VOL. X.

Cambridge Chronicle.

NO. 643.

"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. CAMBRIDGE, Md.--Saturday Morning, October 22, 1836. NUMBER 5.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY
JAS. M. NEWTON.

Terms.

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published 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 arrearsare paid unless at the option of the publisher; 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

My First Love.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
BURNS.

Blessed art thou, oh Memory! who canst at once waft me over the dim footpath of bygone years to the green hills where my forefathers lived—who canst again bring the sweet music of that voice upon mine ears, which hath long ago been hushed—thou hast indeed been a light in the darkness, illuminating the gloomy recesses of the mind, when Hope pillowed her head upon the lap of Despair, and Care had no one but Sorrow to hush her, when even Patience was wearied, and Resignation had turned to marble. When the heart was heavy, and cold, and dejected, and tried to shrink from its own beatings, then hast thou come, sweet Memory, upon the beams of the blue starlight, and whispered me to sleep with murmurings dreamy-voiced, sounds not so loud as the dancing leaves when they move and make no noise. And thou hast borne me away to the green valleys of my childhood, where my fair-haired playmates were in waiting, when Time wore golden ringlets, and we dandled with his long hair, never believing that it would grow gray, when he threw his scythe among the flowers, never deeming that it was keen, and made a toy of his glass, not knowing that we gave speed to its sand.

Oh Margaret, where art thou now? thine eyes may be dark, thy lips mute, and thy cheeks wan, but where is thy love? the kindling of thy spirit, that impregnated the air with delight when we met? surely it belonged not to Time or Death. Oh no! it only became heavier when thou wert dead, and settled upon me like a leaden cloud, an oppressive mantle, that was cold; even when I drew it tightly around me, it afforded me no warmth. And when our lips met in the still night, thine were chill and shadowy, and though they shrank not, they had lost their fulness, and melted away like the mist, and when they moved there came forth no sound, if they blessed me it was in silence.

Dead! no, thou art not dead. Nay, I have not yet spoken to thee. What a lovely summer's evening that was when I wandered into Lea wood, with Shakspeare's *Tempest* for a companion. I had never read it before. Oh, how I envy the youth who has such an old wood to walk in, and the *Tempest* to read for the first time, and the soul of a poet to enjoy its beauties, for then will the branches of hoary trees twist themselves into the rigging of ships, and every whispering leaf will sound like the ocean, and every rustling footstep in the sky be darkened with foliage, the sinking sun dart like lightning through the gloom, and away he will bound to the lonely island, inhabited by Prospero, Miranda, Ariel, and Caliban. Oh! it was summer then! she had come again, waving her green garlandry over hill and valley, and bending the long grass with her breezy footsteps. She had spread her gorgeous mantle of crimson heathbells over the wide forest wastes and brown moors, and left a deeper twilight in the dense woods. That evening I heard her voice talking among the leaves, and babbling through the green corn, and I caught her fragrant breath as I passed through the hayfield. I saw her skiey eyes mirrored in the rivers, and the skirts of her golden drapery trailing over a thousand flowers. She touched the leaves with her sunny fingers, and they bounded upon their branches in rustling music; the willow nodded before her, and the poppy waved the rich velvet of its banner as she passed. I heard Ariel sing, "Under the blossoms that hung on the boughs." I saw him crouching "where the bee sucked in the bell of a cowslip." But I was a youth then, scarce sixteen; how very old has ten years made me; it will be long again before every maiden looks like Miranda. It will be long before I see another Margaret, and I can never forget the *Tempest*, never grasp it again as "a beauty and a mystery." Hark! how it thunders; could it be my own fancy kindled by Shakspeare—crack, crack!—no, it was no dream. The goodliest tree of the forest fell with that crash—what a night was that—how the scythe-winged lightning flashed through the wood. I heard the sound of mariners in distress, and a voice came upon my ears, singing,

Full fathoms five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him doth fade."

No, it was no voice, but my heated fancy; and I closed Shakspeare, for the rain fell in torrents, and the thunder roared like a thousand lions among the echoes of the forest, and the lightning flashed frightfully at intervals, lighting up for a moment the dusky dells; then again leaving all in darkness. On I wandered, in the blind mazes of the wood, now extricating myself from some bramble; then again dashing through a river of long grass, or rustling through the raindrenched fern, until at length, at the meeting of two avenues, I came in contact with an elderly man. He wore a long frock, and grasped in his hand a stick. I looked at him, and thought of Prospero, with his magic garment and wand. He opened his lips, but instead of talking about "cloud-capped towers, and gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples," he invited me to his cave until the storm abated. He was a kind magician; by the side of his cottage were piled logs of wood; but I saw not Ferdinand. Caliban barked as we entered. Oh! what a lovely vision burst upon me as I entered that cave (for Shakspeare was still with me); it was indeed a beauteous being, lovely as his own Miranda. What music hung on her tongue, as she inquired "if her father was wet;" and then she reached me a chair, and threw more logs upon the fire, "which, when they burnt, did weep for having wearied her." Never had so much beauty met mine eye—

So perfect and so peerless, as if created
Of every creature's best.

Like Ferdinand, I soon became a "patient lay-man" for her sake, and piled up the fire to dry my clothes, happy that the tempest had driven me to such a lovely place. Then I thought of Shakspeare and the cave, of Juan and Haidee, of Calypso and her lovely nymphs, weaving in the wondrous cavern, her heart aching at the crash of every tree, which, like the clicking pendulum, told of Ulysses' departure, of Rosalind and Orlando in the wood, and the fair lady in Comus, and then I gazed upon my Miranda.

Never had Poet, in his happiest mood of mind, conjured up a fairer form; never did a lovelier being pass before the imagination of the bard, when he lay dreaming of Viola, by the murmuring waters of Avon. Her eyes were bright as Desdemona's, when they were lighted with love and wonder, listening to Othello telling

Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach.

Her father had read Shakspeare, and she was also familiar with the immortal poet, and merrily rung their laughter as they compared me to Ferdinand, and their own sweet cottage to the cave, and the wet frock-coat to Prospero's magic garment, and the stick to his wand, and the huge shepherd dog to Caliban, and the old wood to the lonely island, and their own blackbird to "dainty Ariel." And Margaret blushed when I compared her to Miranda, and parted her long tresses from her lovely forehead, and looked down upon the floor, and swung her fairy foot to and fro, and the fire-light fell upon her fair neck, and it shone like a column of ivory in the sunset. And I thought how delightful it would be to wander with her "To the best springs, to pluck her berries, to gather her wood enough, to bring her to where the crabs grew, to show her a jay's nest, and instruct her how to snare the nimble marmozet, to show her where the whispering filberts hung, and get her young seagulls from the rocks." Nay, to do more than ever Caliban promised Stephano, and had not her father been by, I dare have said, "Wilt thou go with me!"

* * * * * * *

ON THE COMPARATIVE HAPPINESS OF THE SEXES.

The question has been repeatedly propounded for discussion whether the greatest proportion of human happiness falls to the lot of man or woman, taking each of the sexes in the aggregate. Our conviction is, that the male enjoys a greater measure of happiness than the female portion of mankind.

In enumerating a few of the grounds on which we rest our hypothesis, we shall advert to both sexes in the two great divisions of human life—the single and the married.

An unmarried woman, when mingling in society, invariably appears in an assumed character. She is bound hand and foot by those arbitrary laws of propriety which pass current in society. If she venture to express her indignation in ordinary terms at any real or supposed unjust usage she has received, she is looked on as a virago, and is pronounced a second Xantippe. She is restrained in the infinite majority of cases from divulging to any of her acquaintances those feelings which most powerfully actuate her bosom, lest in so doing she should be reposing confidence in a trescherous friend. Even in the ordinary matters of eating and drinking she frequently labours under an unpleasant restraint. The cravings of nature must be immolated on the shrine of a misnamed propriety. And when she constitutes one of a party for whose enjoyment the toddy bowl is placed on the table, or any kind of ardent spirits are to be quaffed, it is doubly necessary she should be on her guard, lest by gratifying her taste she should violate the rules which society has established on such occasions; and one slight abrogation of these rules in the instance in question. In other words, were she to evince the least symptom of intoxication, it would prove ruinous to her character and utterly destructive of her prospects in life; no extenuating plea would be admitted on her behalf. Girls are duly aware of all this; and hence are in a state of perpetual fear of falling into such error, and consequently must feel so unremitting an attempt to conduct themselves in consonance with the regulations of society a work at once of great difficulty and of much unpleasantness.

From these sources of unhappiness men are comparatively exempted. A man does not in any sensible degree lower himself in the estimation of society by expressing himself in any company with perfect freedom, provided there be nothing exceptionable in the terms themselves which he makes use of, respecting any actual or imagined unjust treatment he may have received at the hands of another. Nor does he endure a twentieth part of the infelicity which falls to the lot of the other sex from misplaced confidence, or from being obliged to conceal in his own mind what it would have afforded him relief to have revealed to a friend or acquaintance; for, in the first place, he has not a twentieth part of the secrets to communicate which woman has; nor, secondly, when he does make a confidant of another, is the trust he reposes in such acquaintance so often betrayed as in the case of the other sex. In the article of victualling or banquetting, again, it is not necessary that he should subject himself to restraint, provided he be not a glutton altogether. The demands of nature and the views of propriety established in society are in this case, in so far as he is concerned, precisely the same. And as it respects drinking—to use the term in most common parlance—it is scarcely looked on as dishonourable in man, however great may be the devotedness with which he does homage to the bottle. Nay, the man who gets thoroughly inebriated six if not seven times a week, can hold up his head—such are the absurd rules and regulations on the subject of morals and manners among us—as boldly and unblushingly as he who never in this regard allowed his "reason to be taken prisoner."

There is another most fruitful source of infelicity to females, whether single or married, but particularly in the former case, namely, in the prevalence of calumny among them. Although it be a failing, to characterise it by no harsher name, in almost every female to indulge occasionally in sly insinuations, and sometimes to make unequivocal averments respecting the conduct of her acquaintances, all of them are most sensitively alive to any such remarks when made on themselves. Every one, in short, who knows any thing of the history of women, must be aware that, to use a homely but expressive phrase, they are almost constantly in a state of "hot water" in consequence of these derogatory remarks in perpetual circulation among them.

Men, in this regard, also enjoy a great advantage over the sex. It is seldom indeed, speaking comparatively, that they deal to any extent in scandal; nor do those of them in respect to whom derogatory observations are made, feel an equally keen sensibility with women to such observations.

There is nothing more generally taken for granted by those who look only at the superficies of things, than that unmarried females derive much happiness from their dress. This is a grievous mistake. Notwithstanding the intense interest they obviously feel in every thing that relates to apparel, and the many hours they spend at the toilette, none of themselves who have any regard to truth will pretend that their dress, on the whole, is a source of felicity to them. It does, on the contrary, in most cases essentially contribute towards the embittering of their existence. The most trivial disarrangement in their dress is of itself sufficient to neutralise all the pleasures of the ball-room or the party.

Our sex pay comparatively little attention to the apparelling of themselves, and consequently are proportionally less liable to be annoyed by any disconcertion of their attire. Add to which that from the very form and nature of their dress it is infinitely less susceptible of being soiled or disarranged.

But it is more especially in "affairs of the heart" that man has the advantage over the other sex. The tender passion, it is acknowledged on all hands, finds a much more congenial soil in the breast of woman than in that of man. From the time indeed at which she has attained the middle of her teens until she has reached the unfortunate side of forty, her entire history is one of love. She generally centres her most affectionate regards on one object, and is doomed, from the etiquette of society to cherish her loves in the solitude of her own bosom, carefully concealed, not from the world merely, but from him also on whom her affections are placed—unless it should so happen that he had previously fixed his regards on her, and had seriously apprised her of the fact. And little, indeed, does the male world know, and less does it sympathetically think of the miserable existence which many a beautiful, amiable, and accomplished female is fated to drag out in consequence of cherishing emotions of ardent love towards some object, but which, though luxuriating in her own heart, she dare not either disclose to the object loved or to the world. Nay, so far from unequivocally developing to the idol of her soul the ascendancy he has obtained over her, she cannot even venture to convey to him an intimation that she is particularly partial to his company, and thus secure to herself even a distant chance that his heart also may be impressed with a conviction of her good mental qualities or her personal attractions. No: she must trust to the tender mercies of Fate whether she shall ever be even on a footing of intimacy with him she loves; and, even if this should be her good fortune, she can do nothing by words or actions herself; but must leave it entirely to his own caprice or fancy, or whatever else it may be termed, whether their acquaintance together shall ripen into love and be consummated at the Hymeneal altar. Were our sex more intimately conversant than they are with the history of the other, they would not need to be told that there are thousands of the best and most beautiful of womankind who brood over in the sanctuary of their own bosoms unrevealed and unrequited love, until the vitals of the constitution are impaired, and they have prepared for themselves a premature grave. Yes, indeed, it occures with a painful frequency that a lovely female sacrifices by an invisible, but not less real process, her own life to the ardency and constancy of her regards to one who was perfectly ingnorant that he had ever been the subject of one single thought of hers.

How different is the case with man when he has fixed his affections on any individual member of "the fairest of creation's works!" Though not hitherto on terms of intimacy with her, he can have no difficulty, provided there be no striking disparity between their respective stations in society, of forming a familiar acquaintanceship with her. And then it is his province to develope to her the estimation in which she is held by him, and thus by disclosing his love to her, most probably beget on her part a similar feeling towards himself. Or should it so happen that her heart had been previously gained by another, or that for any other reason she felt indisposed to encourage the attentions of the supposed suitor, then there is an end at once to the matter, his suspense is removed, and, instead of long ruminating over the disappointment, he will transfer his affections to some other object.

Witness again the advantages which the male possesses over the female sex in the most important of all human transactions—that of marriage. Man alone has the privilege of choosing who shall be his partner in life. He can range through the whole circle of his female acquaintances, and then solicit the hand of her who to his mind is the *beau ideal* of what a wife ought to be; and, in the event of her rejection of the tender, he can make the same offer to the next one deepest in his affections. With a female the case is the very reverse. She is debarred from making any proposal to our sex in regard to marriage. She must wait until some such proposal is made to herself before she can utter a word on the subject; and then it is seldom indeed that she has sufficient time allowed her to come to an enlightened and judicious conclusion in regard to the matter. An immediate answer—one of acceptance or rejection—is in the vast majority of cases insisted on; so that the very haste in which she must decide as to the most momentous step of her life renders it probable that the decision will be a wrong one. If she have serious objections to the individual who proffers her his hand, those objections are often overlooked, lest by assigning them their due weight and rejecting the suitor, she deprive herself of the only opportunity which will be ever furnished her of entering into that state into which all of the female sex are most solicitous to enter. It often happens, on the other hand, that a young girl rejects the address of one lover under the erroneous impression that she will by and by be asked by another towards whom she feels a greater partiality; and thus declines the only such offer—it may be a valuable one—ever made to her at all. And the remorse and misery which such a female must experience when she learns either that he on whom she had confided has united himself to another, or that from other causes she has nothing but Old Maidship in prospect, will be better conceived than it were possible to describe them.

And if we contemplate the two sexes in the married state, we perceive abundant reason to adopt the conclusion that in it also the male sex is happier than the other.—Women are pent up at home, and doomed to endure the same domestic monotony day after day—to prepare the food of the family and superintend a thousand other concerns connected with the house. Men, on the other hand, are always moving about and witnessing an agreeable variety in the affairs of the world. They have only, in most cases, to sit down at the table and masticate their victuals and then depart again without feeling the slightest concern, comparatively speaking, in domestic matters.

And, in the event of the married pair having children, almost all the trouble of bringing up these falls to the lot of the poor wife. It is hers to administer to their thousand little necessities, to hear their cries, and to sympathize with their distresses. She is, in short, the victim, if we may so express ourselves, of domestic duties.

To all this it should be added, that there are many circumstances of a physical nature which contribute in a great measure to the unhappiness of woman from which man is exempted.

On the grounds, therefore, to which we have slightly adverted, we rest our hypothesis that, taken in the aggregate, the male are much more happy than the female sex.

What, then, are the practical inferences which should be deduced from such a fact? Assuredly that, since Nature and circumstances have conspired together to make woman's existence in this world less happy than that of man, it is our duty to become the counseller and protector of the sex, and to exert ourselves to the utmost of our power to render their journey through life as smooth and agreeable as possible. But, alas! how often instead of this do we, by our unfeeling and reckless conduct towards woman, add immeasurably to those woes which Nature, and circumstances over which human agency has no control, ordained as her earthly portion.

SOUND VIEWS.

From the National Intelligencer.

The agitation produced in the political affairs of Maryland, by the failure to elect a Senate, has assumed an importance beyond the limits of the State. The following suggestions are made by one out of the immediate influence of that agitation, with the hope of contributing something, at least, towards its mitigation.

The Constitution of the State of Maryland imports the establishment of a permanent form of government. It is declared in the 59th section "that the form so established, and the declaration of rights, and no part thereof, shall be altered, changed, or abolished," except in the manner therein prescribed. This is the supreme law of the land, adopted by the people, through their delegates, in their sovereign capacity. By that Constitution, three co-ordinate departments of Government are established, Legislative, Executive, and Judicial. An attempt is now made to *change* and *alter* that form of government, in a mode at variance with, and in violation of the 59th section above referred to. An attempt is made to abolish the Senate, which is one of the essential branches of the "General Assembly." The question is presented whether the refusal of a portion of the Electors to meet, and the consequent inability to elect a Senate, will have the effect of vacating that body; or whether the members of the last Senate are not constitutionally entitled to act?

By the 3d section of the Bill of Rights, the inhabitants of the State of Maryland have secured to them the common law of England. Its sound and appropriate rules of construction are to be applied in solving the question in hand. The sum of those rules is, "to construe the words according to the subject matter, in such a sense as to produce a reasonable effect, and with reference to the circumstances of the particular transactions." 1 Story on the Con. 385.

By the 1st section, the Legislature is to consist of two branches, a Senate and House of Delegates. This arrangement is not to be altered, except in a stipulated manner. Strong indications are exhibited throughout the instrument, that the members of the House of Delegates are to be limited to one year, although it is no where so expressed. The term of one House is only limited by a provision for electing successors, not by fixing any particular period for which the members are chosen. In this respect, there is a difference between the Constitution of Maryland and those of all the other States whose Constitutions I have examined. Representatives in the General Assembly in other States are expressly elected for fixed periods. This difference is then presented: The powers delegated in Maryland are not limited; in other States, they are. In Maryland, members are not expressly elected for any fixed period; in other States, they are. In Maryland, the limitation is contemplated in the appointment of successors; in other states there is a primary limitation in the grant. With regard, however, to the House of Delegates in Maryland, it was manifestly contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, that there would be an annual election. So with regard to officers appointed under it. Where the limitation is not expressed in positive terms, it is clearly to be implied. The judicial decisions on that subject are fully sustained.

But with regard to the Senate, it is contemplated as a fundamental and permanent branch of the "General Assembly." It is an indispensable feature in the frame of Government. By the 14th section, Electors were to be chosen on the 1st Monday of September, 1781; and on the 3d Monday of September, 1781, the Electors were to meet to elect a Senate. This was done, and a Senate was duly elected according to the provisions of the Constituion. That body, so elected, constituted a permanent branch of the Government. The legislative powers delegated by the people were not limited. There was no limitation annexed to the appointment of individual members. There is no limitation in any part of the instrument in the grant of powers. But the limitation, as to the particular members constituting the body, grows exclusively out of the provision for electing *successors* every five years. It was, no doubt, contemplated that Electors would be, in fact, elected every five years, and that they would perform the duty assigned them; and that, in fact, the members of the Senate would be renewed every five years. It was not contemplated that the organized plan of Government would be attempted to be voluntarily defeated, and, therefore, not expressly provided for. But unlooked for events having occurred, the rules made are to be applied in the best practical manner for effectuating the original design. It is the provision for *succession* that has failed, consequently the failure is in the plan of limitation, and not in the extent of the previous appointment.

The new appointment has failed which was to succeed and vacate the previous one. The event which was to *create a limitation* has failed. The failure to elect applies to the removal of the previous Senators, and not to the term of their appointment. They were regularly chosen, vested with all the constitutional powers incident to that branch of the Government; they were to be superseded by another appointment at the end of five years; the new appointment has not taken place; consequently, they are *not superseded nor removed.* This is the plain import of the Constitution, judging from "the words, the context, the subject-matter, the *effects, and consequences, or the reason* and the spirit of the law." (1 Blac. Com. 59, 60.) Every thing connected with the instrument indicates a design to secure a perpetual succession, and that design is not to be frustrated but by words so plain that no room is left for construction.

The members of the last session are the only persons who can claim seats in the Senate. There are no conflicting claims, and to the Senate is confided the sole power of judging "of the elections and qualifications of Senators." From its decree there is no appeal; and it is an indisputable principle that members *de facto* constitute a legitimate body. Their powers and authority, within the scope of the Constitution, are not elsewhere to be questioned. The body is an emanation of the sovereignty of the People, a co-ordinate branch of the Government. There is no delegated power above it; none to control or gainsay their title. Its official acts would be indisputable. This is the constitutional, legal state of the affair.

I have not spoken of revolutionary powers and projects; of the primary powers of the People to abolish their Government, and to erect a new one in its stead. Such primary right is indisputable. But *revolution* is a fearful work. Will the good sense, peaceful habits, industrious pursuits, individual prosperity, the personal safety, and the domestic comforts of the People of Maryland, hazard a revolution, when they have the constitutional powers, means and opportunity, to reform peaceably, safely, any thing wrong in the structure of their Government? God forbid. The beginning of such a project may be seen but who knows when or how it would end?

A CITIZEN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

Joseph Bonaparte's seat, at Bordentown, and some interesting particulars respecting the fallen King, as well as Prince Murat, are thus given by a correspondent of the Portland Advertiser.

This is one of the oldest towns in New Jersey. It is delightfully situated on the banks of the Delaware, about thirty miles above Philadelphia, from which steamers are constantly plying to this place, making the passage often in less than two hours. The principal objects of importance in this village, worthy the attention of a stranger, are the residences of the Count Surveillers and his nephew the Prince Murat. The former has resided here during most of the years of his exile. His dwelling is a plain three story brick edifice, studded and painted a pale slate color, and entirely destitute of architecural ornament. It contains an extensive suite of rooms, richly furnished and adorned with productions from the pencils of the old masters and some pieces from the most celebrated modern French and Italian artists. The library is unequalled in this