DORCHESTER COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 8. NUMBER 6

CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1844.

TERMS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

At two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be recieved for a shorter period than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until direction to omit them is recieved, and charged accordingly.

To the Editor of the Cambridge Chronicle:

DEAR SIR:—May I ask the favor of you to give the inclosed a place in your columns. I do not ask this because I think the speech particularly entitled by its merits to the distinction of publication. I think it less so than several, that I have delivered myself during the campaign. But I ask it because by the time I had gotten through the first sentence in delivering it, the violent injury, which I had just before received, deprived me for some moments almost entirely of the power of thought; and owing to this my purposed remarks were abridged and mutilated; and having attempted to address the people of Talbot, and never having addressed them, and not knowing that I ever shall address them on any other occasion, I am desirous that they should know all that I designed to say to them. The inclosed gives it pretty much word for word as it had previously arranged itself in my mind, and almost exactly as it was delivered at Easton so far as it was delivered.—Still personal considerations might not impel me to the request, were they not aided by a hope that the production, though humble, may possibly be of some service to the cause that it advocates.

Very respectfully,
dear sir, your obd't, serv't.
R. H. WINDER.

—

FELLOW CITIZENS: With diffidence and humility, and yet with heart-felt delight, I obey the call upon me to unite in expressions of gratitude to Heaven, and of congratulation and rejoicing amongst ourselves at the auspicious results of our late election.

If ever there was a political cause entitled by its *merits* to success, surely that is, of which we this night celebrate one of the triumphs. Is it not the cause by an appropriate application of the proceeds of the sales of the public domain, and otherwise, of relief here and elsewhere to a taxed and suffering people, and in other portions of the country of education and improvement, against the cause on the other hand of accumulated burthens upon the people with diminished ability on their part to bear any burthen, of a refusal of appropriate means of education and improvement, and a pernicious misapplication of those means? Is it not the cause of protection, employment, consistency, and of our country, against the cause on the other hand of extending the patronage of the nation to British and other foreign mechanics, manufacturers and artizans to the incalculable injury of our own? Is it not the cause of an immense market, and a sure market in time of peace and in time of war, a home market, for the surplus products of the farmers of our country, against the cause on the other hand of a rapid and vast addition to the number of our farmers with at the same time an excessively reduced and almost annihilated demand for their surplus products, and a precarious one at that, to the enrichment of British and other foreign farmers, and the ruin of our own? Is it not the cause, too, of the best interests of our planters? Is it not the cause of maintaining in vigor and prosperity the ship-building, navigating and commercial interests of our country, against the cause on the other hand of the desertion and desolation of our ship-yards; the disappearance of our vessels from the ocean, and from our very bays, rivers and creeks; to the immense emolument of British and other foreign ship-builders, navigators and merchants, and the immolation of our own? Is it not, in connection with the e last mentioned interests, the cause of sustaining in honor and efficiency that strong arm of our defence and glory, the gallant Navy, against the cause on the other hand of its degradation and destruction? Is it not the cause of a balance of trade in our favor against foreign nations, and a consequent import into and retention in the country of the precious metals, and as a consequence of this a sound currency, composed of specie and paper based upon specie and redeemable on demand in specie, and of moderate rates of exchange, against the cause on the other hand of a balance of trade against us in favor of foreign nations, and a consequent export and drain of specie from the country, and as a consequence of that shin-plaster, rag money and ruinous rates of exchange?

Is it not the cause of the restriction of executive power within lawful and safe limits, against the cause on the other hand of executive usurpations and abuses? Is it not the cause of the freedom and purity of elections, against the cause on the other hand of restraints upon their freedom and corruptions of their purity by the improper exercise of executive patronage, power and influence? Is it not therefore the cause of security to our free institutions by preserving their sources pure, against the cause on the other hand of insecurity to them by poisoning their sources? Is it not the cause of a wise and economical administration of the government, against the cause on the other hand of an ill-advised and wasteful administration of it? Is it not the cause of law, order and security to life, liberty and property, against the cause on the other hand, in portions of the country at least, of anarchy, agrarianism, confusion and insecurity to all that is valuable? Is it not the cause of the associated stars of our own glorious Republic, *in preference* to the cause on the other hand of the lone star of Texas? Is it not the cause of the preservation of this sacred Union, against the cause on the other hand in portions of the country of its dissolution?

Is it not then the cause of the real independence, of the wealth, strength and happiness of the country, against the cause on the other hand of its abject dependence upon Britain and other foreign countries, of its impoverishment, debility and wretchedness? Is it not in fine, a continuation of the great cause of the Revolution?

And is it not sustained by a patriotism, that in purity and devotion emulates the patriotism which sustained that great original cause? And as the women of that day encouraged the Whigs of the Revolution by a voluntary abstinence of marked significance from a delicious luxury, which habit had rendered almost a necessary to them; by making up with their own delicate hands without compensation, clothing for a patriotic and valiant, but destitute and suffering soldiery, by confirming the wavering, inspirting the timid, and commending and rewarding the firm and the brave, and by all the sweet ways, by which woman so well knows how to aid and comfort man; so have not the Whigs of this continuation of the cause of the Revolution here and every where over the face of this broad Republic, been encouraged by the presence at their meetings, by the good offices, the smiles and the prayers of the equally fair and patriotic, virtuous and lovely daughters of our mothers of the Revolution? Why, as partly at their bidding, I have labored somewhat in the good cause, amongst the fairest and most patriotic, the most virtuous and lovely of them have strewed *even my* way with flowers,—emblems of their own purity and loveliness. Heaven's sweetest blessings descend upon them, as its dews upon their flowers! And may their own way through life abound with buds of hope and blossoms of delight; and lead to Eden above! And, as though the constancy of the Whigs of the Revolution was sorely tried by frequent disasters and many gloomy circumstances, it was also encouraged by remarkable successess prophetic of the result of the struggle; so, though the constancy of the Whigs of this continuation of the cause of the Revolution has in like manner been severely tested by repeated defeats and threatening clouds, is it not also cheered on by successes, that bespeak to their hopes and their faith ultimate triumph?

And amongst these successes may not the victory, which we this night celebrate, justly be reckoned one? For though the city of Baltimore, where it may well be supposed that extraneous influences in various forms were powerfully exerted, cast a considerable majority against us, Worcester has given us an efficient majority, and handsome earnest of what may be expected from her in November: my own beloved native county, good old Somerset, has, under the difficulties that beset her, done nobly; and I venture to predict will do yet more nobly in November. At leaving Cambridge I was requested, should Dorchester be complimented here to night, as she has been, to unite, as I do, in acknowledging the compliment, and to say that in every one of her eight election districts the good cause had gained ground; and that well and gloriously as she has done now, she intends to do even yet better [illegible] Talbot [illegible] trict by a victory, that entitles her [illegible] "right wing of the great Whig army of Maryland;" and you say you will confirm her title in November:—every county on the Eastern Shore except one is, all the counties on the Western Shore but two and a fraction, are Whig out and out: the pure country has overcome the city majority: A Whig Governor is elected: a Whig legislature by large majorities in both branches is elected: a Whig Senator in Congress will be chosen to join a Whig colleague and a full Whig representation there. So that through all these departments of her officers Maryland will urge with a united, with one, and we may hope a powerful voice, the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands; and contribute so far as in her lies, we trust, in her State and in the National councils to secure to herself and to the whole country the blessings of good government.

Is not this then a victory worthy of being rejoiced at? Rejoice therefore, and be glad at it. But rejoice as civilized men. Is it not unmanly to taunt and insult the vanquished? Is it not impolitic too? May not the arrows of conviction have fastened themselves in the minds of many, who have been betrayed into opposition to the cause, that we espouse? Increase not to them then the difficulties of bursting assunder the bonds, that detain them from the right way. Moreover no man knoweth what a day, and certainly as little what a month, may bring forth to rebuke insolence of triumph. Rejoice! but be not drunk with joy. Instances are not wanting in history of victorious armies, who, having abandoned themselves to extravagant rejoicing to the neglect of discipline and proper precautions, have been irremediably beaten by the very foes, at victories over whom they were in the act of rejoicing. And shall we not rejoice with reverence before HIM, the ruler amongst the inhabitants of earth as he is in the armies of Heaven, who gave the victory, and who can take it away. When four years ago the immense sea of human beings in this vast country was thrown into commotion to bear Harrison in triumph into the Presidency, Heaven removed him, as we humbly and devoutly trust, to a yet and far more honorable station; and, as I have thought, to prevent him intercepting the adoration, that should ascend to itself, and teach us where to place our chief reliance. Surely none will infer from this aught of disrespect or disparagement to our present candidate for the Presidency. In the darkest hours of his fate, and of the fate of the great cause that he represents, my voice was lifted for *him* and for *it*; and, if ever I attained to eloquence, I did it in praising Henry Clay. But there is a Being, of whom when we think, Henry Clay even, and all of us to back him, are as nought. Rejoice then, I should say, with civility, with self-possession and with reverence to the Supreme Being; but within these limits rejoice, and rejoice much. You are entitled to rejoice as a reward for your devoted patriotism and indefatigable exertions. You are bound as good citizens to rejoice at the prospect of good to your State and Country. Are you not bound by the indissoluble obligations of gratitude to Heaven to rejoice at its smiles upon your labors? Rejoice then, and be glad.

And as the unshaken constancy, the unwearying perseverance and indomitable courage of the Whigs of the Revolution were blessed by Providence with the decisive and ever-glorious victory of Little York, with independence and liberty; may we not trust that like constancy, like perseverence and like courage on the part of the Whigs of this continuation of the great cause of the Revolution will be crowned by the same benignant Providence with a victory in November next as decisive and glorious as that of Little York; with the confirmation and establishment of the independence, liberties and happiness of our beloved country on sure foundations? And is there a man amongst you so faithless to himself and his family, whose bosom is so insensate to the sweet influences of Heaven's last, best gift to man, on the altar of whose heart the fires of patriotism are so nearly extinct, and in whose spirit the fervors of piety so faintly burn, that when the best interests of himself and of those nearest and dearest to him, impel him, woman bids, his country calls, and Providence lights his way, he will not press on with his whole soul and his best efforts to the high palms of this transcendant achievement?

And, to vary somewhat a figure of our electoral candidate, as you have won this October victory with a four pounder, will you not win that November victory with a forty four pounder? with a majority increased in proportion to the larger theatre and higher issues of the action? Can you not do it, if you will? Will you not do it, if you can? Then will you not, in token of the sincerity, fixedness and energy of your determination, give to your incomparable helpmates, our fair countrywomen, three hearty cheers;—three to your country;—and three to your country's candidates, the illustrious Clay and genuine Frelinghuysen?

And now shall we not all lift our hands in token of gratitude to Heaven for the past victory, and of humble and reverent trust in it for the future victory?

GOD save the People!

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

MR. BANCROFT'S

Speech at the Great Poughkeepsie Fair.

Mr. Bancroft, of Massachusetts, arose, and as soon as the very warm applause with which he was greeted, had sufficiently subsided spoke thus:—

Mr. President, and gentlemen of the State Agricultural Society—Farmers of the State of New York: The hour of seperation for this dazzling array of beauty—this vast multitude of men, is at hand. Fruits richer than ever graced the gardens of Pomona; collections of flowers beautiful to the eye as those which bloomed in Eden; needle-work of most delicate fineness; manufactures of all sorts of lace and cloths of the finest quality from your own looms; horses, fit to win prizes on Olympus; cattle, such as never fell in hecatombs [illegible] day arrested our gaze [illegible] of in the and delight. And now, I am commissioned to tell you, and through you the people of this mighty Commonwealth, to come and join us, and under the auspices of this State, render that honor which is about to be awarded to agriculture and the farmer's genius. A scene like this around me for peaceful virtue, cannot be surpassed in the world. In this hour, hushed be party spirit, let it be truly exorcized and banished from this enclosure which is consecrated to the peaceful agriculture and industry of the State of New York. (Applause).—We yield on this occasion, to no narrow sentiments of class or party, the love of our common country collects and unites us, and we now invoke the blessed influence of that bountiful Providence which watches over seed-time and matures the harvest. (Applause). The theme for this occasion is the agriculture of New York. But what need is there of words to press in on your attention? Look around you. The cultivated earth is its own eulogy. The teeming wealth that comes from its bosom, those farms that in fair perfection are presented to our never-wearied gaze, are the evidences of its magnificence. The trees on your wide plains and lofty hill tops are older than the settlement of civilized man in America. Those ploughs on the banks of the Hudson are witnesses of a recent day, when you first stepped down to cultivate the river's edge, when the glebes and prairies of the West were encumbered with useless luxuriance. Behold the change of two centuries. The forest has fallen before the axe; the stubborn glebes are adorned with the white spires of churches; beautiful villeges spring as if by magic from the prairie and the hill; elegant and spacious towns are nestling in every valley; whilst superb cities are growing within your borders, which compete for the trade of the world. And by whom has these marvels been wrought? By the farmers of New York. (Loud applause).—And as I turn my eyes Northward, along the banks of the Hudson, my mind reverts to the memory of one of your ancient land-holders, who died before the Declaration of Independence.—Join with me, farmers, in calling to memory R. Livingston, the elder—not the Chancellor, but father to the illustrous man who bore that office. With a mind of the highest order, he was alive to the interests of his country, yet not passionately devoted to the public service; the father of an only son and daughter, whose names shall never be forgotton; and so lovely was his nature, it seemed as if the fragrance of spring, the mild music of its birds, and the softened reflection of the majestic scenes which he loved to contemplate in your river, had melted into his soul. Peace to his memory. Now let me draw the attention of the farmers of New York to the treatment of its soil—the great works of internal improvement and inland communication. while I tell them that they were commenced by the enterprise of the farmer's, were undertaken when farmers held all power in their hands. Call to mind the immense structures which make this State the wonder of the world; among the rest that canal which unites Lake Ontario with the Ocean, and brings the produce of the Western countries to your markets, over the surface of that inland sea. This was the work of the people, and projected by those who were but the servants of the public mind.—Yes, the great mind of Gov. De Witt Clinton grasped its extended limits - a mind whose energy was like that of the powerful mill-stream, dashing on, and propelling the wheel of vastest dimensions.

But the farmers of New York are not content with the improvement of the material world alone. From them springs your system of free schools; they have proved themselves the liberal friends of colleges and academies; they have founded and matured societies for improving the science of agriculture. As a specimen of virtue in private life, I will name to you the spotless Jay. Side by side with him I will name the friend of his youth, R. A. Livingston, the younger, whose genius secured the uncontroled dominion, for our flag over the Gulf of Mexico, and whose remembrance is perpetuated in every steamer that skims the Hudson. In this day be remembered the virtues of Mitchell; of Stephen Van Renssalaer, who was the first to bring Durham cattle into this State; and diffused the breed through its borders. Join me in a generous tribute of gratitude to Jesse Buel, who was the first American agriculturalist to join science with fact; who taught the truth that a barren soil could be made fruitful, and who showed by his life, by example, and by precept, that he was the farmer's friend. (Loud cheers.) To Willis Gaylord, who was an agriculturalist, and on that subject a standard authority to every American, and an honor to this State. (Cheering.) To James Wadsworth famed as a cultivator, but more so for his liberal exertions and the dedication of his wealth, as well as his genius, in favor of the establishment of primary agricultural schools.—And I should be wanting, if I did not tender my sincere regard to a gentleman now present—the President of your State Agricultural Society, to [illegible] to your State fairs and schools. I am happy to be able to state to you, that efforts are now making to have agriculture, as a science, taught, as it should be; as a necessary branch of education, in one of your universities.—(Applause.) I have named to you the names of some of the benefactors to agricultural of the State of New York. This profession lasts. The affection of the farmer binds him to his home. Others may cross continents and oceans—the farmer dwells contented on the soil which he cultivates and fertilizes; his fortune is there, fixed and immoveable. The scene of his youthful labors is that of his decline in years. In life he enjoys the freedom of his own plantations, and at death takes his rest beneath his contemporory tree. (Applause.) But the farmer is not limited to the narrow circumference of his own domain. He stands in a relation to all nations and to all climes. Your Society has done wisely to urge upon those, who bring the knowledge of the Gospel to the Heathen, to study the agriculture of those nations among whom they sojourn. All nations—all climes, must contribute to your improvement.—Every year adds to the fruits and the seeds which are centres for the existence of the human race.—Tell me, if you can, in what age the cerceal grains and grasses were first found capable of making bread? When was that usful animal, the cow, domesticated—or the gallant horse tamed into the pride of obedience? The pear, the apple, the cherry, when were they improved from their wildness in the original forest?—and who first changed the rough skinned almond to the luscious sweetness of the peach? For you, farmers, the sons of science traverse the forest wild, and vast prairie, to see if some new grass or root can furnish a new object for the hands of culture. For you, farmers, the earth reveals its mines—its beds of marl and mineral wealth. The inexhaustible beds of gypsom and loam have remained for your use, since the first day of Creation. For you, Africa and the islands of the Pacific yield beds of guano, and for you, farmers of Long Island, old Ocean heaves up its fertilizing sea weeds. (Applause.) And as the farmer receives aid from the whole material world, so also his door is open to all intelligence.

What truth is not welcome as an inmate under a farmer's roof? To what pure and generous appeal does the farmer fail to give a response? The great poets and authors of all times are cherished as his guests. Milton and Shakspeare, and their noble compeers, cross in intimacy his threshold, and keep him company. For him was the harp of srael's Minstrel-Monarch strung; and for him were the lips of Jeremiah the Prophet touched with the glow of fire from Heaven. (Enthusiastic applause.) The Social Angel when he descended to converse with men, brake bread, if you remember, with the husbandman beneath the tree. [The beauty of this sentence, and the emphasis with which it was delivered, struck as if by electricity the whole assembly. Many thundering rounds of applause followed it, and seemed to break out spontaneously again and again for an unusual length of time.] Thus the farmer's mind is purified and exalted, and his principles stand as firm as your own highlands. His good deeds flow forth perennially, like self-moving waters. Yet in his connection with the human race, the farmer never loses his patriotism. He loves America. He is the depository of her glory—the guardian of her freedom. He builds monuments to greatness, and when destiny permits, achieves heroic deeds in the eyes of his race. The soil of New York, which he has beautified by his culture, is consecrated by his victories, to which I bow in reverence; for with my eyes do I behold the ground ensanguined by the blood of rustic martyrs.—Where is the land to which their fame is but wafted?—Who does not know the lays and the narratives of the battle-fields of N. York? Not a rock that juts out from your bold mountains that is not inscribed with them; not a blade of grass that grows at Saratoga but has a tongue, and proclaims the indomitable valor of the patriot husbandman. (Long and continued cheering.)—Here be the name of Schuyler, the brave, the generous the unshaken patriot, long remembered; and that of the glorious George Clinton, a man of the soundest heart, and a soul of honesty and honor; the lover of his country and of freedom. Nor do we now forget him—the gallant Montgomery—twin martyr with Warren, who left his farm on the banks of the Hudson—not as it proved to conquer Quebec, but to win a mightier victory over death itself. (Cheers.)

I could say more to show that the farmers of New York have done good service to their country and to mankind. They were invested with sovereignty and they abdicated it. Glorious example; bright instance of disinterested justice! they themselves renounced their authority and transferred the power in this republic from its territory to its men. (Cheers.) May your institutions endure and may the spirit of improvement prevail. May every sound influence be in your legislation. May your illustrious example show the dignity of labor, the shame that awaits idleness and the honor that belongs to toil—toil, the road to fame. Be happiness the companion of your life and may the plough ever be found in the hands of its owner. (Applause.) The farmer is independent. With the mechanic and the manufacturer as his allies, he makes his [illegible] from foreign foes for it so becomes per world, America is competent to defend herself—she has less to fear from war than any nation in the world. She shall pursue her career and vindicate her rights and call forth all her energies in conscious security.—But do I say this to foster any spirit of defiance? Far otherwise. Let us rejoice in our strength, but temper it with a spirit of love, and desire to see the boundless and rapidly increasing resources of our country developed. Forests of New York, under man's skilful hand are yon shaped and fashioned into the beauty and might of naval architecture; the genius of humanity holds the helm. We at home shall water the tree of peace till its roots strike to the very heart of the earth and its branches far to the heavens. We shall so protect it that it shall be preserved; no spirit of enmity shall sway its branches; not even a whisper of discord shall rustle in its topmost boughs. (Cheers) One word more and I have done, but with that last word I am bound to address, but in imagination, the assembled people of New York. It is a tale oft repeated that to do honor to agriculture, the Emperor of China is accustomed, in the spring of every year, to hold the plough and turn a furrow with his royal hands. Under the American republican institutions far more than that is achieved. The State itself is in a great measure constituted by the farmers. They themselves are kings who hold the plough and drive the team every day, in the Empire State. (Loud cheers.) These constitute the State itself; these societies the agent of the people. The whole commonwealth watches over the farmer. We are assembled at their call to witness with honest exultation the produce of the farm and the workshop. Go to the old world and you walk as over catacombs—you travel among tombs—your steps are upon the dead. Here the living of the present day outnumber the generations of the dead. Since the day your land was discovered, all that slumber under the soil of New York do not equal you that move upon its surface now. Is it not fair then to say that this commonwealth will in time as far outstrip in power and in wealth the old countries of Europe, as its living does in proportion to the generations of the dead? Look what the men of the past have accomplished. See what they have achieved. Behold the beauty of their farms—the length of their canals—their canal boats—their ships. I say then, once more, what have the men of the present day accomplished in comparison with these mighty works? Concentrate in your minds what each of you have achieved, and what has been achieved before you; and when you have collected all this in one thought, hear me when I say that you of these living generations, as you outnumber all the dead, are bound, before your eyes are sealed in death, to accomplish for New York more than has been accomplished for New York in past times. Well have you taken the device on your banner, the sun emerging from the horizon, and rejoicing in the east; well have you chosen your motto "Excelsior." May the common weal lift up your hearts; let your sun ascend with increasing splendor; towards its zenith, and so may you be a light to humanity—a light to the nations—and the glory of the world. (Prolonged cheering followed the conclusion of the address, and every manifestation of approval.)

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_12-0001.jpg