CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. X — NO. 683.

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

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. — CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, August 5, 1837. — NUMBER 47

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—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.

New Spring AND SUMMER GOODS.

WILLIAM W. BYRN, has just returned from Baltimore, and is now opening this day, at his old stand, opposite Yates' Hotel, a large lot of

FANCY AND

STAPLE GOODS,

Consisting in part of the following articles, viz:

Blue, black, brown, rifle green, dahlia claret and mixed Cloths.
Super ribbed, striped and plain Cassimeres:
Plain and printed Sattinetts:
Diagonal and imperial Summer Cloths:
Ribbed and striped Linen Drillings:
Plain white do.
American Nankeens and striped Florentines:
Silk, Satin, Marseilles and Valencia Vestings:
Black and blue Bombazine:
A large supply of small figured Calicoes from 10 cts a yard up.
Painted Lawns and Muslins, new style:
Jackonetts and Cambric do.
Striped and plaid Jackonetts,
Do. Plain and plaid Ginghams:
Bishop Lawns and Bobinetts:
Book, Mull, and Swiss Muslins:
Plain and hem-stitched Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs:
Plain, colored and black Gro de Naples:
Matteoni and other Lustrings:
Poult de Souis:
Pink, green, blue and straw col'd florences:
White, black and col'd Taffetta Ribbands:
New style Cap do
Black, white and col'd belt do.
Fancy silk Crape and Gauze shawls and Scarfs:
Black Italian Cravats and fancy silk do.
Plain and twilled silk Hdkfs.
Black and blue black Satin Stocks:
Worked Capes and Collars:
White, black and colored ribbed Cotton Hose,
White & bl'k Silk do.
Plain silk & Cotton do.
Children's brown and mixed cotton do.
Cotton and thread 1-2 do.
Ladies Silk and Kid Gloves:
Men's Cotton, Buckskin, and Kid do.
Net and Gum Elastic Suspenders:
Brown Holland and Irish Linens:
Bear Duck, and Suffolk Drilling:
Brown and bleached shirting, &c., &c.

With a variety of other articles too tedious to enumerate.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock of GOODS, which cannot be surpassed for beauty and cheapness:

The public's ob't. servant,
WILLIAM W. BYRN.

April 8 tf

RUNAWAY.

Was committed to Talbot Co. Goal, on the 22d day of June Inst by William H. Hayward, Esq. a negro boy, who calls himself Jacob Ennalls, aged about thirteen or fourteen years—says he was born free in Dorchester county, Md. and the son of Biney Ennalls free negro Woman, who died at Church Creek in said Dorchester County, on Monday the 5th day of June Inst. his father he says was called and known by the name of Samuel Ennalls and is now at sea, and has been there for three years past—That his mother Biney Ennalls, before her death requested him (Jacob Ennalls) to go to Easton, to her sister Mary, and live with her, that he was induced by the request of said mother, to look for his aunt Mary, and came to Easton.—He says he knows Messrs. John Newton and William Rea of Cambridge, in Dorchester county, and that they know him to be free born

Said Jacob is about four feet and a half or five inches high, of black compexion, has scars on both legs from burns and on his left hand and wrist, has a great impediment in his replies when interrogated, and has on an old cordaroy trowsers, old muslin shirt and old grass hat

The owner of negro Boy Jacob (if any) is hereby requested to come forward prove property, pay all legal costs and charges and take him away. Otherwise he will be discharged according to law.

JOHN HARRINGTON, Sheriff
of Talbot County Md.

July 1, 3t.

Magistrates' Blanks

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

MARYLAND:

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 10th day of July, 1837.

ON application of Robert Spedden, administrator of John Spedden, late of Dorchester County, deceased—It is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony That the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 10th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1837

(L. S.)

WM. W. ECCLESTON, Reg. of Wills, Dorchester Co.

In compliance with the above order, This is to give Notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of John Spedden C. P. late of Dorchester County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 20th of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 10th day of July, 1837.

ROBERT SPEDDEN, ad n'r. of John Spedden, dec'd.

July 15, 3w

Creditors & Debtors! LAST NOTICE.

ALL persons having clams against the estate of the late Charles W. Pitt, or against him as administrator of John R. Pitt, are hereby informed that an official dividend will be made on said estate on the 18th September next. Those who neglect to file their claims with the Register of wills before that day, can be legally deprived of a share of said dividend. *Those indebted to me as administrator of said estate are requested without delay to make payment, as longer indulgence cannot be given.*

THOMAS I. H. ECCLESTON, Adm'r of C. W. PITT.

July 15 1837. 3w

Dorchester County Court, to wit: On application to me the subscriber one of the justices of the Orphans Court of Dorchester County, by John R. Jefferson, Simon Ross, John Marshall, William Moore, Clement White & Daniel Ozmah of the said County, stating that they are in confinement for debts which they are unable to pay, and praying to be relieved therefrom, agreeably to the act of assembly for the relief of Insolvent debtors, schedules of their property, and list of their creditors and debtors, on oath, so far as they can at present ascertain the same being annexed to their petitions, and the said Jefferson, Ross, Marshall, Moore, White and Ozman being in actual confinement, and I being satisfied that the said Jefferson, Ross, Marshall, Moore, White and Ozman have resided for the two last years past in the State of Maryland, and having taken the oath prescribed by the act of 1805, and given bonds with sufficient security for their appearance before the Judges of Dorchester County Court, to be held at Cambridge, in the said County, on the first Thursday after the fourth Monday in October next, and at such other time or times as the said Court may direct to assume the allegations of their creditors, and having complied with the requisions of the act of December Session, 1825, and the several supplements thereto, by executing deeds of all their property real, personal or mixed to John W. Satchell, James Dixon, Josiah Marshall, Zebulon Booze, James Wright and William D. Barrow, appointed by me Trustees to the said Jefferson, Ross, Marshall, Moore, White and Ozman, and the said trustees having given bonds with approved security for the performances of the trusts and certified in writing to me that they are in possession of all the estate of the said Jefferson, Ross, Marshall, Moore, White and Ozman mentioned in their Schedule. I do therefore order and direct that the said Jefferson, Ross, Marshall, Moore, White and Ozman be discharged from their imprisonment, and that they be and appear before the Judges of Dorchester County Court on the day above mentioned the same time appointed for their creditors to attend and show cause if any they have, why the said Jefferson, Ross, Marshall, Moore, White and Ozman should now obtain the benefit of the said insolvent laws.

And I do further order and direct, that the said Jefferson, Ross, Moore, White, and Ozman, give notice to their creditors by causing a copy of their application to be inserted in a newspaper published in Cambridge, three months before the said day, and to be continued in such newspaper once a week, for four successive weeks, and also like copy to be set up at the Court House door, three months before the said day. Witness my hand the 11th day of July, Anno Domini, 1837.

JANES DIXON.

POETRY.

CLASS SUPPER SONG

For the Sophomore Class of 1837, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

Hail, brothers, hail the festal hour!
The banquet hall is gay;
Here, plunged in pleasures lulling tide,
We'll drive dull care away.

CHORUS.

Fill high the cup with rosy wine,
Drain every goblet dry?
Swell loud the song of festal mirth,
While circling bumpers fly.

Here laughing youth and pleasure meet;
Here sound the notes of glee;
Here wit and humor lend a charm
To glad festivity.

CHORUS.

Then fill the cup with rosy wine;
Drain every goblet dry;
Swell loud the song of festal mirth,
While circling bumpers fly.

Two years have sped since first we met,
On silent pinions by;
Whose dreams, bright gleaming through the past,
In sweet remembrance lie.

CHORUS.

Then fill the cup to by-gone joys,
Drink, drink, the sparkling wine;
And swell one louder, loftier strain,
To days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Two years are gone; and half our days
Of College life are o'er;
We bid adieu to pleasures past,
And welcome those before.

CHORUS.

Then raise the choral song again,
Speed round the bowl once more;
We bid adieu to pleasures past,
And welcome those before.

No storm disturbs the tide of joy;
No clouds the sky o'ercast;
In hope we paint the future bright;
In memory view the past.

CHORUS.

Then raise the choral song again,
Speed round the bowl once more;
We bid adieu to pleasures past,
And welcome those before.

The jovial banquet now must close,
The festal hours have sped;
We part; but yet—we meet again,
When two short years have fled.

CHORUS.

Then fill another brimming bowl,
The fullest and the last;
And louder sing, "We meet again,
When two short years have past."

THE WHIG RALLY.

Air—"Swiss Boy."

Come arouse thee, arouse thee, my staunch Whig boy,
Take thy vote, and to duty away;
To the polls, to the polls, and thy strength employ,
To ensure a victorious day.
Our foes are awake—their shouts are loud,
For Isaac the *soft* and Benny the *proud*.
Then arouse thee, &c.

See how proudly, how proudly our Whig banner waves,
O'er the soil which will shortly be free;
Who can gaze on its stars and still herd with slaves,
Who smile at their own infamy?
Then up to strife—let thy voice be heard,
"FOR KENNEDY and RIDGELY" be the word.
Then arouse thee, &c.

All the land, all the land on the contest look,
'Tis for Freedom and our sacred rights!
Then awake! Whigs awake! nor supinely brook
The taunts of these government kites.
The polls shall proclaim your honor or shame.
And your deeds shall go forth from lips of Fame.
Then arouse thee, &c. ROSA.

From the Boston Herald

THE CHASE.

A noble ship of 600 tons was on her outward passage to India, with a valuable cargo of specie and American goods. Before doubling the Cape, a suspicious looking vessel was discovered dead to windward, under a press of canvass, bearing down upon the Indianman—the experienced eye of the Captain instantly enabled him to determine that she was a small, tight schooner—an acquaintance with which would not be desirable. He had few arms—and although his crew was true as steel, they could not contend with a well armed pirate. The ship was therefore put away before the wind, and every rag of canvass packed upon her that she could bear. The eye of the Captain rested for a while upon his bending masts covered with canvass to the very trucks—was then turned upon his gallant crew, who collected, having entire confidence in his skill and courage, and at last settled long and steadfastly upon the chase. She gains—she gains—and there are many hours yet of daylight. A ship has the advantage of a small craft with a floating sheet—but yet she gains. The danger is pressing, is imminent, and lo! a new and terrible enemy, far to *leeward*—a black cloud rises slowly from the horizon, and gives but too surely, an intimation of what may be shortly apprehended. The ship cannot shorten sail—for the chase will be on him—and the captain's plan was instantly laid. Every one was ordered to his post—the heavens grew more portentous every moment—but the pirate did not start a tack or sheet, as the captain hoped he would, and allow him to gain a little before the hurricane came on.—The wind freshens—the masts yield to the tremendous pressure which they have to sustain—the teeth of the stoutest seamen are set, firm in the apprehension that they will go by the board. The steady eye of the captain is fixed upon the gathering tornado—at last it comes—the ocean in the distance is white with foam, and he who was before so quiet and unmoved, is now animated to tremendous exertion. "Let go all fore and aft," rung out clear and loud—"clew up and clew down,"—"lay aloft,"—were orders which followed each other in quick succession—and were as quickly obeyed—the flapping sails are rapidly secured—the wind lulls—the tornado is upon them—taking them aback—the ship falls off—she bends to the gale—until her yard arms are in the waves—she begins to move through the water with a constant accelerated motion.

The pirate—with the quickness of perception so common among men of their class, instantly comprehended his advantage. He was nearly two miles dead to leeward of the Idianman, which made greater headway under her bare poles than he did—the hurricane could not last long—he would therefore be close on board of her when it passed over, and she must then fall an easy prey to him.

The captain of the noble merchantman saw it all—there was but one fearful way to escape. He had a gallant and staunch ship under him—she had not yet sprung a spar nor split a sail—he had an extremely valuable cargo, and his men, he could not see them strung up to the yard arm, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales,"—he therefore set his fore topsail & close reefed main topsail, which urged the ship through the water with great velocity. The little black pirate saw the plan and attempted to make sail, but all would not do, and he saw that his only chance for safety was, if possible, to elude the shock, at the very moment of the expected concussion.

The ship came down upon him with terrific precision. "Hard to port!" shouted the pirate to his helsman. "Hard to port!" echoed the merchantman to his. One tremendous crash—one wild, frantic shriek of despair—and all was hushed in death.

FROM THE BOOK OF AMOS

1. It came to pass in the first year of the reign of *Martin* the king, on the fifteenth day of the fifth month, he called a council of his advisers "to consult and determine on such measures, as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of" his kingdom.

2. And when the king had taken his seat in the *East Room* of the *White House*, he spake after this wise: It is our will and pleasure that *Amos* our prophet show us a way to relieve the disstresses of my people, and to take from them the heavy burthens under which they are labouring.

3. And Amos said: yea, king, I obey.

4. Thy minister *John* of Georgia, send to the hot regions of the South, and let him "cry in the wilderness" until he put down the *Troup* of enemies that have risen up against thee, and advise thy people there to return to their *cotton* fields.

5. And *Joel* must be sent to thy rebellious people of the *palmetto* State, and by his goodness of heart, win back their love to thee.

6. But the king said: there is *John* of Pendleton, whose enmity, I fear, will still pursue me and my party.

7. And Amos said: oh King, revoke the *Proclamation* which thy predecessor "the greatest and best" of kings deemed wise to issue against this mighty man.

8. But, the King said: oh prophet I am "pledged to follow in the footsteps of my illustrous predecessor," and should I turn to the right or left, my loyal subjects would desert me also. But for the sake of peace and harmony in my dominions, know then, that I restore *John* of Pendleton to former greatness, on this condition, that he never again cause my people to become *Nullifiers* against their king.

9. And Amos said, the superanuated commander of thy ship must go to Jersey, who with his hoary beard and flattened form, induce thy people there to return to their "first love," and he must build up a *Wall*, in order that the rebellious doctrines of that people be not known or heard of towards the *Southard*.

10. And *Benjamin* thy orator and *Attorney* must travel in thy native kingdom, and he must be warned while there, that he must not do "as *Rome* does." Should *Troy* hoist a *Flagg* against thee, he must fly to *Syracuse*, and if all be not Wright there, he must weep over her."

11. And he of the House of *Levi*, the money changer, shall travel to the East, as far as the White Hills, and there confer with *Isaac* the Governor. Although thy people in that kingdom are not rebellious, still in a great city near by "a very *Daniel* has come forth to judgment," who is withdrawing the affections of the people from their lawful king. And Levi on his return homewards, must stop in the city of *Friends*, and there appease the animosity of that great financier "*Old Nick*," and acquaint him that the king *Wood-bury* is all wrath against him.

12. And Amos said: And I oh king will travel by *express* to the west, and endeavour to pacify the people in that region of country, and I will call on thy devoted *vice* minister *Richard*, who married in the tribe of *Ethiopia*, and learn wisdom from him. And if *Henry* is still thine enemy, I will stir the people up against him, and "war with him" until he is sent to his mother *Clay*.

13. But the king said: Let no blood be shed, but to win "Old Harry" offer him our "public domain," and that his *bill* for a "division of the sales" shall receive our sanction.

14. And Amos thou must travel in the *Miami* country, and there visit *William*, the great western general, who has done "mighty deeds" amongst the aborigines of that kingdom, and do thou Amos inform him that if he will abandon his claim to the throne, I will restore to him the *ministerial* place abroad (now vacant) which my predecessor took from him, and bestowed on him they called *Free Tom*.

15. And before thou returnest, visit the *Hermitage* of my father *Andrew*, and say to him that *Martin*, his son and successor, cannot any longer "tread in his footsteps."

16. And visit before thou returnest, the brow of the Mountain which divides the south and west, and there enquire for a certain Judge of *White*, and spotless character—and when thou hast found his house, and the door openeth not to thee, two *Knox-ville* usher you into his presence—then Amos say to him, the King greets him with friendship—and in order to make his confession more public, ring the great *Bell*, in order that all the *Wise* men may hear the penitence of their King.

17. Then, said Amos, unto the King, others must also be won by thy affections. *John*, of the hemp country, must be appeased, and *William*, of the South, must be satisfied.

18. Then, the King said: What suffering we endure to win the love of our subjects—one wishes *hemp* protected, and the other wishes to have all *duty free*.—It requires the twisting and turning of a *Hurl-gate* to get out. But, Amos say, that the King is *Bent-on* having no protection to cotton and wool, and have it *Prest-on* hemp.

19. And it is my pleasure, that a *Proclamation* be issued for the assembling of my *Senate* and *House-hold*, on the first Monday of the ninth month and I will then inform them of the "great and weighty matters claiming their consideration." "In testimony whereof, I," hereby authorize my true and faithful Secretary *Francis* to *Blair*, this Proclamation to the end of the *Globe*, and that my *Argus* cause this to be *Post-ed* throughout my Kingdom, in order that the *Patriot* and *Enquirer* may learn at what *Times* our royal will *changes*.—*N. Y. Star*.

IMPERTINENT INTERFERENCE.

"I never before noticed this cruel temper of yours Edward," said Sophia Willard to the youth who sat beside her on the sward.

"I am not cruel, said Edward."

"Then there is some strange cause for your antipathy to that rooster," said she, "I have seen you pursue that poor animal and drive it from the premises more than once!"

"I cannot endure to hear him crow—I will not suffer his clamor," said Edward impatiently.

"Why not Edward? I desire an explanation."

"It matters not," said he, I have a reason,"

"Then I insist on knowing the reason.'

"Do you insist, Sophia," said he—"well then I must tell you. Although our acquaintance has been of short standing, yet I dreamed the other morning that we sat very close to each other. I thought that my arm encircled your waist and yours was around my neck. I thought that—nay hear me out—I thought that your rosy lips were presented for a kiss, and that I, trembling with transport, was about imprinting a seal of affection upon them. My lips were within an inch of yours—I had already inhaled your balmy breath. My pulse throbbed violently as your lips came in contact—no, they did not quite touch; for at that very instant yon pestiferous rooster set up a scream directly under my window, I awoke, and the illusion vanished, I lost a boon more highly prized than the diadem of a prince. Now how do you think I can ever forgive that meddling rooster?"

Sophia raised her half shut violet eyes to the flattering youth, and extended her small white hand in token of her forgiveness. That hand was not relinquished until Edward had gained a solemn promise that it should be his own.—*Boston Pearl and Galaxy*.

From the Frederick Examiner.

VICTORY! VICTORY! VICTORY!

It is amusing to witness the heartless efforts made by the Bentonians to conceal their flat despair. They are literally crushed beneath the weight of overwhelming indignation—The great *Leveller is Levelled*. The present consternation of the radicals is beautifully hit off in the 4th scene, 5th act of Richard the 3rd.

(Alarum—Enter *Billy Buck*, *Beargrease*, and others.—To them enter *Rigby* in haste.)

RIGBY—Rescue, friends of Thomas, rescue, rescue.
Our Frank enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Merrick in the throat of death.
Rescue, good friends, or else the day is lost!

(Alarum—Enter Frank Thomas, (hair erect!)

Thomas—A horse! a horse!! my kingdom for a horse,
To fly and hide my shame in the *far west!*
Rigby—*Withdraw, my lord* I'll help you to a horse.
Thomas—Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Merricks in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.
A horse! A horse! my kingdom for a horse!

(Alarum.—Enter Merrick. Thomas dead.)

Merrick—Heav'n, and your arms be praised, victorious friends!
The day is ours, the radical is dead.
Let those not live to taste the land's increase,
That would with *treason wound this fair land's peace!* (*Exeunt omnes.*)

Scraps for the economical.—If you would avoid waste in your family, attend to the following rules, and do not despise them because they appear so unimportant: "many a little makes a mickle:"

When ivory handled knives turn yellow, rub them with fine sand paper or emery; it will take off spots, and restore the whiteness.

Silk pocket handkerchiefs, and deep blue factory, will not fade, if dipped in salt water while new.

Lamps will have less disagreeable smell, if you dip the wick yarn in strong hot vienegar and let it dry.

Clean a brass kettle before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they wear, the dirt that collects under them grinds the thread.

Linen rags should be carefully saved; they are useful in sickness; if dirty or worn, wash them and scrape them into lint.

Vials which have been used for medicine should be put into cool ashes and water, boiled and suffered to cool before rinsed.

Cotton, wet with sweet oil and paregoric, relieves the ear ache very soon. —Mrs. Child.

Cruelty to Animals.—We ask no better key to the disposition of a man, than the condition of his horse. There was a capital anecdote travelling the news papers some years ago, which deserves to be revived, semi-annually at least. A buxom good looking Irish girl, was detained at a crossing, by a drayman who was striving by blows and kicks, to make his horse accomplish some feat next to imposibility. The point carried, and the obstruction to her passage removed, Kathleen, who had taken no pains to conceal her abhorrence of his credulity, could not forbear a shot at him, when she was satisfied that she was beyond the reach of his whip, "Oh, you ugly baste," said she, "you bate yer wife, I know!" Our quill upon it—our steel pen we mean, that the man did indulge in that unchristian, unmanly sin, could the truth be known.

When we see a sleek, well fed animal, walking or trotting off as if proud of his master, we feel ready to repose almost unlimited trust in that master. But Cassios's "lean ahd hungry look," was not half the circumstance against him, that the emaciated appearance of a horse is against his master. It is not merely an indication, but an evidence of habitual and systematic cruelty; and he whose disposition permits such a course of conduct to his beast, is too apt to be of a character altogether repulsive, if not absolutely untrustworthy. Feed your beasts then, from policy, if nothing else; and they will gain from your hypocrisy, whether you do or not—N. Y. Sun.

A handsome Man.—The editor of the Newberg Journal is said to be so handsome, that he is forced to carry a club to keep the women off!

Not quite so handsome.—The editor of one of the Boston papers is said to be so ugly that he has to carry a club to keep the dogs from attacking him.