CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

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

NEW SERIES--VOL. 2. — CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, October 7, 1837. — NUMBER 2

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ECCLESTON & JACKSON.

—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.

Maryland,

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 21st day of Aug., 1837.

On application of Sam'l Thomas ad'ministrator of Jas: Thomas, 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 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, ||t. s. || I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 21st of Aug., in the year of our Lord, 1837.

WM. W. ECCLESTON,
Register 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 Jas. Thomas, late 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 28th day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st day of Aug., 1837.

SAMUEL THOMAS, adm'r of James Thomas.

Aug 1 3w

To be Leased,

For the ensuing year, the STORE ROOM, in Cambridge, at present occupied by Mr. Francis J. Henry—at the corner of Market and Poplar sts.—the most public stand in Cambridge.

ALSO,

The Rooms in the same house, at present occupied by Mr. Robert R. Robinson.

ALSO,

A newly established Farm in Transquakin, near Middletown, on which I am building an entire set of houses.

JOSEPH E. MUSE.

Sept. 2nd, 1837. tf A

NOTICE-

All persons who have accounts of long standing with the subscriber, are respectfully requested to call and make payment without delay, as it is impossible for him to carry on business with that justness due to his customers and himself, without such early assistance. All complying with so moderate a request, will receive the thanks of their humble servant.

WM. WINGATE.

Aug. 26, 3w A

BAILIFF'S NOTICE.

For the information of the Citizens of Cambridge I hereby give notice that I intend to collect the Levy List of the present year, strictly in accordance with the 22nd section of the act incorporating the town of Cambridge, 1773 Chapt. 66. Persons interested can examine the Law for themselves.

All those who fail to pay after this date (the accounts having been shown to each individual) may expect to have *them* collected in the most summary manner.

N. B. Persons having claims against the town, are requested to authenticate them and deposite them with William Rea Esqr. Treasurer.

GEORGE W. WINGATE,
Bailiff.

August 26th 1837. 3w A.

Was Committed to the jail of Dorchester county, on Thurday last, by John Newton, Esq., a justice of the peace of said county, a negro girl who calls herself Susan, and says she is the property of Zebulon Mitchell of the county aforesaid. Susan is about 14 or 15 years of age, low and chunky, and had on when committed a striped linsey frock. The owner of the above negro is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be discharged according to law.

JAMES A. WADDEL, shrff.

Sept. 16, 1837 3w Dor. co.

Magistrates' Blank
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

THE BEAUTY OF LIBERTY.

"In all things that have beauty, there is nothing to man more comely than liberty."
MILTON.

When the dance of the shadows
At day-break is done,
And the cheeks of the morning
Are red with the sun;
When he sinks in his glory,
At eve from the view,
And calls upon the plannet
To blaze in the hue;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
More proud than the sight of a nation when free?

When the beautiful bend
Of the bow is above,
Like a collar of light
On the bosom of love;
When the moon in her mildness
Is floating on high,
Like a banner of silver
Hung out in the sky;—
There is beauty. But earth has no beauty to see,
More proud than the front of a nation when free!

In the depth of the darkness,
Unvaried in hue,
When shadows are veiling
The breast of the blue;
When the voice of the tempest
At midnight is still,
And the spirit of solitude
Sobs on the hill;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when free!

In the breath of the morning,
When nature's awake,
And calls up the chorus
To chaunt in the brake;
In the voice of the echo,
Unbound in the woods;
In the warbling of streams,
And the foaming of floods;—
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the thrice-hallowed sight of a nation that's free!

When the strivings of surges
Is mad on the main,
Like the charge of a column
Of plumes on the plain:
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud-cradled sleep,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the sun-brilliant brow of a nation that's free!

A PRINTER'S SOLILOQUY.

A Parody.

I knew by the frown that so cloudily pass'd
Across his gaunt brow, that disaster was near,
And I said—If a sculptor was po'sd for a cast
For the fiend of despair, he might come for it here.

'Twas night—in the *cases* that stood ranged around,
Not a *hair space* nor *quadrant* remained in its box,
Every *stick* was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
Save the *pressman* repairing his poor old *ball-stocks*.

Ah, here I exclaimed—could I diet on *lead*
And swallow for claret, a beverage of *lie*,
This cold, hard *imposing stone* take for my bed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

By yon patient *ink block*, whose mucus distils
On unsullied *medium*, how sweet to recline:
Had I no wife nor children whose gluttonous gills
Can't masticate metal, nor bibicate brine!

PIQUA GAZ.

From the Philadelphia Souvenir.

SONG.

"Oh! no, we never mention him!"

Oft have I listen'd to that strain,
In hush'd and holy joy,
'Till bliss dilated into pain
And rapture heav'd a sigh.

Oh! oft when *her* I gazed upon
I check'd the breath I drew;
And thrill'd to think me blest in one
So tender and so true.

But where is *now* that lovely voice,
That face so fondly fair?
Mid leafless hopes and lifeless joys,
My heart re-echoes *where*;

For others now she breathes that song,
Those beauties light with smiles;
And I may weep, in ruth and wrong,
Her weakness or her wiles. R. T. C.

WELL ENOUGH FOR THE VULGAR.

This is the last of the inimitable tales of L. M. Sargeant, Esq. of Boston. Mr. Sargeant has no small portoin of the genius of Sir Walter Scott, but while the latter devoted his great powers to unwarrantable caricatures of good men of other times, the former is engaged in the noble and blessed work of emancipating a world from an evil which has filled unnumbered families with griet and desolation. In looking over his tales, we have been struck with his power of illustating important principles by scenes in real life; and showing the absurdity and wickedness of many sentiments, fashionble and plausible, by their actual production of extreme misery. The tale before us, decidedly one of his best, i. e. best adapted to effect his great object, has risen out of these nice distinctions and refined notions which have of late, been thrown much in the way of the Temperance reform, viz. that either there is no alcohol in wine, or if there is, it is so controlled as to do little mischief; that to drink it, therefore, is healthful and no dangerous; and that to join a Temperance society is well enough for the vulgar, who should be restrained from those fiery drinks, rum, brandy, and whiskey, but should never be pressed upon the refined and opulent who refresh themselves chiefly with pure wine, and who have sense enough to control themselves here without a pledge to bind them.

It describes a scene of wretchedness in a wealthy family from wine drinking in an only son, not uncommon we know in the rich families of our land, though often carefully concealed from the eyes of world. We suppose we are not warranted in printing much of these copy-right works. The patent owners cannot object however at our selecting so much from them as will bring them into notice, and make them more saleable.

How many parents have witnessed scenes like the following. Learning that their son, who was often out late, did not come home sober as he should be, they resolved one night to sit up for him.

"The clock struck twelve. Mr. B. opened the window-shutter, and looked out upon the night. It was broad bright moonlight. As he was retiring from the window, he heard the outer gate, as it closed; and, looking forth, perceived three persons advancing up the yard.—He almost immediately recognised the person of his son supported by two of his associates, for he was evidently unable to walk. 'Gracious heavens!' he exclaimed, as he clasped his hands together.—Mrs. Broughton rushed to the window, and gazed upon the scene before her.—She beheld her only child, helplessly drunk,—him whom she had herself initiated in the mystery of taking his glass of pure old wine, like a gentleman! His companions appeared anxious to urge him towards the door, but he seemed resolved to linger, and, stretching forth his hand in an awkward and imbecile manner, he stood for a few moments, pouring forth a torrent of unmeaning oaths, with the broken voice and vacant stare of a drunkard. The door having been opened by Roger, this unhappy young man staggered forward, and fell headlong on the parlour floor, almost at his father's feet. He uttered a deep groan, but was obviously unable to rise. A sharp shriek, followed by the sound of a falling body upon the floor, drew all eyes, for a moment to the agonized mother who lay struggling in convulsions. The outcry, which immediately filled the apartment, revived, however feebly and vaguely, the young man's recollections of the bacchanalian scene, in which he had recently bore a distinguished part. He still imagines himself there. The momentary belief that he was dead, soon gave way to a permanent and comparatively comfortable conviction that he was thoroughly drunk, when, with a vain effort to rise, he exclaimed, in a voice scarcely articulate, and with a terrible oath, which it is quite unnecessary to repeat, 'Waiter, let' have a dozen more of the same brand!' "

All this was from wine. His father had been admonished of the excesses of his son. But it was his usual reply, "F. is a gay young man, but he drinks nothing but wine. He can be in no possible danger. If it were brandy or any species of distilled spirit, I should have cause to fear. Alcohol in any form is a great curse, I have no doubt, but good old wine never hurt a fly." In these sentiments a contemptible physician, who would cater to the appetites of his employers, labours to console them, and at the same time to support the weak mother in what had long been her foible, the belief that Temperance societies were well enough for the vulgar, but not needed by the refined. The scene is so natural, such a picture of some miserable men of this class, that we give the whole of it.

"The Doctor looked as much wiser than Hippocrates as possible and after a solemn pause, 'This,' said he, 'is the result of a little frolic,—a high go,—yes, madam, a high go,—a spree, as they sometimes call it; but evidently, as I perceive by the breath, upon wine, and therefore perfectly harmless.'—'Oh, dear Doctor Farrago,' cried Mrs. Broughton, seizing his hand, 'how greatly you relieve me. There's poor Mr. Broughton would have joined a Temperance society before morning, and I'm sure we never could have shown ourselves in decent company, after that'—'Pshaw, pshaw, my dear madam,' cried the Doctor, 'Temperance societies are well enough for the vulgar, and'——'There Mr. Broughton,' said his lady, interrupting the Doctor 'just as I told you.'—'Yes, madam,' continued the Doctor, 'I say it is 'well enough for the vulgar, and your rum, and gin, and brandy topers, your folks that drink *alcohol* in any form, but *wine* is a very different affair.'—'Pray, Doctor,' said Mr. Broughton, 'will it not be well to prescribe some medicine for Frederic?'—'Not at all, my dear sir, let him sleep it off. He has an excellent constitution; it can do him no possible harm. Wine, sir, is an innocent beverage, no alcohol there, sir, not a particle; I insist on the distinction nothing but the elements. Alcohol is the entire *product* of distillation, and not the *educt*. *It is not a poison*, sir; it is very easy of digestion, and *subserves the purpose of aliamentation and nutrition*. As to the elements that may be present, *the prophylactic energies of combination* neutalize their virus. Give yourself no uneasiness whatever; the young man will be himself again tomorrow-morning.' "

The father, however a man of sense, could not so easily be duped.

"The Doctor had departed.—Mr. Broughton sat upon the bed-side, looking intently upon the bloated and distorted features of his son. 'How very comforting it is to have such a visit, at such a time, from dear Dr. Farrago,' said Mrs. Broughton.—Her husband made no reply. 'Mr. Broughton,' she continued, 'you seem to have lost your confidence in Dr. Farrago, and, I am fearful, from his manner, that he perceives it. He is, certainly a very learned man, and I have been told he has a whole trunk-full of diplomas. Did you not notice what he said of the energies of confatuation?'—'My dear,' said her husband, 'I will frankly own to you, that I have lost a part of my confidence in the Doctor.—No man has done so much to impress me with a belief, that wine, is harmless; but here is our boy, utterly drunk! He has been in the same condition, before; am I to believe, that this habit, engendered upon the purest wine, can be long continued, without sapping his constitution? Has it not already diminished his respectability, and tended to produce habits of idleness and dissipation? Contemplate the last two hours! I would not undergo, for worlds of wealth, the agony I have suffered in that brief space of time. The doctor tells us there is no alcohol in wine. Dr. Smith assures me there is; and he was once an emminent physician and chemist, before he devoted himself to the ministry. Have I not been strangely and fatally deceived?—Have I not suffered my own fondness or wine to lead me into error, and to keep me there? Have I not listened with partial attention to all the suggestions of Doctor Farrago, and other individuals, in favour of this beverage, because I was eager to defend an object of my early and lasting attachment? Ah, my dear, I am satisfied, that, as our good pastor has often said, wine is a *mocker*, a deceiver.' "

And thus we are sure would every sober man say would he look at the facts. And it is the excellency of these tales that they compel men to look at facts and gain knowledge from facts.

After this horrible debauch, in which the hopeful youth had well nigh murdered his cousin, he was induced to leave off wine and be sober upon brandy. It pleased him much, as by a much smaller quantity he could be excited without that unpleasant disturbance of a debilitated stomach prod vced by the tartaric acid in wine. The results were these:

"Shortly after Mr. Broughton's return at the dinner hour, his attention was attracted to the window, by a mob of men and boys, who were approaching his dwelling. Two men were apparently sustaining the steps of a third, who was evidently too drunk to walk unaided, and who appeared to be an object of derision and thoughtless mirth to the mob, who followed, hooting, and hissing, and occasionally assailing the miserable sot with stones and dirt. It was just at that hour when gentlemen usually return home from their places of business. Mr. Broughton's residence was situated in a fasionable quarter of the city, and several of his acquaintances were passing at the very moment, when the two assistants, who appeared to be charitably disposed, were vainly attemping to silence the drunkard's voice, and dragging him, evidently against his will, towards the door. His apparel was torn, and covered with the mud in which he had wallowed; his face had been severely cut against the curb-stone, on which he had fallen; and his countenance was shockingly disfigured by the blood, which still continued to flow. The narcotic influence of the alcohol he had swallowed, had not yet perfected its work of stupefaction; the poor drunkard's brain teemed with the fantasy, that the individuals, who were humanely conducting him to a place of safety, were his military aids, and that the rabble, in his rear, was no other than the identical brigade which formerly commanded; and he appeared particularly anxious to form them into a hollow square, and return them his thanks for their soldierly behaviour, and dismiss them for the day."

Nothing would now save him but the penitentiary or a voyage on the ocean. The latter was chosen by the miserable being. We hope this tale will find an extensive circulation. There is we must say, a large class remaining in society who might be much benefitted by it; we mean those who think Temperance societies are "well enough for the vulgar."

Salutation.—There is something supremely ridiculous in what is called a street salutation, and those writers who attempt to "mend our manners" would be entitled to the thanks of society, could they mend our *method*. For instance, image A. and B., two formal acquaintances meeting each other in the street.

A. (tipping his beaver) Good morning, sir.

B. Good morning.

A. How do you do?

B. Very well I thank you— how are you?

A. Very well I thank you—how have you been?

B. Very well, I thank you.

Here both parties are put to a *non-plus*. and look each other in the face as much as to say 'have you got any thing more to say?" Finding that nothing more of *importance* is to be communicated, they then take their leave with the same "good morning" that began their interesting dialogue.

BEATIFUL EXTRACT.

BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON, L. L. D.

"The American parent does an injustice to his child, which he never can repair, for which no inheritance can compensate, who refuses to give him a full education, because he is not intended for a learned profession—whatever he may intend, he cannot know what his son may become, and if there should be no charge in this respect, will a liberal education be lost upon him, because he is not a lawer, a doctor or or a divine? Nothing can be untrue or more pernicious than this opinoin. It is impossible to imagine a citizen of this commonwealth to be in any situation in which the dicipline and acquirements of a collegiate education, however various and extended, will not have their value.—They will give him consideration and usefulness, which will be seen and felt in his daily intercourse of business or pleasure, they will give him weight and worth as a member of society, and be a never failing source of honorable, virtuous and lasting employment, under all circumstances in every station of life. They will preserve him from the delusion of dangerous errors, and the seductive vices. The gambling ramble will not be resorted to, to hasten the slow and listless step of time when the library offers a surer and more attractive resource. The bottle will not be applied to, to stir the languid spirit to action and delight, when the magic of the poet is at hand to rouse the imagination, and pour its facinating wonders on the soul. Such gifts, such acquirements, will make their possessor a true friend, a more cherished companion, a more interesting, beloved and loving husband, a more valuable and respected parent."

A single word in our language would have told our first parents of their sin.—*Insinuate*—in sin you are.

Query.—If the United States Government issue Treasury paper notes, in six months to the amount of $12,000,000, how long will it take to make the United States a "hard money government,"—"to restore the constitutional currency of gold and silver," or to place the yellow gold where it can be seen "through the interstices of the long silken purses,"—or how long before "Bank Rags will be abolished," or" gold run up the Mississippi." Perhaps General Jackson, or Col. Benton, or the Postmaster General or the editor of the Globe, will solve this problem for the benefit of the country. —*Ib.*

BANK QUESTION,

It is doing great injustice to the Whigs however, to cluster them as a party around a question so narrow & circumscribed as the question concerning a National Bank. The Whigs have broader and loftier arms. They seek to restore the Government to its purity: to recover for the Legislature the powers usurped from it by the Executive grasp and absolute possession of the money of the People: to diminish the extent of Executive patronage—to secure the freedom of elections—and generally, to reform existing abuses,—These are the great objects of the Whigs and constitute their title to the approbation and confidence of the People.—Nat. Int.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

LETTER FROM THE HON. HENRY A WISE.

The following letter from this distinguished Representative of the People in Congress, having fallen under our observation, we solicited a copy for publication, not doubting that it will be read with great interest. All that is said by the able and sagacious writer will be realised, we have no doubt. The conduct and intentions of the party in power, are portrayed by Mr. Wise to the very life. —*Pat.*

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24th, 1837

My Dear Friend,—You asked me "what remedy will Congress give to the suffering community?"—I am sorry for the sake of our country, that I must return you a very unsatisfactory answer.

My decided opinion is, that *the hour has not yet come for relief*. The President has said in his message that the "*community*" must *not* look to "*the Government*" —We all know what that is—for '*too much;*" and I feel well assured that it will at present obtain from "the Government" — *nothing if not worse than nothing.*

If any thing be done by Congress, what that will be is involved in extreme doubt. We have almost all been led of late to doubt our own identity—confusion reigns.—But for the detection in a certain quarter we would not now be bewildered; & yet, the daily developements show us, as those of yesterday in the Senate, that we are but exchanging *prisoners*, and perhaps our force will not be much diminished. I cannot however see the present posture of parties how *any permanent system* of finance can be adopted, admitting the different divisions of parties, to act in good faith consistent with their avowed principles.

I have not a doubt that there is a large majority in both Houses of Congress *really* in favour of a United States Bank, but *not* a majority in either House, perhaps who dare to declare themselves so at this time. All those of the opposition who believe a U. S. Bank constitutional are ready to urge the measure whenever it can be carried, and those of that party who believe it unconstitutional, will of course, adopt it. But, I mean to say that I believe there are many *in the administration ranks*, who never doubted its constitutionality or expediency, who are waitng only for the opposition friends of that measure to take upon themselves the odium of forcing it upon them. They are *willing ultimately to be forced*. I believe the President himself is in that anomalous condition, and I hope the Whigs will persist in their course of good sense not to help him or his party out of the unenviable predicament. No Whig will or should propose a National Bank *now*, because the administration is not *now* willing to be forced. If a charter was proposed and passed the House of Representatives, the Senate would defeat it or the President would veto it *at this time*. A National Bank then will not be proposed—it is impracticable