VOL. X.

Cambridge Chronicle.

NO. 666.

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

NEW SERIES--VOL. I.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, April 1, 1837.

NUMBER 28

BY D. P. HOGE.

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 arrears are 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.

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POETRY.

The following Lines are from the pen of NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Esq. President of the United States Bank.

(From the New York American.)

The following trifle was written in the year 1832, soon after the writer left his residence in the country to take the station he now occupies. Many years previous, he had addressed some complimentary lines to a lady distinguished by great personal and intellectual attraction. The lady now sent her album to receive a contribution. The book was returned with the following apology for not writing in it:

Time was, when to see thee, fair lady, alone,
Would wake into verse this cold bosom of stone;
But now thy command, all unchanged as thou art,
Cannot kindle the fancy nor soften the heart.
So unequal our laws, since that scythe-bearing Time,
Appeased by thy beauty, provoked by my rhyme,
Tho' he folded his wings, and muffled his tread,
And passed without touching a hair of thy head;
As he he came by my farm, cut me down to a cit,
And dispersed my small stock of merinoes and wit.
If you deem this a pretext made up for my wife,
Pray look at my dwelling, and think of my life.
Not a mummy wrapt up in his pyramid hall;
Nor the toads that live on for whole years in a wall;
Nor the famed iron mask, breathe more dulness and gloom.
Than I—when enclosed in my vast marble tomb,
'Midst vaults of damp stone, and huge chests of cold iron,
That would quell all the fancy of Shakspear or Byron.
Alas! had the ancients, who so much surpass us,
In their pure golden age, fixed a *bank* on Parnassus;
What a model of Wisdom and pleasure to follow!
Only think now—to sign one's bank notes like Apollo!
But that rake of Olympus—too happy to rove
Would have scorned to take money, and ceased to make love.
And the Muses whose sex condescends to protectors,
Have a true female scorn for all sorts of Directors.
'Tis fiercely avenged though, for banks, where they know it,
Have a horror that warns them to shun every poet.
And since the first rhyme, the Muses' fond votary,
If ever he's trusted, soon goes to the notary.
Even I, sainted ladies, who fixed on my farm,
Tho' you never would visit me, wished you no harm,
Even I—would exchange, shall I dare to confess t'ye all.
For one sheet of bank notes, the whole quire celestial.
I prefer my last schedule of number one debtors
To the writings of all the republic of letters;
My "much esteemed favors" from Paris, to those
Which brought on poor Helen an Iliad of woes;
Nay, two lines of bad prose, with a good name upon it
To the tenderest fourteen ever sqeezed in a sonnet,
Why I would not accept, not for Hebe's account,
The very best draught from Helicon's fount;
Nor give—this it grieves me to say to their faces—
More than three days of grace to all the three Graces.
Then their music of spheres, can it thrill through the soul
Like kegs of new dollars as inward they roll;
And Cecilia herself, though her lyre was divine,
Never gave to the world notes equal to mine.
But we've parted in peace now, I never shall quarrel
If my Branches, like Daphne's, wont sprout into laurel;
And, renouncing illusions, find peace and content
In that simplest, sublimest of truths—six per cent.
While the bank is my goddess, its desks are my alters,
And all my fine frenzy is spent on defaulters,
So unless, like the sculptor of old, in this stone
You can breathe inspiration as pure as your own,
Be it mine, while no scribbling your tablets defaces
To keep out of your book, but keep in your good graces.

AMOS KENDALL A POET!

The following specimen of the poetic ability of the Postmaster General was published in the Globe a few days ago, but escaped our attention. It is too good to go without re publication. The "out it came" of the third stanza is of the very highest order of versification and is only equalled by the admirable irony of the second, where he imagines his own death, in "corruption slain." The occasion which first gave this poetic gem to the world, was the Inaugural Dinner at Washington on the 4th inst., where it was sung, as the editors of the Globe avouch, "with impressive effect by Doctor Boyd Reilly." The effect upon his hearers, when the Doctor roared "out with the spot," was greater than that ever produced by Mrs. Siddons, in her palmiest days, by her performance of Lady Macbeth, in the scene where she cries "out damned spot!" That Amos should mount Pegasus is nothing wonderful, and having now got fairly astride of him we may expect to see him occasionally carrying his express, distancing all competitors.

FAREWELL TO THE CHIEF.
BY HON. AMOS KENDALL.

TUNE—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

And is the hour of parting come,
Thou loved and honored one?
The hour that calls thee to thy home—
Thy work all done.

Of war thy deeds our thoughts recall,
Of peace our memories thrill;
Corruption slain—the yielding Gaul—
Thy triumphs fill.

When envy and ambition tried
To mar thy cherished name,
"Out with the spot!" they cried,
And out it came.

Victorious thou, o'er every foe,
Thy country's and thy own;
Midst showers of blessings shalt thou go
To thy sweet home.

Yet sad shall be that home to thee,
Amidst the welcome cheer;
One dearest form thou shalt not see—
She sleepeth near.

Farewell, loved chief! when thou shalt sleep
With her in that dark cell.
Millions of grateful hearts shall weep—
Farewell! Farewell!!

From the New York Mirror.

THE BURNING SHIP AND THE SIGNAL GUNS.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

I remember an occurrence connected with one of the voyages which I made across the Atlantic, which exhibited, by a fearful example, how potent an ally the imagination may become to the conscience in its persecution of the guilty.

Late in the autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy.—The delay which would have occurred by coming to New York to embark, and the inconvenience of travelling by land at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in a vessel which was about to sail from Charleston, laden with cotton for Marseilles. The ship was commanded by Captain S., who was also the owner of the cargo.

Without any note-worthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marseilles; the vessels exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and went on again in their several courses. When the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our captain read with delight that so small was the supply of cotton in the market, and so strong the demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it, might command almost any price which the avarice of the owner should dictate.

The wind, which had been for some days setting round a little toward the south, was at this time getting round toward the east, and promised to bring us without delay to the Mediterranean. The captain perceived that by availing himself to the utmost of this freshening breeze, he might pretty certainly realize a splendid fortune; a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most enthusiastic joy. Every sail was expanded to the wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning a light was descried to the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on fire. The light increased every moment, and the signal guns fell upon our ears with distressing rapidity. The captain was at this time pacing the deck, as he had done almost constantly since the intelligence had reached him from the passing vessel; for the restlessness of expectation scarcely allowed him to repose for a moment. His eye was directed resolutely toward the north; and though the light now glared unshunable, and the frequent shots could not be unheard, and the commotion and exclamation of the passengers could not be unnoticed—his glance never fell upon the object which engrossed all others.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement among the passengers and crew at the silence of the captain, the steersman called to him and asked if he should not turn out to the distressed vessel; but the other rudely ordered him to attend to his own concerns. A little while after, at the solicitation of the whole company on board, I went up to the captain and said to him that I deemed it my duty to inform him that the universal desire of his crew was that relief should be given to the burning ship. He replied with agitation that the vessel could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind; and immediately went down to the cabin and locked the door. He was a kind hearted man by nature, and on ordinary occasions few would have taken greater trouble to benefit a fellow being. But the prospect of riches was too much for his virtue; the hope of great gain devoured all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames, I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but to lament the master's cruelty, and submit to it. They watched the fiery mass, conscious that a large company of their brethren was perishing within their sight, who, by their efforts, might probably be saved. It was not for several hours that the captain appeared again upon the deck, and from his appearance then, I imagine that the conflict during his solitude must have been severe and trying. I stood near him as he came up. His face had a rigid yet anxious look; the countenance of a man who braved, yet feared some shock. His back was turned to the quarter from which we came, and in that position he addressed to me calmly some indifferent observations. While the conversation went on, he cast frequent and hurried glances to the south and east till his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that the ship was no longer in view: he then turned fully round, and with an affected gaiety, but with a real uneasiness which was apparent in the random character of his remarks, drew out his glass, and having, by a long and scrutinizing examination satisfied his fears, at length recovered his composure.

When we reached our destination, I found a ship just preparing to sail for Florence and I took my passage, leaving the captain to dispose of his cargo at his pleasure. About eight months after this, when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I was sitting in the private parlor of a London hotel when a letter was put into my hand from Capt. S. It stated that the writer, who was in the city, had heard of my arrival, and would esteem it a very great kindness if I would visit him at my earliest leisure; my coming would be of the utmost importance to himself and others; his servant it added, waited to show me the way. I immediately set out to comply with the request.

Upon entering the room I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He was thin, pale and haggard, with a wildness of eye that almost indicated that his reason was unsettled. He testified much joy at seeing me, and desiring me to be seated began his communication.

"I have taken the liberty," said he, "of desiring your company at this time, because you are the only person in London to whom I can venture to make application, and I am going to lay upon you a commission to which I am sure you will not object. The circumstances of our voyage to Marseilles will occur to your mind without my repenting them. I sold my cargo upon the most advantageous terms; and was rendered at once a rich man. The possession of wealth was new to me, and its enjoyment added, in my case, to its usual gratification the charm of novelty. In the capital of Paris I spent many weeks of the highest pleasure, until one day on entering a *cafe* I took up a gazette, and my eye fell upon an account of the awful burning of H. B. M. ship ——. The announcement fell upon me like the bolt of heaven. My heart beat and my frame shivered; but I read every word of the article. The vessel which I passed the day before had seen the light at a great distance and immediately put back to render assistance, but arrived too late to rescue more than two of the crew. They reported that a vessel passed to the north of them within half an hour's sail, but paid no regard to the repeated signals; upon the commander of that ship, the article concluded, must rest the loss of two hundred persons.

"My peace of mind was gone forever. My ingenuity could devise no sophistry which suggested comfort. Wherever I went that day, I was haunted by remorse. I retired to bed that I might forget in sleep the tortures of the day; but a terrific dream brought before my mind the whole scene of the conflagration, with the roar of the signal guns. I awoke with horror. Thrice on the same night did I compose myself to sleep, and thrice was I awakened by a repetition of the dream. For many hours on the succeeding day my spirits were shockingly depressed, but the gay company which I frequented gradually restored me to serenity, and by night I was tolerably composed. But the evening again brought terror: the same vision rushed upon my mind and racked it to agony, whenever I fell into a slumber. Perceiving that if I yielded to this band of tormentors I should quickly be maddened by suffering, I resolved to struggle with remorse, and to harden my heart against conscience. I succeeded always, when awake, in mastering the emotion; but no power on earth could shield me from the torments of sleep. Imagining at length that the prostrate position of my bed might be one cause of the vividness of my dreams, I took the resolution of sleeping upright in a chair while my servant watched by me. But no sooner did my head drop upon my breast in insipent slumber, than the fire again tortured my brain; the booming guns again rang upon my inward ear. I sought all diversions; I wandered over Europe, seeking to relieve myself from the domination of this fantasy by perpetual change of sights and diversion of sounds; but in vain. Daily the horrid picture more and more enslaved my imagination, until at length even in waking, while my eye rested on vacancy, a burning ship was painted in the air, and with my waking ears I heard the eternal guns. The horror has absorbed my being. I am separated by a circle of fire from the world; I breathe the stifling air of hell. Even now, I see nothing but the wide sea and the incessant flame upon it; I hear now the agonizing signals, boom! boom!"

The unfortunate man paused for a moment, and upon human face never saw I yet such anguish. He resumed, in a few moments, his account.

"This must soon end. The purpose for which I have sent for you is briefly this. The whole sum of money which I gained by my ship's cargo is in the bank of England. I shall order in my will that every cent of it shall obey your disposal. I wish you to discover the families of those who perished in this vessel; you will learn their names by inquiring at the admiralty. Distribute to them every cent of this money. You will not deny the last request of a dying man; promise me that you will faithfully perform my wish."

I gave him the promise which he desired and then left him.

That night Captain S. took poison.

A VERY EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.

The New York Mercantile Advertiser, of a recent date, related the following:—"One bright frosty morning, not long since, a young and beautiful lady, of slender form, wrapped in a flowing cloak with graceful bow, entered the goods store of Mr.——, in Broadway. She was not slow to exercise all the "privileges of her order," (i. e. overhaul the contents of the store:) The counter was covered with rich silks, and velvets—the delicate manufactures of Paris, and the more substantial productions of Spitalfield, were in turn submitted to her inspection, and after a proper lady like delay, some trifling selection was made, and the pretty purchaser tripped out, casting sweet smiles upon her good looking young clerks as she passed down the counters. But her actions had not been unnoticed by the lynx-eyed proprietor. He instantly followed her, and waiting till they approached the corner of one of the quiet streets leading off Broadway, he tapped her on the shoulder, and requested a few minutes' conversation.

At first there was a manifestation of indignant hauteur, but a single whisper converted the haughty curl of the lip into one of trembling terror, and an imploring look from a pair of beautiful dark eyes, almost unhinged his resolution; but a moment's reflection suggested all the advantages her imprudence had given him.

All arts of woman, conscious of the majesty of beauty, were brought to bear in succession upon the feelings of the impenetrable merchant; and hints were thrown out of the immeasurable extent of her gratitude; but all in vain. At length, finding all her shifts bootless, she was forced to make a candid confession of her name, rank, & connexions.

What was his surprise to find that she was a daughter of one of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of the city! He paused, and walked a few paces in silence by the side of the unlucky girl, whose feelings could not have been enviable. At last having made up his mind, he turned abruptly on his victim and said, "Madam, you have robbed me—[an imploring look;] yes, madam, you have robbed me, and you know it; you have now about you the articles abstracted from my store—(another look, and a wringing of the delicate hands) Now listen to me," he continued firmly, "I offer you but one alternative—you must accompany me to a magistrate or a minister?"

What could she do? Exposure and disgrace—disgrace to which death itself would be preferable to herself and her friends—stared her in the face.—She looked in her accuser's face; but there she read nothing but inflexible sternness; a second glance too, told her that countenance was neither old or ugly to short, that "as men go," it was very passable. And then the terrible alternative—the public police court—the awful frown of the magistrate; the rude gaze of the multitude—could she hesitate? Placing one delicate hand upon his arm, while the other applied the white cambric handkerchief to her tearful eyes, "Do with me what you will!" she murmured out.

The result was that the triumphant storekeeper, instead of losing his property to the value of a few dollars, gained a lovely, accomplished, and virtuous wife, (this little foible excepted.) and with her upwards of sixty thousand dollars:

From the Elkton (Md.) Courier, March 11.

ATTEMPTED OUTRAGE.

A most daring outrage was attempted at Frenchtown, in this county, on Tuesday night last, which occasioned great excitement at the time, and secured to the perpetrator a most righteous and well merited castigation. A large number of passengers from Philadelphia being obliged to remain at Frenchtown over night, in consequence of the failure of the steamboat from Baltimore, repaired to the hotel of Capt. Manly and while engaged at supper, their attention was aroused by cries from another part of the house.—It appears that a man whose name is said to be Foley, instead of joining his fellow travellers at supper, he remained in the hall of the hotel to watch the movements of an interesting young lady who was living in the family—and whose appearance had attracted his attention. Observing her pass up the stairs, he followed her, and pressing rather closely, the young lady became alarmed, and quickening her pace retreated to the garret, still closely pursued by the villain. Here by some means she alluded her pursuer, and descended by a back stairway. The wretch, nothing daunted, returned from the garret, and having in the mean time pulled off his boots, encountered the intended victim of his brutality in the passage a second time, when he again made an attack upon her, as if determined to accomplish his diabolical purpose. The young lady by her cries at last alarmed the passengers at supper, who instantly flew to a body to her rescue, and pursuing the villain, found him in a chamber up stairs with the door locked. From this retreat he was immediately dragged, and *sans ceremonie* brought to the bottom of the stairs, where he received a most signal drubbing at the hands of the passengers. Having effected his escape, he made for the steam boat wharf where he was pursued and again severely beaten. He finally succeeded in making his escape to a shed some distance off where he was obligrd to pass the night. In the morning he desired to go on board the boat for Baltimore, which in the mean time had arrived, but the passengers refused to admit him, declaring that if he attempted to board the boat, he should be thrown into the river. He loitered about until the arrival of the cars from Newcastle, when he was mercifully suffered to ensconce himself in a wood car and sent off in the direction from whence he came. It was with much difficulty that the exasperated workmen upon the wharf and rail road, who were all much attached to the father of the young lady, could be restrained from doing him further violence. It is said that the perpetrator of this attempted outrage upon the person of a highly respectable young lady, was known to the passengers to be a certain clerical personage from Harrisburg Pennsylvania.

A CONVERSING INSTRUMENT.

A foreign paper mentions that an artist at Carlsruhe, has succeeded in inventing an instrument which imnitates perfectly the sounds of the human voice, and can be made to pronounce words, variously and distinctly modulated! The mechanism consists of a series of levers, put into action by touching certain keys, which are sixteen in number, and resemble the keys of a harpsichord. Every touch of a key produces elementary sounds, which serve to compose the word required—and whoever plays on the instrument, can make it converse at will.

Flint once wrote a story called the "Talking Potato." but Maconpin, the hero of it, was by no means a vegetable. Even if he had been, he would scarcely have been a greater curiosity than the talking piano forte of Carlsruhe, which only wants the "cork leg" to "walk and talk ginger blue." We shall, however, take the liberty of doubting the conversational powers of the instrument until we hear them. So many wonderful inventions are reported in various parts of the world, which are heard of, but never seen, that credulity is becoming threadbare, and even if the achievement referred to, has been accomplished, *cuibono?* There is by far too much talking upon this muddy planet already, without teaching boxes of machinery to gabble too. It would, however, be convenient, in some respects, to save the wear and tear of lungs. An orator, deficient in voice, might sit down, at his ease, play his speech most musically, and never puff or blow. The effect would be rather curious certainly; but we would soon become accustomed to seeing the speaker mount the rostrum with a hurdygurdy hung round his neck, silent himself, but touching the keys to all the variations of political oratory. "Speaking for Bunkum," as the Washington folks say, would, under these circumstances, be a much less fatiguing operation than it is at present, and if by further improvements, the talking instrument could be made to go by steam, while listening machines were likewise invented, it would tend greatly to the simplifying of legislation, and to the cheapening thereof.

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

The death of this distinguished man took place in New York several months since. The editor of the Metropolitan, in a short notice of his eventful life, records the following scene, in which he was chief actor.

An anecdote is recorded of his forensic courage at this time which strickingly illustrates the dignity and moral firmness of his character. At one of the government prosecutions before the bloody Norbury, a subponed witness was brought to prove, what was then the seal of condemnation and death, that the prisoner was a United Irishman, and had administered the secret oath of the Society, involving the penalty of death, to others, according to the form which was produced. A leer of satisfaction never absent from his face while the death of his victim was in prospect, lighted up the bloated eye of the judge, when the intrepid counsel took the paper in his hand, and in an emphatic tone which commanded and arrested attention, he called upon the court and jury to hear the oath, for taking and administering which they were about to condemn a fellow creature to the gallows; he then to the astonishment of all, mounted the witness box, and read with a voice, of which the loud and earnest tones were rendered still more impressive by his manner, "*In the presence of God, I do voluntarily declare I will persevere in endeavoring to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of every religious persuasion, and that I will also persevere in my endeavors to obtain an equal, full and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland.*"

He paused a moment, looked up to the jury and the judge, and then while the attention of every one was rivetted on him turned round to the witness by his side—

"Is this the only oath the prisoner at the bar administered to you?"

"It is"

"Is the taking of this oath, the only ceremony required to make an *United Irishman?*—"

"It is."

The advocate looked at the judge, the jury, and the court, and lifting the Bible from the desk before him, while his commanding figure was raised to the fullest height, he strongly repeated again those memorable words—solemnly kissed it, and said "SO HELP ME GOD"—I now call your lordship and the jury to bear witness that I, too, am an United Irishman. He then turned to the Crown Lawyer and added—"Mr. Attorney General, you may file process, if you please, there is no need for perjury in your witness."

The effect was irresistible, he left the box and sat down—and almost immediately after the prisoner was acquitted, but from that time Sampson was marked out for sacrifice.