CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. X. "THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE." NO. 668.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, April 22, 1837. NUMBER 31

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.

From the Saturday Courier.

WASHINGTON'S NAME.

A NATIONAL SONG.

By Dr. M'Henry.

Oh! strong was the cement of patriot affection,
That these happy States in firm union allied;
Time only more closely shall draw the connexion,
Which traitors in vain shall attempt to divide.
The federal hand as we ever have found it,
Prolific of blessings, shall still be the same;
And heroes shall for a strong bulwark around it,
While their hearts glow with rapture at Washington's name.

That heaven-borrowed standard, the symbol of union,
Each patriot citizen glories to view;
'Tis the badge that displays the illustrious communion
Of States independent, united and true!
Oh! we never abandon the bright constellation
That led us to victory, freedom and fame;
But a rampart we'll form round the laws of our nation,
While our hearts glow with rapture at Washington's name.

The sire of his country, how dearly he loved us,
A long life of patriot exertion can tell;
Then, O! when he left us, it surely behooved us
To print on our hearts such a father's "farewell."
That divine Constitution he left as his blessing,
While virtue one spot in our bosoms can claim,
We'll defend, all our feuds and divisons suppressing,
At the heart-warming influence of Washington's name.

FORMER TIMES.

BY L. E. L.

We meet not in the valley
Where we were wont to meet;
Where the little brook was flowing,
And the birds were singing sweet.

Our treasures were the lilies
That open to the spring,
Or the purple feathers falling
From the peacock's wing.

We were young, and we were happy:
The present was our own,
The past was not remembered,
The future was unknown.

The music of the river,
The dear blue sky above,
Filled the inmost heart within us
With happiness and love.

We had a thousand fancies,
And we had not a care—
Lifes hours were stealing round us,
While dreaming what they were.

We read old tales of fairies
And half believed them true,
The fortune of our future
Had, at least, enough to do.

Youth's clear and far horizon
Affords such ample scope,
And we, too, had our fairy,
The early fairy—hope.

We had some thought of changes
Whene'er that future came;
But it was still, in changing,
To find our heart the same.

I linger o'er those moments
With a true and fond regret—
As we watch the last faint colors
Of a sun that long has set.

No friendships are unselfish
As those which first we knew:
So linked by pleasant memories—
So generous and so true.

The best of those affections
We form in after hours,
Are the faint and chilling perfume
Of the after-growth of flowers.
We have fallen from each other,
Have changed and disagreed;
Our lips are closed and careless,
Of love we have no need.

The world has entered in us,
We doubt where once we dreamed;
We have learnt the bitter lesson,
There is nothing what it seemed.

Oh, lone and silent valley,
Thy loveliness is o'er;
For youth, hope and affection,
Return to thee no more.

NEW ENGLAND ARISTOCRACY.

The following is part of an article in the latest number of the North American Quarterly Review. It relates to the schools of the New England character, also the feelings sometimes entertained towards that character:

We are not sorry to have this topic brought in our way, connecting itself, as it does, with some points on which we were touchig in our last number. We there had occasion to remark upon complaints, current in certain quarters, respecting some supposed peculiarities of the New England character. There are others, which, from time to time, have come under our notice, and probably under that of most of our readers; and they happen to be of that kind, that if they could be substantiated, they would prove the population in question, to be not only very blameable on other accounts, but to be capable of resisting, with a superhuman perversity, some of the most imperious influences under which character is formed. Till all signs fail, it may be safely predicted, that, of a people circumstances in childhood and youth like that of New England, few will be found manifesting, in later life, either the arrogance and naraowness of a caste on the one hand, or a servile deference to the opinions and wishes of associates on the other.

Aristocracy, for instance, in New England! In New Fngland, of all places in the world, where, by the fast coloring chemics of the common schools, the boys are all dyed in the wool with democracy;—not in some convention al sense, which, in one or another part of the country, the word may have in this year or in that; but with the conviction and the feeling of an equality among men, except so far as merit makes a difference. Aristocracy in New Fngland! where, in the collisions and friendships and rivalries of childhood, collected in masses, not divided into ranks, the very last thing thought of is the distiction between more or less pocket money or a homelier or gayer dress, and the *squire's* son is no better than the day laborer's, unless he happens to be able, which it is he will not, to get a longer lesson, or strike a harder blow. We are not arguing to clods, or we would take more pains to show, that, in such associations, it is the bright, and the bold, and the amiable who will take the lead, and not the high born, if such an element there were; and that the different experiences of later life will be incompetent to undo the discipline there applied, and quell the spirits there engendered, and make the one class craven, and the other domineering. Till we have men among us, who never were boys, or till our boys are brought up in a different manner from what now prevails, it might seem that we were tolerably safe against any discomfort arising from the overbearing spirit of an aristocracy,

But others, we from time are learning, are of a different mind. Thus speaks a correspondent of the New Knickerbocker, for last October. We give the statement from this source, both because it is the most recent, of the same description, which has happened to come in our way, and because it appears in a work of that class which undertakes and intends a true representation of current opinions of the time. The article is headed 'N. York and New England." Of the latter section it affirms:

"Because the emigrant from her soil is a fine character, it by no means follows that he is so at home. We hazard the assertion that New England is a land of petty aristocrats. Is any one so ignorant to suppose, the reverence for rank and title, which the pilgrims brought from England, could be done away by the mere intervention of the Atlantic ocean? We refer not particularly to the Plymouth band, but to the early population of the east. They had nursed, in their mother's milk, a love for show, a respect for birth; their being had been imbued with these feelings, and they insensibly taught them to their children."

Again,

"The widest distinctions in society were known at the time of our revolution, and served to hasten it on. Old habits have continued to this day; and there is throughout the States east of the Hudson, a family pride,—select circles,—upper and lower class doctrine, at war with the spirit of our institutions, and the general advancement of that section in intelligence, manners and refinement. Consequently, we find there, one class eminently distinguished for eloquence, learning and taste, while the great body of the people are inferior, much inferior, to the general level of American character. The upper class are often too refined to attend to their political duty. They are too much immersed in letters and pleasure, too sublimated to descend to the vulgar arena of elections. They may talk of public affairs, erect monuments to distinguished men, give of their abundance to all the showy, magnificent operations of the day, and yet do this with an exclusive spirit, and with a haughty patronage, that robs the thing of all republican odor."

Yet once more:

"That people should set themselves up as grandees, look down upon the working clases, instruct their children by example and precept, to give themselves airs, and make them believe they are of a higher race than the rest of their countrymen, is shocking and disgusting in a country where merit is acknowledged to be the only path to respectability, and where poverty is felt to be no disgrace.

"Here is a coil, my masters!" The author dates from a place which we suppose is somewhere in the interior of the empire State; and the vagueness of his terms makes it necessary to presume that he has not had opportunity for personal observations on the state of society which they rebuke. Accordingly, we mean not the smallest disrespect to him, be he who he may, when we say that the sort of people with whom this *persiflage* originates, are simply those who have been piqued into giving it currency, in consequence of not finding in New England that standard of social rank, on which they rely to give themselves the consideration they demand. A visitor comes thither, without any apparent claims of intelligence, virtue or refinement, but with the reputation of being "good" on change. If he commits himself so far as to assume any thing on this ground, he finds reason, perhaps, to suspect that the cold shoulder is shown him; at all events, the New England world is not accustomed to stand against at any such apparition, and he goes away swelling with indignation at its impenetrable aristocracy. Or, a brother of Sir Plume,

——"O! amber snuff box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

he looks for great effects to an exhibition of himself which really reflect great credit on nobody but the tailor and hair dresser who made him. He appears in the barbaro puritan city of the east, and if he is nothing but well dressed, not a fan nor a heart knows a single added flutter; and the view of an aristocracy, which chills even madenly enthusiasm, is wormwood to his more enlightened spirit. Or, having been lifted as high on the shoulders of a mob, as that stature of which 'the mind' is not 'the measure' can reach, he falls in with such as have little awe for official dignity, except as it has been attained by merit, or been made the means of conscientions public services; and the sight of their aristocratic phlegm moves his republicanism to boisterous lamentation.

A "reverence for rank and title,' 'respect for birth,' 'family pride,' 'grandees,' who 'look down upon the working classes,' in New England! 'Tell that to'—the part of the crew that does not sail the ship.—'Rank and title,'! Every body knows, or may know, that with us the rural squire (and not a few of them are there) is company for the governor—and the priest or the schoolmaster for either; and the hard handed worthy man, who built the house they meet in for them all. They are avowedly and actually fit companions, and (if need be, as it often is,) equal opponents for each other, in the cares of public life. They are avowedly and actually fit companions at the hospitable board. 'Respect for birth'! Our blood is all one stream. It makes our union, not our division. It is that which in the olden day, in times when union was never closer nor more needful, stained full many a cavalier's sabre on the other side of the water, and full masy a savage tomahawk, in these western wilds; the same red, warm, honest, Puritan fluid, which has always been so shy of any place in a villain's veins, and so quick to mount when battle was to be done for principle and freedom. 'Family pride'! If inequalities of condition among us as to property,—the only thing in which a distinction could exist,—were much greater than they are, the seven generations of New England have given time for some such ups and downs, as hardly admit of any loud assertion of such a feeling on the one hand, or any very cordial toleration of it on the other. They have given some opportunity for such repetition of the wise man's spectacle, as is apt to occur, where there are no laws of entail, to interfere with the levelling operations of nature,—'servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth.' In New England, only with some checks arising from less volatile temperment, and more frugal prevailing habits, the progress and decline of family fortunes has been essentially the same as in other places, where a similar freedom for advancing and running one's self has been enjoyed. The first generation has stood behind the the counter. The second, retaining the habits to which it was early formed, and possesing every advantage of education, has adorned with all elegances, as well as often with all virtues, the station in which it entered upon life; the third has been to drive, four in hand, to the bottom of the strong box; and the fourth, educated without method or good example, and mortified by its 'false position,' has had much harder work to rise, if it were so disposed, than did the founder of the domestic dynasty. And however it may be in less permanent communities, where people 'come like shadows, so depart,' hereabouts we know each other too well, and have too good memories, to favor the purposes of any who would be inclined to fall out with the ladder they rose by, even if our habits of estimating character did not lead us to respect the fortunate heir, who should chance to have nothing else to recommend him, much less than we respect the memory of the honest and capable man, who gathered for him the means to make his coxcombry conspicuous.

There is hereditrry wealth in New England. But for the most part, the rich men of its cities are those who have come to them from the country, poor, and have made their way by industry and talent, and the qualities which make it honorable to rise. In many communities, this process, however desirable else, would bring vulgarity forward into the high places of society. Here it is not so. Poor, these adventurers were when they started in life, compared with what they have made themselves. But they did not, therefore, rise from the kennel. The furtherest possible from it. They came from their native villages, the sons of families, who were there as good as their neighbors, and as much trained to refinement of mind and manners. Accordingly they brought with them no danger that they would shame the prosperity they might attain. They brought with them a liberality of sentiment, which adorns their prosperity, and makes it a public benefit. The *hunks*, (we have to be indebted to English dramatic literature for the term, because, in the richest part of this country, scarcely having the thing, we have found no occasion for the name,) the hunks is a specimen of our motley nature, of which we know little, except by hearsay. No doubt there may possibly be, now and then, a person just wise enough to make some momey, yet foolish enough to think too much of it, and too much of himself on its account. But even such a person takes care to be incommunicatively 'alone in his glory,' unless he is very patient of the mortification which would be sure to follow on the expression of it. 'Grandees,' who 'instruct their children to give themselves airs, and make them believe they are of a higher race than the rest of their countrymen!'—For the curiosity of the thing we would gladly travel to any part of New England, to see one of those children of a grandee practising upon his august parents' discipline, and mark the reception it would meet. Why, nothing is more notorious than that the richest and best named father, with all the influence of his worth, not to say of his wealth, cannot so much as keep his son on a footing in good society, if the youth is known to be a profligate. Loss of caste is the inevitable penalty. And on the other hand, how vast must be the influence of blood and guineas, when any one, who has actually been in the good society of New England, knows that he has habitually met there the distinguished male and female teacher of youth, on a perfectly equal footing with the highest of the circle; we do not say merely their honored guest—for hospitality may be but patronage,—but exchanging with them, on perfectly equal terms, the attentions that belong to an elegant social intercourse. This is nothing to boast of. It is no more than sensible and cultivated people find to belong to their own position, and their own pleasure, an well as that of others. But the fact furnishes an awkward text for such an expounder of national character, as the writer from whom we have just been quoting.

FROM THE N. Y DAILY EXPRESS, APRIL 8,

Things as they are, and their causes.

We are where every Whig press in the country, in 1832 and 1834, predicted we should be. If the mantle of prophecy had fallen upon them from above, they could not have been more accurate than time has proved them to be. The Government began an experiment. We foretold that it would bankrupt the country, and it is doing it. We foretold that it would treble the bank capital of the country, and disorber all regular business, and it has done. We foretold that it would increase the rates of interest, and throw the multitnde into the grasp of the usurers, and it has done it. We foretold all that happened, and is daily happening; we forewarned the Government—and yet forwarned, the mad cry was, "*Perish credit*"—"*Perish commerce*"—"*The Experiment must go on.*"

A hundred thousand causes are assigned for the present state of things; and it *is* true that many causes have brought us where we are; but follow results to their fountain-head, and the action of Government, it must be ever seen, is the proximate cause. *Ovetrading*, the Globe and other Aministration journals say, is the cause. Well, if we grant this, who stimulated this overtrading? Who was the cause of the creation of the bank capital upon which it is spposed to be founded? Assuredly the Government; for the Government struck down one bank, which regulated the exchange of the Union, and hundreds have sprung upon its ruins, Virginia (who is more faithful?) even now is creating bank capital. Missouri, (et tu Brute! why does not Benton say?) has given us a bank of $5,000,000; and Mississippi has voted a bank of $15,000,000. Even States strong attached to this specie currency Administration feel themselves under the necessity of creating bank capital to do the business of the country. It ought to have been foreseen—and the Administration was repeatedly forewarned—that the withdrawal of the capital and circulation of the United States Bank would lead to a rivalry in the creation of state Bank capital, which capital, when thus created, would stimulate enterprise and speculation to the utmost possible verge.

The Whig of this country told the Administration that the deposit banks could not regulate the domestic exchanges, the regulation of which is of the utmost importance to all the operations of trade.—They *huve not*, and they *cannot;* and it is this great difficulty in the transfer of money which now creates much of our embarrassment. The Whig press told the Administration that foreign capital was necessary for a new country, with great undeveloped resources, and the Administration raised an outcry against it, & Mr. Rush, aided by the organ of the Government in Washington, has done his best to run down American cerdit in London, and in all Europe. To a certain extent this maliciousness has succeeded. Even Mr. Stevenson, our minister plenipotentiary, thought such an attempt was too bad, and in part came against it. The mischief of distrust, and of all its consequences here, was created. The Bank of England took such nen as Mr. Rush, and such oracles as the Government organ, for good anthority. Mr. Rush in his better days, bad been an American minister, and a Secretary of the Treasury. There was an apparant reason for crediting him and his treason to the business men of this country. The Bank of England in October last commenced an attack upon American credit. The first onset was upon American houses in London. The next was upon American stocks and bills of exchange. The last was upon American cotton. Then the blow reached us; and here was the beginning of the panic that is now frightening People out of their senses.

Now, when this *overtrading* commenced, stimulated as it was by the two or three hundred State Banks which had been created by the States in a vain attempt to supply the place of the United States Bank, what did the Government do? After it had alarmed all Europe by adopting all manner of means to take away specie from Europe that must go back again, and after its agent in London had cried down American credit there—then, at the very moment when the strong arm of the Government was necessary to sustain the credit of the country at home, and to keep things at least *in statu quo*, it fulminated the Treasury order of July, against the will of Congress, and in violation of the law. It put the Western States under the ban, by allowing the receipts of customs to be paid in bank bills, while the purchases for the pulic lands must be paid in specie.

The effect of this order was instantaneously fatal, not only in the Southern and Western, but in the Middle Atlantic States. It did not stop land speculators: for, whoever has marked the times of the sales, will see that they were prodigious after the issuing of the order. The result was this: it drained New York and all the Atlantic States of specie, and it to the West, to be moved about, under the escort of Government troops, or to be hoarded up in the Western banks. It did no good there, for the banks dare not discount upon it; and as the fact of the non-payment of Western and Southern notes abundantly proves. The Western and Southern States are as sick of it as we are. Now look at the result upon the resnlt upon this deserted city. The importers and jobbers here have credited all the States of the Union more or less.—When they draw upon their debtors in States, the specie order prevent debtors paying them, the bills come back protested; and thus the merchant in New York has to settle not only his bills payable, but his bills receivable! In this condition of things, it is surprising that failures occur? The richer a man in business is, the worse he is off, for he may have $1,000,000,000 in good safe propety, yet, if he owes $40,000 in cash, he may have to fail for he cannot get it.

Thus, whatever way you trace the *cause* of the present unhappy state of things, *the Goverment* is found to be the *proximate* and *primary cause*. The Government is accountable for what *overtrading* there is, for the Government was told, and should have foreseen, that the destruction of the Bank of the United States would lead to a rivalry in the creation of State Banks in the twenty-six sovreignties, over which it had no direct control. The Government should have foreseen that the bank capital of the country would be triple; and if it does not now know, it should know, that every winter, even this bank capital will be expanded by the States. The Government should have foreseen that, in crying down American credit in London, it was crying down American cotton. The Government should have foreseen that the Treasury circular would put it beyond the power of many Southwestern and Western merchants to pay their debts.—But the Government was forewarned of all this, and is accountable for the *crisis*. The Government is our *oppessor*. That which should dispense only bessings, puts chains and clogs upon us. Even now the Government has the audacity to *argue* with us, the People, about the Treasury circle, when we, their masters, through our representatives, have *ordered* its immediate repeal!

The burials in the City of London, during the year 1836, were 18,229—the births 26,255.

Mr. Madison's Papers.—Congress lately appropriated $30,000 for the purchase of Mr. Madison's manuscripts reports of the proceedings of the old Congress, and of the General Convention for forming the Constitution. We learn from the Richmond Enquirer, that the family are preparing for the press five or six volumes of manuscripts, independent of those purchased by the government, including a volume devoted to Constitutional Doctrines, and four or five of Correspondence.

EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE UPON CIVIL LIBERTY.

The statistics of Intemperance in Ireland are so much like those of our own and of every other country where it prevails, that, if we are not now what Ireland is, we are fast verging to that very point; for the effects of Intemperance upon civil liberty may not be lightly passed over.

"It is admitted that intelligence and virtue are the pillars of republican institutions, and that the illumination of schools, and the moral power of religious institutions, are indispensable to produce this intelligence and virtue.

"But who are found so uniformly in the ranks of irreligion as the intemperate?—Who like these violate the sabbath, and set their mouth against the heavens—neglecting the education of their families—and corrupting their morals? Almost the entire amount of national ignorance and crime is the offspring of intemperance.—Throughout the land, the intemperate are hewing down the pillars and undermining the foundations of our national edifice. Legions have beseiged it, and upon every gate the battle-axe rings; and still the sentinels sleep.

"Should this evil advance as it has done, the day is not far distant when the great body of the laboring classes of the community, the bones and sinews of the nation, will be contaminated; and when this is accomplished, the right of suffrage becomes the engine of self-destruction. For the laboring classes constitute an immense majority, and when these are perverted by intemperance, ambition needs no better implements with which to dig the grave of our liberties, and entomb our glory.

"Such is the influence of interest, ambition, fear, and indolence, that one violent partizan, with a handful of disciplined troops, may overrule the influence of five hundred temperate men, who act without concert. Already is the disposition to temporize, to tolerate, and even to eourt the intemperate, too apparent, on account of the apprehended retrtbution of their perverted suffrage. The whole power of law, through the nation, sleeps in the statute book, and until public sentiment is roused and concentrated, it may be doubted whether its execution is possible.

"Where is the city, town, or village, in which the laws are not openly violated, and where is the magistracy that dares to carry into effect the laws against the vending or drinking of ardent spirits? Here then an aristocracy of bad influence has already risen up, which bids defiance to law and threatens the extirpation of civil liberty. As intemperance increases, the power of taxation will come more and more into the hands of men of intemperate habits and desperate fortunes; of course the laws gradually will, become subservient to the debtor, and less efficacious in protecting the rights of property. This will be a vital stab to liberty—to the security of which property is indispensable. For money is the sinew of war—and when those who hold the property of the nation cannot be protected in their rights, they will change the form of government peaceably if they may, by violence if they must.

"In proportion to the numbers who have no right in the soil, and no capital at stake, and no moral principle, will the nation be exposed to violence and revolution. In Europe the physical power is bereft of the right of suffrage, and by the bayonet is kept down. But in this nation the power which may be wielded by the intemperate and ignorant is tremendous. These are the troops of the future Cæsars, by whose perverted suffrages our future elections may be swayed, and ultimately our liberties destroyed. They are the corps of irreligious and desperate men, who have something to hope, and nothing to fear, from revolution and blood. Of such materials was the army of Cataline composed, who conspired against the liberties of Rome. And in the French revolution, such men as Lafayette were soon swept from the helm, by mobs composed of the dregs of creation, to give place to the revolutionary furies which followed.

'We boast of our liberties, and rejoice in our prospective instrumentality in disenthralling the world. But our own foundations rest on the heaving sides of a burning mountain, through which, in thousands of places, the fire has burst out, and is blazing around us. If they cannot be extinguished, we are undone. Our sun is fast setting, and the darkness of an endless night is closing in upon us.'

Remarkable Anagram.—Pilate's question to our Saviour, "What is truth?" in the Latio vulgate stands thus—Quid est veritas? These letters transposed make—Est vir qui adest. "It is the man before thee."—*Sat Currier.*

A raw onion eaten every morning is said to be a sure cure for dyspepsia. The remedy is almost as bad as the disease.

It is stated in the Arkansas Gazette, on the authority of a half bred Choctaw, that an effort is making to unite all the Northern and Western Indians in a war against the United States.

At a late temperance celebration in London, it was stated that there were 300,000 teetotalers in the United Kingdom.