CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. X. "THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE." NO. 678.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, July 1, 1837. NUMBER 42

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.

LOOK BACK.

A country friend has put into my hands the subjoined extract, from an address of the carriers of the New York Commercial Advertiser, Jan 1st, 1821. It is worth re-collecting and publishing at the present time:—Cincinnati Gazette.

Look to the West!—O how unlucky
Is our wild sister Miss Kentucky:
When justice marches forth in beauty,
And judges strive to do their duty,
They strip the first from head to toes,
And seize the others by the nose!
When out of credit out of cash,
They manufactured paper trash,
Reserving to the state "pre-emption,"
Though never thinking of "redemption,"
But soon alas! no hungry sinner,
Could change a dollar for his dinner;
Then follow'd "stop laws" for "relief,"
Which only swell'd the tide of grief;
For through the land at every shop,
The mournful cry of all was "*stop!*"
The doctors stopt in vending pills,
And grocers stopt in chalking bills:
The lawyers stopt their friends to fleece,
And tailors stopt their hissing geese;
And cobblers ceas'd to stop the holes
E'en of their wive's or neighbors' soles,
And debtors stopt in giving bail,
And rogues no longnr stopt in jail;
And last of all—a goodly joke,
'Tis said the very brokers BROKE!
Until at length, with woeful looks,
The've closed alike their banks and books,
Resolv'd that on the New Year's morn,
A bonfire shall their streets adorn,
While off their ragged paper flies,
In hurling columns to the skies!
Not so Ohio!—when in debt,
She flew into a wondrous pet,
Pour'd down a stiff mint julap dram,
She robb'd the bank of Uncle Sam!

NATURE.

By Robert Morris, Esq.

"Nature
That formed this world, so beautiful, that spread
Earth's lap with plenty, and life's smallest chord
Strung to unchanging unison, that gave
The happy birds their dwelling in the grove,
That yielded to the wanderers of the deep
The lonely silence of the unfathomed main,
And filled the meanest worm that crawls in dust
With spirit thought, and love."

Heaven's earliest born and still unsullied child,
Whose smile is morning and whose frown is night,
Around whose brow Earth's earliest roses smiled—
THINE was the glow of beauty—THINE the light
That beamed o'er Paradise, when Woman there,
Fresh from her Maker's hand—a faultless thing—
With dove-like eyes, and shadowy golden hair,
From grovelling beast, or bird on tireless wing,
Won homage as she passed! THINE too the glow
That flush'd her cheek, or beamed from her white brow.

Beauty is thine in all her changing dyes—
Color, and light, and shade, and sound, and song,
Morn's purple hues, and Evening's golden skies—
The whispering summer breeze—the whirlwind strong:
Sight with her starry train, a shining band;
Each wandering meteor of yon trackless deep—
Italia's greenest spot—Zahara's burning sand—
The thunder's roll—the lightning's living leap—
The lark's light note—the murmur of the bee—
All speak of Heaven, of Order and of Thee.

The Seasons are thy handmaids, and the flowers
Fair emblems of thy beauty,—bending grain
Made golden by the sunshine's magic power,—
The howling tempest—and the gentle rain
Of Summer's softer mood,—blossom and fruit—
The bending willow and the creeping vine—
The rattling hail-storm, and the snow-flake mute—
The time-worn oak, the cedar and the pine—
Niagara's roaring Fall—the noiseless rill—
Were Nature's at the dawn—are Nature's still.

Mighty or gentle as may suit the mood—
The whirlwind and the earthquake tell thy power—
Thy hand scoop'd out old Ocean—Etna pil'd;
Bent the first rainbow—painted the first flower!
But loveliest is thy face in Spring's glad hour—
The meadows green, the waters leaping free—
The earth yet wet with morning's dewy shower—
The sunlight beaming o'er the distant sea—
When new born winds their freshness first disclose,
And wanton with the violet and the rose.

Thy temples are upon the lofty steeps
Of Andes and the Appennines--and where
The coral insect toils beneath the deep,
Or the lone Arab pours his soul in prayer.
The meanest intellect—the mightiest mind--
Master and slave alike admit thy power—
Monarch and nation—hero, prince and hind,
Must yield at Nature's tributary hour—
Before Thee forests tremble, mountains nod;
How feeble Art to Thee—"a worm, a god!"

Oh, nature! is it strange the forest child,
The tawny tenant of the boundless West:
With none to lead his mind beyond the wild,
Or point his thoughts to regions of the blest—
Should deem Thy glories god like, and fall down
A savage worshipper? Should see in Thee
The spirit of the leaping cataract—
The power of Life, and Death, & Destiny—
Should, as the light'ning flashes through the sky,
Believe it fire from some immortal eye?

No—rather marvel that the letter'd fool—
The worm whom Heaven has given the power of thought,
Seeing thy glories, and the magic rule
That governs all Thy works—should set at naught
The lessons that they teach—should mock the Power
That call'd from chaos all that mingles here—
The loftiest mountain and the lowliest flower—
Earth, Air and Ocean—each celestial sphere—
Should look from sea to sky—from dust to man—
And see no God in all the wondrous plan!

From the Lady's Book.

AN ADVENTURE AT THE WEST.

"He who loves not his country can love nothing."

BYRON.

"What a romantic spot for any one who admires sweet solitude!' exclaimed Mrs. Hubbard, as the exploring party paused, and the ladies alighted to rest the weary horses

'Secluded but not solitary, madam,' remarked Captain Austin, leaning on his rifle, and glancing his eye around with the air of a man who is confident in his own superior judgment. 'We have no solitudes in America.'

"Dear me! I thought most of this western country was called a solitude; and I am sure we have found it lonesome enough,' said Miss Cunningham, sighing as she seated herself beneath the shade of a large tree.

'What is a solitude?, demanded the Captain, very pompously.

'That would be decided according to circumstances and tastes, I presume,' replied Mr. Hubbard, smiling as he drew the arm of his young wife within his own. 'Now while Mary and I are together we should never find a solitude.

'In my opinion there are only two circumstances which can justify the term as applied to places,' pursued the captain.

'We may call it the solitude of nature when we find no life as in the deserts of Arabia; and where man and his works have been and passed away, it is rightly styled a human solitude;—such are the ruins of Petra, Palmyra and Babylon.'

'Then the mounds in our western country are solitudes, are they not?' inquired Mrs. Hubbard.

'No: because there is no proof that these were ever dwellings of the living,' replied the Captain. 'I know some antiquarians pretend that they have found traces of fortification—but I think these opinions erroneous. They were burial places. True, there must have been inhabitants in the vicinity, but they have left no trace of their existence, except their bones in these mounds. Nature, then, has completely triumphed over the works of man, if, indeed, he ever had subdued her domain, which I much doubt, and nature, as I before remarked, cannot properly be called solitary, while her empire is full of living things. In our pleasant land there is not a single desert solitude.'

'You are still a true American, I find, notwithstanding your long travels and residence in foreign lands,' remarked Mrs. Hubbard.

'Did you imagine I would have less amor patriæ than a Swiss peasant, or that my patriotism was colder than that of an Icelander?' demanded Captain Austin, warmly. 'If the former will pine for his rude home among the sterile hills, even while basking in the sunny vales of Italy, and the latter can believe that his lava-formed and snow-covered mountain's island is the pleasantest spot on earth, shall I be insensible to the high privilege which my birthright as a free citizen of this mighty Republic inspires? No, I assure you, madam, that my foreign residence has increased rather than diminished my love for my native land. One must go abroad to know how to prize our country. It is not so much its freedom as its security, which is the great privilege we enjoy.'

'Why, there are no dangers to be encountered in Europe these days,' remarked Miss Cunningham. A great many gentlemen and ladies from the United States now make the tour of Europe, particularly France and England, I thought it was a most delightful journey."

'Yes, one may travel through those countries if he has regular passports; but in France he must submit to many scrutinizing and troublesome delays. Then there are beggars to annoy you, and thieves and highwaymen you must guard against, if you are so lucky as to escape them. In Italy and Austria you are under strict surveilance; police spies are constantly watching you, and an unguarded expression may subject you to arrest, or an order to quit the country. But those are an Utopia for travellers compared with Asia and Africa. There men are robbers by profession; and, as if these were not scourge sufficient, the wild animals swarm there; ferocious beasts have the undisputed possession of a great part of those continents. Now it is a fact, which I could never make an European philosopher comprehend, that we have scarcely a single species of ferocious animals in all the vast forests of our land. A fierce bear is sometimes found in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, but he rarely attacks our western hunters. I have travelled from Maine to Florida—I have visited every state and territory, except Orregon—and in my wanderings I have never met with an incident to alarm me, nor with an adventure which could be called dangerous.'

'O, mercy! mercy on us!' exclaimed Miss Cunningham, who, in elevating her face to listen to the eloquence of the Captain, had unconsciously gazed into the tree-trop above her head. 'O, save me! save me!' she shrieked, and sprang towards Mrs. Hubbard.

The party, startled by her screams, looked to-wards the tree, and there beheld a panther of the largest size, his eyes glowing like coals of fire, his teeth protruded from his curling lips, and his erected hair betokened the rage and thirst for blood which would soon be satiated by the death of some victim. The horses saw the terrific animal and shook with fear; they were quite as much frightened as Miss Cunningham, though they could not express their terrors so loudly.

Captain Austin might have been a little discomposed at this mal-apropos appearance of a 'ferocious animal' in an American forest, but he was not at all daunted. He raised his unerring rifle. The whole group were breathless with fear or surprise. The next moment the sharp sound of the rifle rang thorugh the old woods, & awakened the deep echoes from the hill side, startling from its quiet haunt many a bird and squirrel, whose peace had never before been disturbed by such a noise in that quiet place.

'There he is, there he is!' shouted Mr. Hubbard, as the smoke from the rifle dispersed; 'there, he is falling! You have another charge, have you not? These creatures are hard to kill.'

While he spoke the panther which had fallen, struggling and shrieking lay wallowing in his gore on the ground. Captain Austin, to make sure of his work, placed the muzzle of the loaded barrel (it was double-barrelled) close to the head of the animal, and discharged it; the creature was dead in a moment.

'You have found a ferocious animal at last, Captain,' said Mr. Hubbard, speaking with a light tone, though he still shuddered at the danger which had been so near and terrific. 'Come, confess that this was an alarming incident.'

'Yes, I confess it, but we can say, as the gallant Perry said of the British fleet on Lake Erie—"we have met the enemy, and he is ours,"'

'But what becomes of your theory, Captain Austin inquired Mrs. Hubbard, smiling. You will surely be obliged to confess to the European philosophers that we have terrible and fierce animals in our country.'

By no means, madam—this is only an exception, which will, you know, prove the rule. At least, these philosophers and statesmen with whom I so often discussed the subject, ought to admit it, for they always sheltered themselves under the exceptions, whenever I contended that a republican government was the best and most conducive to human happiness. Such a government, they would say, may be best for your nation—but your people are not like others. Freedom may be a blessing to the free, virtuous and intelligent, but cannot be conferred on the ignorant, degraded population of old governments, without destroying the very foundations of civilized society, uprooting religion and laws, and producing a state of anarchy and destruction, which the iron rule of a military despot could only subdue. And thus they would continue the system of oppression, and keep the human mind forever shackled, lest its onward movements should be, in the first wild impulse of freedom, irregular and impetuous. But the time will come. The spirit of our young country is now breathing its vigor into the decaying systems of European policy. And surely as the spring brings life and beauty in its train, will that spirit work out the freedom, improvement and happiness of man!'

'And destroy the panthers in his path.' said Mrs. Hubbard.

'Yes, but not without many a terrific struggle, and frequent defeats. Not merely panthers, but lions are in the path of the reformers of the old world. And we feel that our lot is a blessed one, placedas we are in a land where no tyrant has ever ruled, and scarce a single species of ferocious or poisonous animals is found!'

THE FOREIGN SIBYL AND THE BRITISH STATESMEN.

"For it is not the past alone that has its ghosts; each event to come has also its SPECTRUM—its shade; when the hour arrives, life enters it, the shadow becomes corporeal and walks the world.—Thus, in the land beyond the grave, are ever two impalpable and spectral hosts, the things that be, the things that have been."—GODOLPHIN.

At Paris during the early part of the year 1827, and the autumn of 1228 and 2829, resided a lady, whose pretensions and performances caused no light sensation among the novelty-seeking coteries of that capital. Madame du Frambaud was a woman advanced in years, plain in appearance and grave in address.—She spoke in the tone and diction of one who had been accustomed to move in the higher grade of society; but of her decent, connections, plans, and resources no one seemed able to glean the slightest information. She professed to unveil the future: and though her fee was gold, and though she saw those only who waited upon her with a formal introduction from a previous client, the equipages that were found in loitering near her spacious dwelling in Rue de la Paix chez la Barriere eu Roule contained half the beauty and haut ton of Paris

And yet the information she gave was partial and relating to two epochs only in the life of those who consulted her—death and marriage. She would place before you the lively scene and gay appendages of the one; and the languor, gloom, and the restlessness of the other. On neither spectacle was it her custom to offer one syllable of remark. She left her visitant to draw his own moral from the scene.

Among the stangers in Paris at that period were two Englishmen of great, though opposite talent—both ambitious men—each idolized by his respective party—each the sworn champion of a certain set of opinions—both high in the favour of the Sovereign whom they served, and aspiring to the highest rewards which talent and energy could win.—They heard from fifty fair tongues the fame of Madame de Frambaud: and as a mere whim of the moment—an impromptu extraveganza—they resolved to visit the Mystic in disguise, and test her pretensions. They were described in the note of introduction which they presented as 'two American gentlemen, whose stay in Paris must be, under any circumstances, short; whose errand there was some commercial speculation; the issue of whcih might recall them to Philadelphia at a few hours' notice. They entreated, therefore, the favour of an immediate audiance.'

It was granted at once. She received them, as was her wont, in silence. But upon the first who entered her apartment (the younger and by far the more intellectual looking of the two) she gazed long and earnestly.

'You are married, and have two sons and a daughter,' was the off-hand declaration with which she met his bow, 'the scene of your nuptials, therefore, you cannot well have forgotten! That of your demise is the spectacle which I presume you wish to have brought before you.'

'You anticipate me, Madam,' was the reply; 'but such is undoubtedly the object of my present visit.'

'And you, sir,' said she, turning to his compaion, 'are married, but childless!—Do you wish to gaze upon the closing scene of your busy life? Perhaps,' added she, with more of interest and feeling than she generally exhibited, 'you will abondon your intention? Re-consider it.

'By no means: the idea which is gaily courted by my companion, I would also brave.'

'Have you firmness and resolution?—Have you nerve to gaze upon a harrowing spectacle?'

'Without it ought I to have come hither?'

'I am answered. Follow me.'

She led the way, as she spoke, out of the apartment, and the Englishmen followed her. They crossed a small, low passage, passed through a narrow portal; and found themselves in a hall of very considerable extent. It was paved with black marble, and decorated at each end with four slender pillars of the same material. In the centre rose a very large jet black basin filled with dark water to a considerable depth. A cupola or lantern admitted a tempered light from above: and the deep basin was so placed that whatever dayligh the dome admitted fell upon it. But despite of the noble proportions of the hall, the lightness of the pillars, and the fairy tracery of the cupola, there was an air of gloom over the whole apartment. It seemed a fitting scene to communicate tidings of approaching sorrow, separation, silence, death.

'Look on this dark water,' said the conductress, 'it shall speak to you of the future. If death be at a distance, it will sink some feet in every second that you gaze upon it. If your parting hour approaches, it will rise rapidly; and, if the very last sand in life's hour-glass be running it will mount till it is cheched only by the margin. If death shall approach you in the guise of violence, the water will instantly bubble up. If caused by accident, it will change colour once, twice, thrice,—fast as the hues of the rainbow melt into each other and vanish, even while you gaze on them. If death overtakes you by gradual decay, & in the common course of nature, other than a gentle ripple over its surface, no change will the still waters know or tell. You understand me?,

'I do.'

Fully? approach, then, gaze steadily on the dark surface, and it shall mirror to thee fully and faithfully, the future.'

The calmer, and graver and sadder of the two advanced slowly to the margin with a look of mingled curiosity and incredulity which sat strangely on his heavy massive features. In an instant the water rose at least two feet; changed colour rapidly and evidently more than once, and then became dark and motionless as before.

'Ah! not far distant—and by accident?'

The Sibyl made no reply, but merely motioned him by gesture to gaze on.—He did so; and as he looked he beheld a mimic representation of a scene of great confusion. Countless multitudes were assembled—there was running to and fro—horsemen were riding in all directions—the spectators were conversing eagerly with each other, and deep dismay sat upon many a countenance. This faded from the surface, and there was presented to him a small room in what appeared to be a roadside inn. Three or more individuals it contained, to whose persons he was a perfect stranger. But there was one present whose features he instantly recognised—one who was ever dear to him—his wife. Her countenance was calm, but there was stamped on it deep and indescribable distress. Propped up with pillows in the foreground was a figure which his features told was himself. The eye was wandering and and restless. Every feature bore the impresss of intense agony; and the face was overspread with that cold grey tint which surely foretells impending dissolution.—He looked at it steadily a few seconds. He withdrew his gaze for an instant from the fountain, and when he again resumed his observation, the painful scene had wholly disappeared. His enquiring look of astonishment and emotion the Sibyl returned with indifference. The agitation manifested in his countenance was strangely contrasted by the fixed, rigid expression of hers. His appeared a painful struggle with conflicting feellings: her countenance wore its usual air ofcold and impassive indifference.

'That I should see her—that she should be so clearly, accurately, and faithfuly portrayed, is most bewildering!'

'What! it's past a joke?' said the younger of the two, advancing gaily towards the fountain. The answer of the oracle is not palatable, eh? Take your favourite poets advice henceforth:

——Quid sit futurum Cras
Fuge quærere.

But now of me, and to me, what says the future? The water rose a few inches and then became stationary. On its surface next appeared a small chamber, insignificent in its dimensions—scanty in its accommodations—meagre in its furniture—and altogether humble in its comforts and appointments. Gardens seemed to stretch around it; and on the mantle piece he remarked a small bronze clock of singular shape.

'Charles, as I live!' he exclaimed as his eye rested on the lineaments of a youth, who was holding the hand of a sick person, in the full vigour of life, but racked with bodily agony. 'The other figure I conceive to be that, said he, after a pause, 'of Charle's dying father.' 'Tis a painful spectacle,' he continued, turning from the fountain, and I know not what benefit is to be derived from a lengthened contemplation of it. Come, the day wears. We will leave this singular and certainly puzzling exhibition.'

He took his friend's arm as he spoke, and advanced to tender his parting devoirs to the mystic, and with them her fee. The first she returned coldly—the latter she peremptorily refused. 'I am already remunerated, was her startling declaration. 'Sufficient honour for me if I have administered to the amusement'—the bitter emphasis placed on the last word conveyed a meaning which those whom she addressed seemed to feel and shrink from—'of two such state servants of his Britannic Majesty as Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Canning!'

Again, with exquisite mockery, she curtised still deeper and more diferentially than before, and ere they could recover from their surprise, left them.

[It will be recollected that Mr. Huskisson was killed by one of the cars on the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Rail Road.]

From the Boston Transcript.

AN ADVENTURE.

A young man residing near Bangor, in Main, was returning lately from a visit to his lady love. His path lay through woodland, from which, except a few straggling pines, the trees had been cut down and were lying on the ground. He skipped over the stumps and logs with light foot and lighter heart. His fair mistress received him kindly. Suddenly, on leaping over a fallen tree, he found himself within a few feet of a ravenous bear. He sprang to the nearest pine and climbed up, the bear clambering after him. Making good use of his feet, he managed to hurl his savage antagonist to the ground. The bear returned and was again repulsed, carrying with him one of our hero's boots. Bruin ascended a third time and with more caution. The young man, hoping to escape, ascended the tree about fifty feet, and as the bear approched him, attempted to shake him off in vain, as his foot was held by the paws of the infuriated animal, who had now reached the limb and hung suspended by the poor lover's leg. The young man's strength becoming exhausted, he let go his hold on the tree and down they went with a tremenduous concussion to the ground. Our hero struck on the bear and rebounded eight or ten feet distance. Scarcely knowing whether he was dead or alive, he raised himself on his arm and discovered Bruin gazing wildly at him, and evidently *dum founded* by such lofty tumbling.

The affrighted pair sat eyeing each other for some time; when the bear, who was the more severely bruised of the two, shewing no signs of fight, the young man rose and fled leaving his hat and boot behind him, his friend of the shaggy coat casting at him an expressive look, accompanied by a growl and a shake of the head, which convinced our hero, that had it been possible it would have been a shake of the paw. The young lover soon recovered from his bruises, and the fair damsel who had been the indirect cause of the adventure which placed his life in such immediate peril, poured balsam on the wound, and made his heart whole, by naming "an early day."

From the Salem Gazette.

EVANESCENCE OF PROPERTY.

It is well for both rich and poor to be often reminded of the extreme changeableness of the condition in this country. Judge Story remarked with great justice as well as force, in his speech in the Massachusetts Convention:—In our country, the highest man is not above the people; the humblest man is not below the people. If the rich may be said to have additional protection, they have not additional power. Nor does wealth here form a permanent distinction of families. Those who are wealthy to day pass to the tomb, and their children divide their estates. Property thus is divided quite as fast as it accumulates. No family can, without its own exertions, stand erect for a long time under our statues of descents and distributions, the only true and legitimate argrarian law. It silently and quietly dissolves the mass heaped up by the toil and diligence of a long life of enterprise and industry. Property continually changing like waves of the sea. One wave rises and is soon swallowed up in the vast abyss and seen no more. Another rises, and having reached its destined limits, falls gently away, and is succeeded by yet another which in its turn, breaks and dies away silently on the shore. The richest man among us, may be brought down to the humblest level; and the child with scarcely clothes to cover his nakedness, may rise to the highest office in our government. And the poor man, while he rocks his infant on his knees may justly indulge the consolation, that if he possess talents and virtue, there is no office beyond the reach of his honorable ambition. It is a mistaken theory, that government is founded for one object only. It is organized for the protection of life, liberty property, and all the comforts of society—to enable us to indulge in our domestic affections, and quietly to enjoy our homes and our firesides.