CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

VOL. X — NO. 685

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

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. — CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, August 19, 1837. — NUMBER 49

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

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, adm'r. of John Spedden, dec'd.

July 15, 3w

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.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

PERSONS wishing to purchase one o the most valuable Tracts of land in Dorchester County, now have the opportunity of doing so.

The said tract of land is the property of Dr. Charles H. Steele, and is situated in one of the most healthy sections of the county, on the Chicknecomaco River, three miles from Vienna. It is occupied at present by Mr. James Phillips. The said tract contains

864-34 ACRES

more or less, and consists of several small tracts or parcels, viz: "Daniel's Helicon," 169 3-4 acres; "Bacon Quarter," 23 acres; "Taylor's Neglect," 595 acres; "Exchange 25 acres, and "Fishwick's Adventure," 52 acres. A large portion of this valuable body of Land is well set in the finest timber. A further description of the above property is deemed unnecessary, as those who may wish to purchase, will of course go and examine the premises for themselves. The above property will be sold at private sale.

JOHN F. HENRY, Attorney, for Chas. H. S.

Cambridge

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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.

POETRY.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SOUVENIR.

A VISION.

Night from her ebon throne had hung
Her sable mantle o'er the sky,
And silence rested on each tongue,
And sleep had sealed each weary eye.

I seemed to tread a flowry plain,
Gay in the sweets of vernal bloom,
For spring had burst dark winter's chain,
And spread her purple, roseate plume.

A spirit from the bowers of light
Vouchsaf'd to bles my wondering eyes:
'Twas clothed in azure pure and bright,
New from the wardrobe of the skies.

With reverent fear I turned to view
The vision as it swept the plain—
My mother!—heavens!—and is it true,
Thy footsteps press this earth again.

'Tis so!—but ah!—why dost thou come?
What errand from the courts above?
Is it to call thy offspring home,
To the abodes of peace and love?

Not so, my son, the spirit cried,
The world must still be thine abode:
I come to bless thee, and provide
A help mate on life's thorny road.

Then sudden on my right there stood,
In all her charms, a blooming fair—
Of human mould and flesh and blood—
A form of soft enchanting air.

Her aspect gentle, mild, serene,
Sweet as the lovely smiles of heaven:
Such grace was there in all her mien
As is to virtue only given.

I knew—but straight the spirit bright
Resumed—of late my moral clay,
(Now hid in death's mysterious night)
In burning anguish, withering lay:—

And you by my dying bed,
In watchful, constant, pious ca.e;
And on your breast I leaned my head,
And eas'd its pains alternate there.

And pleasure warmed my dying heart,
To see your filial duties paid;
And gentler death's resistless dart
Unfettered my departing shade.

And when my eyes grew stiff in death,
Your pious hands their pale lids closed;
And when was gone my fleeting breath,
My cold and lifeless limbs composed

And sweet is the remembrance still,
Though heav'n has bless'd my ravish'd sight,
And thus to tell a parent's will
I left the shining fields of light.

And heaven permits that thou shouldst know,
(Such grace is theirs whom heaven will bless,)
The choicest prize of all below,
To crown thy days with happiness.

And here I bring her to thine arms,
A gift for best of mortals meet;
And when she yields to thee her charms,
Believe thy earthly bliss complete.

Then woo and win her virgin love;
'Twill be to thee a treasure dear,
Give in return thy heart and prove
That heart devoted, fond, sincere.

Go then, and heaven itself will bless
A union form'd beneath its eye,
Live to your God, and forward press
To gain yon crowns of light on high.

The spirit took her lilly hand,
And plac'd and press'd it into mine:
I fondly bow'd to her command,
Received and own'd the boon divine.

A soft suffusion veiled her face,
And half she smil'd and half she fear'd;
And every charm and every grace
More lovely through that blush ap-
peared

And gently on my arm she hung,
And turned to me her humid eye,
While the sweet accents from her tongue
Reveal'd my happy destiny.

And then a tide of rapture roll'd
All glowing, through my ravished heart,
And every pulse the tumult told,
That shook my frame in every part.

She fain had shun'd my circling arms—
She met, though trembling, my embrace:
The blush that crimson'd o'er her charms,
Warm, generous, touch'd my burning face.

The spirit spread her wings of light
To cut again the etherial blue:
She blest our vows of solemn plight,
And up to heaven's bright mansions flew.

A DRUID.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

BY LORD BYRON.

The following song, was written by Lord Byron in the original M. S. of *Childe Harold*, in the place of the song of Inez, which has been hitherto substituted for it in all the published editions:

Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eyes be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How fair its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seem to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are slow to woo,
And frigid even in passion;
And if their charms be rare to view,
Their lips are slow at Love's confession
But born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who, when fondly, fairly won;
Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz.

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see her lover tremble,
And if she love or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble,
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold,
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love,
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath, the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to the attuned guitar
Of Christian kings or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band
To chaunt the sweet and hallowed vesper—

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids, less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder;
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home
May match the dark-eyed Girl at Cadiz!

From the New England Galaxy.

DEACON GRUBB AND THE CHEQUERS.

A tale of a haunted House.

It will be of no use to swear to the truth of the following story, people are grown so incredulous. Those who have a reasonable disposition to believe what is told them for honest facts, can do it without any such help. There may be inaccuracies in the tale, but they are doubtless trifling, and I shall not pretend to account for the manner in which the story became altered in descending from the first narrator to my hands. It contains, as the reader will see, some particulars relating to that renowned personage generally denominated Old Nick, which particulars would in Cotton Mather's time have passed for the truest part of the story, though some modern readers may incline to be a little sceptical a-

told me for fact by one of my great aunts, a person of high reputation for veracity, for she never forgot a particle of any story, she heard. I will not positively vouch for the truth of it, as I said before, but only subjoin, in the words of honest Peter Martyr, *Hoec dant, hoec accipito. Davus sum, non Oedipus.*

It was many years ago, somewhere about the time of the Dark Day, or the Comet, or the great Earthquake, or the Cold Friday, or the Old French War,—one or the other of these distinguished epochs, which serve old crones and gossips to fix their chronology—that there lived in the town of—blank, in the state of Massachusetts, a shrewd, calculating, demure old codger known to every body round about as Deacon Grubb. His character will be so well understood by saying that he was a country deacon, that I shall be excused for not delineating it at full length. Deacon Grubb cultivated a bit of a farm, officiated as Town Clerk, drove something of a trade at auctioneering, manufactured wooden bowls and tin ware, and kept the only grocery shop in the village, where he sold West India Goods "of as good quality, and on as reasonable terms as could be found in the place." And of a truth, considering that the Deacon had the monopoly of the trade he must be allowed to have been somewhat reasonable in his dealings, though his gallon pot had a trick of getting jammed by accident, and his water pail now and then overset into the rum hogshead. By the exercise of all these occupations by looking out for the main chance, putting the best foot foremost,—snatching at every good bone that was offered, and sticking to the old precept—"Get what you can, and what you get hold,"—the Deacon contrived to lay up what he called all honest pennys before he was too old to relish the possession of a comfortable round sum.

As times went on, and the Deacon waxed in wealth, he began to cast about for new means to increase his stores. The more he got, the more greedy did he appear,—a common case with many close-fisted fellows besides deacons. Among other projects of speculation he cast his eyes upon a certain piece or parcel of land with buildings thereon situated, belonging to Joel Weatherbrain, an odd, incomprehensible sort of a fellow, who was never at home, but let his lands run to waste and his house fall to ruins. Nobody knew exactly what to make of Joel; whether he was fool or knave, a misanthrope, or an enthusiast,—religious mad or honestly crack-brained in the way of nature, it were difficult to decide the point at this late day, especially as my old aunt was dubious about the matter herself. However, that is neither here nor there. The Deacon took it hugely to heart that Joe's tenements should lie thus idle; and he formed a pious resolution to trap Joel's five wits in a bargain for the same, whereby if he could get the estate a good pennyworth, he should turn it to an excellent account in the end, and quiet his conscience by the reflection that he had made fruitful, one of the waste places of the earth.

Though the Deacon had probably heard of a certain command forbidding him to covet his neighbors house, yet he either thought the precept inapplicable in case of a house without an inhabitant, or the temptation was too strong to be resisted. As he was one day sharking about the grounds and admiring the advantages of the situation, the fatness of the soil, and the old mansion which, though a little shabby on the outside from neglect, was sound and compact in frame and substance, he unexpectedly encountered Joel, and in a sly, roundabout way contrived to have the subject touched upon. They made a long haggling piece of work of it, and at last the Deacon consented, although the situation was wretched the land poor, and the house ready to tumble to pieces—to give Joel about half of what it cost originally. Joel clenched the bargain, and the Deacon went home hugging himself with the thought of having made a great *spec*.

Well, now had the Deacon got his hearts desire. He quickly set himself to repairing the old house, and putting the fields in order; in a short time the whole was neat and flourishing. The Deacon removed to his new estate; the minister preached a sermon the next Sunday from the, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," and everybody thought it the

grandest bargain that had been made since the worthy settlers of the town cheated the Indians out of the land, at the expense of three cracked muskets and a pot of red paint.

But just as the Deacon had taken comfortable possession of the premises, and Joel Weatherbrain had bidden adieu to the place, there got all at once in circulation the most alarming reports about the estate in question. There were stories of ghosts, goblins and demons frequenting the place for some wonderful cause that nobody could explain. It was even said that old Belzebub himself haunted the house in the shape of a tin ware pedlar, and that he appeared every Thanksgiving night at twelve o'clock, rattling up and down the house and making such a clatter and antarra as to frighten every body within hearing out of their wits.—The Deacon was horrified at these accounts, the more so as he found they were universally believed. How the stories originated, nobody could tell; every one had heard them of somebody else; but there was nothing talked of but Deacon Grubb and his haunted house. It was generally believed that Old Belzebub had taken up his quarters there and that it would be difficult work to rout him. The deacon had overreached every man in the town, and with all their respect for the talents of Old Nick, it was thought if the Deacon and the Devil came to close quarters, they would make a tough match of it.

It is easy to imagine the tribulation into which the poor man was thrown by cogitating upon this matter. There was no doubt the stories were true, for this was the only manner in which Joel Weatherbrain's neglect of the estate could be accounted for,—a matter which he unluckily forgot to question him about at the time of making the bargain. It was now clearly perceived why Joel was so ready to part with it at so low a price, and the Deacon could not avoid fretting himself into a fever with chagrin at the thought of having been overreached by such a crack-skull as Joel.—Instead of making a great bargain, he found he had bought a pig in a poke.

However, after having been a few weeks settled in his new residence, his apprehensions began to subside. He took care to nail a horse-shoe upon his barn-door and another upon his gate in front of the house, and trusting in these sovereign precautions against witchdraft and diablerie of all colors, he made himself tolerable easy, thinking his muniments sufficiently strong to defy Belzebub and all his tricks, but he soon found that the devil is not so easily got rid of,—the more is the pity.

One Saturday evening, after the Deacon had shut up his shop, and despatched those little items of business in the grocery line which are most conveniently done with closed doors, he sat down alone in his chimney corner to enjoy a comfortable pipe of tobacco. He continued a long while puffing and cogitating, but whether his thoughts were occupied with the spiritual concerns of the coming day, or were wrapt up in calculations on the profits of the past one, it becomes me not to judge; my old aunt had her opinion upon this point, but I could never get it out of her.

It had got to be near midnight, and there was not a soul stirring. A dead silence reigned throughout the mansion, broken by nothing save the ticking of a death-watch and a subdued pianissimo sort of grunt which accompanied every expiration of smoke from the Deacon's lips. The candle had burnt down to the socket and began to flicker a fitful and uncertain light, and the Deacon was in the midst of a profound reverie with his eyes fixed upon the lower end of a pot-hook which hung down the chimney.

All at once he was startled by a strange noise. He looked round,—the room was full of smoke from his tobacco-pipe, and the candle in the act of going out: a sudden fear crept over him, as he thought of the stories concerning the house. But there was nothing to be seen. In a few seconds he heard the same noise still louder, and now it seemed to come from the chimney. He poked his head up the chimney and listened, but all was still.

"It can be nothing," said he to himself, "but the wind roaring over the top of the chimney."

He sat down again, put another candle in the candlestick, took up a coal with the tongs and was in the act of blowing it, when he heard the same noise come down the chimney again, and presently a hollow, strange sounding voice like that of Mr. Forrest in Metamora, when the Wampanoag chiefs feels a touch of the true power inspiration, *ugh! ugh!* In surprise and astonishment he looked up and espied a couple of dim, wavering lights at the top of the chimney, but whether they are a pair of fixed stars or the twinklers of an enormous cat he could not tell. Presently they grew larger, and at length turned whitish and ghastly, like a pair of peeled unions or a couple of eggs in a soap dish. "Mercy on my sins!" exclaimed he, "what can this mean?"

He had no time to answer his own questions, for immediately there came a voice down the chimney which sounded like a Dutchman bawling through a speaking-trumpet—"Deacon! Deacon!"

"What in heaven's do you want of me?"

"Deacon, have you watered the rum?"

"Ye—e—e—es," was the slow and most unwilling reply.

"Have you sanded the brown sugar?"

"Ye—e—es."

"Said your payers."

"Yes."

"Then set me a chair."

The Deacon knew not what to make of the ceremony of his new guest who thus honored him with a visit by pitching head foremost down his chimney, but knowing that some gentlemen of fashion are singular in their tastes and wisely conjecturing that Old Nick might have his whims as well as the rest of them, he determined to humor him. So setting an arm chair by the fire-place and answering that all was ready, down came the mysterious visitor slap into the fire-place, overturning as he landed, a teakettle, a coffe-pot, and a pan of stewed apples.

The Deacon wished him joy of his safe descent, & expressed an apprehension that he had burnt his knuckles in the hot ashes, but his guest replied very civilly that he might be easy on that score for he had a hand in such matters too often to mind a little scorching. Then brushing the ashes and soot from his knees and elbows, he sat down in the chair, crossed his legs, set his arms akimbo, gave a long, deep drawn sniff, probably to ascertain whether there was any of his favourite perfume of brimstone to be smelt, turned up the whites of his enormous eyes and gave the deacon a most omnious and inquisitive scowl which the Deacon returned by inviting him to smoke a pipe of tobacco.

The man of the chimney replied that tobacco did not agree with him, he would smoke a bunch of matches if the time allowed, but his stay must be short this night, he would not trouble the Deacon to fetch the tinder box.

"Then you come upon business," replied the Deacon.

"You are right," said the other.

"Then proceed to the matter if you please."

"Not till twelve o'clock," said the man of brimstome.—Apropos, he was dressed in brimstone colored inexpressible like a commissioned officer of the Massachusetts Malitia formerly. "Not till midnight," said he, "and it wants ten minutes of the hour," casting at the same time a look at the dial of the Deacon's wooded clock which he had bought of a Connecticut pedlar and paid for in damaged Bohea tea.

Oh, ah," said the Deacon,—"If the time does not suit you, I can alter it."—So going to the clock, and moving forward the minute hand, "I have taken the liberty sometimes," continued he "to put back the time on Saturday night, when there was danger of my business crowding over into Sunday, and now I can make up for what has been lost by putting it forward. See there!" said he, as the hands of the dial pointed to twelve o'clock, "it is now midnight, let me know your buiness, I hate to encroach upon the Sabbath, but would not turn away a customer."

At this the gentleman of the flaming small-clothes gave a tremendous grin, exclaiming "Deacon, they have always said you beat the devil for tricks, and I begin to fear it may turn out so. This truth is I, I came to give you a try."