CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. X — "THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE." — NO. 675.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. — CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, June 10, 1837. — NUMBER 39

BY D. P. HOGE.

—TERMS.—

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every *Saturday Morning*, at TWO DOLLARS & 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.

☞Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for every 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.

POETRY.

Extracts from ELKSWATAWA, a new poem, by George W. Cutter, Esq. about to be published at Terra Haute, Indiana:

Where waves the forest forever green
And flowers in bloom are always seen,
Where farther far than the eye can behold
An ocean of crimson, purple, and gold,
Like a carpet from paradise just unroll'd,
The prairie appears, with bower and grove.
Through which the elk and buffalo rove;
And the graceful deer bounds lightly o'er,
Or swims the bright water from shore to shore;
Where the fragrant grass when waved by the breeze,
Like the sun-lit billows of eastern seas,
All radiantly sparkle with every dye
That glows on the earth or blends in the sky;
Where the sun never scorches, the frost never chill's
Where Flora presides o'er the meadows and hills,
Unblasted by Winter, unshrouded by snow,
The wild rose and lily and hare bell grow;
Where the oak is oppressed by the towering vine,
And the earth is illum'd by the glitering mine;
Where fountains of pearl have eternally gushed,
And the voice of the mocking-bird never is hush'd;
Where the forest calm mound of antiquity tells,
And where liberty, glorious liberty! dwells.

* * * *

This land still blooms in the sun's bright ray,
But the race who most lov'd it, oh where are they?
Gone from the forests, the prairie, the stream,
Like the bodyless phantom that people dream;
Like the sparkles that round the cataract play,
Like the mist of the mountain, they're past away!
Their humble homes to the flames were given,
The plough their very hearths hath riven;
Where stood their temples, their altars, their graves,
The town is rear'd or the harvest waves

With helmless brows and bosoms bare,
Those fearless forest warriors came,
And faced the sabies awful glare,
The cannon's crash, the muskets flame.

Their sacred heritage to shield,
They mingled in the carnage red,
Till bulwarks o'er the crimson field
Were reared with heaps of gory dead.

From Labrador's eternal snows,
To Patagonia's frigid strand:
From where the blue Atlantic flows,
To where Kiomi's forests stand;

Of stream or forest, field or flood,
There's not a foot their conqueror owns,
But has been colored with their blood,
Or whitened with their bleaching bones.

And when the awful trump of God,
Dissolving Death's misterious chain,
Shall rend the marble and the sod,
To give each form its soul again;

There's not within the broad domain
A single rood of sea or earth,
But, dy'd with many a stain,
Will give a slaughtered Indian birth.

The rustling leaves are waving free
In the bland and balmy air,
Or flashing their emerald heraldry,
In that watch fire's ruddy glare;

While gorgeous flowers of every hue,
Like orient censors bloom—
And gemm'd with drops of sparkling dew,
Were breathing rich perfume,

For the American Weekly Messenger.

A STRANGER CAME O'ER THE SMILING WAVE.

A stranger came o'er the smiling wave,
To a home beyond the sea—
His step had been with the Indian brave,
In the forests of the free.

His eye had learned its eagle glance,
From the children of the west;
His cheek had felt the scorching beam
Of the broad blue heaven's crest.

His voice had caught from the mountain rill,
Its deep, low music's flow—
Yet proud as the winds around the hill
When the lordly tempests blow.

His footstep fell with a noiseless tread
On the pleasant paths around—
Ye might seek 'mid the silence of the dead,
For the echo of its sound.

For he had come from the bright blue sky,
Where the Indian's scanty band
Still raised to the red moon riding high,
The free, unfettere'd hand.

We gave him the warmth of a sister's clasp,
And woo'd him with love to stay—
We gave him a brother's friendly grasp,
But he went far, far away.

Like a prisoned bird by fate betray'd,
Whose wings are free and wild—
He sighed for the depths of the prairies shade,
And the life of a forest child.

We sped him back to his greenwood home,
And his parting steps we blest—
And the Indian braves again shall roam
With the hunter of the west.

C. H. W.

THE KING OF CLUBS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Clubs were once the prevailing fashion in England,—I do not allude to those convivial assemblies so pleasantly depicted and described in all their varieties by the periodical called 'The Guardian,' but to those criniferous appendages to the head worn by the bucks of that period. Pig-tails and 'knockers' superseded the ponderous 'clubs;' and subsequently, 'crops' were, and have, with little variation, continued to be the mode. Strange! but assuredly of all the goddesses worshiped by the moderns, Fashion has the chief place in their pantheon.

Although of the feminine gender, she most resembles our sober and thrifty merchants—for she is continually 'on the *change*.'

But to return to the clubs. Of all those recorded in modern or ancient times, the club of Hercules stands pre-eminent. The Greeks the first story-tellers in the world, relate innumerable wonders performed by it, and who can doubt *their* veracity? This club, by the way, was no appendage to any human block as before mentioned, but was in itself a solid wooden block gnarled and knotted in a most picturesque manner, and used by Hercules as a 'tool' or weapon of offence or defence, as occasion required. In fact, it was the gigantic grandfather, the 'thumping' Adam of the degenerated race of shilelaghs!

The exploits or labours of Hercules, the King of Clubs, have been frequently related before in simple prose and lofty rhyme. If we for a moment considered that we could not tell the tale more pleasantly, we would at once abandon the theme; but we think we can—and prove too, most indubitably, that our King of clubs was a trump!

Know then, most erudite reader, that Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, Juno, the haughty and imperious wife of Jupiter, delivered one of her longest 'curtain-lectures' on the occasion, and would willingly have sent the interesting illegitimate to the foundling or the workhouse, had such asylums for disowned bantlings existed at that romantic period. Jupiter's thunder was paralysed and silenced by her sweet voice, and

"He scratched his ear, the infallible resource
To which embarrassed people have recourse;'

and, we are sorry to add, that the affectionate Juno scratched his face. For the sake of public decency we will, however, draw a veil over these domestic squabbles, which how interesting soever they may be to the parties concerned, are offensive to the delicate eye of decorum. Finding that all her rage fell upon him, like a flash of lightning upon a conductor, she desisted from her loquacious persecution; but, being always attended by her favourite bird the peacock, she, of course, had 'all her eyes about her,' as they say in the vulgate.

Hercules was still in his cradle—that is, as still as most infants generally are in that situation—and Juno resolved to send him some 'playthings.' Her first idea was a 'rattle'—and, as Jupiter confessed, she certainly possessed an extraordinary one of her own—but upon mature consideration she made an addition to her intended present and subsequently gave master Hercules a couple of rattlesnakes. How injudicious are the gifts of some people! They might have bitten him; and Juno, to whom this same probability had occurred, returned hastily to his apartment to see if they really had; and, to her dismay, he held the stout little fellow grappling them tightly by the throat and tossing them about his cradle as limp as a pair of list garters! He had strangled them! This was his first *feat* before he could run alone! He soon outgrew his pinafores, and in course of time arrived at manhood. The enmity of Juno, however, still unrelentingly pursued him; and, although a muscular youth, he would willingly have accepted the situation of errand-boy to Jupiter, but the place was already filled by Mercury.

His want of favour at court was a bar to credit, and none of the Stultzes of the day would measure him for a suit; instead, therefore, of splendid clothes, his station and degree, he got into idle habits. His moral character was still unimpeached, and being naturally of an ardent and romantic temparament, he resolved to sally forth as a knighterrant, and, if possible to knock down tyranny and oppression, and pick up a livelihood. His valour was indomitable—his strength incomparable. Tearing up an oak by the roots, he fashioned it into a formidable club, and throwing it carelessly across his shoulders—with no other burthen than his domestic griefs—he wandered into the forest of Nemea.

Aurora had just drawn the purple curtains of her couch in the east, and looked with a radiant and blushing countenance upon the world, when a roarer—in the shape of a monstrous lion—rushed rampantly through a leafy brake upon the astonished Hercules. He grasped his club and calmly awaited the approach of his voracious enemy. With mane erect, and lashing his swarthy sides with his tosseled tail, he bore down upon our hero. His loud voice rang through the forest, and made the affrighted echoes shrink in terror and dismay. At one tremendous bound he sprang upon his intended victim. The situation of Hercules was awful; but he saluted his antagonist with a firmness and decision that were irresistible. His next spring proved the 'winter of his discontent;' for the renowned club fell so *pat* upon his skull, that he rolled over on his back and extended his huge paws in the most tranquil state of peace and insensibility.

'The first and the best hit I ever made in my life,' exclaimed Hercules, leaning on his club, and gazing cauticusly upon the lion. 'He came and—he is gone! And now, most royal beast, having given thee a dressing, thou shalt return the compliment." And stooping down, he undressed poor Leo in a *jiffy*.

Enveloping himself in the royal robes, which really fitted him to a hair, he surveyed himself, like another Narcissus, in the natural mirror of an adjacent puddle!

'Really, now,' said he, 'there is a vast difference between a *bare* skin and a lion's skin! This is truly an enviable acquisition, and my trunk, like a traveller's, is certainly the better for the hairy covering.

Having uttered this self-gratulatory soliloquy he threw his club over his shoulder again and departed, leaving the dead body to an inquest of the ravens.

Pursuing his journey, he met with few incidents worthy of remark, until he came to the Lake of Lerna. Stooping to slake his thirst, for habit and necessity had both contributed to make him a temperate man, what was his surprise on beholding the seven-headed Hydra squinting maliciously at him with her fourteen eyes! 'Well! this beats rattle snakes all to nothing!' exclaimed Hercules, his mind recurring to the memorable exploit of his babyhood.

Proudly arching her necks, she extended her jaws. "Ho! ho!" cried Hercules, "I suppose, Madam, by showing your teeth, like a beauty, I am to conclude that you wish to engage me."

Now, as he was indubitably the most "striking" character of his day, this was a very probable conclusion; and he forthwith gallantly saluted the Hydra with such admirable effect that one of her seven heads dropped off. Presto! another sprang up in its place! which so tickled Hercules, that he burst into a fit of laughter.

"Why, this is boy's play," said he;" "one down the other come on, practically illustrated under seven heads!"

The conflict, however, became beyond a joke, and Hercules retreated up the strand, followed by the Hydra. Bravely he fought, and never had the seven headed serpent beheld such a display of muscles on that strand before! Finding herself completely out of her element, she turned towards the lake; when Hercules, taking advantage of her position, struck her dexterously on the tip of her tail, and she dropped down stone-dead before she had time to think of her latter end. And so both her tail and her history were appropriately finished with a wood-cut! Her *dyeing*, however, did not cease with her death, for her blood completely crimsoned the lake of Lerna.

Hercules having dined, "with his club" continued his journey in search of adventures. He had not travelled far before he fell in with the celebrated Erymanthian boar,—an animal of astonishing size and ferocity. His enormous tusks and bristles were alone sufficient to have made tooth-brushes for a whole generation! No sooner had Hercules caught his eye, then he uttered a loud and sonorous grunt, and rising from the mire in which he had been taking his *siesta* or afternoon's nap, he trotted unwieldily towards him.

"I'm not given to porke," said Hercules, "but, i'faith, here is pork given to me. I bear an oak, but my oak bears no acorns for his entertainment. He seems well fed, however, although, from the muddiness of his hide, I'm sure a little 'wash would do him no harm."

He had scarcely pronounced this soliloquy, of which the foolish wild boar understood not a syllable, when he was compelled to act promptly on the defensive, for a thrust from the tusks of his porkine foe threatened to make an awful dent in his legs.

"Egad," exclaimed he, "I must keep my legs at any rate, for I've really such a run of business in the fighting line, that I shall not be able to keep pace with my customers." And he straightway made such an impression on the grunter's carcass, that he lay kicking in a most unromantic and inelegant attitude at the feet of his victor.

Hercules had heard much talk in the neighbourhood of the quarrelsome conduct of his prostrate foe, and, for the sake of future quiet, was resolved to bind him down to keep the peace. With this charitable intention toward mankind, he proceeded to cord the legs of the boar

"There now," said he, after completing his operations, "that is what one may call hamstringing. I have taken especial care, too, not to tie up his legs with a running knot. But, lest my bristly friend may alarm any wanderers on this track, I think it were better to put him out of the way."

And, prompted by this kindly feeling, he raised the boar in his arms, and carrying him to an adjoining precipice, dropped him gently over!

The whole of the following year our doughty hero recreated himself in hunting, with no other pack than that in which he carried his provisions: he pursued on foot a hind consecrated to Diana; and a most extraordinary animal it was, having feet of brass and horns of gold. By-the-by, horns of gold is rather an Hibernicism; we should have said antlers. He finally came up with the *deer* creature, and brought it down: and never before or since was hind hunted by such a gallant buck!

He next killed or dispersed the Stymphalides (certain birds of the vulture genus, which fed upon human flesh); at least they were never afterwards known to send their bills into any man!

Women were, are, and ever will be, averse to clubs; and, notwithstanding the Amazons were all warlike women, they spoke very slightingly of the club of Hercules. Their contempt naturally provoked him; and single handed he engaged the whole host of female combatants. Their military tactics and discipline proved unavailing; he effectually put them to the rout, and took prisoner Hyppolita their queen.

"Ah! you coward!" exclaimed the royal and disconsolate Amazon, "would you strike a woman?"

"Nay," said Hercules, bowing most gracefully; "if you will act like men, you must expect to be treated as such. Although your charms certainly declare that you were born to strike all men, it must be after a more amiable mode than that which you have practised. Throw aside these warlike arms, for those delicate hands were intended for other *bows* than those you use so cruelly. Women's eyes and tongues are their natural weapons,—their modesty their best defence."

And having finished this lecture, Hercules, like many other lecturers, led away his hearer.

As in all these exploits Hercules had proved himself a stalwart man, so, in his next achievement, did he indubitably prove himself a *stable* boy, for in one day he perfectly cleansed the stalls of Augeas, which had not been emptied for thirty years, though three thousand oxen were continually lodged in them. The most gigantic broom that ever was made would have been completely stumped in such a proceeding; our hero, therefore, wisely had recourse to a more summary and efficient mode, for he actually turned a river into the stable, and washed it out as cleverly as any scullion would a dirty saucepan.

He had no fear, and was the identical man to take the bull by the horns on every occasion, and chance soon gave him an opportunity of exemplifying the truth of this remark. Happening to be in Crete, he heard the lamentations of the people, daily harassed by a furious bull. 'Show me the beast,' he cried, 'and if I do not beat him to the tenderest beef in the kingdom, henceforth call me a calf.'

But he had no need of their assistance in pointing out the object of their terror, for the bull showed himself. On he came, like some knight in a tournament, with a flourish of horns!

'Fly!' exclaimed the people in dismay, at the same time scattering in every direction.

'Fly?' cried Hercules, contemptuously; and raising his club, he took such a correct aim, that he hit the bull's eye, and completely turned him round. Catching him by the tail, he then pursued the bellowing animal over the plain, beating such a tattoo upon his ribs that he would willingly have left his tail behind him, (a very natural inclination,) to have escaped from the merciless drubbing of Hercules; but the faster he ran the faster he held him, till at last the bull being completely tamed, fell sprawling and helpless at his victor's feet. The grateful Cretans gathered about him, loudly applauding his valor. They declared that they had never witnessed such a sight before.

'No!' said Hercules; 'why beef and batter is a common dish in my country. But you have now nothing to apprehend; he'll never run at man, woman or child again, depend on't; therefore you need neither care nor fear a rush! for he's completely cowed!'

Still thirsting for adventure he travelled into Thrace, where the cruel tyrant Diomede then swayed the sceptre.—There his fame having outstripped his legs, he was graciously invited to a royal banquet. Hercules accepted the polite invitation, and seated himself among the company.

Now he had ascertained from a private quarter on which he could confidently rely, that Diomede was in the habit of feeding his horses with the flesh of his guests. This pleasant prospect would probably have destroyed the appetite of any other man. But Hercules feared nothing, and feasted away and quaffed goblet after goblet with the most perfect *sang froid*. The conviviality having been kept up till a very late hour, the atrocious host arose and signified his pleasure that his gallant company should retire to their apartments for the night.

Hercules was upon his legs in a twinkling. 'Gentlemen,' said he, smiling, & extending his right hand oratorically, & clutching his club manfully in his left; 'gentlemen, what I am about to propose I am sure will meet with general applause and approbation—(hear, hear!) Although a wayfarer and a stranger in the land, I have not only been greatly honored, but most graciously received—(hear!)—Those whom I have the honor to address I believe are equally strangers here, and therefore must feel as I feel on this occasion—to me the proudest moment of my mortal existence.' (Shouts) Diomede coughed, and modestly turning away his head to hide his confusion, said, sharply. 'Waiters leave the room.'—'Gentlemen,' continued Hercules, 'there are times when the exuberance of a man's feelings overcomes his utterance; but neither wine nor gratitude have power to stultify mine. Gentlemen, the individual I am about to name is a man of the most extraordinary taste—(hear, hear!) Yes, the gentle Diomede is not only delighted to feed his guests, but never fails to feed his horses—(bravo!)—*with his guests!*"

(A thrill of horror ran through the assembly. *Diomede started from his chair* as if he had accidentally sat upon a pin.)

'Gentlemen—Draw your sword, and keep fast the doors. Monster!' continued Hercules. 'I know you, and have no inclination to be cut into bits for your horses' mouths (for *race* horses ought to have *coarser* food!) Nay, I have a great disinclination to have even my corn cut for their entertainment. I therefore attach you as my prisoner.—Stir not a peg, or I brain you with my club! No! thou cruel anticipator of the Inquisition that will hereafter be! thou shalt not put either me or these innocent gentlemen to the rack." And then gently tapping the tyrant on the head, he bound him hand and foot, and accompanied by the whole company, threw him into a dungeon in his own castle, to the admiration of all his vassals, and the delight of the whole kingdom.

Having got his hand in, Hercules went over to Spain, where Geryon, a cruel giant with three bodies (representing, I suppose, King, Lords and Commons,) wore the royal crown; and our hero, who cared for nobody, unceremoniously 'cracked his crown,' and was unanimously thanked by the people for the change."

Cockagee cider was the favorite 'tipple' of our Man of Might, and being informed that the garden of Hesperides produced the best apples in the world for the manufacture of the sparkling beverage, he passed the mile stones like a tandem in order to procure a crop.

He found, however, that his waggish informers had endeavored to put a trick upon him; for, lo! and behold, the golden fruit was guarded by a scaly dragon.

'This is a poser, however!' exclaimed Hercules, standing on tiptoe and peeping at the monstrous guard, who was quietly munching the windfalls. 'No matter! danger is the only hone on which valor sharpens his steel. The adventure is worth at least a trial, especially as the fruit of victory is displayed so temptingly before me."

And striding cautiously into the garden, he gave the dragon such a salute upon the back as almost at once turned the scales in his favor.

The struggle now became desperate; the claws of the battered dragon convulsively plouged up the earth, and he was evidently suffering from the pain of his bruises. Hercules, naturally tender hearted and compassionate, was resolved to put him out of his misery as quickly as possible; big with this charitable intention, he leaped upon his back, and at one blow beat his enormous head as flat as a buffin!

Resting from his toil, he regarded the intinguishable features of the dragon with a smile.

'By the holy poker!' cried he, 'I think that last blow has put the creature completely out of countenance! Sure now, his own mother would not recognize him; that is, if he had one, which, by the by, is a matter of litte importance, as I have at any rate made a *mummy* of him!'

Having accomplished this affair, and refreshed himself for several days in the beautiful gardens of the Hesperides, Hercules took it into his head to pay a visit —that is, he went, as nurses say to little children, to the naughty place'—the entrence to which was at that time guarded by Cerberus, the triple headed dog.

What on earth could possibly induce a man of his rank and acknowledged ability to let himself down so we cannot imagine; but go he certainly did—and what is more, stole away the watch dog!

It was a mad freak at best, and tended to effect a material change in the mortality of the world; for it unfortunately removed one of the obstacles in the way of mankind, who have a natural inclination to run headlong in that particular direction.

This was almost the last remarkable action performed by this extraordinary man; for being badly off for soap, and too poor to pay a washerwoman, he was compelled to wash his own garments, & one day having put them on before they were perfectly aired, he caught a severe cold, accompanied by a shivering and other symtoms of an ague fit. No other sudorofic being within reach, he kindled a large fire of the dry branches of trees, & seating himself beside in order to promote perspiration, he unfortunately fell asleep, and rolling into the midst of the flames was completely consumed—and thus one of the greatest heroes that ever existed, ended in smoke!"

A PRECIOUS PAIR.—New York is certainly doomed to be made the scapegoat of every knavish politician who thinks proper to court her favours; and as an evidence of this, we gave on Monday, an extract of a letter from our "*Commercial Representatives*" CHURCHILL C. CAMBRELENG, to the Comptroller of the State. It appears however, that, that *notorious* personage, has at least one humble follower among the members of the Assembly from this city We allude to Mr. FRANCIS B. CUTTING, who a few days since, declared at a public table in Albany, that he had "the knife ready to cut the *throats* of all the Banking Institutions in this city."—and then added, "*If only half* "the community would be crushed to "powder, I would cut away, and refuse to vote for the Relief Law; but as "the *whole* would be ground to dust, "I *may* vote in its favour.

We have no commentary to make, either upon the elegance of the figure employed to convey his hostility to the people, or the character of the sentiments he so publickly avowed. In our estimation, he can fall to no lower than that which places him in the same position with C. C. CAMBRELENG,—*N Y Courier.*

PRENTICE says that from every indication, the locomotive of public opinion has its steam up, and advises Mr. Van BUREN to get out of the way, or the cars may pass over him.

AN EXCELLENT THOUGHT.—The Wheeling Times suggests that Mr. Van Buren can only fulfil his pledge of following the foot steps of his predecessor, by taking the *back track* and crawling out at the same hole the General went in!

The following from the N. O. True American would furnish an appropriate epitaph over the grave of the Perish Credit Party, as it explains the disease which has given them their death.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS,
in the United States of
America,
caused by the wicked
war of the National Government
against the currency
of the country;
a war that carried in its train all the
evils of over-trading, over-banking and
over-bank-making.

A lady was lately waited on by a poor woman who lived in the neighbourhood, and who solicited charity, urging that she had named her child after the lady. "I had understood that the little one was a boy," said the lady. So it is," said the other. "Certainly, then, you could not have given it my name." "I know it," said the other: "but your name is *Augusta*, and I named my boy *Augustus*, which is so near it, that I thought you would give me a new frock for him: and I will do without the apron on account of the difference in the last *syllable*.

EPITAPHS.

ON A BLACKSMITH

My sledge and my hammer lie declined,
My bellows too have lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust all laid,
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done,
My fire dried corps lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke like, soars to behest.

TEXIAN CURRENCY.—According to the statement of a citizen of Texas, as detailed by the New York Commercial, the Texians have a currency which is as good as old gold," but certainly not quite so convenient. The Commercial says:—A gentleman in conversation with a citizen of that beautiful republic, some sime since, asked him, how they supplied themselves with a currency? "Oh," he replied, "we have money enough." "Ah," replied the inquisitor, "what kind of currency have you? Specie, of course—living so near the mines of Mexico?" "Not at all," said the other. "We pay in cows for large sums, and thr w in the calves for change!"