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Cambridge Chronicle.

NO. 48.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1834.

WHOLE NO. 517.

TERMS:

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half-yearly, in advance. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months: No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞ Advertisements not exceeding a square will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

REMOVAL.

THE subscribers have removed their Shoe establishment to the house lately occupied by Mr. Jeremiah C. Wright, one door below Mr. John T. Wilson's tavern, and directly opposite James Houston, Esq.'s, where they intend to continue to carry on the

Boot & Shoe Making

BUSINESS,

in all its various branches. The subscribers return their thanks to their customers and the public generally for the patronage they have received, and still solicit a continuance of the same.

V. STRAUGHN & CO.

Cambridge, March 15

COPARTNERSHIP.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends of Cambridge and its vicinity, and the public generally, that they have this day associated themselves as partners in the

Practice of Medicine,

and solicit a continuance of their patronage. All calls, whether in town or country, in the line of their profession, will meet with prompt attention.

A. C. Thompson,
Francis P. Phelps.

Cambridge, Dec. 26, 1833 [de 28]

VALUABLE ESTATE For Sale.

PURSUANT to competent authority, I will sell at auction, to the highest and best bidder, on Monday the 5th day of May next, at the Court House door, in Cambridge, between the hours of 11 and 12, that

Valuable Real Estate

of Henry M. Steele, Esq., lying in Black Water, in Dorchester county, about three miles from Cambridge. This Farm consists of about

530 ACRES,

of which about 230 are in wood, and much of this heavy timber, and convenient to market by Cambridge and otherwise. The improvements on this farm are new and good. The arable land is fertile, and well adapted to the growth of wheat, corn, &c. The terms of sale will be made accommodating to the purchaser. If a suitable offer is made, the subscriber will sell the valuable Farm above referred to, at private sale, previous to the 5th day of May next.

H. PAGE.

April 19 3w

The sale of the abovementioned property, is postponed until Monday, 26th May, instant. H. PAGE.

May 10 3w

Valuable Property FOR SALE.

THE FARM whereon the subscriber at present resides, lying on the road between Hicksburg and New Market, and laid off into three fields, containing one hundred and twenty thousand corn-hills each.

Also, the FARM whereon Harry Lee lives, adjoining Oyster Shell Point, containing four hundred and thirteen acres.

Likewise, a LOT of ninety acres, near Hicksburg, on the road to New Market.

Also a HOUSE and LOT in New Market, together with a building suitable for carriage making.

A more particular description is deemed unnecessary, as it is presumed those wishing to purchase will view the property. If not sold by the 20th of July next, all the above property (or such part as shall not be disposed of,) will be to rent for the ensuing year.

WILLIAM McKANE.

Near Hicksburg, April 19 *$2½

OFFICE OF THE MARYLAND STATE COLONIZATION SOCIETY,

Baltimore, 26th April, 1834.

The advices just received from the Colonial Agents of "Maryland in Liberia," are so entirely satisfactory to the Board of Managers of the Maryland State Colonization Society, that they have determined to despatch another expedition to their Colony, in all the month of May, instant.

Those interested in the success of the scheme of Colonization, as advocated by the Maryland Society, will be gratified to learn that the Territory acquired by the recent purchase, embraces Cape Palmas, which has always been deemed to be the most healthy point on the whole African coast. The land is remarkably fertile, and much of it is in good cultivation by the natives, who express a strong desire to come under the laws and usages of civilized life.

The Board of Managers have limited the number of Emigrants to go by the present expedition in all the month of May ensuing, to twenty, two-thirds male adults. Applications will be received at this office until the 25th of May. In all cases recommendations as to character will be scrupulously required.

☞ None will be received who are of dissolute or indolent habits.

Letters and small packages for Monrovia or Cape Palmas, if sent to this office, free of cost, will be forwarded.

W. McKENNEY,
May 3 Local Agent.

THE ELOPEMENT.

[The desperate pursuit and hair breadth escape of an Irish Earl with his mistress, who is pursued by her unnatural parent with his vassals.]

"We are pursued, then," she cried, turning deadly pale; and the Earl's countenance for a moment bespoke hesitation whether to stop and support her at all hazards, or still urge her on. "We are pursued," she cried, "I know it, and we must be overtaken. Oh, leave, Gerald! leave me to save thyself!" The Earl said not one word, but shook up her palfrey's head once more, and drawing his dagger, goaded him with its point till the blood sprang.

"Oh, my poor Sylvio!" was all that the terrified girl could say, as stung with pain and reeling with weakness, the creature put forth its last and most desperate efforts.

They had struggled on for another minute, and were now topping the last eminence between them and the river, when a shout rung out of the woods behind. The lady shrieked; the Earl struck the steel deeper into the palfrey's shoulder, and, stooping to his own saddle-bow, held him up with his left hand, bending to the laborious task till his head was sunk between the horses' necks.

"Anna!" he cried, "I can see nothing for Sylvio's mane. Look out between the trees, and tell me if thou seest my ten men on the hill of Clemgaune."

"I see," replied the lady, "the whole valley flooded from side to side, and the trees standing like islands in the water."

"But my men, Anna? my men? look out beyond the bridge."

"The bridge is a black stripe upon the flood; I cannot see the arches."

"But beyond the bridge," he cried, in the intervals of his exertion, now becoming every moment more and more arduous; for the spent palfrey was only kept from falling by the sheer strength of his arm—"beyond the bridge, beside the pollard elm: my ten men; are they not there?"

"Alas! no, my lord, I cannot see them. But, mother of Mercies!" she shuddered, looking around, "I see them now behind us!" Another shout of mingled voices, execrating and exulting, sounded from the valley as she spoke.

The Earl struck his brow with his gauntleted hand, yielding for the first time to his excess of grief and anguish; for he had raised his head, and had seen all along the opposite hills, the bare unbroken solitude, that offered neither hope of help nor means of escape. Yet he girded himself up for a last effort; he drew his horse to the palfrey's side, and, "Dear Anna," he said, "cast thine arms around my neck, and let me lift thee on before me; black Memnon will bear us both like the wind;—nay, dally not"—for the sensitive girl shrank a moment from the proposal—"remember thy promise in the chapel on the rock," and he pressed his arm around her waist, and at one effort lifted her from the saddle; while she, blushing deeply, yet yielding to the imperative necessity of the moment, clasped her arms around his neck, and aided in drawing herself upon the black charger's shoulder. The palfrey, the moment it lost the supporting hand of the Earl, staggered forward, and, though relieved of its burthen, fell headlong to the ground. The pursuers were now so near that they could see plainly what had been done, and their cries expressed the measure of their rage and disappointment; for the strong warhorse, although doubly burdened, yet thundered down the hill at a pace that promised to keep his start; and home once more revived in the fainting hearts of the Earl and the lady.

"Now, thanks to heaven!" he cried, as he found the powerful charger stretching out under them with renewed vigor, "thank heaven that struck down the slow-paced loiterer in this good time! Now, Memnon, bear us over yonder hill, and earn a stall of carved oak and a rack of silver. Ah, the good steed! thou shalt feed him from thine own white hands yet, lady, in the courts of Castle Ley! Look back now, love, Anna, and tell me what they do behind."

The lady raised her head from his shoulder, and cast a glance along the road they had traversed. "I see them plying whip and spur," she said, "but they are not gaining on us; Red Raymond rides foremost, and Owen and the three rangers; I know them all: but, oh! Mary Mother, shield me! I see my father and Sir Robert Verdun; oh, speed thee, good horse, speed!" and she hid her face again upon his breast, and they descended the hill which overhung the barrow.

The old channel of the river was no longer visible; the flood had overspread its banks, and far across the flat holms on the opposite side swept along in a brown, eddying and rapid deluge. The bridge of Tenachelle spanned from the nearer bank to a raised causeway beyond, the solid masonry of which, resisting the overland inundations, sent the flood with double impetuosity through the three choked arches over its usual bed; for there the main current and the back water rushing together, heaved struggling round the abutments, till the watery war swelled and surged over the rangewall, and fell upon the road wall of the bridge itself with solid shocks, like seas upon a ship's deck. Eager for passage as a man might be whose life and the life of his dearer self were at stake, yet, for an instant, the Earl checked his horse, as the long line of peninsulated road lay before him; a high tumultuous sea on one side; a roaring gulf of whirlpools, foam, and gushing cataracts on the other. The lady gave one look at the scene and sunk her head to the place from whence she raised it. As he felt her clasp him more closely and draw herself up for the effort, his heart shamed him to think that he had blenched from danger which a devoted girl was willing to dare; he drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and Memnon sprang forward on the bridge. The roadway returned no hollow reverberation now, for every arch was gorged to the keystone with a compact mass of water; and, in truth, there was a gurgling and hissing as the river was sucked in, and a rushing roar where it spouted out in level waterfalls that would have drowned the trampling of a hundred hoofs. Twice did the waves sweep past them, rolling at each stroke the ruins of a breach in the upper range wall over the road, till the stones dashed against the opposite masonry, and twice were they both covered by the spray flung from the abutments; but Memnon bore them on through stream and ruin, and they gained the causeway safe.

The Earl's heart lightened as he found himself again on solid ground, though still plunging girth deep at times through the flooded hollows; but they passed the embankment also in safety, and were straining up the hill beyond, when the cries of the pursuers, which had been heard over all the storm of waters, ever since their entrance on the bridge, had ceased. There was a loud report of an arquebuss, and Memnon leaped off all his feet, plunged forward, reeled and dropped dead. Red Raymond's arquebuss was still smoking, as he sprung foremost of his troop on the bridge. Behind him came Lord Darcy, furious with rage and exultation. "Secure him first," he cried, "secure him before he gets from under the fallen horse; bind him hand and foot! Ah, villain, he shall hang from the highest oak in Clan Malir! and for her, Sir Robert, she shall be thy wife—I swear it by the bones of my father—before that risen sun hath set! Come on!" and he gave his horse head; but suddenly his reins were seized on right and left by his attendants. "Villains, let go my reins!" he cried: "would ye aid the traitor in his escape?" and striking his rowels deep into his steed, he made him burst from their grasp; but almost at the same instant, he pulled up with a violence that threw him on his haunches, for a dozen voices shouted, "Back, Raymond, back!" and a cry arose that the bridge was breaking; and the long line of roadway did suddenly seem to heave and undulate with the undulating current. It was well for Lord Darcy that he did so; for the next instant, and before the horse's fore feet had ceased to paw the air, down went the whole three arches, with a crash, swallowed up and obliterated in the irresistible waters. Among the sheets of spray and flashing thrown up by the falling ruin, and the whirlpools of foamy froth, the disjointed masonry, and the tumult of driving timbers, and the general disruption of road and river, the musketeer and his horse were seen sweeping for one moment down the middle of the stream, then rolled over and beaten under water, and tumbled in the universal vortex out of sight forever.

Stunned, horrified, his horse trembling in every limb, and backing from the perilous verge abrupt at his feet, the Baron sat gazing at the torrent that now rushed past him. The frightful death he had escaped, the danger he was then in, the sudden apparition of the river's unbridled majesty, savage and bare, and exulting in its lonely strength, all the emotions of awe, terror and amazement crowded on his soul together. His daughter and her lover—it might be her paramour—lay within gunshot upon the hill before his eyes, for Anna had thrown herself beside the fallen but extricated Earl; but he saw them not—he thought not of them. He got off his horse like a man who awakens from sleep walking, and grasped the nearest of his servants by the arm, as if seeking to make sure of the reality of their presence. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "this is a perilous flood, Geoffry; we must have the scarp of the ditch looked to. But how is this? Ho, villains, where is my daughter? Oh, fiends of hell! am I here?" and he started at once to a full consciousness of his situation. He tore off his helmet and heavy breastplate, but his servants crowded round him and withheld him from the river; for he cried, that he would swim the torrent himself if none else would. "Dogs!" cried he, "take off your hands: would you aid the rebellious girl—the traitor's leman—the leman of Geraldine Raymond, reload your arquebuss—red hound, where is he? Ha! drowned. O slaves and cowards, to let him be lost before your eyes and stand idly by! Owen Garrebogle, thou art my foster-brother; Sir Robert Verdun, thou hast been my son in bounties numberless; will you see me robbed of my child in my old age, nor strike a stroke for gratitude or fealty? Is there no man here will venture in for the love of my father's son?"

At this appeal, his foster-brother threw off his cloak, "Give me your hands, comrades," he said, to his companions, "for though the barrow were a river of fire, I would go through it for the love of Mac Roger More!" It was too late: the lovers were safe.

From the History of Arabia and Harper's Family Library.

THE MAHOMEDAN PARADISE.

The measure of felicity will be proportioned to the deserts of the individual,—the most eminent degree being reserved for the prophets, the second for the doctors and teachers of the mosques, the next for the martyrs, and the last for the common herd of believers. The celestial joys of Mohammed were addressed chiefly to the indulgence of luxury and appetite. Rivers of water, trees of gold, tents of rubies and emeralds, beds of musk, garments of the richest brocades, crowns set with pearls of matchless lustre, silken carpets, couches and pillows of delicate embroidery, are among the rare treasures provided for the gratification of the external senses. Other entertainments are on a scale of similar magnificence. Whatever is subject to waste requires sustenance; and the hungry saints will find abundant supply in a loaf large as the whole globe, in the flesh of oxen, and in the livers of fishes (delicacies among the Arabs,) one lobe of which will suffice 70,000 men. While eating, each will be served in golden dishes to the amount of 300, and waited on by as many attendants. Wine, forbidden in this life, will be freely allowed in the next; and may be drunk to excess without palling on the taste, or incurring the risk of intoxication. The Tooba, or tree of happiness, so large that the fleetest horse could not gallop in a hundred years from one end of its shadow to the other,—bearing dates, grapes and all manner of fruits, of surprising bigness and inconceivable relish, will extend its loaded boughs to the couch of every believer, bending spontaneously to his hand, and inviting him to pluck of its vintage. And should his capricious desires incline, its branches will yield the flesh of birds or animals, dressed according to his wishes; while from its expanding blossoms will burst vestures of green silk, and beasts to ride on ready saddled, and adorned with costly trappings. That every sense may have a congenial gratification, the ear will be ravished with the melodious songs of angels and houris, with the vocal harmony of the trees, and the Æolian chime of the bells that hang on their branches, moved by the soft winds of heaven. When to this train of gorgeous and sensual luxury are added the seventy-two damsels (the portion of the humblest of the faithful,) whose charms shall eclipse all other glories, whose complexions are bright as rubies, and whose eyes, resembling "pearls hidden in their shells" shall never wander to any but their husbands, we may form a tolerable conception of those delights to which the voluptuous Mussulman looks forward as his chief felicity in another world.

The most exquisite and artificial pleasures of this life become insipid from long possession, or superfluous from the limited capacities of their mortal owner. Mohammed has made provision against both contingencies. At whatever period believers may die on earth, in heaven they shall never exceed the potent and animated age of thirty. A moment of happiness will be prolonged to 1000 years, and the enjoyment will be enhanced by an increase of abilities to the extent of a hundred fold. Amid the endless varieties of flavor and fragrance, their appetites will never cloy. The eye of the enraptured possessor, so strong will be its vision, will wander over his gardens and groves, and descry the beauties of his wives and his wealth at the distance of one thousand year's journey. Should any of the faithful desire children (for without the wish the end would be unaccomplished,) the space of one hour will suffice for the birth and growth of a young believer sixty cubits high,—the alleged stature of Adam, and the standard height of paradise. Or should his fancy turn to the rustic pleasures of agriculture, a moment of time will see his luxuriant crops spring up and come to maturity.

A shop keeper in Paris has posted on his window the following notice.—The public are requested not to confound this shop with that of *another charlatan* who has established himself on the opposite side of the way."

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

A story went the rounds a short time since of a lady having been in the habit of frequenting the gambling hells at the west end of the town in disguise, and who it is said, lost £1500. We then doubted the truth of this matter, and still doubt the amount of the alledged loss; but an adventure recently occurred, which tends to confirm the belief that the fair sex do occasionally, and on the sly, indulge in the baneful passion of gambling. For some time past, a man of youthful appearance, wearing mustachois, was observed to be an occasional visiter to a well known house, we have heard, 13 Park place, St. James', where he played with various success, but for moderate stakes. At length on a night last week, he tendered a check for fifty pounds to the banker, and in an under tone, requested counters. It has been remarked that he scarcely ever spoke, but in a similar subdued manner. As he was recognised and believed to be respectable, his request was at once complied with, and for a time fortune seemed to crown his speculations. At last however luck turned, and he lost all! His agitation had been gradually increasing, and on losing his last counter, he dropped on the floor. He was immediately carried into a private apartment where every humane attention was paid to him, and proper restoratives applied, but he relapsed from one fit to another, and at last on unbuttoning his collar and throwing open his vest, the man proved to be a woman! A medical gentleman was sent for, and at last comparative self possession was gained. Consciousness, however, only increased the agitation of the patient, who recognized in the medical attendant a friend of both her own and her husband, for she was a married woman. An *eclaircisement* took place and it is due to state the owner of the establishment at once commisserated the situation of the unhappy woman, and without a moment's hesitation returned the check, which, it is painful to add, was subsequently admitted to be signed with the name of her husband. The lesson was a severe one, and it is hoped will have its proper effect.—*London paper.*

A GOOD CHARACTER.

A good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to the artist, who proposes to erect a building on it; he can build with safety, and all who behold it, will have confidence in its solidity, a helping hand will never be wanted—but let a single part be defective, and you go on a hazard, amid doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruins. Without a good character, poverty is a curse—with it, it is scarcely an evil. Happiness cannot exist where a good character is not; where it is not always a frequent visiter, if not a constant guest. All that is bright in the hope of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale of years, centres in, and is derived from a good character. Therefore acquire this as the first and most valuable good.

LIVING WITHOUT FOOD.

Animals support want much longer than is generally believed. A civet cat has lived ten day without food; an antelope twenty; and a very large wild cat also twenty; an eagle has survived twenty-two days; a badger one month, and several dogs thirty-six days. In the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, there is an account of a slut which, having been shut up alone in a counting house, existed forty days without any other nourishment than the stuff on the wool of a matress, which she had torn to pieces. A crocodile will live two months without food; a scorpion three; a bear six; a chameleon eight and a viper ten. Valliant had a spider that lived nearly a year without food, and was so far from being weakened, that it immediately killed another large spider equally vigorous, but not so hungry, which was put along with it. The celebrated John Hunter inclosed a toad between two stone flower-pots, and found it as lively as ever after fourteen months. Land tortoises have lived without food for eighteen months, and a beetle is known to have been kept in a state of perfect abstinence for three years, when it contrived to make its escape. There is also a well authenticated account of two serpents living in a bottle without any food for five years.

From the New York Star.

They are digging in the Wall street church yard, probably to erect a building in front of the sessions room, which may rent for 800 or 1000 dollars per annum, to accomplish which they have invaded tombs and sepulcres and we saw a dozen skulls gathered together, and tossed in a heap in one corner. We thought we recognized the small, well turned head of a splendid girl, whom we remember when a youth, as the admiration of the *pave* in the front of Trinity Church, as she walked in beauty like the starry night, graceful and accomplished. She was the girl of all others, who was the dazzling attraction of the ball room, and happy was he who could secure her hand for a cotillion, or encircle her slender waist in a waltz: many a glass has been drained of its ruby liquid to her health and happiness, and wherever she appeared, there was a charm thrown around her person and the graces might have contended with her for witching procedence.

She was accustomed to attend divine service in the church near which her remains are not permitted to repose in peace, and when the old chime of Trinity bells proclaimed the hour of prayer on the tranquil Sabbath, she was seen, with meek and pious look, wending her way down the aisle, her mild blue eye piously and pensively cast down, with her white cambric handkerchief carefully enveloping the crimson covered prayer book; and when the choristers lifted up their voices to the loud swell of the deep-toned organ, her liquid notes floated through the fretted vault above, and ascended like pure incense to the throne of Grace. She was intuitively modest; and if by accident any one took the freedom of this lady's chamber, and found even a curl deranged, or a boddice out of place, deeper than the fragrant rose would her blushes speak of her embarrassment; and yet, an omnibus driver, with sooty hands, his rude and vacant stare, was twirling round that skull, thus sacriligiously exposed to the gaze of the curious and prying world, and thrusting his dirty fingers in those sockets which were the casement of eyes that once beamed with goodness and love. *Vanitas vanitatum.* The cupidity of man is every where alike; the *auri sacra fames* embraces every object dead or alive; and they who deposite the body in the sepulchre, under the prayer that it may repose until the last trumpet shall sound, will sell the land, and the sacred bones it contains, to erect a building to yield ten per cent. per annum; and if the speculator can count his gains thereby, he will run a street through the middle of the church yard, though he scatter the bones of all that was good and lovely on earth, which may impede his passage, to the right and left of him. Such violations of the grave among *Turks* are punished with *death*—with us, who boast of a purer faith, we make money out of it.

How fortunate it is that Westminster Abbey is not in the neighborhood of Wall street, or within the reach of Corporation improvements. The bones of Addison, Gray, Parnel, Goldsmith, Johnson, Chatham, Canning, Nelson, Abercrombie, Pitt, Fox, Burke, and hundreds of immortal spirits, whose remains lie there, quietly and triumphantly inurned, would be tossed in promiscuous heaps, for every lounging vagabond to kick over, or picked up for phrenological virtuosi, to be scraped and cleaned, and made decent, for the purpose of adorning a shelf in their study.

SMITHFIELD IN LONDON.

Smithfield is now a market for almost every thing. It is famous for the sale of bullocks, sheep, lambs, calves; and one day in the week, Thursday, as a horse market. It is remarkable on certain days for donkeys. I have seen there, I should judge many hundreds of these unclassical quadrupeds, vendible and patient, of all ages, waiting for purchasers. Some Americans, for in the country the animal is scarce, need to be told that they are a cheap, easily kept creature; abounding all over Europe, and every where the friend and companion of the poor. Asses' milk is considered a delicacy even; and it is called medicinal and salutary in certain disorders. Hence it is sold in the Metropolis quite extensively. I remember one rather large establishment, where a glaring sign announces the distinguished individual who owns it as "*Purveyor of asses' milk to his Majesty and the Royal Family:*" by which however, we are not to understand that it is produced there! By what *literaæ patentes* or high authority it is, I know not, that so many good and loyal subjects of WILLIAM all over the kingdom, advertise themselves in this way—even to one handicraft who claims to be *Bug Catcher*, and another, *Rat-catcher* to his *Majesty.* There seem to be, throughout his dominions of Great Britain and Ireland, hundreds of artisans and schemers, each of whom is published on a sign, as being thus royally distinguished and appropriated in his own vocation—no matter what. The average number of oxen sold at Smithfield annually, is reckoned at 156,000; of sheep and lambs, 1,500,000; of calves, 21,000; of hogs, 20,000; and the aggregate value of these is found to be about $40,000. But this is only one of the many metropolitan marts. The annual consumption of butter in London, is rated at 11,000 tons; and that of cheese at 13,000. The poultry for one year there eaten, is valued at about 350,000 to $400,000; and this exclusive of game, the supply of which depends on the season. The annual consumption of wheat amounts to 1,000,000 quarters; four fifths of which are made into bread, forming about fifteen millions of quartern loaves. And yet with all the loaves and the fishes, there are many thousands of their population systematically starved—not altogether innocently on their own part—even to death ultimately.

Mount Vesuvius has recently been throwing forth a stream of lava in the direction of Torre del Greco, which has excited some degree of alarm.