than can be expected in the situation in which he is now, we fear unfortunately placed.—Del. Gaz.

SINGULAR DREAM AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

A curious incident lately occurred in our immediate neighbourhood. A gentleman, who has a villa near this, dreamt that a certain number would be a prize in the lottery. The morning after his dream, which was only a week previous to the drawing of the lottery, he wrote a note to his clerk to desire him to buy the ticket immediately; and subsequently told many of his neighbours and acquaintances of his dream, the number, and the purchase of the ticket. Being a very popular person, all who heard of the circumstances were anxious that his dream should be realised; and, to their great satisfaction, the number was drawn a very large prize. Forthwith a numerous party of artisans and peasants, employed by the gentleman in question, sallied forth from Naples, with musical instruments, colours flying, and a banner gaily decorated, on which the lucky number was inscribed, and also the amount of the prize. In this manner they proceeded to the habitation of Mr. —, and announced the joyful intelligence, which, it is needless to say, spread a general hilarity thro' the house. This procession was followed by several friends and acquaintances, who came to congratulate the fortunate owner of the prize. Refreshments in abundance were served out on the lawn for the peasants and artisans; and a collation in the *salle a manger* was offered to the friends. Sufficient wine of an inferior quality not being in the cellar, the best was copiously supplied, in the generosity occasioned by the good fortune of the host. The health of the winner of the prize was repeatedly drunk; and many suggestions relative to the disposal of a portion of the newly acquired wealth were given. The news spread, and the pleasure ground of Mr. — became literally filled with visitors of all classes; when, in the midst of the general rejoicing, the clerk, who had been a week before deputed to purchase the ticket, arrived, with a visage so rueful and woe begone,

A Convention which met at Baltimore on the 11th of December last, composed of a great number of gentlemen from various parts of the Union, distinguished for their public services, patriotism, and practical intelligence, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is the deliberate opinion of this Convention that Silk may be grown in all the United States, not only for domestic purposes, but as a valuable article of commercial export—thereby giving an active employment to American labour, and retaining millions of dollars in our country, that annually sent out of it for the purchase of foreign goods.

Resolved, That a National Silk Journal ought to be established under the auspices of the Executive Committee, and all the friends over and above the support of said paper ought to be devoted to the advancement of the silk culture in the United States.

Under the latter resolution, J. S. STRONG, postmaster, of Baltimore, was invited to become the editor of the work, and has consented to do so—so far as may be consistent with the strict performance of his public duties.

In the course of the discussions which took place in the Convention, all the difficulties which have been encountered, and which may yet be apprehended, in the prosecution of the silk culture, as a great branch of American industry, were fully considered; and the result was an universal conviction that now, in the words of the resolution, 'Silk may be grown in the United States, not only for domestic purposes, but as a valuable article of commercial export.' The suitability of our soil and climate to the growth and health of the worm, and the trees which supply its food; the capabilities, the habits, and the genius of our people for conducting the business through its whole process, all the price of American labour as compared with that of silk-producing countries, are fully canvassed, and the most sceptic became satisfied. The fact is, that our unrestrained freedom in the entertainment and discussion of various and discordant doctrines, religious and political, has imparted to us, as to our English ancestry, an insatiable appetite for knowledge, and a capacity to learn in a few years what cannot be acquired in ages, where all is dull conformity and routine of thought and of action! This has it happened in manufactures as in other things; American ingenuity, unrestrained by prejudice or law, has triumphed over difficulties apparently insurmountable! How long may it be asked, after our first cotton pills was put in motion before Yankee 'Dovells' were sold at a profit in China? So will be with silk. The only question is as to how long it shall take us? With a monthly journal to concentrate and diffuse every ray of floating light on the subject, it is the opinion of the Convention that we may realize and enjoy, in our own day, the boon which indulgence and want of concert may procrastinate, but which nothing short of Turkish apathy can finally defeat.

Let all then who may feel any concern as cultivators, manufacturers, or vendors of silk, or as patriots willing to offer suitable occupation and bread to the unemployed and the helpless, come forward in support of a work to be faithfully and honestly devoted to the objects of private happiness, and of national independence.

Though silk, and every thing connected with its production; and all improvements in machinery for its preparation and manufacture, will constitute the chief design and aim of the journal, for the sake of agreeable and useful variety, a considerable portion of the pages will be dedicated to the justly popular and kindred subjects of agriculture, horticulture, and rural and domestic economy. Hence, the adjunctive title 'Rural Economist.'

The Journal of the American Silk Society will be published monthly, in pamphlet form, each number will contain thirty-two pages, printed on new type and handsome paper, with a printed colour cover.

All persons friendly to the objects of the Journal will please collect at once and transmit the names and subscription money of those who may feel disposed to patronize it.

TERMS.

Two Dollars a year, or six copies for Ten Dollars, always to be paid before the work is sent. All subscriptions to begin with the first number of the year, and in no case will the work be sent to any subscriber longer than it shall have been paid for.

All Editors of papers who may desire to see Silk added to the list of 'American Staples' and who will have the kindness to insert this prospectus, will be entitled to a copy of the Journal.

Baltimore, January, 1859.

February 7.

FOR ANAPOLIS, ST. MICHAEL'S AND WYE LANDING.

The Steamboat MARYLAND will leave Baltimore on SUNDAY MORNING NEXT, at eight o'clock, for the above places from the lower end of Degan's wharf. Returning the next day, leaving Wye Landing at 8 o'clock for St. Michael's, Annapolis and Baltimore. She will continue this route throughout the season. Passing to Annapolis \$1 50, to St. Michael's and Wye Landing \$2 50.

N. B. All Baggage at the owner's risk. LEMPL. G. TAYLOR.